





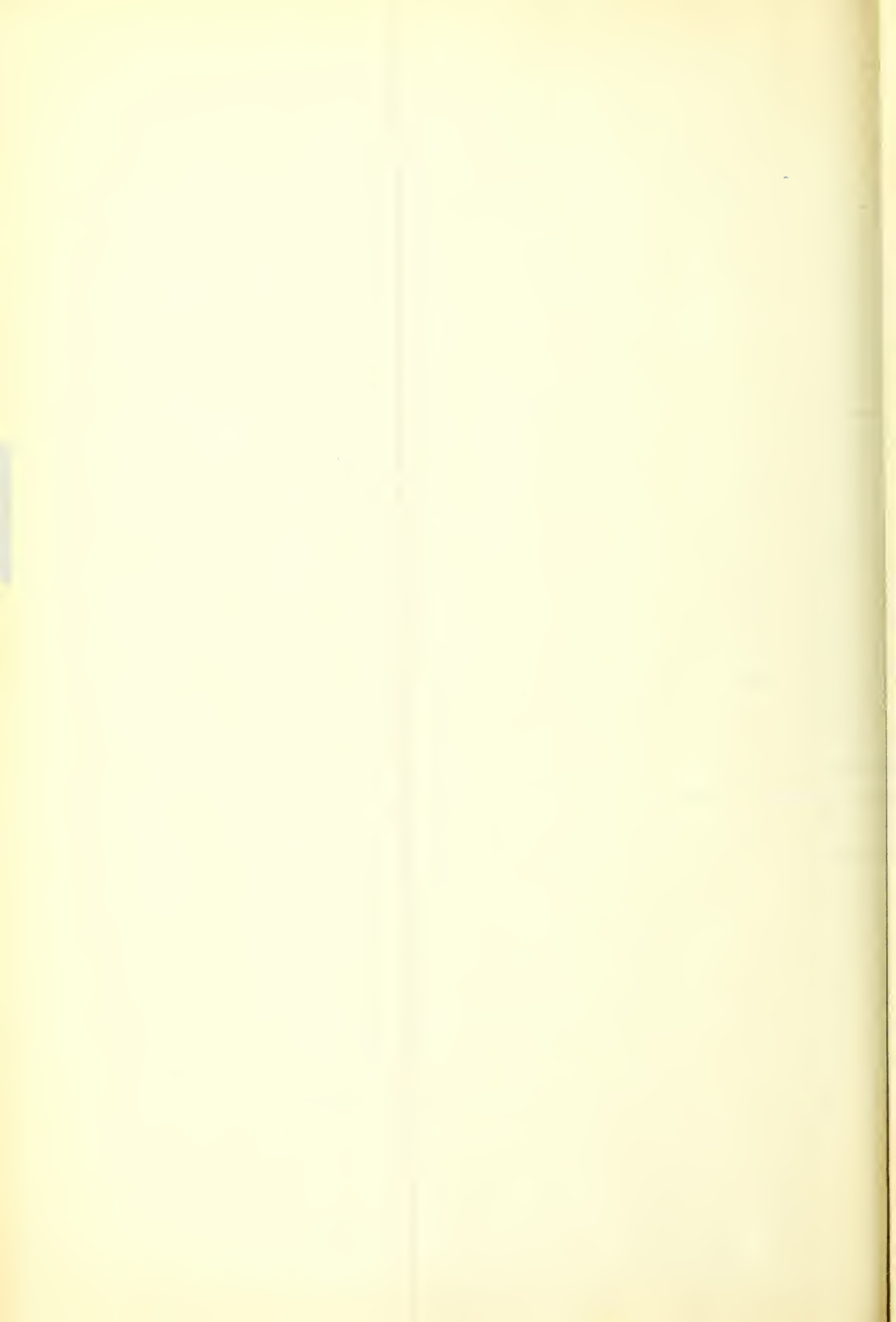




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LAMOND PLAYS BEETHOVEN.

Pianist Gives Excellent Program Illustrating Great Composer.

Frederick Lamond, pianist, gave his first recital of the season last evening at Aeolian Hall. His excellent program consisted entirely of compositions by Beethoven. He gave three of the master's greatest sonatas, namely, in C minor, opus 3; in C minor, "Pathétique," and in F minor, "Appassionata." He prefaced these three sonatas in turn, and with delightful selection, by the G minor "Fantasie," opus 77; the G major "Dondo," opus 51, No. 2, and the "Andante Favori."

Mr. Lamond gave at one hearing a remarkably comprehensive summary of Beethoven's creative powers in the three periods of their development. The sonatas had all been heard here frequently, but certainly with no greater knowledge of Beethoven traditions than was revealed in Mr. Lamond's performance.

Of similar power and clarity were his interpretations of the three miscellaneous numbers. The G minor "Fantasie" is seldom given here. In a comparatively simple style, there are many passages of poetic beauty, but as a whole it makes little appeal to the dramatic sense. The Rondo was given with special beauty of style. Mr. Lamond drew a large audience.

MISS NIEMACK'S RECITAL.

Miss Ilse Niemack, a young violinist, who has been heard here before, gave a recital in the Town Hall last evening. Her program included many veterans of the music world, opening with Vivaldi's "Chaconne," followed by Wienlawski's concerto in D minor, short numbers by Gluck and Mozart, two compositions by Gal Burleigh and two short offerings by Tschaiikowsky and Sarasate.

Miss Niemack has some deficiencies to overcome before playing can be considered as an artistically finished performance. Some of her foundation is good. Her bowing is vigorous, her tone full and sonorous. But she has not yet sufficiently mastered the technique of her instrument to permit her to conquer and reveal the musical treasures of her offerings. Harry Kaufmann at the piano ably supported Miss Niemack.

Mr. Lamond's Recital.

By H. C. COLLES.

It seems to be decreed that whatever may be the deficiencies of this season's musical repertory it shall not be said that New York concert rooms neglect Beethoven. Every pianist puts a sonata into his recital program, the orchestras compete in performances of at least the greater symphonies; a whole cycle of his symphonic work is to be begun next week, and last night Mr. Lamond at Aeolian Hall offered a whole program of the piano music including three sonatas with a number of lesser things.

Mr. Lamond is known as a high priest of Beethoven and audiences both in Europe and America go to hear him with the feeling that they will get something authoritative, will hear from him the right way of playing Beethoven. This imposes a certain responsibility which may become irksome to the artist. In listening to Mr. Lamond recently both in London and again last night the thought has occurred that the duties of the high priest have become a very familiar ritual to him. Nevertheless he continues to do his duty faithfully. He does not as some performers do try to devise new readings or bring effects into the music which bear the stamp of the executant rather than of the composer.

On this occasion he played the last of the series of thirty-two sonatas, the magnificent work in C Opus 111, the "Pathétique" (Op. 13) and the "Appassionata"; he disposed around them other works such as the "Fantasie" in G minor, the early Rondo in G and the "Andante Favori," originally written to be the slow movement of the "Waldstein" sonata, and added as an encore the "Rondo a Capriccio," known as "the fuss over the lost farthing." The absence of fuss was the most marked characteristic. It was the playing of a musician who has settled every problem and knows exactly what he means to give his audience, a straightforward performance, without adventure perhaps but without affectation, of the work of a master.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Nov 2 1923

Stravinsky's Nightingales.

The first concert of the Symphony Society series took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The program comprised the Cesar Franck symphony, Igor Stravinsky's symphonic poem, "Le Chant du Rossignol," the prelude and "Fleuse" from Gabriel Faure's "Pelleas et Melisande" and Sibelius's "Finlandia." The Stravinsky composition, which was lately produced by the Philadelphia Orchestra at one of its home concerts, had its first hearing in this city, to the discomfiture of many old fashioned music lovers, who found themselves suddenly transported to far countries where nightingales and Chinese scales grow on every bush.

Stravinsky began his work as an opera away back in the period of his "L'Oiseau de Feu." In the time of the late war he converted his opera into a ballet. Finally he gave it the present form, in which it was published in 1921. Hans Christian Andersen supplied the story, which is Oriental. Briefly it is this: A nightingale, received with pomp and ceremony at the court of the Chinese Emperor, sings so beautifully that not only the Emperor but the lackeys are moved.

At this moment arrives a mechanical nightingale as a present from the Emperor of Japan. Wound up, it sings and waves its gorgeously decorated tail. The real nightingale departs in a huff. The Emperor wishes to compare the real and the imitation, and finding the real one gone decrees its banishment. The Emperor becomes ill unto death and the shadows of his past deeds haunt him. The mechanical nightingale falls to sing. But now the real one begins a chant which lures death away from the bedside of the monarch and back to his own garden. When the courtiers, moving to the strains of a funeral march, enter to see their dying monarch, they are astonished to behold him well and cheerful.

Stravinsky's music invites far more extended discussion than can be given to it in a morning report. Three things, however, may be said without hesitation. The score is rich in Oriental character. It is entirely appropriate to the story, and it is written with immense orchestral virtuosity. It will without doubt be regarded by ultra conservative music lovers as a wild and irresponsible creation, for it is written in the extreme modern style, which eschews the employment of extended song-like melodies, utters its message in short, fragmentary, and apparently disconnected phrases, and conceives its thematic subjects in exotic scales and acrid harmonies.

In the use of strange scales and dissonant chords and cacophonous instrumentation there is nothing new. But with Stravinsky, especially in this work, their employment is no mere mannerism or bald affectation. Those who revelled in the humor and whimsical fancies of "Petrushka" need not be reminded that the eminent Russian makes clearly formed themes and that he can sigh mellifluously when he desires to. The advance in his method from "Petrushka" to "Le Chant du Rossignol" was inevitable. The resolution of a thinly sustained continuity into a series of exclamatory passages was natural. The increase in pungency or harmony and orchestration is a normal growth.

You may not like "Le Chant du Rossignol." You may even say it is not music, though this latter assertion is hazardous in view of the trend of the tonal art and the practice of its younger masters. But the thoughtful listener will be compelled to acknowledge that this score is the creation of a vigorous talent, that it has graphic power of a high order, that it is rich in imagination, sardonic humor and individuality of expression, and above all, that it breathes always the spirit of the story. There are even passages which possess musical beauty of the older type, but these are so dexterously treated in the instrumentation that they fall perfectly into place in the general scheme.

A strange work, intriguing at every turn and calling constantly for the absolute surrender of the hearer to the moods of the composer, it will

have to be performed often before it clarifies its singular visions to the general concert goer. Whether in the end it will be accorded a position among the permanent things of musical art is a matter which need not be discussed and which is luckily of no immediate importance. No one is called upon to proclaim that a work is immortal. Posterity will attend to that business.

Meanwhile it can be asserted that Stravinsky has given us something tremendously interesting for the time being and that Mr. Damrosch deserves commendation for letting us hear it. Furthermore the orchestra performed the work superbly, both in its extraordinary tutti and in its numerous difficult and mercilessly exposed solo parts. The audience listened very attentively to these new fashioned nightingales and applauded respectfully.

GAUTHIER INDULGES IN JAZZ.

Novelty in Program of Her Song Recital.

American jazz invaded another musical realm last evening when it appeared on the program of Mme. Eva Gauthier's song recital of ancient and modern music at Aeolian Hall. The program included six divisions of songs, early Italian and English airs, modern German and Hungarian songs, typical examples of American jazz, "Lied der Waldtaue" from Schonberg's "Gurrelieder," and British and French ballads.

This musical survey, especially in the modern field, was undoubtedly an interesting one. Songs by Bela Bartok, Paul Hindemith and Milhaud attracted much notice. Mme. Gauthier's range of voice and clarity of enunciation enabled her to do much with her program.

Her interpretation of jazz, commencing with Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band," was certainly effective, and in the future something will have to be done to alleviate the effect of this rhythm on a sensitive audience.

The singer's voice was not remarkable for purity of tone or finish and at no time did she reveal any great depths of expression. The flexibility of her voice, however, and a novel program attracted a large audience. Max Jaffe, at the piano, deserves a word of praise, as does George Gershwin for his part in the jazz compositions.

New York Symphony Orchestra.

By H. C. COLLES.

The Symphony Society of New York began its Winter activities at Carnegie Hall with a program of orchestral music under Walter Damrosch's direction which contained no echoes of anything which the other orchestras have given during the past month. The fact should be recorded, since the tendency of symphonic program makers to run in grooves has been remarked. A work new to New York, Stravinsky's symphonic poem, "Le Chant du Rossignol," formed the centerpiece with Cesar Franck's symphony before it, two numbers from Faure's music to "Pelleas et Melisande" and Liszt's "Finlandia" after it.

Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale" has gone through various modifications since the opera, dramatizing Hans Andersen's fairy tale of the Chinese Emperor who preferred a mechanical toy to the real nightingale and lived to repent his error, was given about ten years ago in Paris and London. Hans Andersen was not afraid of a moral to his tale and originally Stravinsky emphasized the moral by writing an exquisitely simple little scene at the outset in which a servant girl takes the Mandarin to the lake's edge by moonlight to hear the nightingale's song. It was the girl who loved the bird's song and the Mandarin who insisted on its coming to court to the dismay of the servant girl. All the chatter and fuss of court life with its salaams and obsequies, its beating of gongs and jingling of bells, its gorgeous dresses and elaborate ceremonies were pictured in the scene in which the Japanese ambassadors brought the mechanical toy which squeaked and flapped its wings and was graciously accepted by the Emperor for reasons of high politics. In the midst of it all the real bird flew away and only the servant girl noticed its departure.

The moral may be applied to the composer's process of development in this work. The scene by the lakeside apparently was not sufficiently in his latest manner to be preserved. It has gone and the servant girl with it, and what the symphonic poem is mainly concerned with is the artificial court life which the music pictures as only Stravinsky could picture it in strange sound. It is true that we get something of the real bird's song in the curiously wrought arabesques, beautifully played by the principal flautist in this performance. We get something too of reality in the music belonging to the last scene, where the Emperor left alone to die is conjured back to life by the real bird who

returns and sings at his bedside. But this motive has become a secondary matter. Surely the composer's "development" has been away from the nightingale's song and toward the artificial attractions of the Emperor's court. He will not admit romance, his music, we have been told, is not to be played "with expression": the notes are enough. In one sense they certainly are; there are enough of them, a collection of bizarre rhythms and sharp-edged dissonances. By the way Walter Damrosch refused to take the composer literally. In his carefully prepared performance he seemed determined to prove that a lot of it does sound quite nice, in fact is almost normal music. One wondered how far Stravinsky would have approved his exercise of discretion.

No one can question the brilliance of the work or the fact that Stravinsky is pre-eminent among the "moderns" in his power to produce really new sounds out of all his agglomeration of technical devices. One never gets with him that feeling, which so many of his contemporaries leave, that after all is said and done the essence of the music is much like what has been heard before. Moreover there is nothing extravagant in the orchestration. The newness is produced from just the ordinary instruments of the orchestra, plus a piano. And there is beauty sometimes, but the question is, how much is the real bird and how much the mechanical toy. The latter seems to predominate.

In this performance Stravinsky had a certain advantage in following Franck's Symphony, although that symphony holds its place in the affections of everyone by its transparent sincerity. It has, however, the structural defect of being a patchwork of short melodies all cut in lengths of two bars or multiple of two bars. Excellent though the playing was (the tone and balance of the wind instruments were exceptionally fine), the performance rather emphasized this defect by its want of a more elastic tempo. Stravinsky's rhythms in odd and arresting shapes were even welcome after Franck's uniform ones, though had the order been reversed we might have been doubly thankful to get back to Franck's idealism after Stravinsky's realism. Mr. Damrosch, however, chose to smooth away all ruffled feelings with Faure's innocuous airs and graces. The audience showed no sign, however, that their feelings had been ruffled. Franck, Stravinsky and Faure were all received with the same decorous applause.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

EVA GAUTHIER.

Eva Gauthier's annual New York recital has one aspect in common with the Oratorio Society's annual performance of "The Messiah," in that each attracts a number of people who are not ordinarily to be seen in the concert halls. The similarity ends there, and rather abruptly, for it is hard to think of a "Messiah" audience getting much nourishment out of the fare that Miss Gauthier provided last night in Aeolian Hall.

Not that it was not variegated enough to suit almost any one. Miss Gauthier's musical intelligence and protean skill in interpretation are only equaled by the extraordinary catholicity of her taste, and a typical Gauthier program is something to wait for, and, having heard, to recall.

Last night's was as interesting a collection as even she has ever offered. She began innocently enough with five ancient airs—a romanza by Vincenzo Bellini, an ariette by Perucchini, Purcell's "When I Have Often Heard," and his "Hark, Hark, the Echoing Air" from "The Fairy Queen," and a cradle song arranged from a string piece by William Byrd; all delectable to hear, and familiar in style if not in detail.

The trouble began in her second group, which comprised two of Bela Bartok's transcriptions of Hungarian folksongs and two songs by Paul Hindemith, the young German whose string quartet was the hit of the recent Berkshire Festival. One's personal reactions are not necessarily good criticism, but our personal reaction was to find the Bartok pieces an attempt to establish a simple mood through elaborate and somewhat perversely dissonant means.

The Hindemith songs did not seem very important. The first, concerning some one who was waiting for a letter, had considerable charm—although it came perilously near to cuteness—and the while the second, all about walking through the evening gardens with one's soul tossing in the light of the lamp-posts (we paraphrase somewhat freely), was apparently written during the Spartacist riots of 1919.

The third group, to be vulgar about it, stopped the show. This consisted of five American jazz songs ("Alexander's Ragtime Band," "The Siren's Song," "Carolina in the Morning," "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," "Innocent Ingenue Baby" and "Swanee"), with dazzling accompaniments by George Gershwin, the composer of "Swanee." The audience was as much fun to watch as the songs were to hear, for it began by being just a trifle patronizing and ended by surrendering completely to the alluring rhythms of our own folk music.

It behaved exactly like any audience at any musical show—which is to say that it made so much noise after the group was over that Miss Gauthier had to come back and sing Mr. Gershwin's incomparable "Do It Again." Even then her hearers were not satisfied, and she had to do it again.

The other important musical contribution was the Wood Dove's song from Schoenberg's famous "Gurrelieder," a long, dramatic aria that carried scant warning of the composer of the "Five Orchestral Pieces." Much of it actually sounded a bit old fashioned—something between Mahler and Josef Marx, with a hint of Bruch.

The British contribution to the program was an attractive cycle of four "Ballads of the Seasons," by Arthur Bliss, set to lyrics translated from the Chinese of Li-Po. Last of all, the French moderns, represented by Darius Milhaud's "Chant de la Nourrice" (from "Poemes Juifs"), a new song by Maurice Delage, "L'Alouette," and two Spanish lyrics by Swan-Hennessy, who, as might be suspected, is Irish, but Parisian by residence.

Incidentally, Miss Gauthier sang her jazz numbers with a hitherto unsuspected unction and histrionic skill that must have horrified her more orthodox hearers. Max Jaffe, who played the accompaniments for all but the American group, performed admirably, surmounting occasional appalling difficulties with unflagging ease and vigor. Of Mr. Gershwin's work we have already spoken.

He expounded the rhythmic subtleties of the jazz numbers brilliantly and with exactly the proper atmosphere of impromptu that makes good jazz playing so fascinating. His insertion of a shameless quotation from "Scheherazade" in the middle of "Do It Again" quite ruined the decorum of his audience.

In Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, opened its season, playing a program that included Franck's D minor symphony, two excerpts from Faure's "Pelleas," Sibelius's "Finlandia," and the first performance in New York of the music from Stravinsky's opera-ballet, "Le Chant du Rossignol." The program will be reported to-night and will be reviewed in to-morrow's World.

OTHER MUSIC.

With Toscha Seidel's announced violin appearance postponed, due to illness, there remained yesterday evening only Hobson's choice of going to hear Clara Clemens in song recital at the Town Hall, or taking in the movies. The reviewer chose Mme. Clemens; the movies might have been happier.

It is said that Mme. Clemens, who, by the way, had an excellent program, sang most of her songs in English. It was a strange series of sounds which issued from the throat of this American singer. Such words as ves-sull, fierzh (fierce), wult-ing (melting) and wee (Queen) were some of the gems of vernacular which occurred in the ballad from "Rognoda" and Gretchaninov's "Steppe." The management had the foresight to supply word-books with the various texts, however, so one knew which lyric was which.

Miss Eva Gauthier.

By H. C. COLLES.

Eclecticism in the making of a program is an excellent thing, and Miss Eva Gauthier was evidently determined to exploit its excellence to the full in the song recital which she gave last night at Aeolian Hall. From a first group, which began with Bellini and sandwiched in William Byrd's recently discovered "Cradle Song" between two songs of Henry Purcell, she passed to

and which broke through the plan for songs of Bartok and Stravinsky. A song by Gershwin, "The Man I Love," followed by examples of the "concert" music of Elton and Gershwin, but to place all these intellectual in a row might have been a mistake. So, between them, Miss Gauthier offered half a dozen ragtime numbers from the Broadway, accompanied by Mr. George Gershwin, one of the most exponents of the craft, beginning with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," ending with songs by Mr. Gershwin continued by a request of the audience until the singer had to admit that her repertoire in this "new" music was exhausted.

Any effort toward a lighter concert room, especially when the moderns are training our faculties as some of them are to be commended, and there was at one moment when it seemed almost possible that the audience might break from their highbrow pose and join in the chorus of the "Ragtime Band" with Miss Gauthier. But they sat tight in the end and contented themselves with a tittering amusement. So the thing was a failure. You cannot work up the true jazz mood in the subdued light and setting of the solemn row of Aeolian Hall. If you want that sort of thing it is to be found in better surroundings and in the appropriate surroundings two or three blocks off. For things that Miss Gauthier cannot do, certainly no singer of the variety stage can give her lessons in how to put the cross to the audience. To begin with, there are the words—half of them were inaudible—and then there is just that peculiar lilt, the going-on-forever feeling, which seems to be the peculiar property of rag and jazz and the only thing which really distinguishes it from a "straight" song. It is useless to attribute this sort of music, and to say that because it is a national product of America it may develop into a great form of art. It has become into all it is capable of; it has become a thing which captivates people all over the world and hypnotizes them into dancing the night away; it is impossible to say why. But its home is not the concert room.

Miss Gauthier's skill and versatility outside what may be called the ragtime racket deserves all praise. She is a versatile and a good advocate of the latest attractive of her songs. The little cycle of "Ballads of the Four Seasons" by Arthur Bliss is new. He has chosen words from the Chinese of Li Po, and if we could have heard all the words, instead of only catching something of them at about the third line of each song, it would have been more possible to judge their merit accurately. But at any rate the music shows him to be turning away from some of the influences which encumbered his earlier work and reaching a more direct style in which a clear and even diatonic outline is a strength.

GENTEEL JAZZ

That feminine Columbus of musical modernism, Eva Gauthier, who is ever seeking new worlds of tone, set sail not long ago for lyric parts unknown, and discovered Jazz; whereupon she concluded that she had found the authentic type of "American music," and determined to give it a hearing within the hitherto inviolable genteel walls of Aeolian Hall. So there they were last night on the program of her "Recital of Ancient and Modern Music for Voice"—the high gods of musical Broadway: Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Walter Donaldson; along with such highbrows as Arnold Schönberg, of Austria; Bela Bartok, of Hungary; Paul Hindemith, of Germany; Darius Milhaud and Maurice Delage, of France; Henry Purcell, William Byrd and Arthur Bliss, of England, and a couple of wholly respectable old Italians to add still another ingredient to the lyric bouillabaisse.

Mme. Gauthier had previously confessed her credo in this matter to the press. Bela Bartok and Paul Hindemith, she was reported as declaring, "can be considered representative Hungarian and German composers; Arnold Schönberg, representative of modern Austrian music; Darius Milhaud, of the latest style in French music." For American music of an equally representative nature, Mme. Gauthier decided that the songs of Broadway, rather than those of the concert-halls, came nearer to playing the part. "Jazz rhythms represent America, always on the go."

So Mme. Gauthier sandwiched in between Hindemith's "Durch die Abendlichen Garten" and the "Lied der Waldtaube" from Schönberg's "Gurrelieder" these not unknown classics of Times Square and points east, west, north and south: Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Kern's "Siren's Song," Donaldson's "Carolina in the Morning," Gershwin's "Swanee" and "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," and Gershwin and Daly's "Innocent Ingenue Baby."

Mme. Gauthier's contention and her choice of what she considers "representative American music" invite controversy, as no doubt she feared would be the case. It would be delightful to discuss with her in this

place the various questions she raises. For example, what she means by "American," what she means by "representative," what she means by "jazz." But unfortunately there is at the moment neither time nor space for that, and we must hurry on.

Mme. Gauthier's so-called "jazz" numbers are difficult to view as dyed-in-the-wool jazz when divorced from their orchestral dress and transferred to the black and white tameness of a piano keyboard; but evidently Mme. Gauthier considers that their standing as "representative American music" survives even that nullifying transplantation; so we can only take her word for it and view the half dozen American songs that she sang as something to be assessed alongside of and by comparison with, for example, Arthur Bliss's "Ballads of the Four Seasons" (announced on the program as "new").

Viewed in this light—simply as music for voice and piano—it seemed to us that they came off rather badly. We know of only one way of forming an estimate of the value of a piece of music, and that is by a consideration of the distinction, force, and originality of its melodic, harmonic and rhythmic elements. Viewed in this light, Mme. Gauthier's American exhibit left us singularly unkindled. The rhythmic vivacity and gusto of this music is its obviously distinguishing trait. But musical man cannot live by rhythm alone; and melodically and harmonically these songs are appallingly trite, relaxed and feeble—a mere uninventive and unimaginative rehandling of stale formulas and outworn platitudes. And their vapid sentimentalism, no less than their lack of harmonic pithiness or melodic saliency, is depressing to any one who may have hoped to find in them a pungency and virility, a creative instinct for harmonic and melodic speech, which would encourage one to shout the glad words "representatively American" even more exultantly than Mme. Gauthier did.

It seemed to us that two Englishmen won the honors of the evening, so far as musical inventiveness and musical distinction were concerned. Their names were Henry Purcell and William Byrd, and they died long before the American nation became an innocent ingenu baby.

CLARA CLEMENS'S RECITAL.

Mme. Clara Clemens, contralto, gave her first song recital of the season last evening at Town Hall. As usual, she had an attractive program. It opened with American songs by Burleigh, Carpenter, Mason, Homer and Rummel. Among several German lieder were Mahler's "Vale of Sorrow" and "Legend of the Rhine." Two songs by the singer's husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, his "Farewell" and "Near to Thee," were followed by songs by other Russian composers and a "ballad" from Serov's opera "Rogneda." A varied group of folksongs closed the list.

Mme. Clemens was hardly at her best. Her rich voice was often forced, and so lost the pitch, and she did not sing with a smooth and fluent legato. Her naturally fine feeling for dramatic expression was, however, evident, and likewise her taste in treating of gentle and tender sentiment. Her English diction was not very clear.

Walter Golde played her accompaniments with rare skill.

Victor Maurel, 75,

Victor Maurel, distinguished operatic barytone, who was one of the foremost artists of the period from 1870 to 1900, died at the age of 75 yesterday in his home, 346 West Seventy-first street. He had been in poor health for several years.

ELSIE JANIS DELIGHTS.

Her French Divertissement the Best of a Happy Recital.

Elsie Janis yesterday afternoon drew a large number of well-wishers to Aeolian Hall on the occasion of her New York debut in the field of concert recital. It was, of course, in no way a concert recital that she offered, a fact evident to all who witnessed the edifying with which the audience really seemed to be enjoying itself. The program, too, was most catholic and ranged from a baritone ("Invictus") to imitations by Miss Janis of the manner in which a half dozen of our stage stars would sing what Punch refers to as "the new songs."

Miss Janis was at her best throughout very moment of her contributions to the afternoon's entertainment, but she was probably at her best of that in her French divertissement. Here she ap-

peared as a French scapette but newly arrived on these shores and, with a minimum of English and a maximum of enthusiasm, resolved to sing the ragtime songs of the natives both in their impossible American and in her beloved French. Thus, among other things, the audience was treated to "Moi, j'ai un beguin pour 'Arry," et "Arry a un beguin pour moi," to the Gallic swaying of American shoulders and the Jolson napping of Montmartre fingers. She was Irene Bordoni and Elsie Janis, Elsie Janis and Mistinguett—and yet only ten minutes before she had sung "Nothin's Nothin' but You" in a manner that realized Bert Williams's dreams of immortality more completely than he could ever have dared to hope.

Least there be any misunderstanding, then, let a clear statement of fact be added to the foregoing delicate innuendo—Miss Janis provided a deliciously happy afternoon. She was assisted, inconspicuously, by Rudolph Bocho, Walter Verne, baritone, and Lester Hodges, accompanist.

HAROLD BAUER'S RECITAL.

Harold Bauer's recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday contained Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. His own transcription from the harpsichord score of the Toccata in D major and the sonata Pathétique represented the first two; the variations on a theme by Handel and the Intermezzo in C major (given as an encore) were the Brahms works. These latter are the very best of Brahms's piano music and when Mr. Bauer plays them one is ready to swear that they are the very best of all music.

Both the long series of variations ending with the tremendous fugue and the tiny Intermezzo have this in common, that each works out a rhythmic idea to its ultimate conclusion. Handel's theme produced from Brahms a set of exquisite miniature pieces; each one taken by itself is flawless. Heard in sequence they make together a much larger decorative scheme till they culminate in the final exuberant variation which precedes the fugue. Mr. Bauer seemed to have realized the essence of each one. Viewing his performance from a purely pianistic point of view, it was a piece of great craftsmanship. As a piece of sustained musical interpretation it was so exciting that the audience might well be forgiven for bursting in with applause before the fugue. Still audiences ought not to do these things.

After the Brahms Mr. Bauer played his own set of "Tunes from the Eighteenth Century," beginning with "Barberin's Minuet." All four are dainty and all manage to preserve the flavor of eighteenth century music while making occasional little excursions into the centuries both before and since. There is a use of the flattened seventh in the trio of the minuet which seems to have survived from the days of modal music, and the final "Flourish" has more than a touch of the twelfth century in its harmony. After them Alkan's "Etude in Perpetual Motion" seemed a little jejune and flat, but it is easier to sympathize with the fashions of any day but yesterday.

Cecilia Hansen Plays.

Miss Cecilia Hansen's second program at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon gave the welcome opportunity of hearing her in a sonata of Handel (E major) and the concerto in G minor of Max Bruch. It is small wonder that she captivated her audience at her first concert given lately, for her playing accords with the impression which she gives of freshness and youth and an unspoiled personality.

The first slow movement of Handel's sonata showed the quiet beauty of her violin tone, and from it she passed to a greater range in the second slow movement (Largo). Neither of the quick movements was quite so spontaneous. One could imagine in the first especially, played almost entirely with the point and upper half of the bow, that she was playing as she had been taught with carefully planned contrasts of tone and well differentiated phrasing. It is the privilege of youth to take risks and its penalty to be made to take care.

With a little more experience Miss Hansen will no doubt grow out of the careful stage and rely more completely on her own sense of musical values. It seems paradoxical to suggest in the same breath that there were one or two passages in the Bruch concerto when her use of vibrato momentarily false and that is a matter about which no one can afford to be careless. It was the more noticeable because elsewhere it was her purity of tone and style and the feeling that her playing is founded on a true musical instinct, which made her performance delightful to hear.

Damrosch Gives Piere's Ballet Suit First Performance Here; Werrenrath Pleasing Soloist

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)
Walter Damrosch, the New York Symphony Orchestra and Reinald Werrenrath launched the Symphony Society's Aeolian Hall series yesterday

afternoon, with the usual large audience to express warm approval of their efforts, especially when Mr. Werrenrath sang two of Mr. Damrosch's Kipling settings, "The Looking Glass" and "Danny Deever."

Mr. Damrosch opened with an old, well-tried friend, Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, followed by Mr. Werrenrath's first number, George Chadwick's setting of Sir Walter Scott's "Young Lochinvar." After Liszt's "Tasso" Mr. Werrenrath appeared for the Damrosch songs, and sang these remarkably well.

In "Danny Deever," especially, with its effective tread, as of a funeral march, in the first three verses, and the quickstep of the last, Mr. Werrenrath sang dramatically, but without any effect of strain, and the dramatic element was not achieved at the expense of his diction. Mr. Werrenrath is on excellent terms with the English language.

Having served Stravinsky's "Chant du Rossignol" to his Carnegie Hall subscribers, Mr. Damrosch provided another novelty for those of Aeolian, part of Gabriel Piere's first suite from his ballet, "Cydalise." Written shortly before the war, which postponed its premiere at the Paris Opera, M. Piere's ballet finally appeared there last January, while the first of the two suites arranged by the composer saw the light three months later. The ballet has a fanciful tale, how a young satyr, banished from his comrades, owing to insubordinate habits, falls in love with Cydalise, a court belle, reaches the Grand Monarque's court and tries to win her hand, only to renounce the quest on the eve of victory when called back to the forest by his comrades.

There are some ingenious and amusing passages in the part of the suite heard yesterday, which tells of the instruction of the young satyrs and nymphs in the art of song, and its interruption by the antics of Syrax, the hero of the tale; the patter of the entering fauns, the embryo pipers, represented on the piccolo; but the interest hardly is sustained; the dance theme which follows is varied to undue length, without its accompanying action, and wears thin. While unmistakably Gallic, it dares less than the Stravinsky of "Le Chant du Rossignol," and achieves much less.

And now comes the Beethoven cycle.

Piere's suite from a ballet "Cydalise," played here for the first time, provided a bright ending for the afternoon. The work proved to be of a highly imaginative order, with much playful banter and tossing about of phrases from one instrument to another. Arrangements for concert purposes were made by the composer from the musical episodes of the ballet, which collectively tell of the antics of Syrax, a young satyr, who attends "classes in dancing," and of the playing of Pandean pipes conducted by an old faun.

The story, in the form given yesterday, was told with ingenious bits for the E-flat clarinet, representing the faun, answered by the piccolos which represented the pupils. There were developments in the mimic drama and flashing instrumental climaxes, in which most of the players of the assembly took part, including an added player at the piano. The audience, loath to leave, stayed long after the program finished to applaud Mr. Damrosch and his men.

Elman Gives "Only" Recital.

Mischa Elman, playing last night in Carnegie Hall before a crowded house drawn by announcement of the Russian violinist's "Only New York recital this season," gave local interest by a gesture to native art in what otherwise was a typically brilliant Elman program. This he did by introducing in his list, as an entire third group among its four divisions, a dozen so-called "Etchings" by Albert Spalding, his predecessor only a few hours before in the same auditorium. The "Etchings," in form of a theme and improvisations thereon, are not wholly unfamiliar to musicians; they range in mood from "Dreams" to "Desert Twilight," touching such remote musical titles as books, games, Sunday morning, fireflies, ghosts and a "Happiness" finale.

Liza Elman at the piano was heard with her brother in Brahms's sonata, Op. 78, which began the evening. With Josef Bonime, Mr. Elman gave also Bruch's concerto in D minor, Op. 44, less hackneyed than the Op. 26 in G minor. He added among shorter appropos pieces Paganini's "I Palpit," Paganini's "Oriental Serenade," the tenor air from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," arranged by Auer, and Arthur Loesser's "Humoresque After Paladilhe," subtitled "California."

Mr. Elman's "only recital" vow, like Portia's quality of mercy, was much strained by a throng of enthusiasts, who made the violinist add virtually a second program of encores. He played in fine and familiar form, a veteran now of twelve earlier years' touring of America.

Spalding Plays Nine Encores.

Albert Spalding gave his own violin recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before an audience in number not quite the hall's capacity, but under present rules a paying one, the more complimentary to an admired artist and countryman. Mr. Spalding first de-

voted his life to music at a time when fewer Americans were influenced to seek that career. His dignified position today, his personal poise and wide repute here and abroad, were deservedly recalled on the present occasion. Playing on an instrument of superb tone, he seemed bent on presenting nothing merely for "show."

Between classics of Bach and Schubert he gave with Andre Benoit the rare G-major sonata of Porpora, a thing exquisite as old point lace, and afterward a half-dozen novelties from Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Lily Boulanger and Josef Suk. Spalding's redemanded "Lettre de Chopin" and his "Castles in Spain." Melody flowed then in encores more like a piano recital, nine in all before lights were dimmed; among them various settings for violin of Moszkowski's "Guitare," Schubert's "Hark, the Lark," a Chopin waltz, the Paderewski minuet, a "Passepied," Delibes, and "Liebesfreud," Kreisler.

Francis Rogers Reappears.

Francis Rogers, scholarly musician as well as singer, reappeared in a recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted at the piano by Isidore Luckstone, whose "Come Home, Beloved," from a Japanese text, was among the baritone's later songs. Mr. Rogers's classics compassed varied styles, such as a three-century old "Invocation," from Peri's "Euridice," and "The Dream," a quaint English air "Composed and Set to Music by a Gentleman of Oxford" in 1755. The singer was applauded in five favorite lieder of Brahms, in Stephen Foster's revived "Jeanie," and others by

Victor Harris, Waller, Keel, Dobson and Densmore.

Miss Gerhardt's Serious Songs.

Elena Gerhardt, emphasizing a cyclic order in her songs by but four composers, reappeared last night in Aeolian Hall before an assembly of many musicians. Miss Gerhardt gave, as she has before done here, a program of German lieder, including both the "Vier Biblisch Gesänge" of Dvorak and six "Gypsy Songs" of Brahms. Paula Hegner assisted at the piano; also in groups by Weingartner and Strauss.

Russian Basso Is Heard.

Chaim Kotlyansky, a Russian bass-cantante, was assisted by Michel Buklnik, cellist, in his first appearance at the Town Hall last evening, much delayed in starting. He sang unusual children's songs by Gretchaninov, an air from "Prince Igor," and Yiddish art songs and folk songs, these last arranged by Jungelsohn and Lara Cherniavsky. Mr. Buklnik was heard in a "Hebrew Melody" by Vladimir Heifetz and an original "Oriental Dance."

Sunday Opera at Daly's

A performance of "Rigoletto," far north of the white lights of Broadway, was privately staged before a Sunday night house at the new Daly's Theatre in Sixty-third Street last evening, with Ottone Pesce conducting and Lina Palmieri Pesce as the Gilda of the cast. Others were Tito Venturini as Verdi's Duke and Alberto Terrasi appearing in the title rôle.

Nov. 6, 1923
THAIS, opera in three acts and six scenes, book in French by Louis Gallet after the romance by Anatole France. Music by Jules Massenet. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Thais Maria Jeritza
Nicolas Armand Tokaty
Athanael Clarence Whitehill
Palemon Paolo Ananias
Croylo Grace Anthony
Myrtale Monte Erenner
Albine Marion Telva
A servant Vincenzo Reschiglian
Conductor, Louis Hasselmann.

By H. C. COLLES.

The opera has begun, and what a wonderful display it is! Naturally the Metropolitan Opera House of New York holds surprises for the simple stranger who has wandered like Athanael from the desert of Europe into this modern Alexandria. For as Mr. Gatti-Casazza has said in one of his bursts of confidence to the press, it is a charity not to speak of Europe; all that is good in opera is here, and he began to spread out the treasures before our dazzled eyes and ears last night.

First among the surprises was the transformation which took place during the first act of "Thais"—not the transformation on the stage, though the vision of Thais in the theatre was a beautiful piece of stagecraft, but the transformation in the house. Before the lights were lowered for the first tableau there were so many empty boxes and stalls that one wondered what had become of the vivid display of wealth, beauty and fashion which had been promised. But when the scene was over and the lights went up again the transformation had taken place. Every seat was occupied; the jewels and the dresses presumably left nothing to be desired by those who possess the connoisseur's eye to appraise them rightly.

The sight recalled a far-off memory of the time when Covent Garden was fashionable. That is long ago. Now when there is an opera to go to, we have

formed the habit of arriving before the curtain rises. Obviously it would be useless to wait for the scene in which the "prima donna" appears, since there may not be a "prima donna" at all, only an opera to be heard and which therefore may as well be begun at the beginning.

The beginning of Massenet's "Thais" may not be very exciting, but it has its points of interest. It would have been pleasant to be able to listen to the fine monologue sung by Clarence Whitehill and to enjoy the effective ending in which his voice disappearing gradually in the distance is answered by the finely balanced chorus on the stage, but the arrival of the late comers made that difficult. Let us therefore be in the fashion and begin with the arrival of Mme. Jeritza, the prima donna, round whom the whole of the zest of the action centres. After all Massenet seems prepared for this. He and his librettist together have so devised matters that attention shall be focused on the heroine. It is her personality which holds us, her change of heart which forms the motive power of the opera.

What is Athanael in comparison with her? His change of heart in the contrary direction is of secondary interest. He begins and ends as something of a ranter, and even the majestic Whitehill cannot give him much humanity. And the other characters are all lay figures. No Italian composer could have treated his tenor part so scantily as Massenet has treated the part of Nicolas. France has never seriously competed with Italy as the land of great tenors. Nicolas is hardly allowed to come near the heroine at all, and no tenor can do justice to himself without a leading soprano to sing at. His allowance of two lesser lights, two light soprano whom he wanders in a perpetual embrace, does not make up for the deficiency. Of Nicolas it can only be said that Mr. Tokaty did all that his small opportunities allowed him to do.

Mme. Jeritza, however, was in her glory on this first night. Massenet offers his heroine an entrance of the kind which turns all the limelight on her. She came preceded by the merry-makers and dancing maidens and instantly filled the centre of the stage. Mme. Jeritza's luscious voice, a voice in which the quietest tones keep the flow which belongs to the full and open ones, is splendidly suited to this part. Her dramatic temperament thrills to it so that one can at moments forget the singer in the character. The duet scene of the second act, in which Athanael struggles to win her soul and prevail, was a great piece of drama as well as of song on her part.

Her fall at the foot of the statue of Venus made a wonderful climax. Granted that the music in itself is scarcely worthy of the singer a rich opportunity which Mme. Jeritza knows how to use as few do. It goes without saying that the end of the opera produced an ovation for her. It had been her evening and she had been responsible for all the thrills of the performance.

Minor matters deserve a record. The scenes of Joseph Urban, the dresses and the lighting produced an exquisite harmony in each stage picture. The "ballet divertissement," which enlivened the second act just where the development of the opera is inclined to hang fire, was tastefully carried out by Mme. Rosina Galli and the corps de ballet. If some of the dance movements seemed a little conventional, especially to those of us whose idea of the ballet have been fashioned largely by the famous Diaghilev troupe, one had to realize that they were conditioned by the music. Massenet, after some tentative touches of orientalisms at the beginning of the scene, drops her into a set of ballet dances which seem almost to belong to French opera of the Empire period.

Mr. Louis Hasselmann conducted the orchestra in a thoroughly satisfactory performance. The orchestra, like every one else except the prima donna, is largely a background, and when the curtain was down it was often a background to conversation. But the conversation stopped to listen to the sentiment of the "Meditation," so conductor and orchestra may be allowed a share in the congratulations which were liberally given to all concerned and which it seems right should be given on the auspicious opening of the season.

"Thais" has already endured through a generation, and gives every evidence of inveteracy. It was on March 17, 1894, the day after Sibel Sanderson had demonstrated Thais's meritorious frailness to the Parisians, that Massenet received a letter from Anatole France (upon whose novel the libretto of Louis Gallet was based), in which that irrepressible ironist declared: "You have lifted my poor 'Thais' to the first rank of operatic heroines. You are my sweetest glory. I am happy and proud at having furnished you with the theme from which you have developed the most inspiring phrases. I grasp your hand with joy." It was on November 25, 1907, that the Rose of Alexandria, transplanted from the Paris garden of Mary the First, bloomed in the sight of all men upon the barren stage of the Manhattan Opera House for the initial time in New York. But it was not until ten years later that Thais, in the person of Miss Farrar, began to hold regular at homes, evening and afternoon, in the Metropolitan; and no unfamiliar Thais was beheld in New York (barring an intervening lady from New Orleans,

Mlle. Lavrenne) until Marie Jeritza revealed "la terrible ennemie" to the troubled eye of Mr. Clarence Athanael Whitehill on the evening of December 14, 1922, for the first time in her career.

Paul Bernard in Violin Recital.

Paul Bernard, a young violinist Russian-born but brought as a child to America, where he finally studied with his own former countryman, Auer, at Lake George, gave an ambitious recital at Carnegie Hall last evening, following by less than a year his Aeolian Hall debut of Nov. 16, 1922. Of fresh interest in his program was Jules Conus's violin concerto in E minor, by a composer once associate concertmaster of the New York Symphony. Mr. Bernard gave also with Paul Stashevitch at the piano Handel's sonata in E major, a mazurka by Zarzycki, three arrangements by Sarasate and the rondo caprice of Saint-Saëns.

Alexander Brachocki, Pianist, Plays

Alexander Brachocki, a young American pianist of Polish name and ancestry, appeared at Aeolian Hall last evening in his first recital here, after concerts afield with the New York Symphony Orchestra. He gave a program of familiar piano works, even recently familiar among the hundred events of New York's earliest musical season, playing Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2; Schumann's "Faschingschwank," four Chopin pieces, Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, and two by Polish composers, Stojowski's "Legende" and the variations and fugue by Paderewski.

Elisabeth Santagano's program of

songs at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon included Schumann's infrequently sung "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle, besides fine Schubert lieder, Cui's "Ici Bas" and "Ombres de la Nuit," Saint-Saëns's "L'Enlèvement" and a group of six by Medtner. These last were sung in Russian. Her voice is a soprano of considerable power and expressiveness, rather metallic in its upper register, and lacking in warmth. Thanks, however, to excellent diction and a decided talent for interpretation, she succeeded in making her recital far more interesting than the average, to the obvious pleasure of her audience.

In Aeolian Hall, likewise in the afternoon, Ralph Leopold offered a piano program that included the Vivaldi (incorrectly ascribed to Friedemann Bach) concerto in D minor, Liszt's B minor sonata, shorter pieces by Debussy, Pich-Mangialagalli, Scott and Albeniz, and the almost inevitable "Naila" waltz arrangement by Dohnanyi. His playing revealed considerable technical merit and a good sense of structure.

RUSSIAN SOPRANO SINGS.

Elizabeth Santagano Displays a Voice of Wide Range at Debut.

Elizabeth Santagano, a Russian soprano heard once last Summer with the Stadium Orchestra, gave an American debut recital yesterday at the Town Hall, where a matinee house made her sing a last encore in English, "Do Not Leave Me," before it let her go. Hers is a voice of wide range, running the gamut of expressiveness rather than tonal beauty, but dramatic to the last degree and without affectation. She gave reverently five Schubert songs, Schumann's "Frauenliebe" in German, some of Saint-Saëns and Cesar Cui in French and a final group of great interest in Russian by Medtner.

The singer was herself a striking figure in black and silver and her natural eloquence was supported by uncommonly fine piano accompaniments to poems of Goethe and Pushkin, played by Rudolph Thomas, a conductor of the Philadelphia Civic Opera.

Alexander Brachocki, who appeared at the same time at Aeolian Hall in a piano recital, proved to be one of the most impersonal artists heard so far this season. He possesses considerable technical skill, but seems to stand apart from his material and view it, not as its own mouthpiece might, but rather as a something all the virtues of which were intrinsic. He was technically worthwhile in his opening Beethoven Sonata (Op. 31, No. 3), and in the Schumann "Faschingschwank" which followed, but both these works are too subjective to be given thus at their best.

In Chopin's F sharp minor nocturne he seemed miles away from his subject, although his schooled fingers went to work with their callisthenics well. In the later two études, which are what études should be, technical

studies, he was very much more at home and made these two bits good things to hear. Mr. Brachocki evidently aims to be a reproducer instead of an interpreter.

A. C.

Nov 6 1923
By H. C. COLLES.

AIDA, opera in four acts and seven scenes, book in Italian by Antonio Ghislanzoni from the French by Camille de Locle. Music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

The King James Wolf (debut)
Amneris Margaret Matzenauer
Aida Elizabeth Rethberg
Radames Giovanni Martinelli
Ramfis Jose Mardones
Amonasro Giuseppe Danise
A Priestess Phradie Wells (debut)
Conductor Roberto Moranzoni

Nothing was left out at the Metropolitan Opera House last night which could add to the sumptuousness of Verdi's "Aida." The new scenes designed by Angelo Parravicini, the brilliant dresses, the massed choirs and the stage bands indeed made the triumph scene a display of super-sumptuousness which has probably never been equalled. Each time the curtain parted to reveal a new picture, the colossal columns of the Temple, the bower of extravagant luxury simply described on the program as "Amneris's room," the gates of Thebes and the Nile by moonlight, a round of applause greeted the sight. The scene designer and the painters were the heroes of the evening.

Even the cast of singers, most of them well known and well approved as representatives of their several parts, were apparently only second in importance. Here was a show with which the highest flights of the film producer could scarcely compete, and in comparison with which the very sky signs of Broadway might seem pale.

The marvel is that Verdi survives this treatment. Those who have seen "Aida" in all sorts of different circumstances, varying from the makeshift conditions of the average traveling company to this latest effort, must realize that in them all his genius for melody stands out as after all the overwhelming quality of the opera. Where the stagecraft is deficient the tunes themselves create the atmosphere which the eye misses; where it is too abundant it is Verdi himself who succeeds in putting the climax on it all. He intended, of course, to supply a spectacular opera and the whole is laid out with that in view, but what other composer could have allowed himself to be so glaringly spectacular and yet have kept his high estate so triumphantly as Verdi has in the second act, which is the most spectacular of all? If he had been content with a cheap tune for his triumph march how unbearably tawdry the whole thing would have become! Instead he poured out a broad stream of melody capable of bearing the weight laid on it.

Those broad melodies, with their compelling contrasts of mood from splendor to pathos, and from languor to intense energy, deserve big singing and they called out the best which the singers could give last night. Perhaps if Verdi could have foreseen the habits of the Metropolitan audience he would not have introduced one of the finest of his tenor arias, "Celeste Aida," in the first five minutes of the opera. Those who came late missed a fine piece of singing by Mr. Martinelli, and some of them also lost Mme. Elizabeth Rethberg's excellent performance of Aida's first monologue. However, probably the knowledge that these two would be heard singing well together throughout the evening, until at a late hour they succumbed to suffocation beneath the temple floor, consoles the late comers for their loss.

With Mme. Matzenauer as Amneris, every inch a Princess in appearance and a real queen of song in voice and style, Jose Mardones an impressively sonorous high priest; James Wolf, a newcomer, whose voice told well in the few places where the King is allowed to be heard, and Mr. Danise a sufficiently impulsive and temperamental Amonasro, the cast was well chosen and the voices were finely balanced in the great sextet. Mention should be made also of the clear and pleasant voice of Miss Phradie Wells, who sings the part of the hidden priestess in the temple scene, and who was also new to the house.

The large choirs and the orchestra under Mr. Moranzoni produced most imposing effects, and the ensemble had evidently been closely studied. Apart from the out-standing effects, those where the whole army of singers and players advanced, so to speak, in massed formation, there were many details of quiet beauty, the soft choral singing in the temple scene, the flutes in the ritual dance and the instrumentation at the beginning of the Nile scene for example.

But surely something might be done to induce silence in the house before the beginning of a quiet act such as this last. At present it seems to be the custom for the conductor to begin in the hope that the audience will quiet down when the music becomes loud enough for them to hear it.

There were two newcomers in the cast in the persons of James Wolf and Phradie Wells, who made debut appearances as the King and the Priestess. Mr. Wolf seems to have a good voice but was apparently rather nervous. Miss Wells sang her offstage music more than acceptably. The rest of the cast were old friends, with Mme. Matzenauer as Amneris, Mr. Martinelli in Aeolian

voice and path, as Kalamas, and Mr. Danas as Amonasro.

The show which broke the camel's back was presented yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, when Emily Day, who is a song recitalist had made a very early and impression up to the Queen's floor and from "Coq d'O." went to pieces on the top note near the close. It was too bad for Miss Day has a clear light soprano of considerable range and color, and sing for material with excellent taste and style. But in the catastrophe of the Shemakha lady, she rushed her cadences, and, as has been said, considered the dangerous topnote as optional. The result was unfortunate.

In the evening, at the same hall, Elly Ney appeared in piano recital with a program and an interpretative skill which were joys to tired ears. There is no word in our tongue to describe Mme. Ney's tone and touch. In terms of the other senses, it was delicious, golden, velvety. Few artists are more subjective in their work, this pianist makes the piano and her material merely the voice of herself, her fingers move without perceptible effort, the resultant tone flows from the artist alone.

The Chaikovsky G major, turbulent and firm by turns, got a trenchant reading, although it seemed a bit choppy in the last movement. There were MacDowell works too, a polonaise and the "Valse Triste," the latter velvet and soft, the former a whirlwind of musical force, which seemed to carry the player away into a veritable flood of rhythmic sound. Then for contrast, there were delightful Schubert things, such as the "Night in Vienna," with all its dangers of being a caricature, but remaining robust and beautiful simplicity under these conditions. It was all of it with fine interpretation, more than any one could possibly satisfy both to mind and heart.

At Carnegie Hall, Ethel Leginska, also in piano recital, produced a novelty in the form of her own "Dance of the Peep." It came near the middle of a program otherwise largely devoted to Chopin and Beethoven. It was a little bit of foolery in open fifth, in progression, a typical mannikin sound dancing on a stage across which fell with manifest prominence, the shadows of "Petrushka," "The Firebird," and Debussy's "Minstrel." It was so difficult to be a puppet artist these days!

There was nothing to give the desecrated attention to the song recital of Henrietta Conrad who appeared with a program of songs, Lieder and mixed groups at the Town Hall at the same evening hour. A. C.

Mme. Elly Ney Plays.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mme. Elly Ney at her recital in Aeolian Hall last evening presented a program that led her far from the track beaten by pianists. Its outstanding features of novelty were two preludes and fugues by Bach, in C sharp minor and C minor, and Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor, Tchaikovsky's sonata and two pieces by MacDowell, a polonaise and a "Valse Triste." These things are mostly avoided by pianists, with or without reason.

It must be confessed that there is some reason for the avoidance of Tchaikovsky's sonata. It is not one of the works that made his reputation; and indeed few of his works for piano have helped to that end. There are some of his characteristic terms of expression in it, some of his finer ideas or motifs of treating them. There is, indeed, a good deal of rhetorical bombast, monotonous repetition and a certain development. Nor did Mme. Ney do much to modify their impression, but something, rather, to emphasize it.

His style is now well known. Storm and violence, alternating with caressing fluency and in its more violent moods tending toward hardness in tone and expression. Such there were in her performance of this sonata, which was not without a musing poetry in the slow movement and a glittering brilliancy in the Scherzo. Long years ago Rafael Joseffy thought enough of this sonata to play it in New York; he made it clear then that it might lend itself to a somewhat different conception. But neither

he nor Mme. Ney could give it a high value.

Mme. Ney's playing of the pieces by Bach was welcome, and in itself an enlargement of the musical enjoyment of the evening. In Chopin's F sharp minor Polonaise there was something lacking of the imaginative impulse of the piece, though in the mazurka-like Interlude she did much to supply the lack.

Henrietta Conrad, soprano, who made a notable debut last season, appeared last night in recital at the Town Hall. With a little more assurance and a little less nervousness than she displayed at her former recital, Miss Conrad sang pleasingly a nicely balanced program of songs.

Gluck's "Divinites Du Styx" was delivered most effectively and two Schumann songs, "Ich Kanne's Nicht Fassen, Nicht Glauben" and "Er, Der Herrliche Von Allen," were also roundly applauded. The group of songs in English was exceedingly well sung, especially a song, "Thou Immortal Night," composed by Meta Schumann, who accompanied by Miss Conrad. Other composers presented were Bassani, Beethoven, La Forge, Woodman, Schneider, Homer, Graener, Marx and Strauss.

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By H. C. COLLES.

Mme. Jeritza in "Tosca."

TOSCA, opera in three acts, book in Italian, by Illica and Giacosa from the French play by Sardou. Music by Giacomo Puccini. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Maria Jeritza.....Maria Jeritza
Miguel Cavaradossi.....Miguel Fleta (Debut)
Baron Scarpia.....Antonio Scotti
Cesare Angelotti.....Louis D'Angelo
The Sacristan.....Pompeo Malatesta
Squadron.....Angelo Bada
Sciarra.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
A Jailor.....Millo Penco
A Shepherd.....Henriette Wakefield
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

It used to be the fashion when Puccini's operas were in debate to speak slightly of "Tosca" as crude melodrama garnished with music. There is some truth in the description, for Sardou's play is sufficiently violent in action to be the sort of thing which does not lend itself to purely operatic treatment, and Puccini's genius is shown in finding the right kind of music to reinforce its violence. Nowhere else has he produced themes with the hard menacing quality of those which surround the characters of Scarpia and the horrors of the torture chamber, and nowhere else has he worked for such sharply drawn contrasts of feeling expressed in musical tones.

It is true, too, that however often one sees and hears "Tosca" the play remains the main interest. One is, or ought to be, held breathless by the sinister designs of Scarpia by the agony of Tosca and the solution which she finds. One goes to it as one goes to a spoken play, and the music is there to realize, not to idealize, the drama.

It was the realization that one missed through most of the first act of last night's performance. It was lacking in grip. It may have been that Mr. Miguel Fleta, the new Cavaradossi, was anxious for the impression he would produce, or that Mme. Jeritza was anxious about her new hat (was it straight or would it fall off when she fell into her lover's arms?), or that the entrances of each of the chief singers were made the occasion for the interruption of applause, or that the finale of the procession through the church was badly timed so that the congregation fell on their knees after and not while the archbishop, or whoever the high dignitary is, gave his benediction. Or it may have been that one noticed all these details because for some unexplained reason, in spite of fine efforts, the thing was not sufficiently unified. One had the feeling that there have been many less good performances which have held the attention more convincingly.

Perhaps neither Mr. Fleta nor Mme. Jeritza was quite at ease at first, yet he made a most favorable impression and Tosca is admittedly among her greatest parts. Mr. Fleta has a splendidly rich and sonorous voice, and he is undoubtedly a notable acquisition to the Metropolitan company. But his desire to let us hear all he could do both in his first song and again in "E lucevan le Stelle" was a little oppressive. It left one too conscious of the singer.

Mme. Jeritza's Tosca is unlike any one else's and her great scene with Mr. Scotti in the second act certainly made up in intensity for what seemed lacking in the first act. His Scarpia has grown more violent since the days when he used to send a thrill down the backs of Covent Garden audiences by the terrible refinement of his villainy. Possibly repetition has coarsened his conception of the part a little, but it remains a masterpiece of dramatic singing. It is a mystery how Mme. Jeritza manages to fill the house with beautiful tone as she sings "Vissi d'arte," lying prone on the ground with her face almost buried, and how through all her struggle she manages to preserve a musical quality in her voice.

She was even more captivating as beauty in distress than in the scenes in which she wooed her lover, sitting with

him rather too domestically before the picture in the church. One figure of the church scene apt to be overlooked in a "star" cast of this kind, but deserving attention, is the Sacristan as played by Mr. Malatesta. Puccini did not treat the Sacristan as unimportant; he touched him into his musical picture with a few swift strokes of melody which are the one touch of comic relief in the score.

Both Puccini and his Malatesta must have spent many an hour in Italian churches to have pictured the type so surely.

Roberto Moranzoni secured admirable playing from the orchestra, but he

seemed partly responsible for what was disappointing in the ensemble. He allowed the singers a good deal of latitude in the tempo and in some places they took rather more than he allowed them. And in the procession scene, where the motive of the bells suggests the inexorable march of destiny, the music wanted a firmer, more compelling rhythm. The conductor of "Tosca" needs to be as brutal as Scarpia and as passionate as Tosca herself.

There was a new Cavaradossi in the person of Miguel Fleta, the young Spanish tenor who has come to spend his first season at the Metropolitan. Mr. Fleta has a tenor but pleasing voice, rather dark in color, with considerable dramatic expressiveness. He tended to force it a little last night, probably through nervousness. He has no need to do so, as it possesses ample power. Mr. Fleta's acting abilities seem to be well above the average, and his sincerity equally so.

During the "Victoria" outburst in the second act he actually sang to Scarpia and Tosca, supported in the latter's arms, instead of rushing down to the footlights in the traditional tenor style to let the audience have it. He made a most favorable impression upon his hearers, was recalled three times by unmistakably genuine applause after the first act, and received an even stormier outburst after the letter song in the third act.

envied. It may be said that Mr. Fleta deserved applause, and that to those who had not heard of him before he seemed to be an excellent, if not quite overwhelming, addition to the company.

He is a man of rather small stature, but pleasing appearance. His voice is a fine, manly, vibrant tenor, well equalized in scale, generally well produced, not varied in color nor warm in character, but one that will probably wear well. His style was well suited to the music, and if he was not a particularly impassioned lover he was certainly a courteous one, even deeply deferential to Mme. Jeritza's hat and feathers in the first act. There is reason to believe that Mr. Fleta will be a welcome newcomer.

Not that Miguel Fleta is a Caruso—not yet; but then Enrico himself wasn't the read Caruso when he first came here. Señor Fleta is young and good-looking and he has a ringing voice of great charm which he knows how to use operatically in the best sense of the word—that is, dramatically. He is not like those tenors—mostly Italian—who don't know, and don't care, what they are singing about as long as their voice carries well beyond the footlights. Full-throated, pure, rich, were his tones, and they were modulated emotionally to the varied demands of Puccini's music—caressing, passionate, defiant, angry in turn. If Señor Fleta's other roles are as good as his Cavaradossi, he is a real acquisition.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Beethoven Cycle.

The New York Symphony Orchestra's "Beethoven Cycle" was begun yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, introduced by the brass choir, before a large audience, which gave many manifestations of interest. Mr. Damrosch has argued the case for a "Beethoven Cycle" elaborately: the special occasion for this one is the hundredth anniversary of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony—next May. It is enough, no doubt; probably no special occasion is necessary, if the need for a Beethoven cycle is felt. Beethoven is not neglected in the programs of the regular concert series; and the question might be argued whether or not his music is no best heard so, rather than in a series devoted exclusively to his works.

It is not proposed to exhumate any of the forgotten works of the master, except in the "postludes" that, by an idea of Mr. Damrosch's, which he characterized

justly yesterday afternoon as "entirely original," he intends to give after each concert.

There are a good many forgotten works, most of which are destined to remain so. The little specimens which were played yesterday, some of which are not entirely forgotten but only neglected, were cheerful bits that gave pleasure to those who remained to hear them; and they do not really affect the case. The programs will themselves consist of the masterpieces which are the foundation of all modern audiences' musical culture and are intimately known to everybody who loves and knows music. And there is experience enough to justify the assumption that from these works a succession of programs can be made that will interest and absorb.

The arrangement of the program yesterday was chronological, beginning with the first and second symphonies and the piano concerto in G major—for apparently the three concertos that precede it are not to be given, even as "specimens," though the third in C minor is still played by pianists on occasion. The two symphonies were heard in succession because, as Mr. Damrosch announced, Josef Hofmann, who was the soloist, was delayed in arriving at the hall; and the concerto followed them instead of separating them on the program.

The playing of the symphonies had much of the spirit that rightfully belongs to them: still the eighteenth century spirit in its decorum and directness, deepened and touched with a greater warmth. Nor does it require a great effort on the part of listeners today to see the flashes of originality and boldness that made their impression on Beethoven's contemporaries; and still less to appreciate the beauty of the music. Mr. Damrosch gained a performance of much delicacy and finish and warmth of tone, in which the only disturbing features were the sudden and disconcerting changes of tempo—"modifications" is too mild a word—that he put into both symphonies, and the needless assignment to the first violin, as a solo, of the little introductory passage in the second symphony.

There was no need of any thinking back or of any effort toward a historical perspective to enjoy Mr. Hofmann's playing of the G major concerto. It is the most beautiful and poetical of all the five piano concertos; and, indeed, one of the most beautiful and poetical of all Beethoven's works in any form; neglected by pianists in favor of the more demonstrative fifth, but rewarding an understanding interpretation as few other works in the pianist's repertory can reward.

Mr. Hofmann's interpretation of this music was the achievement of a great master; enwrapped in an atmosphere of lyric beauty and tenderness; exquisite in tone, in delicate perfection of articulation and in its inner rhythmic pulse. It was a reverent and devoted reproduction of the master's conception; and over it brooded the spirit of Beethoven.

It was sturdy fare which Mr. van Hoogstraten and his Philharmonic gave their crowded house last night at Carnegie Hall! Beginning with Cesar Franck's D minor symphony, he followed that by no means light and trivial work with Beethoven's D major concerto for violin and orchestra.

The symphony was excellently played. If Mr. van Hoogstraten has lately been accused of overcaution in conducting, there were no similar complaints about the first and third sections of the symphony this time. The former went buoyantly, flashing along in great, swelling curves like audible Northern Lights; the finale was free to the point of being reckless. The midsection, however, seemed to drag a little; the allegretto failed to walk along in beauty; it seemed a bit too stately.

Paul Kochanski was the soloist for the concerto. He did not seem to enjoy playing these dutiful embellishments to a theme which was hardly in his keeping.

At the same hall in the evening, Katherine Metcalf appeared in song recital, with the four standard groups of songs. Miss Metcalf displayed a voice of small calibre. Haydn's "Mermald's Song" and Chausson's "Serenade Italienne" appeared to be among the favorites. A. C.

Katherine Metcalf, Soprano, Sings.

Katherine Metcalf pleased a large audience at her first recital of soprano songs in Aeolian Hall last evening. Though Haydn's "Mermald" was not wholly buoyant, the delicate treatment of works of Strauss, Rubinstein and Weingartner proved that Miss Metcalf could adapt herself to light-hearted lyrics when she so desired.

Wolf's "Kupala und Veilchen" showed the wide range of tones at her disposal as well as skill in using them. Conrad V. Bos played the accompaniments.

1E. PARKS'S RECITAL S MARKED BY MISHAPS

Prano Pleases Audience Despite Annoyances.

Her debut recital here of Mme. Ethel Parks, American soprano, at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was given in spite of difficulties. En route to the hall, the chauffeur received a summons for speeding and this while her singing was assembling. When she finally arrived at the forty-second street entrance to the hall she was naturally in a perturbed state of mind and so it opened that she forgot to take all her sheet music with her from the automobile, which at once drove away.

When a search for duplicate copies of the missing songs was started in the nearby houses of music publishers and the Public Library. When the program finally began, half an hour or more later, the singer was, as may be supposed, not in the best condition for giving a recital program. Her list necessarily had to be rearranged and certain songs were omitted. In old airs of German, English and other songs she sang with a naturally sweet voice and much grace and sentiment. She was heard most favorably in a group of songs given in French, which began with Saint Saens's "Pourquoi Rester Juliette" and included further Rabey's "Le Vent de Mai," which she repeated. The beautiful arrangement of the Belgian air "L'Abandonnée" as in this group and much liked. Mrs. Parks is a Lamperti pupil. In 1912 she was engaged for three seasons at the Metropolitan, but in 1913 she married and retired to private life. She is well known as a semi-professional singer.

Die Meistersinger

era. Sung for First Time
Here Since War, Is
Impressive.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" was restored to the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The comedy had been absent from that stage since the entry of this country into the world war in 1917. Its return was observed with

principal singers were capable of some of them even distinguished. As there will be more different parts of the Beckmesser of Gustav Frickendorf than about the other sonations. But Beckmesser, according to the venerable work of Joseph Christoph Wagenseil, from which he obtained his historical information, was not a figure of fun, but a typical hidebound mastersinger, never chose to make him a butt of ridicule, but certainly never intended he should be a clown. Mr. Frickendorf's Beckmesser was a headstrong fellow whose aspirations in his abilities and who was sufficiently ridiculous without obviously ending into buffoonery.

Adolph Laubenthal, who made his debut as Walther von Stolzing, is a well-acquainted acquisition to the company. He has a good, young, fresh voice, and in a characteristically German style, but nevertheless agreeable in its range. He sang the music of Walther with splendid effect, with enthusiasm at times, yet with lyric flow and generally a dramatic effect. He was prepossessing in appearance, manly in action, and altogether a pleasing representative of the young knight. His contact with the audience was beyond question.

Easton Noteworthy Eva.

It is not possible to deal minutely with each impersonation, but the great and exquisite musical finish of the Easton's Eva were especially noteworthy. Mme. Howard, a capital Magdalene; Mr. Bender, a somewhat dry but excellent Pogner; Mr. Schlegel, an unsurpassable David, and Mr. Kothner, an almost ideal Kothner, are also to be accorded this all too honorable mention.

Finally, there was the manly, tender, loveable Hans Sachs of Clarence Whitehill, an operatic impersonation which will live in the memory.

There is a strong temptation to say much about Mr. Whitehill's treatment of the text and music, his delivery of the famous Wagner "word-tone-speech," but it resolves itself after all into one point.

Much study had evidently been bestowed by every one on the Bayreuth style of sharply articulated delivery, and in some cases this resulted in a lack of melodic flow. Mr. Whitehill (closely seconded by Mme. Easton) gave a brilliant demonstration of the possibility of creating the illusion of spoken articulation without loss of the lyric flow of the music. He and the soprano gave a remarkably fine exhibition of the most finished and effective type of Wagner singing.

FRANCES HALL IN RECITAL.

Eric Pianist Makes Favorable Impression Here.

Miss Frances Hall, a young pianist from Erie, Pa., who first played here last season and made a very favorable impression, returned to Aeolian Hall yesterday and gave a recital.

She played a "burlesca" and "capriccio" by Scarlatti, arranged by Hutcheson, the E minor prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn, Schumann's "Faschingschwank aus Wien" and, by Rachmaninov, the seldom heard and charming "Valse" in A, the "Elegie" and four preludes, including the opus 23, in B flat.

It is, indeed, quite worth while for a young pianist living outside of New York to come here and give a recital provided its standards have a merit such as is disclosed by Miss Hall. She plays delightfully. She has ease of manner, assurance and modesty which supports her at the piano and she and her performance shows a fine musical gift already admirably developed. In the varied music of her list yesterday she played throughout with individual power, intelligence and a very good command of the mechanical side of her art.

GILBERT ROSS PLAYS.

Recital by Young American Violinist at Aeolian Hall.

Gilbert Ross, a young American violinist, who made a favorable impression here a season ago, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Opening with Cesar Franck's sonata in A major, with Andre Benoit at the piano, Mr. Ross played Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor, two numbers by Cecil Burleigh, an arrangement by Wilhelmj of Chopin's nocturne in D major, Mockowski's "Guitare" and compositions by Wieniawski, Pagnani and Glinka.

This young artist reveals some highly commendable qualities and some deficiencies which can be overcome in time. Thus, his intonation was often far from perfect and rapid finger work was occasionally blurred, but in other respects his interpretation of the Franck sonata was excellent. Imbued with true musicianship and deep feeling it was played with fine sincerity and warmth. Mr. Ross plays simply and directly. His bowing is free and elastic, his tone full and sonorous. Mr. Benoit deserves praise for his not inconsiderable part in an enjoyable recital.

"Die Meistersinger" Revived.

DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NURNBERG, opera in three acts and four scenes. German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Eva.....	Florence Easton
Magdalene.....	Kathleen Howard
Walther von Stolzing.....	Adolph Laubenthal (debut)
Hans Sachs.....	Clarence Whitehill
Beckmesser.....	Gustav Frickendorf
Pogner.....	Paul Bender
Kothner.....	Carl Schlegel
Vogelgesang.....	Max B. Zorn
Zorn.....	Angelo Bada
Moser.....	Pietro Audisio
Bisping.....	Giordano Paltrinieri
Nachtigall.....	Louis d'Angelo
Ortel.....	Paolo Ananias
Schwartz.....	James Wolf
David.....	William Gustafson
Watchman.....	George Meader
A Night Conductor.....	Arnold Gabor (debut)
	Conductor Artur Bodanzky.

The "revival," as it is called, of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" at the Metropolitan last night is the first event of the season which can be hailed as one of musical importance. Possibly it will be remembered as the event of chief importance. It ends a period of abstinence, and every one who believes that opera can be something more than an expensive entertainment must be glad of its return.

It is the one of all Wagner's works which reveals in normal things. "The Ring" maybe accused of megalomania. "Tristan" of hysteria, Parsifal of religiosity. There is no such charge to be brought against "Die Meistersinger."

unless it is urged that like everything else that Wagner wrote it is too long. True, it is too long for an evening's entertainment, but ideally, if we had nothing to do all day but listen, it would hardly be too long, for with every page Wagner has something fresh to say, some new light to shed on his characters by his inexhaustible resources of musical development.

Sometimes had been done to bring the opera into practicable time for an evening's performance last night, and the cuts were certainly discreetly made so as to distort the scheme as little as possible. The opera began at 7:30 and was not over very much before midnight. Mr. Bodanzky's treatment of the overture set the right atmosphere because it set the right tempo and kept it. When that is done and each one of the lovely tunes has room to live and move and have its being Wagner tells his own story. Generally this was the case throughout the opera. If one was inclined to question an overemphasis here or a hurrying there these were small matters. A fine orchestral performance is the first matter for congratulation, since the orchestra is the protagonist in the music-drama.

This and the care which had evidently been expended on the whole production are the rewards of the late abstinence. The thing had been thought out afresh, but thought out in contact with the established tradition, and at times the mind was carried back to an exceptionally fine performance among the last which Richter conducted at Balloir a dozen years or so ago.

There were, however, some points of stagecraft which might be improved. The end of the first act was one and the street brawl of the second act another. Possibly something went wrong with the apprentices and the paraphernalia which they had to carry away when the trial scene broke up in disorder. At any rate they were left still fussing with the rods and curtains of the marker's box when Sachs was taking his last rueful look at the singer's chair, and their presence spoilt the suggestion of Sachs's loneliness which the orchestra here brings. The stage seemed too crowded again in the brawl scene; too many people standing and singing like an oratorio choir without taking part in the action. Moreover, to have a very big chorus here only confuses the complicated lines of the music. The voices became an indistinguishable roar.

It was surprising too to find that Sachs's household included six stalwart maid servants, all learning out of window, and the establishment next door must have been a large ladies' seminary. It contained so many female inhabitants. But while speaking of the stage effect a word must be added of the beauty of the lighting throughout, but especially in the street scene. The end of that scene, with the watchman's cry appropriately sung with a tremor in the voice by Arnold Gabor, and the moon rising behind the Burgerthor of old Nürnberg was exquisitely devised.

So we come to the singers by the mention of one of the least of them—a method excusable only because Mr. Gabor was new to the opera house, but because there are really no less and greatest in "Die Meistersinger." Wagner has given to everyone some unobtrusive touch which distinguishes the part, and one of the best things in this performance was the way in which the minor characters among the masters assembled in conclave took their places and each supplied his quota in the discussion of Pogner's proposal and Walther's candidature.

It may be suggested, however, that Carl Schlegel as Kothner deserved one or two of Beckmesser's bad marks for slurring over the elaborated cadences of the Tablature, that Mr. Schützendorff as Beckmesser was inclined to overact, especially in the later scenes; also that there seems no positive reason why Beckmesser's nose should resemble that of Cyrano de Bergerac. Paul Bender's singing as Pogner was as dignified and his whole treatment of the part as aldermanic as could be desired.

The lovers were Miss Florence Easton and Rudolf Laubenthal, and they made a proper pair. Wagner's idea of what was due to a first lady were not those which generally prevail at the Metropolitan. He gave Eva no outstanding scene. She is a German Fraulein who is expected to listen to her elders and admire her lover. Miss Easton preserved the girlishness of the part in her voice and action. Mr. Laubenthal made a favorable first impression because he looks a man, is young, sings honestly and knows how to stand still. He never ranted, but his voice was not always equally pleasant, and it was unfortunate that it was least so at the moment that he began to tell Sachs about his wonderful dream. The first stanza of the Preludium in its first version had a throaty quality which had not been present when he sang the trial songs of the first act.

Clarence Whitehill's Sachs was the finest individual performance of the evening, as it has need to be. For it is Sachs who is the core of Wagner's inspiration and it is he who gives relation to all the threads of the drama, from the moment that the scent of the elder tree sets him musing by his shop door to the last when Eva and Walther set the wreath on his brow. He is Wagner's first subject, the principal theme developed through the symphony and Mr. Whitehill sustained the part nobly.

We must not forget George Meader's sprightly David, a little too sprightly at times perhaps, or Miss Kathleen Howard's Magdalene, for these two contributed ably to the quintet which is the most wonderful vocal climax in Wagner's act.

Nov 11, 1923

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By H. C. COLLES.

ROMEO ET JULIETTE, opera in five acts and six scenes. French text by Barbier and Carré after Shakespeare's drama, music by Charles Gounod. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Juliette.....	Lucrezia Bori
Stephano.....	Raymonde Delaunais
Vertrude.....	Henriette Waechter
Romeo.....	Beniamino Gigli
Ysolt.....	Rafaela Diaz
Benvolio.....	Giuseppe Paltrinieri
Mercutio.....	Giuseppe de Luca
Paris.....	Millo Peco
Gregorio.....	Paolo Ananias
Capulet.....	Adamo Eldur
Friar Laurent.....	Leon Roshier
The Duke of Verona.....	William Gustafson

Incidental dances by the Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

Lucrezia Bori Sings Juliet

Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" has apparently a very assured place in the affections of operagoers here. It was chosen for the first matinee performance of the season and was given yesterday, with a cast very similar to, if not identical with, that which was so successfully repeated in repeated performances last year. Consequently it had a very smooth performance under Mr. Hasselmanns's direction in which Miss Lucrezia Bori looked charming and sang with a pure and beautiful quality of tone, while Mr. Beniamino Gigli, relying more on vocal gifts than dramatic ones and possessing a voice sufficiently mellifluous to atone for his rather undistinguished stage presence, was a fairly persuasive Romeo.

No doubt it is this smoothness, the sweetness of Gounod's cantilena, the glamour which his music combined with a pleasantly sensuous series of stage pictures throws over everything, from the killing of men to the breaking of hearts, which makes the continued popularity of the opera. We look for refinement, for a sense of style, in the interpretation, but for no human qualities which might disturb the decorousness of it all. Their presence would be disconcerting.

Juliette must be always a picturesque figure whether she is on a balcony or a bier. Romeo must be an appealing loon, but not a violent one. It is no matter that he is expected to walk away quietly into the wings in the middle of the balcony scene in order to let a party of Capulet retainers come in with lanterns to inquire of each other whether there is anything amiss in a chorus of the same quality as that of the conspirators in "Rigoletto." Capulets and Montagnons may range themselves in neatly arranged groups on opposite sides of the stage and sing against one another music which, whatever it suggests, has little hint of the heated temper which leads to bloodletting.

It is all very pretty and very neat, like a highly colored picture book with all the tragedy toned down and the purging of the passions by pity and pain which Aristotle found to be the essence of tragedy, forgotten. It is not necessary to speak of all the minor singers who contributed to the smooth performance, though one or two of them, notably Miss Raymonde Delaunais as Stephano, disturbed the smoothness occasionally by excessive vibrato, which is a polite expression for singing out of tune.

Ernest Hutcheson Plays

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Ernest Hutcheson gave evident pleasure to an Aeolian Hall audience yesterday afternoon, among which were many musicians, by his admirable playing of a program of piano pieces that quite abandoned the stereotyped pattern. He began with Brahms's variations and fugue on a theme of Handel, which he played with much vigor and accent, with an especial beauty in the softer variations finding and emphasizing in a few some of those hidden melodic fragments that pianists and conductors delight to find, even though the composers never thought of them.

MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata followed which appears rarely upon programs, one reason, perhaps, being that the work is so difficult that the last word in technical proficiency must be at the command of him who plays it. Mr. Hutcheson assuredly commanded it, and played the work with an evident sympathy and enthusiasm that made it count for all it is worth. How much that may be is perhaps not so certain as the composer's thick and thin admirers proclaim. The music is compact of MacDowell's rhapsodies and formulas. It is certainly unquestionably his own; and there might be a question as to where an individual and original composer's individuality and originality are to be separated from mannerism and formula.

MacDowell put a good deal of virtuoso display into the sonata, much of which is highly effective. It is certainly significantly rich and resonant and "pianistic." There is much beauty in the fanciful second theme of the first movement and the fine feeling with which it is worked out. The "naive tenderness" which the composer directs in the playing of the slow movement is justified by the quality of the music, which yet, after a while loses some of its definite outline. And the sunny last movement storms "swiftly and

last night for the first time in public. In this work Mr. Bloch has followed the fashion set abroad by Alois Haba and has asked his strings, on occasion, to play intervals of a quarter tone. The effect of this was at times poignantly expressive; but more often Mr. Bloch's use of the device sounded besitant and ineffectual, and the instruments seemed merely to be flirting rather heartlessly with the pitch.

This quintet is, however, a remarkable work. It is in three movements, to some extent thematically integrated, and it is written throughout with that sombre and morbid intensity of mood and utterance which is Mr. Bloch's special trait as a music-maker. It is richly polyphonic in texture and is wrought with extraordinary skill and solidity and resourcefulness. The slow movement, an "Andante mistico" of darkly hapsodic beauty, is as fine a thing as Mr. Bloch has given us since his incomparable set of "Trois Poèmes d'ifs," which is, we take leave to think, his masterpiece. Oddly enough, this new quintet seems less continuously and inflexibly individual than the much earlier work, for in the newer piece Mr. Bloch has surprisingly remembered a composer so egregiously "old hat" (as they call him in Paris) as Richard Wagner. Wagner, to be sure, is always good to hear, but Mr. Bloch as important and significant things to say on his own account, and we hold a grudge against him for those measures in which he turns our thoughts to "Tristan und Isolde," love-though they are.

Another composer on last night's program bowed the knee to the tyrannical Richard; but we could not help wondering if Mr. Arthur Bliss, in his little British way, was not chaffing when he spun the third stanza of his "Women of Yueh" out of the lower Girl music from "Parsifal." or the lady of Mr. Bliss's song is a lower girl, too, in her own way; although she is shy, and hides from the asserby among the lilies; and the dies of Wagner were guilty of no such absurdity as that.

These songs, and the other two works Mr. Bliss that were played—Madame Noy and "Rout," all three composed for soprano voice and chamber orchestra—are ingenious and charming fantasies, and they made us all the more eager to hear Mr. Bliss's provocative "Color Symphony" for orchestra.

We cannot say, however, that Igor Stravinsky's "Three Pieces for Clarinet" made us keen to hear anything of Stravinsky's in a similar vein. We count ourselves as among Mr. Stravinsky's most stentorian boosters; regard for him has, we think, been efficiently demonstrated in these columns; but when Mr. Stravinsky wastes his time, and ours, and that of so excellent an artist as Mr. Lem Bellison, in such solemn idiocies as these three exercises for solo clarinet we are almost ready to give up our allegiance and relapse upon Gounod and Massenet.

We were unable to hear the Diversissement for piano and woodwind by Roussel which came at the end of a long program. It was described to us by a competent witness as "a thin vein of music trying hard to un-Ravel itself." But we think better of Monsieur Roussel than that.

In the afternoon Mr. Damrosch introduced to the subscribers of his Saboth Symphony Concerts in Aeolian Hall another member of the British musical colony whose presence this season in America is making us all up and mind our Ps and Qs. This is Mr. Frank Bridge, one of the so-called Younger British School of Composers (most of them are what Miss Daisy Ashford would have called "olderly men of forty-two or thereabouts"). Arthur Bliss, whom we have discussed above, and Eugene Goossens, who is conducting in Rochester, are distinguished members of the same clan. Mr. Bridge is distinguished, too, though his music has made less stir in the world than that of his colleagues and less known in America.

Mr. Bridge is forty-four years old and startlingly resembles Mr. Chesterton as Mr. Chesterton would look if he cut out carbohydrates and subsisted for a while on spinach and philosophy. Mr. Bridge is conductor as well as composer, and has directed English opera performances at Covent Garden and orchestral concerts at Queens Hall. He has written much chamber music and some works for orchestra, but none of these latter, we believe, had been heard in New York before yesterday.

He appeared yesterday in person to conduct the works from his pen which Mr. Damrosch had placed on the afternoon's program. These were "Two Poems," described by the program as "new," and this was their first performance in America. "New" is, of course, a relative term. Mr. Bridge is said to have composed these two pieces in 1915, and as things go in music nowadays that makes them almost prehistoric; for Stravinsky's "Rossignol"

—which is having a most successful run this season under Mr. Damrosch's management, appearing again on yesterday's program—was completed in 1917 and has already been crowned as a modern classic.

Mr. Bridge's "Two Poems" are tonal mood pictures suggested by lines from the prose of Richard Jeffries, the poetical nature-lover, novelist, journalist and philosopher, who lived and died in England between 1848 and 1887. Jeffries was an idyllic celebrant of the beauty of the world as it disclosed itself to him in the countryside that he best knew—that of the South Downs. He possessed the secret of writing what have subsequently been called "Nature Thoughts" without drowning himself in a sea of sentimental Pantheism. "Hardly any of us," he wrote, "but have thought: 'Some day I will go on a long voyage,' but the years go by and still we have not sailed." Jeffries himself sailed often—not on shipboard, but on voyages of the imagination that took him over hills and woods and orchards and across the windswept downs that he loved best.

Mr. Bridge has chosen as the texts for his two little sermons in tone a brace of paragraphs from Jeffries's meditation that yield him, first, a contemplative and deeply felt Andante, and second, a Scherzo. The first is based on the following fragment from one of Jeffries's prose studies:

"Those thoughts and feelings which are not sharply defined, but have a haze of distance and beauty about them, are always the dearest."

The second has the following for a text:

"How beautiful a delight to make the world joyous! The song should never be silent, the dance never still, the laugh should sound like water which runs forever."

Incited by these suggestions, Mr. Bridge has written music that is worthy of the designation that he has given them—they are truly "poems," truly poetic. Mr. Bridge, like Jeffries, avoids the sentimental lure. He can write on such dangerous themes as solitude and contemplation and fading loveliness without losing his head or boring us with undue lushness. His manner suggests a slightly acidulated Debussy—it is quite French, and full of distinction and finesse; but it has its own inflections, its own color and design. It is delightful music, and we should like to hear it again.

Mr. Bridge and his music were preceded on the program by Mr. Mitja Nikisch, the soloist of the afternoon, who played the D minor piano concerto of Brahms most energetically, brilliantly and effectively, to the immense satisfaction of a crowded house. But he was noisy beyond the bounds of reason in the first movement, and would have done better by Brahms's exacting music if he had approached it in a less belligerent mood. He dealt more gently with the nobly elegiac slow movement, though there are depths in it which he does not as yet seem to have probed.

LOUISE HUNTER'S DEBUT.

Young Soprano Sings in "Lucia" Sextet at First "Opera Concert."

Seventh debutante in seven days of the new Metropolitan Opera season was the modest but comely and much-applauded Louise Hunter, a light soprano, who sang at last evening's first "opera concert" in the "Lucia" sextet. While the season may bring her wider vocal opportunities individually, the young Cincinnati artist proved at once a woman of poise and presence on the stage.

A music-hungry crowd welcomed Mr. Gatti's initial table d'hôte, a popular "Italian night," including excerpts from "Forza del Destino," sung by the chorus with Peralta and Mardones; from "Aida," with Peralta, Telva and Kingston, and from "Mefistofele," again by Mardones and chorus. Bamboschuk led the orchestra in overtures to "William Tell" and to Mascagni's "Ratcliff," the dance of the hours from "Gloconda," and the interesting "Italia" suite by Casella, a novelty to this house with its echoes of "Funiculi" and other popular airs.

TWO TENORS HEARD.

Giuseppe Lombardo and Effim Livinsky In Evening Recitals.

Giuseppe Lombardo, a new tenor, whose ambition is to sing in opera, presented his qualifications in the Town Hall last evening before an audience which manifested pleasure. The young singer was at his best in "Celeste Aida" from Verdi's opera, with dramatic power much in evidence and a

broad range of vibrant tones artistically used. There were phrases impulsively emphasized in the duet, "Tu qui Santuzza," from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," sung with Laura Robertson, which marred the singing of Mr. Lombardo in that number.

Besides several other operatic selections and shorter pieces by the tenor, Miss Robertson sang alone, as did Ignazio D'Amico, baritone, who later joined Mr. Lombardo in a duet from Giordano's "Andre Chenier."

Effim Livinsky, first heard in Forty-third Street last year, gave a recital of works for tenor voice in Aeolian Hall last evening. His program included a group by Tchaikovsky, which he gave with much earnestness and self-assurance. There were also operatic selections by Rubinstein and Monushko and songs by Gliere, Rachmaninoff, Grodsky, Bert Levenson and Retchkunoff.

Stravinsky's pieces for clarinet alone were played with a care and solemnity by Sem Bellison which seemed to strike the audience as funny, and it certainly is rather funny to watch a man taking such pains to produce an effect of incoherence, but the effect was quite complete.

Austin Conradi. Pianist. Plays.

Austin Conradi, pianist, played yesterday in Aeolian Hall to a small but an interested audience, that found him a poet of tone, too often unrhymic as modern word poets, in Chopin's later sonata and Liszt's "Funeral March," and then wholly delightful in four little preludes by Scriabin. Mixing tones with bold pedals, he wrought colorful smoke-screens of sound in his own piano arrangement of Strauss's "Serenade," Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" and the "Valkyries' Ride," version of Ernest Hutcheson, his predecessor at Peabody Institute, Baltimore, who was a box guest at his matinee.

Bloch's Quarter Tones

Do extremes meet? A writer on Indian music has seriously maintained that the red men have a more highly developed sense of pitch than we have since they use quarter tones and even smaller intervals. It didn't occur to him, as I wrote in reviewing his book, that they were singing out of tune—most singers do—ask Edison.

But playing out of tune as a matter of principle and progress is one of the amusing tenets of the futurists. It was exemplified last night in Ernest Bloch's new quintet for strings and piano, which was played by Harold Bauer and the Lenox Quartet—and admirably played. I shall come back to this next Saturday. The composer was in a box and shared the voluminous applause invariably bestowed on live composers among those present.

Another composer personally present was Arthur Bliss, of whose music most of us had been blissfully ignorant. He conducted several of his songs—I heard two of them—"The Women of Yueh" and "Madame Noy." Mr. Bliss has some very sensible ideas on the advisability of accompanying songs with small groups of instruments instead of with piano or orchestra. He should not forget, however, that the quality of the songs is the main thing. He writes well, but his melodies were of trifling value.

Another feature of this concert was "Three Pieces for Clarinet," by Stravinsky. That Russian is famous as a musical joker but his clarinet joke is feeble. Sem Bellison looked rather sheepish after perpetrating it. Any country boy would have done about what he did with a home-made bark-pipe.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Symphony Society Matinee.

The matinee of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was more substantial than these entertainments are wont to be. The program was long and exacting. It consisted of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, the Brahms piano concerto in D minor, Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," lately given in Carnegie Hall by the society, and two short "poems" for orchestra by the English composer, Frank Bridge, who conducted them. The piano soloist was Mitja Nikisch.

Mr. Bridge's novelties were unfortunately placed after Stravinsky's extraordinary composition, with the result that they sounded less significant than they might if otherwise preceded. They are based on lines written by Richard Jeffries, a poet who sings of the South Downs. The first treats of thoughts having the charm of haze and distance and the second of dance and merry making. Hence we heard a slow movement, subdued and murmuring, and a vivace, brilliant and

richly orchestrated. The music on both is good, well written, and effectively instrumented. Mr. Bridge conducted with energy and the orchestra gave him a good performance.

In the course of time, some one is going to be bold enough to restudy Brahms in his entirety and possibly to arrive at the conclusion that he was not always Olympian Jove. In the D minor concerto he is unquestionably Jupiter Tonans, but human hearts can hardly bear up under the prolonged passion and strenuous utterance of the first movement. Even ardent adorers of the great Brahms must feel that two-thirds of that would have been enough, even when played as well as it was yesterday. Young Mr. Nikisch revelled in the concerto. He was, indeed, the young man rejoicing in his strength. He played the work with irresistible fire, with splendid energy and albeit with a sweeping virility of style which awoke the audience and called forth most enthusiastic applause. This youthful pianist should assuredly rise to a high position. He has a great talent and an essentially musical mind. His playing is already astonishing in its maturity of conception and its firmness of grasp. In a few years, when he has acquired a little more repose and a finer insight into the gradations of expression, he will probably be among the commanding figures of the concert stage.

There is no need of repeating what has already been said in this newspaper about Igor Stravinsky's tone poem. It did seem rather hearty food for the Symphony Society's Sunday afternoon at home, but perhaps the subscribers wished to know what had happened in Carnegie Hall a few days ago. They seemed quite amazed by it. Well, that is natural. Stravinsky speaks in strange accents and it will take time to become accustomed to the new disharmonies. The work was excellently played, but it sounded better in the larger auditorium. It is hard to temper the winds to the shorn spaces of Aeolian.

The League of Composers gave its first concert last evening in the Klaw Theater. This organization was formed last spring with the avowed purpose of acquainting the musical public with works representing the tendencies of the time. The opening concert presented a program embracing the new piano quintet of Ernest Bloch, performed by Harold Bauer and the Lenox Quartet, two works by the English composer, Arthur Bliss, namely, a cycle of Chinese songs, "The Women of Yueh" and "Madame Noy"; a musical interpretation of a Cornish legend, three clarinet pieces by Stravinsky and a divertissement by Roussel for piano, harp, celesta, bass and wood wind. Miss Lillian Gustafson was the singer in Mr. Bliss's music.

Mr. Bloch's quintet is Oriental in character, as much of this writer's music is, and employs not only ancient Hebrew melodies, but quarter tones in the string parts. The opening allegro passes without pause into the slow movement. The third is swift and rather savage. The composition proved to be interesting, and in not a few of its pages singularly beautiful. The beauty was disclosed chiefly in the slow movement, for the barbaric dance ended in peace and repose as well as the first movement.

Those who desire extended songlike melody will be disappointed in Mr. Bloch's quintet. But the work has great harmonic variety and is rich in that vaguely defined mood communication usually called "atmosphere." The quarter tones were not obtrusive. The quintet was well played. About the rest of the concert something pertinent might perhaps be said had the music been heard at an earlier hour. Some day these enterprising leaguers may give a concert in the afternoon, which will allow sufficient time for the digestion of their new fashioned sweets.

BACH CANTATAS HEARD.

Bodanzky Conducts Program of Friends of Music.

The Friends of Music, already represented here this season by a special Miltzner cantata concert, gave the first in a series of ten subscription enter-

tainments, to take place on alternating Sunday afternoons, at Town Hall, yesterday. A Bach program was given under Arthur Bodanzky's direction. Two of the master's 22 sacred cantatas were heard. Both were possibly new here. The first was No. 52, "Falsche Welt Dir Trau Ich Nicht," performed by Mme. Elizabeth Rethberg, soprano, as the soloist; the society's chorus, Stephen Townsend chorusmaster, and an orchestra from the Metropolitan. The second was No. 184, "Erwünschtes Freudenlicht," sung by the chorus and Mmes. Rethberg and Telva and Messrs. Meader and Gustafson as the soloists. Between the two cantatas came the Brandenburg concerto, No. 5, in D, arranged by Reger and performed by G. Sebastian, pianist; Nicola Laueella, guitarist; Pierre Henrotte, violinist, and the orchestra. The first cantata in the list was notable for its orchestral prelude, which corresponds to the first movement of the Brandenburg concerto, No. 1. In the Brandenburg concerto played there is said to be found the germ of the modern concerto for piano. The piano part is very conspicuous and Mr. Sebastian won some extra laurels for his playing of it. The entire program was interesting. It was given with great devotion and Mr. Bodanzky and the various participants were warmly applauded by a large audience.

WERRENATH IN RECITAL.

Program Includes Handel's "Dank sei Dir, Herr."

Reinald Werrenrath gave his first recital of the season in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The opening group of a program both appropriate and interesting included Handel's "Dank sei Dir, Herr," Haydn's "She Never Told Her Love," and Bach's recitative and aria, "Ah, When on that Great Day," and "Blessed Resurrection Day." There were also four negro spirituals arranged by R. Nathaniel Dett, head of the music department of Hampton Institute. Other offerings included a group of sea songs, Michael Head's "The Sea Gypsy," and Massfield's poem "Captain Stratton's Fancy," set by Deems Taylor, being of special interest. There were songs by Schubert, Grieg, Sinding and others, the program concluding with the ever familiar "On the Road to Mandalay."

Of Mr. Werrenrath's delightful art there is little the reviewer can do but reiterate and embellish former praise. This young barytone not only knows how to sing exquisitely but the versatility and range of his interpretative powers are extraordinary. The majesty and spiritual power of Handel's lovely air are not more convincing than Mr. Werrenrath's portrayal of the rough and tumble rhythm of some sea song or the buoyant pathos and religious fervor of Mr. Dett's negro songs. The excellent phrasing, perfect enunciation and finely wrought qualities of Mr. Werrenrath's voice are a constant delight. Perhaps an occasional passage of Bach's recitative and aria taxed his lower register, but in other respects his rendering of this stirring hymn was above reproach. He serves his artistic standards with evident sincerity and devotion. The result was an excellent recital. There were numerous encores and much applause. Herbert Carrick was at the piano.

RUDOLPH POLK'S RECITAL.

Rudolph Polk, a violinist of this city, who played in Berlin before the war, returned home, entered the army and served his country and then first played here on October 14, 1919, gave his first recital here after three years of concert work abroad at Carnegie Hall last night. He had played here recently in Feodor Chaliapin's concert. With his beautiful Cadiz "Strad" violin, and Waldemar Liechowsky at the piano, he gave evidently much pleasure to the numerous audience by his playing of a list including Handel's aria in E, Mozart's concerto in G, Bach's "Scotch Fantasia" and other pieces.

LIVERSKY WELL APPLAUDED.

Effim Liversky, tenor, who sang here last season, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. His program included Rubinstein's aria from "Nero," an aria from Monushko's "Galka," several songs by Tchaikovsky, two numbers by Ghere and offerings by Rachmaninoff, Grodsky, Boles Levenson and others. Mr. Liversky received much applause from a large audience, and Lazar S. Wiener assisted ably at the piano.

Civic Orchestra Organized With Foch Conductor

New York now has a symphony orchestra devoted entirely to civic endeavor. Through the public spirit of a group of music lovers representing every section of Greater New York there has come into being the Civic Orchestra of New York.

The organization has been in formation for several months. Everything was done quietly until success was assured and the guarantors had found that a real symphony orchestra—each instrument played by a musician of merit—could be placed before the public.

Dirk Foch, whose work with the City Symphony Orchestra is well known to New York musical audiences, will be the conductor. Under the baton of Mr. Foch will be artists who have gained distinction with the large orchestras of this country and Europe. A majority of these men played with Mr. Foch last year. Alfred Megerlin, soloist and concertmaster with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for four years, is the concertmaster of the new organization. William Coad, principal second violinist under Mr. Foch in the old City Symphony Orchestra, will play the same part in the Civic Orchestra. Lucien Schmit, for a number of years solo cellist of the New York Symphony Orchestra, is another who will play under Mr. Foch.

Others are: S. Stilman, first violinist in the City Symphony Orchestra, viola; Gustav Longenus, for four years with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, clarinet; Rene Corne, oboe, formerly with the City Symphony Orchestra; David Swaan, first bassoon, who played last season with the Wagnerian Opera Company; Louis Sperandei, first horn, known for his work with the Metropolitan Opera, the New York Symphony and the Pittsburgh Symphony, and Samuel Miller, first trumpet, formerly of the Cleveland, Detroit and New York Symphony orchestras.

The purpose of the Symphony Players is to carry the orchestra into every district of Greater New York to acquaint all people with the charm of symphonic music. This work to a certain extent will be educational, but the programs will be arranged to please and entertain as well as instruct.

J. C. Daschbach, a former newspaperman, is business manager. Offices have been established in the Fisk Building at Fifty-seventh street and Broadway.

In explaining the plans of the Civic Orchestra, Mr. Daschbach said:

"The main idea in the minds of all of those back of this undertaking is to take the symphony to the people. Be it understood from the outset that we are not in any way to be considered as entering into competition with any of the existing symphony organizations. On the contrary, the work we plan will have as its aim the stimulation of interest in the symphony, and should result in bringing greater patronage to all the orchestras that now play in New York."

"We have planned six concerts of the full orchestra in Carnegie Hall. The first of these will be January 28. Others will be given in surrounding towns."

Among those who have subscribed to the Civic Orchestra concerts are: Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen, Mr. Eduard M. Franklin, Mr. Willard King, Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, Mr. Harrison McNear, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Muschenheim, Miss Anna Paulding, Mrs. Wharton Poor, Mrs. George B. Post, Jr., Mr. James A. Post, Mrs. Ogden Reid, Mr. Frederick B. Stimson, Mrs. Landon K. Thorne and Miss Lucille Thornton.

By H. C. COLLES.

WILLIAM TELL, opera in Italian, in four acts and five scenes, from a French text by Hipp. Bis and Jouy, after Schiller's drama. Music by Gioacchino Rossini. At the Metropolitan Opera House, Gessier Adamo Bada
Reinhold Angelo Danise
William Tell Giuseppe Danise
Valter Furst Jose Mardones
Melchthal Italo Picchi
Arnold Giovanni Martelli
Lauthold Millo Picci
Princess Mathilde Elizabeth Rethberg
Hedwig Marlon Telva
Gruny Nina Morgana
Ruodi Max Bloch
Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

It is difficult to decide what it is that keeps "William Tell" in the repertory. The history books say that it is Rossini's masterpiece; that with it he produced a revolution in operatic manners comparable to those of Gluck and Wagner; that in it he eschewed the follies of his youth, abandoned excessive "coloratura" and betook himself to the serious treatment of a serious subject. But no one cares what the history books say to the extent of regulating taste

by them, and such seriousness as is attributed to Rossini in the preparation of this work for Paris nearly a hundred years ago was of the kind more likely to kill it than to keep it alive. For the genius of Rossini lay in those very coloratura melodies which give sparkle and charm to "Il Barbiere" and which he denied to himself, his singers and his audience in "William Tell."

It is an opera with comparatively little opportunity for great singing and very little else to take its place. True, Tell and Arnold make a duet out of filial piety and patriotism. Mathilde has a pretty song, "Selva Opaca." In the second act, Tell again has what has been called one of the immortal pages of opera in his address to his son before he gives his famous shooting exhibition, and Mr. Danise (Tell), Mr. Martelli (Arnold) and Mme. Rethberg (Mathilde) all made much of their opportunities and were warmly applauded for their efforts last night, but what large spaces there are when nothing very much is going on!

So much is filled up with the choruses of a virtuous peasantry, their innocent sports (including an exhibition of shooting in the first act, which seems intended to throw Tell's feat with the apple into relief, since one after another of the virtuous peasants fails to hit a large target at some three yards distance), with very sophisticated dances, including, of course, the full blown ballet before the Governor (Act III), a tepid performance and with shouts of patriotic resolution and war speeches (Act II) that the work gets forward slowly.

And the fact is that Rossini is never really impressive in these ensemble numbers, because he had no technique for such work. A few formulae of harmony are repeated ad nauseam, some hints of Swiss popular melody are introduced for local color, and Swiss popular melody, all of it composed long after Tell's day, is the most complacent and unemotional folk melody in the world.

Yet somehow "William Tell" survives. Is it possible that its overture saves it? Apparently a good deal of reliance is placed on the overture, for a kindly management had transferred it last night to the beginning of the second act, so that no one should miss it. The subscribers could dine in comfort, "cut the cackle" of Act I and yet arrive in time to hear the storm music, the "sanz des Vaches" and the brilliant military allegro. How convenient!

The plan suggested all sorts of manipulations which might give some subscribers a new experience. For example, if the first scene of "Alda" were played just before the triumph scene there would be the possibility of some hearing a famous tenor sing "Celeste Alda" for the first time, or if the last scene of "Die Meistersinger" could be brought forward a little earlier how delightful to be able to remain for the "Preislied." Composers are so inconsiderate. However, every one heard Rossini's overture last night and so enjoyed it that Mr. Gennaro Papi and his orchestra had to stand up and bow together. There was the success of the evening.

AUSTIN CONRADI PLAYS.

Baltimore Pianist Gives Liszt and Chopin Music.

Austin Conradi, a pianist, at present residing in Baltimore, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. His program went out of the beaten track in that in place of some classic music it opened with Liszt's "Funerailles." Chopin's B minor sonata followed.

The second part of the list comprised four preludes of Scriabine, Mr. Conradi's own piece, "The River Road," his arrangement of Strauss's "Serenade," Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" and Hutcheson's arrangement of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

In his lighter pieces he excelled in showing poetic charm. In "Funerailles" his pedaling caused much loss of dynamic effects, and in both this work and the sonata of Chopin there was some unfortunate lack of rhythmic clearness. His piano tone, on the other hand, was always beautiful, and this, with his musicianly taste and feeling for color, lent an almost constant interest even to his more difficult readings.

PHILHARMONIC IS BROADCAST.

Radio Listeners Also Hear Concert for Students.

The Philharmonic gave the first of its concerts of this season for students last night at Carnegie Hall. The program arranged by Mr. Hoogstraten was purely orchestral. It comprised the overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Handel's "Concerto" in F major for two wind choirs and strings, arranged by Kogel, and Brahms's third symphony.

It was the overture's first hearing this season and the first of the Handel work since the Boston Orchestra played it here two seasons ago. The music given was very nearly sold out. The music given was broadcast by radio station WEAF. The next of the remaining nine concerts in this series will take place on December 3.

IRENE WILDER IN RECITAL.

Miss Irene Wilder, contralto, made her first appearance in Aeolian Hall last evening. Her program included many short offerings of interest, opening with "A Prelude" by Katin and following with numbers by Griggs, Tchaikovsky, Polak, Rhene-Baton, Saint-Saens, "Lied der Braut," Nos. 1 and 2, by Schumann, and several English songs. Miss Wilder uses her voice well. It tone is not of the purest, perhaps, and certain passages lack finish, but it is full and rich, with a good range and much warmth. Her art occasionally verges on the sentimental, but she possesses genuine warmth and an attractive personality. Emil J. Polak was at the piano.

24 Felix Salmond's Recital

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Felix Salmond offered a very full afternoon to his listeners at his cello recital yesterday afternoon. Even so superb an artist as he is can with difficulty make two full hours of cello playing easy listening, especially when practically everything on the program is new or unfamiliar music, including two sonatas. Mr. Salmond, however, made his performance of absorbing interest by the fine artistic quality of his playing, the intensity of his emotional expression, the complete identification of the performer with the spirit of the music he played. He has before now showed his high technical equipment, his beauty of tone and accuracy of intonation.

Mr. Salmond's program was noteworthy among its kind for including no music that demanded of the cello that which it cannot give without caricaturing itself—agility and bravura in passage work. He began with four movements by pre-classical composers, some of them unknown to fame: Deputis, Tartini, Planelli, Scarlatti, all of them provided with accompaniments, presumably from figured basses, by Joseph Salmon of Paris; pieces of varying dignity, charm and vivacity.

The first sonata was Rachmaninoff's in G minor, which cellists have not made familiar; a work showing much of the composer's characteristic melodic quality and somewhat extended processes of elaboration. There are fine pages in the sonata, but there are lengths that approach dullness. There seemed to be a certain amount of developing by rule of thumb; and the composition as a whole does not stand on quite so high a level as the best of his music known here.

This was followed by a sonata by Frank Bridge, the English composer, whereby another was added to the considerable number of his works recently heard here. The sonata is in two movements, the second showing several sections in contrasted tempos. It is music of a deeply thoughtful cast; showing, perhaps, somewhat more thought and reflection than positive inspiration, but always of a fine taste and profound seriousness. It is written, too, with the unusual skill that has been recognized in Mr. Bridge's work, an unfailing knowledge of the instruments involved and of their combination.

Mr. Salmond played these works with mastery—skill, in which he had the highly accomplished co-operation of Walter Guide as pianist. They two gave an admirable showing of the two sonatas as well as of the other pieces which included, besides those mentioned, arrangements of songs by Fauré and Rachmaninoff.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

BRIDGE-WORKS.

Musical New York spent a considerable part of yesterday playing Bridge. In the afternoon, at Aeolian Hall, Felix Salmond introduced Frank Bridge's cello sonata in D minor, and in the evening, at the same hall, the London String Quartet played the same composer's quartet in G minor. The quartet, which is in three movements, condensing the slow movement and finale into one, is notably skilful and idiomatic in its treatment of the instruments. The first movement seemed a little vague, but the scherzo was charming and pleased the audience so much that the players had to pause long enough to bow. The applause after the last movement was genuinely enthusiastic and subsided only after the composer had appeared on the platform to share the honors with the players.

The concert began with Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 6, in B-flat, and ended with the Borodine quartet in D major. The latter seemed hardly worth the painstaking care the Londoners took with it. It is tuneless and inoffensive, and written with a glibness and assurance that make it very easy hearing, but the best of it sounds like Johann Strauss, and the worst of it sounds like Mascagni in a moment of inverteance. The performance, however, was wholly admirable, and, like the other work of the quartet, was dis-

guished by a beautiful incisiveness of attack, fine phrasing and dynamics, and perfect tonal blending.

Felix Salmond's recital offered, besides the Bridge sonata, another by Liszt, and a group of eighteenth century cello pieces with piano accompaniments by Joseph Lomon, and a concluding group of songs—Faure's "Après un Reve" and "Les Berceaux" and Rachmaninoff's "In the Silence of the Night"—the first of which had been transcribed for the violin cello by Pablo Sarasate, the other two by Mr. Salmond. There is no particular need at this date to discover Mr. Salmond all over again. It is possible to imagine individual differences of opinion as to the comparative ranking of the world's great cellists, but no list of them that made any pretensions to completeness could fail to include his name. For he is of the elect among musicians, one of the comparatively few—particularly among string players—for whom technical pre-eminence rests solely as a medium of interpretation. The wonderful surety of his bowing and fingering, the warm, velvet richness of his tone, the breadth and ease of his phrasing, are on display, never put forward for their own sakes, but always subordinated to the service of the music played.

There was not one show-piece in the program he offered yesterday, although, with his technique, he might have spent the afternoon bedazzling hearers. The eighteenth century pieces were charming and unpretentious, and were played as simply and easily as they deserved. The Rachmaninoff sonata, under his fingers, sounded rather better, one suspects, than it really is. It begins well, and some eloquent passages, but much of it is flabby in structure, and displays a propensity to lapse into a perilously close to sentimental drudgery.

The Bridge sonata, although it outshines the Rachmaninoff work, is somehow less convincing and certainly not so than Bridge's own string quartet. It is music written with instrumental effectiveness and unmistakable sincerity, but it does not, on the whole, succeed in being entirely arête. Its thematic material lacks freshness of outline, and its development, while resourceful, is not always clear or relevant.

After Golde played Mr. Salmond's accompaniments with never-failing sympathy and distinction.

OTHER MUSIC.

The large audience which came to Carnegie Hall last night to hear Gita Glazé, Calve in the song recital she planned to give for the benefit of the Bethany Day Nursery were greeted with posters in the lobby to the effect that sudden indisposition had made the diva's promised appearance impossible. But Mme. Matzenauer, who had been appealed to at a few hours' notice, had consented to give a full program, thus to disappoint the supporters of the worthy cause.

Mme. Matzenauer, in excellent voice, sang a program of many of the most popular concert numbers, including a group of songs by Frank Forge, who also acted as her accompanist. There were also Lieder, and Russian groups.

The Town Hall Arthur Loesser, appearing in piano recital, offered as a novelty of his program the first American hearing of Max Reger's variations on a theme of Beethoven's two pianos. In the performance this Mr. Loesser was assisted by a Barabini. The Reger work began innocently, with the theme slightly varied and made a whit more lively than in its original form. In that point onward the affair degenerated to resemble a game of catch-up with the audience desperately trying to follow the original theme, which disappeared beneath a tremendous conglomeration of digital effects. The theme remained unaltered at the end of twelve movements, which was a wonder, since it peeped from out the mass of Regerisms only at rare intervals, only to be overwhelmed by immediate, by new figures. The artist was in together, and the need of more rehearsal might have been more sympathizing and less weight of music.

on the Keys. Mr. Loesser, playing the Bach Italian concerto at the opening of the evening, displayed considerable breadth of technique and a fine sense of the modeling of the work. His closing group of solos had quality and genuineness; the "variations," although a qualified success, were at least a novelty, and Mr. Loesser is to be thanked for that. A. C.

By H. C. COLLES.

Andre Chenier.

ANDRE CHENIER, opera in four episodes on the life of a poet in the French Revolution. Book in Italian by Luigi Illica. Music by Umberto Giordano. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Charles Gerard.....Giuseppe De Luca
Madeleine, her daughter.....Kathleen Howard
Bersi, mulatto.....Florence Easton
Pierrot.....Ellen Dalossy
Vincenzo Reschigliani
The Abbe.....Giordano Patrinieri
Andre Chenier.....Beniamino Gigli
Major-Domo.....Pomilio Malatesta
Mathieu.....Adamo Didur
A governmental spy.....Angelo Bada
Pouletier.....Paolo Ananlian
An old woman.....Marion Telva
The courier.....Paolo Ananlian
Dumas.....Louis D'Angelo
Schmidt, a jailer.....Pomilio Malatesta
Conductor—Roberto Moranzoni.

"Andre Chenier" evidently holds a secure place in the repertory at the Metropolitan, for this is now the fourth season since its revival and it was given last night with great applause. Probably its popularity is less due to intrinsic musical qualities than to its general stage effectiveness (the French Revolution period is still full of dramatic appeal) and the fact that the opera offers good singing parts to a large number of singers.

From the purely musical point of view Giordano falls just at the point where Puccini always wins. "Andre Chenier" offers certain parallels with both "Manon Lescaut" and "Tosca," but never rises to the musical distinction of either. The music incidental to the ballroom scene of the first act, including the vocal "Pastorale" and the Gavotte, may be compared with the similar pieces in "Manon." The third act has a very similar dramatic situation to the second act of "Tosca," although Gerard is not the thorough-going villain that Scarpia is. The heroine succeeds in appealing to his higher nature, a dramatic point which requires greater subtlety than the "Tosca" scene to make it convincing. But Giordano is not only without subtleties; he has not the creative power to distinguish character in his melodic ideas at all.

At no moment does he rise to a tune with anything like the force of that with which Puccini has summed up the Tosca and Scarpia scene. The orchestral commentary on each situation is generally insignificant. The singers have to do most of the work themselves, and often do it against a vigorously competing body of orchestral sound. There is a good deal of the favorite Italian trick of pitting the whole mass of the violins in unison or octaves against the voice.

The singers in last night's performance were for the most part able to face their responsibilities and to carry through their task successfully. Mr. de Luca, especially, was always commanding from the moment that he stood, a gentleman with a duster, denouncing the sins of society, to his change of heart and his heroic defense of Chenier at the trial. Mr. Gigli received an ovation after his first song, in which he appealed to the unawakened Madeleine. It was a fine piece of singing, resonant and well controlled, and the success was repeated in the duet of the second act in which he and Miss Florence Easton, as Madeleine, blended beautifully. Her purity of style and refinement are especially suited to the part. Madeleine is a very different creature from Tosca, without the seductiveness or the violence of temperament which belong to Puccini's impulsive heroine. Miss Easton's singing of the monologue which recalls Chenier to the sense of her nobility had that quality, though there were moments when her voice showed effort. She made it as it should be the climax of the scene.

Among the characters of less vocal importance there were several which were given individuality by their interpreters. Mr. Didur as the ranting revolutionary Mathieu, Mr. Bada as the spy, and Miss Marion Telva, whose singing gave the right pathos to the picture of the old woman offering her boy to his country's service, must be specially mentioned. The last is difficult, for the composer has written music for the old woman which rather belies her age and infirmity. That is a symptom of his deficient sense of musical characterization. The music, familiar no doubt from former seasons, was exceedingly effectively managed, but it seemed in certain places that the movements of the crowd, so important a feature in this type of opera, might be treated more naturally and less operatically. It is really necessary for the populace to stand in a solid phalanx before the footlights and face the conductor?

CLAUDIO ARRAU'S RECITAL.

Pianist's Appearance at Aeolian Hall Second This Year.

Claudio Arrau, the young Chilean pianist, gave his second recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. His carefully selected program had for the principal number Beethoven's sonata, opus 81 a, "Les Adieux," "L'Absence" and "Le Retour," which was preceded by three preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well Tempered Clavier," and followed by a group of Chopin, and several works by Debussy, Busoni's "Fantasia da Camera Sopra 'Carmen'" and Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody." His performance made practically the same impression as that made at his previous appearance. Deficiencies of rhythm and pedaling marred the musical contours of his readings at times. But he has a delightful tone, his color scheme is varied and his poetic instincts evident. His various readings were all worth while, if in a varying degree. His Bach pieces were in part soporific in effect and the Beethoven sonata somewhat spasmodic in spots. Portions of Chopin's second ballade were beautifully played and the same may be said of the B minor scherzo. This player has original ideas. As he is only 19 years old he ought to have a future.

RECITAL BY BOROVSKY.

Pianist Gives Comprehensive Program.

Alexander Borovsky gave his second piano recital here in Carnegie Hall last evening. When he first played in New York on October 17 last he made a somewhat startling impression upon his hearers by means of his strong personality, bold and glittering style and finger technique. Some moments of sentiment appeared along the rather hard but picturesque path he followed in his performance of a list of works limited in scope.

Last night he gave a more comprehensive program, which was opened by Beethoven's sonata in C major, opus 52. There were also three arrangements by Liszt of selections from Schubert including a "Strees de Vienne" waltz, pieces by Medter, Scriabino and Rachmaninov's G minor prelude, the Berceuse, the D flat waltz and three études of Chopin and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole."

Jerome Goldstein Plays.

Three times three sonatas for his season's public hearing was the enterprise on which Jerome Goldstein, violinist, started valiantly at Aeolian Hall last evening. From a group noted as American, he enlisted Henry Holden Huss at the piano in Mr. Huss's Opus 14, in A minor, a sonata melodious and happy in contrasting moods, its second movement alternating andante and vivace on muted strings. The prolonged applause was the sort that speaks enjoyment. Two "ultra-moderns" filed out this first evening, Leo Ornstein's Opus 31, after William Blake's poem, "Heaven and Hell," played by Goldstein with Leroy Shields, while Clarence Adler also assisted in a sonata of Ernest Bloch.

Claudio Arrau Gives Recital.

Claudio Arrau, the Chilean pianist, gave his second recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, playing three Bach fugues, Beethoven's sonata of "Adieux, Absence et Retour," and groups of Chopin and Debussy. To follow these with Liszt's "Spanish" rhapsody and Busoni's fantasy on "Carmen" was a dual gesture toward the player's heritage and his Berlin training. Chilean culture of old looked to Central Europe as surely as the Brazil of Novaes turned to Paris. Mr. Arrau individually is a player of sensitive mood, subtly dynamic, a tone painter, who can charm with a Chopin nocturne or Debussy's "Gardens in Rain," as he naturally does with congenial rhythms of Spain.

Gita Glazi at Town Hall.

Gita Glazé, formerly a soprano at Russian opera houses and once heard here last year, gave a recital last evening in the Town Hall. In a style peculiarly her own, she gave a group of German songs and won from her hearers generous applause. She sang Schubert's "Der Erlkönig" with an absorbing appreciation for the dramatic content, with much flexibility of voice, and a pleasant and always substantial tonal quality. Emil J. Polak, who played the accompaniments, composed two of the songs.

Town Hall Audience Hears

Mme. Glaze, Russian Soprano

Mme. Gita Glazé, a Russian soprano heard here last season, sang last night at Town Hall to a fairly large audience. Her concert began with Gluck's "O Ma Beauté" and Leroux's "Pensée" in French, with two Italian songs following and a group in German which included Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht" and Schubert's "Der Erlkönig." In the third group Manna Zucca was

represented by two songs, "Behold, 'Tis Dawn," and "Sholom Alechem," and Mme. Glaze's accompanist, Emil J. Polak, was included in the composer's lists with "The Eagle" and "Why Does Azure Deck the Sky." A final group in Russian included Rachmaninoff and Tchaikowsky songs.

Revival of "L'Amico Fritz."

L'AMICO FRITZ. Lyric comedy in three acts. Book in Italian by P. Suardon after the story by Erekmann-Chatrian. Music by Pietro Mascagni. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Suzel.....Lucresia Bori
Fritz.....Miguel Fleta
Beppe.....Merle Alcock (debut)
Rabbi David.....Giuseppe Danise
Hanezo.....Pomilio Malatesta
Federico.....Giordano Patrinieri
Caterina.....Grace Anthony
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

The double bill at the Metropolitan last night placed Franco Leon's little one-act opera, "L'Orocolo" before Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz." As the latter was being revived after nearly thirty years' oblivion, it must be considered to be not only the event of the evening, but at any rate one of the events of the season. It may be confessed, however, that this revival seemed to be more or less comparable to the last scene in "L'Orocolo," that in which the corpse is propped up on a seat to deceive the police. "L'Amico Fritz" has so little appearance of animation that it is doubtful whether the police will be deceived.

Before discussing the revival, however, "L'Orocolo" deserves a word. The composer has been skillful in combining the conventional style of current Italian opera with the local color which the story of life (and death) in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco demands. The whole effect is vivid, with just enough realism to give character to the music, not enough to transform it into something new. Its great merit is that it offers to Signor Scotti a dramatic part worthy of his powers, or is it rather that he makes the part of the keeper of the opium den into something far more real than the music? At any rate, while he is on the stage all eyes are riveted on him. Every posture and gesture is significant.

It may not be easy to follow all that goes on, or to know why each of the struggles, the murders, the religious exercises and the various kidnappings of the long suffering baby take place. It is not necessary to know, and at any rate one knows as much as, or more than, one would be likely to discover in a day of intrigues in the Chinese quarter.

Mr. Didur, with his hollow-sounding voice, seemed exactly suited to the part of the Mystery Man. Mr. Chamie, Miss Quena Mario and Miss Marion Telva all sang well. It was not their fault that the minor characters kept on recalling attention to the fact that this is, after all, just an Italian opera, with tenors, sopranos, impassioned love duets and such like paraphernalia. The composer is inclined to drop the local color for his music rather as these characters come to the fore. They are not, however, to the fore for very long, and it is the duel of wits as well as of force between the doctor and the den keeper which matters dramatically and is illustrated musically.

After this brilliant little "shocker," Mascagni in his best-bib-and-tucker mood seemed doubly tame. "L'Amico Fritz" surely has the distinction, if distinction it can be called, of the most blameless book ever devised for an opera. Mr. Podsnap himself would find nothing in it to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. The lovers are so bashful that it is all a worthy Jewish rabbi, a gypsy boy with a fiddle and several other assistants, can do to bring them to each other's arms. Fritz has a birthday and his steward's pretty daughter brings him violets and sings about

"Son l'alto d'aprile
Dai profumo gentile."

When she hears the gypsy boy's fiddle she bursts into tears. Tender signs these but Fritz knows too little to recognize them. In the next act she throws him cherries from the tree, not with any desire to lead him on, such a thought never entered her head, but just because she is so young, he so handsome, the day so fine and the cherries so red. Then the old Rabbi comes and talks to her about Isaac and Rebecca which apparently puts ideas into her head, though why it is hard to understand. Was not Isaac's the most unromantic courtship in history? While the Rabbi is playing the part of Eleazar, Fritz runs off to town without saying goodbye, so the curtain falls on Act II. with more tears.

Fritz comes back feeling uncomfortable, and now the gypsy boy, Beppe, has a chance to deal with him. The fiddle has been left behind this time, so Beppe sings Fritz a love song, and this is too much for Fritz. It only wants the entrance of Suzel, the steward's pretty daughter, with a few more tears and a little more singing, to bring about the desired conclusion. During the first embrace the Rabbi, Beppe and the other assistants all come in and admire their handiwork, congratulate the Rabbi on his extraordinarily able conduct of affairs and the curtain falls amidst cries of "O, amore O bella—luce del core."

What a book with which to follow up the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana." No cracking of whips or of skulls, no philandering with other men's wives, no devilment of any sort. Mascagni had not a dog's chance. When it came out

he was praised for the "romantic" of "L'Amico Fritz." As though that in itself were a virtue. He is refused slightly because these puppets live him nothing whatever to be vulgar about. He has written them some pretty songs, the violet song, for example, which Mme. Bori sings deliciously; he has recalled a few lines of gypsy rhythm for Beppe to play and sing; he has dropped into a synagogic manner for the story of Isaac and Rebecca and written a few pages of what sounds today like tepid Puccini for the final love duet. All the time he hovers around little scraps and cadences from "Cavalleria," as though he longed to burst out into its more vigorous manner, but he restrains himself.

Mme. Bori played the sweet little Gretchen-like Suzel admirably. Mr. Fleischer's vibrant tenor deserved a better fate than to spend itself on the milk and water Fritz. Mr. Danise did all that could be done with the part of the genial Rabbi. Miss M'rie Alcock, who played the gypsy boy, is a new acquisition, and she used her pleasant mezzo-soprano voice well in the two songs which were her chief moments of prominence. She did not look like a boy or a gypsy, and in fact her whole appearance and her strange method of handling her fiddle and her bow added a good deal to the incongruity of the character.

Why was the gypsy boy dragged in at all? But if it comes to that, why was the opera even dragged out to three acts? The lovers might just as well have kissed and sung "O Amore, O Bella," as soon as Luzel's song about the violets was over. But in that case we should have missed the pretty, if rather too highly colored, scenes designed by Joseph Urban; we should have missed a good deal of tuneful music and some good singing. These talents, however, might have been employed on something more animated.

A generation ago orchestras and opera companies in New York and adjacent centers were falling over each other in their eagerness to give their audiences samples of music from a new opera by the promising young Italian whose "Cavalleria Rusticana" had startled the operatic world shortly before. The opera was "L'Amico Fritz," with which Mascagni followed "Cavalleria" in 1891. It was produced at Rome October 31, 1891, and early in the following year (January 10, 1892) Mr. Walter Damrosch performed five excerpts from the opera at one of his Sunday night concerts in "Music Hall" (which was the maiden name of Carnegie Hall), with Campanini and Tavarly as the singers. The orchestra parts were missing, and Mr. Damrosch played the accompaniments on a piano.

On June 8 of that year the opera was given in full, for the first time in America, at the Grand Opera House in Philadelphia by the American Opera Company, Gustav Hinrichs director—the same organization which had been first in the field the year before with "Cavalleria Rusticana." Selma Krohnold-Koert sang Suzel, Albert Guille was Friend Fritz, Giuseppe Del Puente was Rabbi David, and Clara Poole the gypsy Beppe. Mr. Hinrichs conducted. On February 1, 1893, a concert performance of the opera was given in New York (at "Music Hall"), with most of the singers who had been heard in the Philadelphia performance. But the concert was for a charity, the tenor (Payne Clark) had a sore throat, and Mr. Damrosch, who was to have conducted, was called away to attend another funeral; so it is not surprising that the audience, as history relates, was "scarcely demonstrative."

The opera entered the repertoire of the Metropolitan January 10, 1894. On that occasion Emma Calvé set aside the cigarette and fan of Carmen long enough to step into the peasant shoes of the little Alsatian country girl of Mascagni's opera; Signor de Lucia sang Friend Fritz, and Ancona the Rabbi. The opera had only two performances. Calvé shrugged her shoulders and went back to her cigarettes and her Habanera, and "L'Amico Fritz" remained unheard in New York for almost thirty years.

Flora Greenfield, Soprano, Heard.

Flora Greenfield was heard by a large audience last evening at the Town Hall, where she gave her first recital for a host of New York friends. The young soprano received elaborate floral tributes besides the hearty applause which came at each interval. Of the earlier songs of the evening Miss Greenfield gave Clifton's "If Music Be the Food of Love" at her best, with skillfulness of diction which made clear

every syllable. Thrane's "Song of Love and Lightness of Style" in Gluck's "Divinities du Styx," from "Alceste," she attempted notes below the musical range of her voice. She sang a group by German composer with much charm of manner and excellent feeling for connotation. There was also a group of French songs and another of modern songs in English. Walter Golde played the accompaniments in sympathy with the singer's interpretations.

Viola Philo in Song Recital.

Viola Philo, who sang a whole season as the hidden priestess in the Metropolitan "Aida" two years ago, was seen as well as heard in a song recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. A paying audience, larger than many under the new rule, was appreciative of her venture in lighter lyrics, of which Strauss's "Serenade" was demanded early in the program. The young soprano's vocal resources were backed by vigorous physique, while dramatic training was evident in her use of latent power when opportunity offered, as in Hugo Wolf's "Tretet hin, hoher Krieger," and an air from Massenet's "Herodias." With Lina Coen at the piano she gave Italian airs of Respighi and Scatrinio, a manuscript, "Refuge," by Howard, and others of Hageman, J. B. Fox, Carpenter and Kramer.

MME. PHILO'S RECITAL.

Mme. Viola Philo, a soprano, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, with Mme. Lina Coen at the piano. Mme. Philo's program included Pergolesi's "Se tu m'ami," Scarlatti's "La Violette," "Nebbia" by Respighi, numbers by Wolf, Strauss, Massenet, a group of English songs by Carpenter, Kramer, Sanderson, and a first performance of Howard's "Refuge."

Mme. Philo's voice revealed a good deal of beauty in the upper range, but in other passages she was not so fortunate. Her tone displayed a good deal of unsteadiness at times, and although apparently capable of dramatic expression, Mme. Philo failed to make the most of her opportunities.

NEW SOPRANO HEARD.

A young soprano, Miss Flora Greenfield, gave her first recital in the Town Hall last evening, with Walter Golde at the piano. Her program, opening with Clifton's "If Music Be the Food of Love, Play On," included Gluck's "Divinities du Styx," Loewe's "Walpurgisnacht," Chausson's "La Caravane," and songs by Schubert, Wolf, Pfitzner, Massenet, Foote, Horner and others.

Miss Greenfield's recital was one of varying merit. She uses her voice skillfully, but its resources are not adequate to the demands made upon it. These are pure and sonorous tones, but much of her register is inclined to sound somewhat forced and metallic. The scale of her voice is not well developed, although some of her upper notes are powerful. She has charm and grace and some of her lighter offerings revealed her art at its best. In addition, she enunciates beautifully. Mr. Golde deserves praise for his accompaniments.

RECITAL AT AEOLIAN HALL.

Miss Beatrice D'Alessandro, a contralto of Media, Pa., gave her first song recital here yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. This artist has sung in concert and with the San Carlo Opera Company outside of New York and in opera houses in Italy. Her program included standard German songs and operatic excerpts from Mozart, Donizetti and Meyerbeer. Her voice and style are possibly more at home on the operatic stage than in recital, owing to some lack of vocal finesse. She sang with ease of manner and feeling.

Varying effectiveness was displayed yesterday afternoon by Beatrice D'Alessandro, mezzo-soprano, in her first New York recital, at Aeolian Hall. Her program had the standard recital order of languages: Italian, German, French and English.

In the Italian numbers Handel's "Ombra mai fu," Mozart's "Voi che sapete" and "Terre adorata" from Donizetti's "Don Sebastiano," Miss D'Alessandro displayed a voice of considerable range, some warmth, and a tone of smoothness touched by a fairly persistent vibrato. This was also the case in her German lieder, by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf and Strauss. The singer did not seem to bring out all the expressive possibilities of these numbers and was at her best in the French group.

Reynaldo Hahn's "En Sourdine" was sung with expressive charm, while she seemed more at ease in Faure's "Après un Rêve" and two Debussy songs. There her voice lost its vibration and became smooth. Vocal improvement continued in "Ah, mon fils" from "Le Prophète," in the numbers in English, which included American songs by Bainbridge Crist, Richard Hageman and John Carpenter. J. M. Acuna was the accompanying pianist.

The Philharmonic Plays.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten offered a thoroughly conservative program last evening for the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall: Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Schubert's symphony in C, Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" and the three familiar excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." For even Liszt's piece of ironical diablerie can hardly be called dangerously beyond the limit of conservatism in these days.

The program was a good one, and, being well played, provided continuous interest to the large audience. Mr. Van Hoogstraten has his orchestra well in hand and is improving it in finish. One thing in which it particularly stands in need of improvement is the quality of tone in louder passages, which is still somewhat rough and at times even strident.

He gave intelligent, lucid, well-balanced and musical interpretations of all the pieces he undertook last evening; interpretations that looked only to the significance of the music, and that sought no posers delivered it, and that sought no element of sensationalism. Mr. Van Hoogstraten is one of those who agree with Felix Weingartner in considering it incomprehensible how any one can find Schubert's symphony too long and can desire to shorten it. At least he refused to take what Mr. Gilman, in the program notes, calls "a more merciful view" and shortened it by not a note.

There may well be an argument made in favor of judicious and skillful curtailment of this symphony, as there has been in regard to other of Schubert's compositions. But it may also be maintained that it is not so much the length of this journey that counts as what is done on the way. And Mr. Van Hoogstraten, it must be said, kept it continuously interesting by the vivacity and elasticity of his tempos, and by the finely wrought phrasing by which he brought the performance to a realization of Schubert's purposes.

The overture of Mozart's comedy cannot doubtless be made to be its real self when played by an orchestra of such numbers in such a hall. It can hardly help being made to sound overweighted. But it was made to sound certainly brilliant last evening with strong, perhaps over-strong, contrasts of dynamics. And Weber's overture had much of its dramatic fire. The playing of Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" was likewise brilliant, but somewhat straightforward. Perhaps a little more of its seductive sensuousness, its unbridled license, might have been suggested by a more impulsive freedom in the beat.

Nov 17 1923

'Madame Butterfly' at the Opera

By H. C. COLLES.

MADAMA BUTTERFLY, opera in three acts. Book in Italian by L. Illoa and G. Giacosa, after the work of John Luther Long and David Belasco. Music by Giacomo Puccini. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Cio-Cio-San Della Reinhardt
Suzuki Marion Telva
Kate Pinkerton Minnie Egner
B. F. Pinkerton Beniamino Glori
U. S. Consul Sharpless Antonio Scotti
Goro Angelo Bada
Yamadori Pietro Audisio
The Uncle Priest William Gueterson
Yakusabe Paolo Quintana
Imperial Commissary Vincenzo Roschiglian
Conductor	Roberto Moranzoni.

For the first of the "special" matinees at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" had been chosen and Mme. Elizabeth Rethberg was to have appeared in the main part. Her indisposition, however, made a change necessary and Mme. Della Reinhardt came to the rescue and sang the part at short notice. The fact makes criticism out of place. A wholly convincing performance was not to be expected, and Butterfly herself is so entirely the center of the whole opera that any talk of cohesion in the presentation of it may be attributed to the circumstances. Mme. Reinhardt sang the role well, with a thorough knowledge of what was an intelligent perception of what was the right thing to do with each situation as it occurred. But there the matter ended. Praise, with the words "in the circumstances," to qualify it, is a heartless tribute. But she won the gratitude of the audience by undertaking and carrying through a difficult task. The most enjoyable moment was the first duet, which she and Miss Marion Telva sang together with well-blended voices.

Mr. Glori's voice as Pinkerton was equally effective, and if the love duet, which is the climax of the first act, had hardly the conviction it requires, no doubt he, too, felt the limitations of the circumstances. Mr. Scotti's tact as the Consul was unflinching and he made the Consul more of a human being than most singers are able to do.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

De Pachmann Plays.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the "world famous virtuoso," gave his second piano recital in Carnegie Hall last evening. His program consisted en-

tirely of works by Chopin. For many years Mr. de Pachmann has been acclaimed by the "average" concertgoer as the high priest of Chopin and not without some reason. Quite as many reasons could be produced, however, to show that this pianist is not such an authoritative interpreter of Chopin's music as he is popularly believed to be.

Those who have watched him for many years know that from the first days of his American visits his genius was characterized by caprice, and that his performances disclosed a strange want of a sense of responsibility to the composer. Something has been written and printed in the course of the current season about Mr. de Pachmann's uncontrollable emotions while at the piano, his prayerful mutterings that he high gods would guide his inspirations aright and his humble but quite audible invocations of his own genius.

Mr. de Pachmann from the first distracted attention from his playing by his address to the audience and his enthusiastic commendations of himself. The personal peculiarities of a public artist are to be discussed only in their relation to his art.

If Mr. de Pachmann's capriciousness left his piano playing untouched it would not be a proper subject for mention here. But the truth is that the caprice of the artist often impels him to take extraordinary liberties with Chopin, liberties which sometimes go so far as defeating the purpose and even editing the printed text of the composer.

But so long as he can make such beautiful sounds he will exert upon audiences the spell of a charm which no tricks of his readings can destroy. In his recital last evening there was little personal display. Mr. de Pachmann's caprices were all those of the artist and confined themselves chiefly to singular aberrations of tempo and rhythm, especially noteworthy in the F major etude opus 25, No. 3, and the A major polonaise. There were some unexpected breaks in the flow of the "Berceuse" too, but at the end there could be no doubt that the baby was asleep.

The pianist's remarkable delicacy of touch and his truly great fluency of finger technique are still things to awaken admiration. He was heard by a large audience and was enthusiastically applauded. Nevertheless for those who remembered his playing of twenty-five years ago there was ground for thought. "Eheu fugaces anni," said Horace. "How time does fly!" says Mrs. Westlake.

'Samson et Dalila'

The first performance this season of Saint-Saens's opera, "Samson et Dalila," at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, revealed a cast which might be termed standard, but which never ceases to exact a high degree of interest in the unfolding of a story long possessed of an honorable sway in the operatic world.

Mme. Matzenauer, in all the gorgeousness of her delightfully restricted regal garb, was an usual the impersonator of the famous siren who directed her invincible wiles against Mr. Martinelli's Samson.

Both principals were in good voice. Mr. Martinelli sang exceptionally well in the first act and eyed corn dutifully in the third. Others in the cast were Mr. de Luca as the high priest, Mr. Rothler as the fire hating old Hebrew and Mr. D'Angelo as Abimelech, the gentleman who met an early doom. There were incidental dances by Miss Lilyan Ogden, and Mr. Hasselmann, who conducted, contributed much to the merit of a good performance by keeping things vigorously moving.

John Barclay in Baritone Song.

John Barclay sang a varied program of baritone songs for those who came to his recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. In an air from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide" the young singer revealed a voice of resonant quality, breadth of range and much elasticity. There was also a sufficiency of power in the dramatic passages, and a clear smoothness of tone at all times. The group of songs by Schubert proved more suitable to Mr. Barclay's voice and style of singing than the modern French songs which followed, for his interpretations of the songs of Ravel and Milhaud did not carry the conviction of the songs in German. These the singer seemed to take much pleasure in giving, and he sang them with ease and understanding. Also on the list were a group of songs by Russian writers and another of modern songs in English. Frederick Bristol played the accompaniments in an excellent manner.

18 923
Der Rosenkavalier' at the Opera
 By H. C. COLLES.

ER ROSENKAVALIER, lyric drama in three acts. Book in German by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Music by Richard Strauss. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

he Princess.....Florence Easton
 aron Ocha.....Paul Bender
 ctavian.....Maria Jeritza
 on Faninal.....Gustav Schützendorff
 pple.....Elizabeth Ethberg
 arianne.....Marcella Roseler (Debut)
 alza.....Angelo Bada
 mma.....Kathleen Howard
 ommissary of Police.....Carl Schlegel
 ne Princess's Major-Domo.....Pietro Audisio
 on Paninal's Major-Domo.....Rafaelo Diaz
 otary.....William Gustafson
 nkeeper.....George Meader
 Singer.....Orville Harrold
 ree Orphans.....Nannette Gullford
 Louise Hunter
 Marlon Telva
 ilner.....Phradie Wells
 opold, a Flunky.....Giordano Patrino
 inal Vendor.....Raffaele Lipparini
 Negro Boy.....Virginia Gitchell
 Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

"Der Rosenkavalier" offered a profusion of delights yesterday afternoon to the matinee audience at the Metropolitan. Profusion is the essential quality of this brilliant comic opera. It was once long ago when Richard Strauss was a debatable young composer, "If we are to have Strauss, let it be Johann, and if Richard, let it be Wagner." In *Der Rosenkavalier* Strauss took up the challenge and combined the styles of both his namesakes, weaving Viennese waltzes worthy of the one into a polyphonic orchestral texture almost worthy of the other.

Von Hofmannsthal gave him a story which would justify every extravagance—a story of the rococo period of the Austrian Empire, with profusion of love affairs and humorous intrigue, profusion of manners and ceremonies, costumes and furniture. He poured out his music on it unstintingly, and a good deal of other people's as well, and somehow succeeded, in spite of all the incidental allusions and actual quotations, in producing one of the most original works of the modern stage, and, partly because of them, one of the most melodically attractive.

It includes also a profuse cast; and a work which brings Mmes. Jeritza, Easton and Elizabeth Ethberg to the stage at once in three first-rate parts is bound to be a favorite of this season. In this respect "Der Rosenkavalier" becomes a successor to Meyerbeer's "Le Huguenots" in the operatic repertory. If it is complained that Strauss is here economical of notes—for he only writes one tenor part, that of the singer who attends the Princess's levée—that is accounted for by his devotion to the period before the tenor became the operatic hero of today.

All the three chief ladies of the cast give us admirable singing yesterday. Easton made the monologue of the first act peculiarly appealing. The Princess is perhaps the most difficult part to play convincingly; but the opera depends for its beauty on the conviction which that part is made to carry, and Miss Easton in her quiet way and with her well-controlled art brought out the resignation of her lover and her faith together in a way which stirred sympathy. Mme. Ethberg sang the part of Sophie with purity and simplicity, and the duet in the second act between Sophie and Octavian was among the most beautiful things in the performance.

Mme. Jeritza as Octavian has the most profuse part in the opera. She is able to range in it from high passion to comedy and she is singularly successful in both. If her singing was not always as controlled as that of either the ladies to whom she makes impassioned love, the character of the youthful male could be held to justify that the rich tones of her voice were always immensely telling, and in every case of the drama, from the brilliant partition she makes as bearer of the ever rose to her absurdities in the waltzing maid's dress as she fooled the wicked old Baron, she was fascinating watch.

Mr. Bender was unsurpassable as the Baron; from his incessant talk in the first act to his discomfiture in the last, it was a consummate piece of characterization by voice and action. His words, too, came across with remarkable clearness, even in the rapid ensembles, and Strauss has devised some very complicated ones.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted a performance in which three ensembles were particularly well managed and in which the beauty of the orchestration, the longest point in the composer's production of gifts, was exceedingly enable.

Bori and Chamlee in "La Traviata." "La Traviata" with Bori and Chamlee, favorites of last year's popular cast, was sung to the second of the Metropolitan's large Saturday night audiences last evening, a line of many Italian opera devotees having stood patiently at the Broadway doors even before the matinee. Vincente Balloster was unable to make his announced debut as Germont père, and Millo Piccolo that role, relinquishing Baron Ophio to Reschiglian. Others were Misses Anthony and Egner, Messrs. Trinieri, d'Angelo and Picchi, and Franzoni conducted.

Mme. Onegin's Recital.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The desire to shine in the art of song singing, more difficult than their own, is one that possesses many of the best and most ambitious opera singers. Mme. Sigrd Onegin yielded to it yesterday afternoon, and showed to a large audience in Carnegie Hall, as she has shown before, that she possesses many of the qualifications necessary thereto.

The characteristics of her contralto voice, its dark color, its rather heavy quality, might be supposed to put certain limitations on the range of emotional expression she is able to command most successfully; but she broke through some of them yesterday with remarkable success. She has the dramatic temperament well developed, and this gives power to her interpretation of songs requiring dramatic expression; a strong climax, a passionate utterance, and a feeling of fitness for those of another kind, even though she does not always succeed in realizing it.

The greatest success was not made in Puccini's "Il Mio Ben," or Haydn's English song, "Now the Dancing Shadows Play," or in Schubert's "Die Forelle," but rather in Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrad" and in his "Erk König," which she reserved for an encore. Of this her singing was truly superb, showing, perhaps, not so great a variety in the setting forth the three voices as some have succeeded in showing, but sounding impressively the note of dread and the tragic climax.

Of her three Strauss songs only "Chellie" was familiar, and she sang it with superb spirit. In his "Schlechter Wetter," in which the mood changes from one of realistic humor to one of great sentiment, she was particularly successful in denoting the contrast—so successful that the audience insisted upon a repetition.

Mme. Onegin sang a group of Swedish songs, with one by the Spanish Valverde (Sibelius's "Swarta Rosor" was put among them, though he is a Finn), and the last was made up of songs in English, ending with the brilliant "Love Went a-Riding," by Frank Bridge, who has heard so many performances of his music in New York lately. Mme. Onegin's English pronunciation is commendable. Yet her diction, in the English and German songs, at any rate, was in general none too clear, and she did not always succeed in making the words an open book. In some of her songs of a lighter character she singularly failed, at times, to sing her tones squarely on the pitch. And it seemed to result solely from her attempt to master the lighter styles, for untunefulness did not pursue her in songs that may be said to be more unquestionably adapted to her.

Excellent accompaniments were supplied her by Michael Rauchenstein, and she herself thought so much of them as to make him rise and share some of the applause with her.

Duncan Dancers Appear Again.

The Duncan Dancers, Anna, Lisa and Margo, appeared with piano accompaniment in their second evening of symphonic dances last night at Carnegie Hall before proceeding to California. With Mozart's repeated "Petits Riens," they gave a Chopin group, including the "funeral march," another from Gluck's "Iphigenia," some Schubert waltzes, his "Musical Moment" and "Marche Militaire." Max Rabinowitch added piano solos of Chopin, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Borodin and Scriabin.

19 1923

The Philharmonic Gives Its First Sunday Matinee and Sells Out the House

That sign of good orchestral weather, "All Seats Sold," brightened the skies for the comfort of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon, when the ancient and honorable organization gave the first of its Sunday matinees at Carnegie Hall.

The presence of the triumphal sign above the entrance and the politely shoving crowds in the lobby were not difficult to explain, for Mr. Van Hoogstraten, the society's new conductor, had chosen a program very cunningly devised for the entrapping of music lovers in great and lucrative numbers. There was, first, the "Pathetic" Symphony, which, although it was long ago cast into outer darkness by the Superior Persons of music (who are naively unable to understand how any one can possibly enjoy both Stravinsky's "Rossignol" and Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony), nevertheless refuses to accept its ostracism in good part, and is forever breaking bounds and coming back to town for the delectation of those innocent lowbrows and unterrified highbrows of music who are still its devoted friends. Then there was some Wagner—Wagner at his gorgeous, glowing, incomparable best: the Wagner of the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale, in the Paris version which joins the intoxicating Venusberg music to the truncated overture.

Tchaikovsky and Wagner: Old Stuff, to be sure, from the standpoint of those admirably pioneering youth of our time for whom the Romantic Period

in music is an era of shame and humiliation. Old Stuff, but still scandalously alluring to the unregenerate. For such, also, were the stormy splendors and luminous sunset close of Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." The better bred, the semi-fashionable, were allured by Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"; for Debussy has not yet wholly lost caste among the elect, though we suspect that he is slipping, and that the Faune will soon find himself piping only to his polloi, as hopelessly déclassé as Wagner or the "Pathétique."

So it will be seen that Mr. Van Hoogstraten's program, while it held no attraction for the members of the International Composers' Guild or the more hardshelled of the Brahmsianer, was nevertheless ideally calculated to entice that elusive but profitable bird, the average concert-goer, to Carnegie Hall in congestive numbers. And such, as we have indicated, was the result. They not only came in droves, but they applauded often, long and happily. Altogether, it was as successful a Sabbath afternoon as the Philharmonie could have wished for.

Incidentally, it was a good concert. The orchestra was in excellent form and discharged its task with almost unexceptionable virtuosity. Especially to be remembered were the weight and solidity and transparent depth of the string tone in the Symphony; the rich, fruity quality of Mr. Aman's flute in

the drowsily voluptuous pipings of the Faun; the dark beauty and fine phrasing of Mr. Kohon's bassoon in all its solo appearances; the golden mellowness of tone which Mr. Jaenicke drew from his horn in the ravishing dialogue that it sings with the second violins near the close of the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale; the tender musing of Mr. Guidi's solo violin in the opening chapter of "Tod und Verklärung." But what possessed the player of the antique cymbals in Debussy's eclogue to come in either just a little before or just a little after the beat, and so do his best to spoil one of the most exquisitely calculated effects in all music?

As for Mr. Van Hoogstraten, he, too, was in good form, especially in the earlier half of the program. We have never heard him play the great development section of the first movement of the symphony with so electric an intensity, so crisply, bitingly, cleanly, with a tragic tension so powerfully sustained. Especially pregnant was his enunciation of the tremendous phrase for the trombones and tuba just before the return of the second theme in B major; and his exposition of the fiery march movement was so exciting that the audience lost all its Sabbath decorum and indulged in some imperfectly suppressed cheers for the conductor and his men.

But Mr. Van Hoogstraten still regards the passage of time with too indifferent an eye. We realize that it is almost a total waste of time to quarrel with a conductor's sense of tempi. He feels them that way, and must play them as he feels them, or else remain, from his point of view, imperfectly expressive. Yet it seems to us that when a tempo is so slow that the musical structure appears to be in danger of falling apart, and you sit on the edge of your seat waiting for the thing to disintegrate; when the tonal stream coagulates; when the clock runs down and almost stops; when such scrambled metaphors as these seem necessary to an adequate expression of your disquietude—as they seemed yesterday in listening to the pace at which Mr. Van Hoogstraten took the "Tannhäuser" Overture, "L'Après-midi," "Tod und Verklärung" and some of the "Pathétique"—then we believe that the conductor who evokes them might well take notice, at least to the extent of re-examining his conceptions. No doubt, as we have said, Mr. Van Hoogstraten is acting upon deeply felt convictions; granting his assumptions, he is always musicianly and fine-grained, an artist bent solely upon his projection of his feeling, his vision, his love of the beauty that he would mold and communicate. But his best friends, those who most earnestly wish him well, cannot but hope that he may come to the point where he will see this matter from a new angle. However he himself may feel, he surely cannot wish to produce the effect which he now makes upon many sympathetic listeners—that of an impeded flow of the tonal stream; a sense of lethargy and obstruction. He is far too fine and vital and sensitive a musician to misrepresent himself in that fashion.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Graveure and Draper.

Among the numerous concerts which invited the attention of music lovers yesterday the song recitals of Louis

Graveure and Paul Draper were especially noteworthy. Mr. Graveure offered a varied program containing one interesting novelty in the Town Hall, while Mr. Draper, who had not been heard here for seven years, emerged at Aeolian Hall and disclosed himself as faithful to his early loves, Brahms and Mahler, between whom he placed some airs of Bach, and after which he delivered three songs of Schubert. There was food enough in these two recitals for considerable comment.

Mr. Graveure's novelty was a group of nine lyrics entitled "Waiting Starlight: An Indian Episode." This music is still in manuscript. The texts were written by Mr. Graveure himself and the music by Bryceson Treharne. The nature of the cycle might be guessed from the titles of the separate songs, some of which are "Crested Eagle," "Waiting Starlight," "Starlight and Timber Wolf," "Infant Warrior's Lullaby" and "The Mighty Unconquered."

Mr. Graveure's poems are written in "vers libre" and Mr. Treharne has composed them very freely, but without recourse to any of the new devices in melody and harmony. He writes old fashioned music and declaims when declamation fits the mood and sings when lyric utterance is needed. He has made no attempt to imitate the chants of the Indians, for which he should be thanked. He has endeavored rather to express in the conventional musical symbols of the fathers the changing thoughts of poems dealing with an Indian's boastfulness, his love, his loss of the loved one at the birth of her child and his welcome of death.

This is very good. Probably Mr. Graveure and Mr. Treharne have both read Marah Ellis Ryan's incomparable "Indian Love Letters" and they recall that one which begins: "Maid of the Moon Song, did I not make it clear? There is no place for the Indian in your world." But while both of them failed to create a live Indian, Mr. Treharne might have found warmer founts of inspiration in the thoughts lying behind Mr. Graveure's halting verses than he did. Once, however, he sounded the clear high note of poetic imagination, namely, when he set the closing words of the lyric "Waiting Starlight," yet the audience was more moved by the "Prairie Nocturne," which had to be repeated.

There is some extraordinary declamation in the music and some labored melodic construction, but most of the numbers have at least appropriate atmosphere. They owed a great deal to the admirable singing of Mr. Graveure. He delivered all the songs with a range and color of tone, an exquisite series of gradations and a genuine sentiment that imparted vitality to the entire work.

Mr. Draper's recital was like those he used to give seven years ago. This unique interpreter of songs achieves artistic victories over a voice which would have made the career of a singer impossible to a less intellectual artist. It can be said that Mr. Draper possesses all the equipment of a recital singer except beauty of tone. Those who like to listen to voices merely as beautiful instruments will get nothing from this artist.

Those who can appreciate a carefully wrought out and convincing plan of interpretation and extraordinary skill in phrasing, diction and nuancing will recognize a very fine intelligence and a sensitive artistic nature. Mr. Draper's delivery of some of the long sustained phrases of the Bach airs yesterday was a lesson in vocal control. He was heard by a large audience.

AUER TAKES PART

IN PIASTRO RECITAL

His First and Possibly Only Appearance This Season.

Leopold Auer made his first and possibly his only public appearance this season in a concert of Mischa Piastro, violinist, at the Century Theater, yesterday afternoon, conducting an accompanying orchestra of fifty players from the State Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Piastro and Mischa Elman are said to be the only well known Auer pupils who have appeared under the master's leadership. On May 20 last, Mr. Auer

and Elman closed New York's music season with a concert in which the pupil played three concertos.

Mr. Piaastro had not been heard here in two seasons. His numbers comprised two concertos by Brahms and Paganini and four pieces, with piano accompaniments, played by Maurice Nadel, namely, Auer arrangements of Tschalkovsky's "Air de Lensky," and Drigo's "Heart of Harlequin," "The Lonely Wanderer" of Greig-Piaastro, and Vieniawski's "Russian Carnival."

Mr. Piaastro's reading and his customary fine tone, correct intonation, fluent technique and much brilliance of style, Mr. Auer could have given some younger conductors—he is now 78—many helpful points in orchestral accompanying for violin solo work. The audience, which included Elman and the Auer pupil, Toscha Seidel, was very responsive with applause.

Louis Graveure in Song Cycle.

By H. C. COLLES.

In the midst of a miscellaneous program of songs given at the Town Hall yesterday Louis Graveure set the first performance of a cycle of which the words are by himself and the music by Edvard Tchaikovsky. "Waiting Starlight" is called "An American Indian Song Cycle" and is a group of nine songs describing in blank verse the life of a young Indian. The first, "Waiting Starlight," is a love song. The young Siegfried he came to know fear through love, the beauty of "Waiting Starlight" his beloved, her death and his sorrow and his final meeting with "The Mighty Unconquered."

Even though some of Mr. Graveure's lines read rather like what one can imagine would have been the result if Walt Whitman had undertaken to rewrite Longfellow, he certainly shows considerable skill in putting together a lyric for the composer, which not only offers contrasts of mood and feeling, but displays a certain power of conveying images in words. The composer has seized on the opportunities which the words offer and made effective use of them. In general, the fault seems to be that he seizes too quickly on effective words and makes his total result potent by his love of illustrating details. This militates against the success of the cycle as a whole. One gets the feeling that the lyrics are a series of snapshots rather than a continuous story.

The cycle took nearly forty minutes in performance including the repetition of the first song. That one was "Prairie Nocturne," the most beautiful of them all, which made a direct appeal, not only because the love song is always the most popular, or because Mr. Graveure sang it with a beautifully restrained sympathy, but probably also because it is more sustained in melody than many of the others. The "Lullaby," which follows, also has the sustained outline and either of these might be sung successfully apart from the cycle as a whole. The whole is certainly a strongly aspiring work, but the problem of the song cycle as an art form is one which only the greatest songwriters of the world have solved in their rare moments. It is, like the majority which cannot claim that distinction, remains rather a collection of effectively written individual songs than a complete work.

It should be added that the music does not attempt to reproduce Indian characteristics, it is merely straightforward with a rather overelaborated piano accompaniment in which Mr. Arpad Sandor played skillfully.

Of the rest of Mr. Graveure's program it can only be said that he opened with Schubert and Brahms, singing them finely and excellently in the latter's "Ave Maria." He also followed the new cycle with French and English songs. But he began his recital a quarter of an hour late. His performance of these cannot be discussed here.

Operatic Concert at Metropolitan.

Lowered lights at last evening's crowded Metropolitan concert gave heightened effect to the opera company's Sunday performance of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," complete as to leading singers, chorus, orchestra and making up musically any lack of scene and costume in Mascagni's music heard Mmes. Ereni, Delaunay and Egner, Messrs. Tokatyan and Pico. Mr. Pico also replaced the indisposed "Prologue" and "Cavalleria" with "Mascagni, Messrs. Kingsmen, Palmieri and Gabor. The conductor, who shared general applause, was the singing opera chorus under Maestro Selli.

Meserendino, Violinist, Plays.

Illuminato Meserendino gave a violin recital last evening at the Town Hall for an audience which applauded vigorously at every interval. In the more sustained passage of Kreisler's "Chinese Tarbourne" Mr. Meserendino attained a pleasant and resonant tone, but in the livelier sections many notes were slurred. Other composers represented on the program were Handel, Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Sarasate and Mendelssohn. The violinist ambitiously attacked Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, with Frederick Kahn at the piano.

Gives Concert of His Own Music.

The Russian Quartet was among those assisting Boris Levenson in a concert of his own music at Aeolian Hall last night, such as the composer has before given and presenting several works new to his hearers. Besides vocal excerpts from an opera, "The Last Samaritan," there were songs and instrumental pieces, a quintet which opened the bill being replaced by a trio on Russia's great folksong of the "Volga Boatman."

State Symphony Orchestra Plays.

Mischa Elman and Toscha Seidel occupied boxes at yesterday's Century Theatre matinee, in which fifty men from the State Symphony Orchestra, assisted in a dignified program by Misha Piaastro, violinist, under the direction of Leopold Auer. It was an occasion of personal as well as musical interest, with a performance of Brahms's violin concerto and one of Paganini's, meriting a larger audience than filled a few scattering rows among the great theatre's 3,000 seats. Professor Auer led the musicians with precision and zeal, while Mr. Piaastro, after the concerted numbers, added solo pieces including violin arrangements both by Auer and Piaastro.

MESERENDINO'S RECITAL.

Illuminato Meserendino, violinist, who has been heard here in recent years, gave a recital in the Town Hall last evening. He presented an ambitious program which included Beethoven's F major romanza and Kreutzer sonata, with Schubert's "Ave Maria," Mendelssohn's concerto, gypsy airs by Sarasate and several shorter numbers.

Mr. Meserendino reveals a rather thin tone, not too steady, and a slight inclination to evade accurate intonation. In other respects he proved adequate and won much applause from his audience.

Die Meistersinger

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Meistersinger" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was the second performance of the lyric comedy since the entrance of this country into the world war and the first of the present season, before a Monday night audience. The cast showed one change, the substitution of Miss Elizabeth Rethberg for Mme. Florence Easton in the role of Eva. The Metropolitan possesses seven impersonators of Pogner's charming daughter, so that no performance of "Die Meistersinger" will ever have to be abandoned because Mr. Gatti despairingly cries, "Yes, we have no sopranos."

Miss Rethberg's Eva had all the attraction of youth and was delightfully ingenuous. The prima donna, however, was not always happy in her singing, perhaps, because her voice had been affected by the caprices of the weather. But there was ground for suspicion that some of the trouble was due to a want of certainty in tone placing. In the dialogue of the first and second acts she had difficulty in focussing her tones and this may have been due to fatigue. The auditor at a performance never knows how much rehearsing a singer has been doing. The broad lyric passages Miss Rethberg sang well and her Eva was at all times pleasing.

The other members of the cast were the same as at the previous performance. To recapitulate their merits is unnecessary, but the occasion should not be passed without a second invitation to operators to consider the high artistic quality of Clarence Whitehill's Hans Sachs. This is probably the best impersonation of the shoemaker-poet now accessible to music lovers anywhere in the world.

The excellences of the ensemble were again noteworthy. The singing of the chorus throughout the opera reflected the highest credit on Giulio Setti, whose capable work as chorus master has long been one of the most valuable assets of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's organization. Mr. Bodanzky again conducted with sympathy and authority. The revival of "Die Meistersinger" has met with public favor, as it well deserved to, since it is one of the most artistic achievements of the present impresario's notable administration.

LENOX STRING QUARTET.

Concert at Aeolian Hall Is First of Season.

The Lenox string quartet gave its first concert of the season in Aeolian Hall last evening. The quartet, which came into existence last year and gave two concerts during the season, consists of Sendor Harnati, first violin; Wolfe Wolfjohann, second violin; Nicholas Moldavan, viola, and Emmeran Stoeber, cello. The concert last night developed into an experiment in numbers, consisting of a quartet, a trio and a quintet. For the program included Beethoven's C major quartet, op. 59, No. 3, a serenade for two violins and viola, op. 12, by Zoltan Kodaly, and Mozart's quintet in G minor, Koechel No. 516, with Karl Kraemer, viola, assisting.

The feature of the evening, of course, was the first performance in America of Mr. Kodaly's serenade. Last year the Lenox quartet played a new composition by this young Hungarian composer, who enjoyed the good fortune of having his work first introduced in this country by the Kneisel quartet in 1914. The last two movements of Mr. Kodaly's serenade revealed material of more than ordinary interest. There is evidence that more than one disciple of the modern school is obtaining a firmer grasp of new materials and a clearer comprehension of purpose. The composition is the work of a well equipped musician with a strong feeling for novel tone combinations and well defined rhythms. Mr. Kodaly has imbued much of his work with the thematic material of his native land. The last movement, reminiscent of folk dances and national airs, is an excellent piece of workmanship.

The quartet played with finesse, charm, and fine intonation. The ensemble was always good. The Beethoven quartet received a highly finished reading, but not one of distinction.

CUBAN PIANIST IS HEARD.

Miss Catalina Forteza, a young Cuban pianist, who had been heard here once before, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She played Beethoven's sonata, "Appassionata," opus 57, four pieces by Chopin, including the second ballade, and other numbers. In her most difficult selections she failed to reach recital standards in technique and style. Her tone was pleasant.

RECITAL BY BAROZZI.

Rumanian Violinist Pleases Audience at Town Hall.

Socrate Barozzi, a young Rumanian violinist, made his American debut in a recital at Town Hall last night. He has an interesting record. First a protegee of Queen Carmen Sylva, he then served his country for several years, was exempted, because of his musical talent, from further military duty by King Ferdinand; played with famous orchestras in Europe and was induced to come to this country by Pierre Monteux, under whom he once served as concert master of the Boston Orchestra. Last night, with Carl Lamson at the piano, he played Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," three movements; the two Slavonic dances of Dvorak, in G minor and E minor, a "Menuet" by Poeppa, the "Theme and Variations," and a fugue, of Tartini, arranged by Kreisler, and among other works the "Intrada," by Antonio Desplantes.

Mr. Barozzi's performance of the Lalo work showed artistic feeling and refinement of design. His tone, of not large volume, varied in quality. It was frequently lovely, but its fullness and color were sometimes lost in the upper reaches or rapid work.

The large audience seemed to like him, and at the close of the work he added as an encore a transcription of Frederick Knight Logan's song, "Pale Moon."

Philadelphia Orchestra.
By H. C. COLLES.

The third of the Philadelphia Orchestra's concerts at Carnegie Hall last night created an atmosphere very different from the steamheated air of the conventional symphony program. It consisted of pre-Beethoven music, for Schubert's unfinished symphony, played after the intermission, though chronologically later than Beethoven, seems in its clarity and simplicity of outline to belong more to the era from which Beethoven sprang than to that toward which he led; and all the first part of the program was chosen from purely eighteenth century work, Gluck, Handel, Bach and Mozart. What makes Beethoven the dividing line between the symphonic music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is that he, having sublime things to say, developed the

tonal climax as a means of saying them, and after him all the composers of the century, whether sublime or not (and the sublime moments of the greatest are rare) could not resist the attractions of such climaxes. They went on piling them up with more and more tone till they toppled over in the hysteria of Tchaikovsky and the megalomania of Richard Strauss.

But the eighteenth century composers lived in a freer air; they breathed it naturally without gasping and struggling or suffering from palpitations in the effort. It was that while hwas realized in this concert in which Mr. Stokowski and his orchestra introduced Mme. Landowska with a harpsichord and a piano to the New York public. Every one is aware today that the harpsichord was not, as used to be said, merely the precursor of the pianoforte, but an instrument producing a wholly different tone in a way of its own. Indeed, the harpsichord and the piano may be themselves taken as examples of the essential difference just alluded to between eighteenth and nineteenth century music, for the former is as incapable of the tonal climax as the latter is dependent on it.

Mme. Landowska is an accomplished artist on both instruments, but her main sympathies are with the older music, its beauty of line, its decorative ornament, its dependence on subtleties of phrasing and its contentment with a slender body of tone. After Mr. Stokowski had begun the program with a performance of Gluck's overture to "Alceste," which emphasized its statuesque dignity and its classic conception of tragedy, Mme. Landowska played three concertos, the first for harpsichord with orchestra, the second for harpsichord alone, the third for piano with orchestra. The first was by Handel from that set of concertos for harpsichord or organ which was originally published in London as his Opus 4. For this the numbers of the string players were reduced and an extraordinarily delicate ensemble between the solo instrument and the orchestra was obtained. That beauty of the slow movement with its suggestion of dialogue between the harpsichord and orchestral strings, was peculiarly delightful and the glitter of the harpsichord tone in the vivid rhythms of the finale made a wonderful contrast.

Bach's Italian concerto, the second work, for harpsichord alone, is a thing which can never be heard with complete satisfaction on the piano once it is known in the original. The contracted tones of the two manuals and the color producible from the use of couplers are necessities of its effect, and Mme. Landowska not only displayed them with complete discretion; but showed so absolute an understanding of its tempi and its rhythm to produce the most satisfying result. Last in the series came Mozart's piano concerto in E flat, with the orchestra again reduced and so well disciplined that each fiddler seemed able to use about half his tonal power and yet retain the energy of a full forte in his bowing. Both orchestra and solo player perfectly realized that all tone is relative, that it is not quantity, but quality, which tells, and so they reached together an ideal performance.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

The comforting thing about Mr. Stokowski is that he never stays put. After having established himself more or less firmly in the public consciousness as a disciple of the ultra-modernists in music, he and his Philadelphia Orchestra proceeded to present a program in Carnegie Hall last night so utterly of the eighteenth century that Schubert's unfinished symphony, which closed it, sounded daring to the point of recklessness.

Much of the illusion was attributable to Mme. Wanda Landowska, who is not only a concert pianist in her own right but probably the world's most celebrated harpsichord player as well, and whom Mr. Stokowski introduced to New York last night, honoring her with not one but three places on his program. She played a concerto by Haendel in B flat for harpsichord and orchestra, a concerto "in the Italian style" for harpsichord alone, by Bach—his only solo composition for the instrument—and Mozart's E flat concerto for piano and orchestra.

The evening gave many of the audience—this reviewer included—a chance to hear the harpsichord for the first time in their lives. For the instrument that Mme. Landowska plays is not the transmogrified piano that passes muster for a "harpsichord" at most modern concerts of ancient music, but a genuine reconstruction of the sort of instrument upon which Bach and Haendel played. It is somewhat smaller than a modern grand piano, although similar in shape, with a much thinner and less resonant keyboard, and its strings are sounded, not by being struck with felt-covered hammers, as in the mod-

a piano, but by being plucked by all, brass, or leather plectra. The instrument also differs from the piano in that it possesses little dynamic gradation—i. e., the performer strikes the key hard or softly without producing any very great difference in the intensity of the resultant sound. Mme. Landowska's harpsichord has two keyboards, the upper one of which produces a quieter, thinner tone than the lower.

She is a greatly gifted player, equipped with a finger technique whose velocity and surety are remarkable even in this day of technical prodigies, and the sense of style and breadth and nobility of phrasing that are the marks of a true artist. These qualities were evident to their most advantageous degree in the one number that she did not play on her special instrument; that is, the Mozart concerto. The two harpsichord pieces had, frankly, more historical than musical interest for this listener.

It was not hard to see why the piano has rendered the earlier instrument obsolete. The tone of the harpsichord is pleasant but undeniably monotonous, sounding, as nearly as one can describe it, something like an overgrown mandolin. It possesses none of the variety of tone color that one has learned to expect of keyboard instruments to-day, and its volume may best be guessed from the fact that for the Haendel concerto Mr. Stokowski had to cut his strings down to a handful of violins and cellos, four cellos, and two basses.

The audience showed every sign of keen interest in both instrument and performer, and recalled Mme. Landowska repeatedly after her performance of the Mozart concerto.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

The third concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which took place last evening in Carnegie Hall, was planned purposely to disclose the accomplishments of Mme. Wanda Landowska. She has made a specialty of playing harpsichord. After Gluck's "Iphigénie" overture followed Handel's flat concerto for harpsichord and orchestra, Bach's "Italian" concerto, written for harpsichord alone, and Mozart's concerto in E flat for piano and orchestra. The orchestra itself furnished a postlude in the shape of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony.

It is difficult to discuss such a concert without launching into an essay on the precursors of the pianoforte or Mozart's determination of the basic trend of the concerto for piano and orchestra. Mme. Landowska openly intended to illustrate a phase of musical history, albeit neither her modern harpsichord, made by Pleyel, nor her modern piano could quite reproduce the conditions attending the performances of Handel, Bach and Mozart.

Handel and Bach had profoundly different ideas of the concerto, for the former never ceased to study the possible effect of music on an audience, while the latter rarely gave this matter deep consideration. Yet when he wrote the Italian concerto he clearly had in mind the transfer of an orchestral form to the clavier of his time. The contrast between the Handel and Bach compositions was one of stimulating elements in last evening's concert.

While harpsichord music may have been new to many in the audience it was no novelty to experienced concertgoers. When the Arnold Dolmetsches here some years ago Mrs. Dolmetsch's beautiful harpsichord playing was one of the delights of their entertainments. Numerous harpsichordists have been heard since the peculiar tone of the instrument which reigned until Cristofori's invention made the piano possible.

no stranger to local auditoriums. Nevertheless what must have impressed most of those who listened so closely to the two harpsichord pieces was their unsuitability to such a Carnegie Hall. Mme. Landowska proved herself to be a most able harpsichordist, but there was no question that she was at times to exaggerate her

dynamics and that at other moments some of her most delicate effects were lost.

The moment the piano was heard in the Mozart concerto two things were certain; first, that the liquid fluency of the perfect harpsichord technique was entirely suited to the music of Mozart and, second, that the modern piano furnished the opulence of tone demanded by the expansion of the concert hall.

Mme. Landowska performed Mozart charmingly. The composer himself demanded that "the passages should flow like wine and oil." Under her fingers they did. If those of the Handel and Bach compositions did not flow quite so smoothly, the shortcoming lay in the instrument, not the player.

The harpsichord is still a lovely and alluring instrument, but in these days of bigness in everything one feels that its place, along with the old-fashioned woman who played it, is in the home. After all, history proceeds along a well defined path and the return to the archaic is difficult to accomplish under conditions new and fundamentally hostile. We have listened so long to masses of tone that we need something more resonant in concertos than the fragile and winsome harpsichord.

FLONZALEYS OPEN SEASON.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its first concert this season in Aeolian last evening. The program consisted of Mozart's quartet in A major, the first performance in this country of R. Vaughan Williams's quartet in G minor, and Beethoven's quartet in C major.

Mr. Williams, one of the more conservative members of the modern school of young English composers, and whose London Symphony will be recalled, has produced a quartet which can be heard with pleasure. It is constructed on generous lines and its healthy, open harmonies, particularly in the first movement, allegro moderato, are well colored and well written. There is exhibited a strong feeling for melodic beauty, of shifting moods, and the tempo di minuetto contains much material reminiscent of Spanish rhythms. Little need be recorded of the remainder of a finished performance.

Mozart's composition received a delightful reading, delicate and restrained, yet full of vitality and color. The Flonzaleys, as always, were in excellent form, playing with a fine ensemble and faultless intonation. Freshness and spontaneity were especially evident in a well balanced program. There was much applause.

From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Flonzaley Quartet continues in its long established habit of giving three and only three chamber concerts in the season, for which it has now a firmly established clientele. That clientele was well in evidence last evening in Aeolian Hall, when the first of its concerts was given. The program was made up of three quartets, as it so often is: Mozart's in A, Vaughan Williams's in G minor and Beethoven's in C, Op. 59, No. 3.

Vaughan Williams's quartet was played for the first time in America. It is one of the English composer's earlier works, written perhaps when he had not quite arrived at the large style and the pregnant utterance that make so deep an impression in his "London Symphony" and other compositions that have lately been played here. Yet it is an interesting piece of music, though rather tentative as to manner and substance, and one that shows individual and original traits.

opening allegro and the "Tempo di Minuetto," in which he has returned to the old model for a second movement, seem the most clearly outlined and musically the most important. Mr. Williams is not afraid to write tunes and is able to do so, and the melodic quality of the quartet is prominent. His writing for the strings is skilful and idiomatic, and the quartet "sounds."

His harmonic ideas have a modern freedom and flexibility, and while they are not bound by traditional rules they do not inflict pain upon the listener. The "Romance," which is the third movement, presents a flowing cantabile, rising to a brief but passionate climax, and the final rondo is an ingenious working of fluent ideas with the suggestion of a pentatonic theme.

It might be possible to find English characteristics in this music of Vaughan Williams, although he has apparently made no attempt to use folk-song material or to follow definitely in its spirit. At all events it does not borrow from styles established and recognized as belonging to other schools.

It seems, in fact, to be a peculiarly personal utterance and a plain foreshadowing of the more pregnant utterance of his later work.

It was admirably presented by the Flonzaley players, with the utmost polish and finish and perfection of intonation—and perfection of intonation in certain of its passages is difficult. Similarly perfect was the playing of Mozart's quartet, one of the less familiar

ones. Perhaps to modern ears this would have been more acceptable if so many of the "repeats" had not been observed.

OTHER MUSIC.

One can only pick out the high lights from Marguerite d'Alvarez's song recital last night at the Town Hall, for it left one hearer at least in such a state of emotional incoherence that a studied and well organized report of the event would be impossible. From the shouted "bravas" at the ends of several groups and what came near to being an old-fashioned ovation at the conclusion, it is evident that there were many others besides this one hearer who were carried away from their well balanced selves by this splendid mixture of lyric and dramatic interpretative art.

The high lights then; the dark passionate coloring of phrases in Banck's "Celestial Weaver," the excitement running through Borodin's "La Mer," the perfect technique in Rachmaninoff's "Little Island" that made an intrinsically commonplace number memorable; the love song from "Samson et Dalila" which made one long to hear the Chicago Opera Company again; the archness and vitality of Alvarez's "En Calesa" and the brilliant glory of the two first act airs from "Carmen" which nearly produced a riot. What more can be said of an evening which does not fit well into words?

At Aeolian Hall those who like their music in quartet form heard the Flonzaleys in the first concert of the season. The novelty was Vaughan Williams's G minor quartet, announced as "for the first time in America." It smacked of the new, but not too new. The minuet section was Mozart strained through Debussy, but through most of it stalked the spirit of Maurice Ravel. It was nearly every inch one of his "Mother Gooses" healthy little goslings. Beethoven's C major and Mozart's A major quartets made up a balanced, interestingly interpreted and well played program. A. C.

MME. D'ALVAREZ'S RECITAL.

Peruvian Contralto Has an Appreciative Audience.

Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez, recently returned from England, gave a song recital at Town Hall last evening. The Peruvian contralto received after her first group many handsome floral pieces. Her voice, rich in its lower register, and responding readily to her demands in its upper scale for effects of color, seems to have taken on greater excellence of quality than when heard here last season.

Her singing of John Dowland's air, "I Saw My Lady Weep," was especially artistic, and her French diction and style in Debussy's "Air de Lia" from "L'Enfant Prodigue" were entirely delightful. Two songs much liked were the "Celestial Weaver" and "Yun Yang," by Granville Bantods. Among the other selections of the interesting list were "Samson et Dalila" air, "Mon Coeur S'Ouvre a Ta Voix," culled from the singer's former operatic fields; the song "En Calesa," by F. Alvarez; a folk dance of Murcia and Andalusia entitled "Senor Platero," arranged by Kurt Schindler, and the "Sequidilla" air from "Carmen." Lyell Barber supported Mme. d'Alvarez with admirable piano accompaniments.

Nov 22 '93

"Tannhäuser" at the Opera.

TANNHAEUSER. Music drama in three acts and four scenes. German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.
Landgraf Hermann.....Paul Bender
Tannhäuser.....Rudolf Laubenthal
Wolfram.....Clarence Whitehill
Walther.....George Meader
Blüherolf.....Carl Schlegel
Heinrich.....Max Bloch
Reinmar.....William Gustafson
Elizabeth.....Maria Jeritza
Venus.....Margarete Matzenauer
A Shepherd.....Raymonde Delaunoy
Four Pages.....Grace Anthony
.....Minnie Egner
.....Laura Robertson
.....Leulise Hunter
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

"Tannhäuser" of all Wagner's operas is the one built on a strong and simple stage situation. It owes its widespread popularity, as compared with "Der Fliegende Holländer" and "Lohengrin," largely to that fact. Tannhäuser, torn between the desires of the flesh and the aspirations of the spirit, is a human figure; no artifice is required for the development of his story. The antithesis

between the Venusberg and the pilgrim's song on the Wartburg, so effectively asserted in the overture, maintains itself throughout the three acts. It gave Wagner, even in the first draft of the opera, magnificent opportunity for the display of that power of dramatic characterization in his music which marked him at once as a great operatic composer.

He accentuated the contrasts much more vividly when he revised the opera for its revival in Paris fifteen years later. In doing so he risked a good deal, for he did not carry the revision far enough, and the fervor of his mature orchestration in the first scene undoubtedly throws into relief some bald places which he left as they originally appeared in later scenes. But when all the weak places have been admitted and the patchwork noted, the opera remains but little injured by them, because of the conviction with which Wagner concentrated on the emotional crises of the situation and the moments of sheer musical inspiration which they provoked in him.

In last night's performance under Mr. Bodanzky's direction we were given the full flavor of the brilliant ballet music of the Venusberg scene, and the performance throughout was noteworthy for its orchestral finish and the care with which the elaborate ensembles were treated. Small blemishes of intonation on the part of the choruses off the stage, and occasionally of the principals on it, were apparent, however, and such things, even if they amount to no more than a fear that the singers are going to flatten, are always distracting.

Rudolf Laubenthal was the Tannhäuser, and while he sang earnestly and finely he is hardly the ideal representative of the part able to carry all before him. He began with something of that constricted quality of tone which was a draw-back to his first appearance in "Die Meistersinger," but he is so free from many of the worst faults of the average German tenor that it is to be hoped he will overcome this one. As he warmed to his work, his singing became freer. But he lacks a good deal of the dramatic impulse of the thing. In the hall of song scene it was difficult to believe him to be racked with turbulent passions. His ascetic appearance belied him; several of the devout defenders of sacred love looked far more likely to succumb to their lower natures than he, and he never seemed really fired to ecstasy or extinguished in despair.

Again it seemed a curious arrangement which cast Mme. Matzenauer for Venus and Mme. Jeritza for Elisabeth. The former sang with purity of style and refinement; the latter in every movement and tone is naturally full-blooded and impulsive. Mme. Jeritza seemed wanting in quiet sustaining qualities in the earlier scenes of the second act; her moment came when she threw herself between Tannhäuser and his accusers.

When all the perfect ladies gathered up their skirts and ran away, she stood out as the real woman, with enough of the Venus in her still to love and protect the sinner, and her voice was splendid in that moment. But she hardly fulfilled the ideal of the sainted Elisabeth elsewhere.

With Mr. Bender singing impressively as the Landgrave and Mr. Whitehill giving character to the rather colorless part of Wolfram by his fine singing, some passages of the score which are apt to pass with slight notice gained an unusual importance. The cast was well completed in the smaller parts by singers who understood how much greater is the whole than the part.

Mr. Laubenthal made his first appearance here in the title role. One had at times to remember very hard how much better Mr. Laubenthal is than the average German tenor to whom we have become inured; otherwise one might have been disposed to give him less credit than he doubtless deserves. His merits and defects sharpen with increasing familiarity. Physically he made an ideally tall and well-proportioned Tannhäuser, one who might plausibly have spent his evenings where he claimed to have spent them. Historically, however, he was no more than fair, giving a correct and decidedly uninspired performance. He seemed to find little comfort in the score, for his rather "tight" voice production barely enabled him to cope with the generally high tessitura of the role.

ORATORIO SINGS "ELIJAH."

First of Four Jubilee Concerts With Noted Soloists.

The Oratorio Society of New York, Albert Stoessel, conductor, gave Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at the first of four concerts planned for the celebration of its "jubilee season" last evening at Carnegie Hall. The chorus had been increased to 400 voices for the performance.

The soloists were Louis Graveure, barytone, in the title role; Miss Ruth Rodgers and Miss Lillian Gustafson, sopranos; Miss Marjorie Squires, contralto, and Richard Crooks, tenor. The orchestra was that of the Symphony Society. Philip James was at the organ. This was the thirtieth performance of the oratorio given by this organization during its fifty years.

The society, founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch in 1884. It has been led successively by Max Bruch, Tschalkovsky and Sir Edward Elgar, who as guests came to this country for the production of their own works, and now by Mr. Sotomel, who entered his third season last night. The work accomplished by the society furnishes a splendid record. More than a million and a quarter of music lovers have derived pleasure from its concerts. It has produced many of the greatest choral works by masters and given to many novelties their first American hearing. The list of famous singers who have been soloists with the society is seemingly endless.

The performance last evening was one of much merit. The various participants were evidently one in spirit, as, generally, they set forth with fine dramatic power the eloquence of the narrative and music. The singing of the chorus showed much fine tone, though at times with some lack of unison. The pronunciation was good.

Mr. Graveure, who is familiar here in the part of the prophet, sang with excellent clarity of voice, style and diction. Mr. Crooks's delivery of the beautiful air, "If With All Your Hearts," was warmly received, although his fine natural voice was not always used to best advantage.

The concert was broadcast by WEAF and a radio audience listened in.

MME. CALLAWAY-JOHN SINGS.

Mme. Jencie Callaway-John gave a song recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, with Richard Hageman at the piano. Her program consisted of airs from Mozart's "La Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," three numbers by Respighi, songs by Schubert, Strauss, Loeffler, Henry Hadley and others. Mme. Callaway-John is familiar to many musiclovers from past seasons and was heard with evident pleasure by a large audience.

At Aeolian Hall, Jencie Callaway-John appeared in song recital at the same hour. Mme. John presented a program which was full of novel works, including a Negro spiritual of her own harmonization, taken from the lips of an old mammy who had been in her family. It proved a truly authentic colored bit, but was hardly altogether suited to the artist's voice, which is a light soprano of limited range. Some of her program taxed this range unmercifully, especially in the lieder group.

A. C.

Jencie Callaway-John in Songs.

Jencie Callaway-John gave her annual recital of soprano songs last evening at Aeolian Hall, with the assistance of Richard Hageman at the piano. Respighi's "Au milieu du jardin" was given with much charm of manner, fluency of tone and excellent phrasing. While she did not give any evidences of vocal power, there was no lack of expression in her interpretations and she provided a varied and pleasant evening of music. There were modern groups of songs in German, French and English, as well as three songs by Respighi and two operatic airs by Mozart. An audience of good size applauded enthusiastically and presented the singer with generous floral gifts.

Emma Noe delivered a song recital yesterday afternoon before a fair-sized audience at Aeolian Hall. Most of the program was in German and Miss Noe's efforts were rewarded by liberal and continuous applause.

The audience was given a treat in the second number of the first part of the program. Miss Noe sang Mozart's "Alleluia," which consists of only one word in the entire composition. In spite of this fact the singer pleased the audience rather than bored them.

Miss Noe's recital began with the singing of Mozart's "Zeffiretti," which was followed by "Alleluia." "Verlass mich nicht" (Franz) was next on the program. Among other numbers which drew the favor of the audience were: "Pensee d'Automne" (Messenet), "The Time of Parting" (Hadley), "Le The" (Kochlin) and "Dort in den Weiden" (Brahms).

Gradova at Town Hall.

A piano recital was given by Gitta Gradova at Town Hall yesterday. A good crowd was present despite the fact that another concert was being conducted

a block away.

Miss Gradova's clever manipulation of the keys pleased the large audience. Her program opened with "Chaconne and Variations in G," by Haendel. Brahms's "Ballade Edward" was next on the list and was followed by the same composer's production, "Rhapsody in B minor."

Great endurance was shown by the artist in playing "Apres une Lecture De Dante," which consumed the entire second part of the recital. "Poems Nocturne" made a hit in the next part of the program. Chopin's "Grand Polonaise" in F sharp minor concluded the afternoon's entertainment.

Nov 23 1923

"Carmen" at the Opera.

By H. C. COLLES.

CARMEN, opera in French, in four acts. Book by Meilhac and Halévy, after the novel by Merimee. Music by Georges Bizet. At the Metropolitan Opera House. Carmen Florence Easton Micaela Nina Morgana Frasquita Louise Hunter Mercedes Marion Telva Don Jose Giovanni Martinelli Escamillo Jose Mardones Dancaire Louis d'Angelo Remendado Angelo Bada Zuniga James Wolf Morales Arnold Gabor Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

Bizet's "Carmen" was given at the special matinee for the benefit of the Bloomingdale Day Nursery at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday before a large audience. Mr. Louis Hasselmanns conducted a performance which was admirable rather for its general musical effect than for any outstanding feature among the members of the cast.

Great Carmens are born not made, and Miss Florence Easton is not a born Carmen. She is delightful to hear because she brings artistic intelligence to all her work and she sings with a strong sense of the individual style and the lilting rhythm of Bizet's unforgettable melody. She has also evidently given considerable care to the dramatic presentation of the part, and she never forces it or attempts an intensity unnatural to her as inferior artists are so apt to do. Her chief merit, indeed, is that she knows her own capabilities well and keeps within their limits. Mr. Martinelli as Don Jose had not the same merit. He seemed too anxious to make his voice tell at every point, and it is so fine a voice that there is no need to insist on its power. Mr. Jose Mardones was disappointing in the popular Toreador's song. It was poor in vocal quality and wanting in energy. His real abilities were much better shown in later scenes, however. Miss Nina Morgana sang the gentle Micaela's song charmingly. But the ensemble numbers, of which the quintet in the second act and the card playing scene of the third act are typical, were the things which most seemed to carry the opera along and left the impression of general excellence in the performance. The contributions of Miss Louise Hunter and Miss Marion Telva were important in securing this result.

The new scenery and costumes are exceedingly effective and the courtyard of the inn (Act II.) particularly so. A small point of stage management might be improved in the mountain scene, however, where the flash of the gun was visible on the left of the stage and the bullet apparently passed through the solid rock before it reached the hat of Escamillo, who subsequently appeared from the right. Also when so much is done to secure verisimilitude in the stage pictures the movements of the crowds might be better manipulated. In "Carmen," as in certain other operas of the recent repertory, the chorus is too often massed in a solid phalanx of people, evidently determined to fulfill their contract, do their bit of singing and then troop off. They sang admirably, but a little more imagination in their grouping and movements would help the illusion, and opera cannot afford to ignore such details.

Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening and will be the first among twenty operas to reach a third hearing, now announced for next week's "popular Saturday night." In the present cast were Borl and Gigli, Delaunoy, de Luca, Diaz, Didur and Rothier, and Hasselmanns again conducted.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two French Operas Sung.

French opera reigned at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon "Carmen" was performed for the first time this season, and for the benefit of the Bloomingdale Day Nursery and in the evening "Romeo et Juliette" was repeated.

The matinee offering being for a benefit might properly be permitted to pass without comment, but there were two new features of the performance, Miss Louise Hunter as Frasquita and an entirely new set of

scenery painted by Joseph Urban. Miss Hunter, of whom more had been observed in "Tannhauser," and the scenery both looked well, but since there was a larger display of the latter it commanded more attention on the part of the audience. The ballet, rearranged by Miss Gall, was also replete with novelties, and received much applause.

The principals engaged in Bizet's work were Mme. Florence Easton as Carmen, Mme. Nina Morgana as Micaela, Giovanni Martinelli as Don Jose and Jose Mardones as Escamillo. The cast of the Gounod opera in the evening was that already heard this season.

The presentation of these two notable French works in one day might easily evoke comments extended and varied, but perhaps they may be condensed into the single proposition that, although the two composers differed so largely in musical individuality, the style of the French school of lyric art predominates in both works.

Bizet had special reasons for endeavoring to avoid it and to give his score a Spanish gypsy flavor, but it does not need a Sherlock Holmes to discover that only the heroine clothes herself in the melodic and rhythmic garments of her people. Certainly Don Jose, Micaela and Escamillo sing pure French opera music, and the kinship of the duet of Jose and his blond fiancée with that of Romeo and the lady on the balcony is plain to the mind.

But away with grave ponderings, and welcome once more a short prelude of praise to Mr. Gigli. His Romeo improves at each performance. His singing of the opening address to Juliette was an exquisitely beautiful piece of lyric delivery. Never by pushing the voice or seeking for heroic utterance will this tenor reach the souls of listeners as he will by keeping to his liquid tone, his finished phrasing and his purely poetic moods. His Romeo was shot through with vocal sunlight and added to his artistic stature.

Miss Borl's Juliette was again a radiant vision of loveliness and was musically delightful, though it was evident that the soprano was still making experiments in tone placing and not always with satisfactory results. But she sang almost always with beauty and at times with real emotional quality. The two lovers and the Friar Laurence, who married them (Mr. Rothier) were the outstanding figures in the opera, for Mr. de Luca, admirable as he is in Mercutio, never succeeds in journeying so far from Verona into France as Gounod made his people go.

Renee Chemet's Recital.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Renee Chemet, a French violinist of repute, who has been heard in New York a few times, but not often enough to be well known to the public, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall, in which she gave ample reasons for her repute. She played Handel's sonata in A. Lalo's concerto, Saint-Saens's "Howanalse" arrangements of pieces by Chopin and Dvorak and Shligaglia's "Rapsodie Piemontese."

She is most amply equipped with technical proficiency and a powerful, though not always a warm or engaging tone, but her style is marked by great spirit, dash and determination, and with a perfectly definite conception of what she is playing. That conception she realizes with unfailing confidence and competence, though it does not often soar into the regions of poetry or high imagination.

There was breadth and repose in her performance of Handel's sonata, and something approaching the style of the music. There was a nearer approach, and not unnaturally, to the style of Lalo's concerto. The work is not much played in these days, being neglected in favor of the "Symphonie Espagnole," but that there is something in it well said is made to appear by so vigorous a performance as Miss Chemet's.

It is refreshing to hear playing so rarely deviating from this pitch, so direct and unaffected, so intelligent, even if some other and higher qualities have to go by the board in attaining them.

The Beethoven Cycle.

Perhaps it would have been as well if there had not been quite so much thundering in the index of the second concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra's Beethoven Cycle, given in Car-

negle Hall yesterday afternoon. As at the first concert, the master was honored by a very strenuous fanfare by all the brass instruments of the orchestra, played before the first number. This seemed to warm up the brass players so much that they continued their strenuous efforts all through the second "Leonore" overture with which the program began. In a number of passages the orchestra was quite dominated by them, including passages where the other instruments had something to say that needed hearing, but that could not be heard.

It was an admirable idea of Mr. Damrosch's to play the second of the three Leonore overtures. It is not, doubtless, so great and so final as the third; but it has much that is interesting and beautiful of its own; a treatment of ideas that is in general the same but that sometimes has quite a different effect. And there must be a good many concert-goers who have heard No. 3 so many times as to know it almost by heart, and who—especially with the help of Mr. La Prade's clear analysis in the Bulletin—could trace the changes that the master made in his treatment and find the process interesting and suggestive.

Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg sang the great air "Abscheulicher, wo bist du

hin?" from "Fidelio" in admirable style; with a prodigious abundance of voice fresh and beautiful in quality and poignant in expression. She and Jeannette Vree-land, James Price and Fred Patten then sang the quartet "Mir ist so wunderbar" from the first act of "Fidelio."

The symphony was the "Eroica," of which Mr. Damrosch gave a reading of notable clarity and tonal balance, and with modifications of tempo that must have been perfectly obvious as such to the keenest intelligence, leaving nothing to a subtler apprehension.

There was a "postlude" after an interval allowing those who wished to leave the hall to do so, according to the plan that Mr. Damrosch announced at the first concert. This is a song by Mme. Rethberg substituted for the ones on the program, and the finale from the ballet "Prometheus." This was a happy thought, for the "Prometheus" ballet contains the theme upon which Beethoven wrote the variations forming the last movement of the "Eroica." It was a theme dear to the master's heart, evidently; for he used it a third time as a theme for a set of piano variations that have some resemblances to the symphonic treatment in the "Eroica," and also some marked differences from it.

New Tenor Gives Song Cycle.

George Schneider, a young tenor whose early career was inspired by example and precept of the late George Hamlin of Chicago, gave a recital of a single theme, Schubert's "Die Schoene Muellerin," in which he was assisted by Frank Bibb, last evening at the Town Hall. With slender material of a light, thin voice, Mr. Schneider made much of the varying moods of grouped songs, beautiful in melody and in mutual contrast, as he sang the cycle through with but one intermission. His German diction was clear and his equal valuation of words and music commendable.

SCHNEIDER IN RECITAL.

George Schneider, a tenor, who sang here last season, appeared in a recital at Town Hall last night, and with the assistance of Frank Bibb at the piano gave a program consisting of Franz Schubert's song cycle, in two parts, "Die Schoene Muellerin." Mr. Schneider is a pupil of the late George Hamlin, and that he is a follower of the artistic principles of that exponent of song there can be no question. The Muellerin cycle, in all its wealth of beauty, is seldom heard here, and, indeed, it is quite a devotional act for a singer to give up an entire recital program to one set of songs and one composer.

That Mr. Schneider was in deep sympathy with the many and ever varying moods of the songs he sang were evident. His voice is of slender volume, but of pleasing quality.

By H. C. COLLES.

Philharmonic Society.

Glinka's overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla," Rachmaninoff's Symphony in E minor and a liberal selection from Wagner together make up the program of the Philharmonic Society's concert which Mr. Willem van Hoogstraten conducted at Carnegie Hall last night.

It was not the happiest possible choice, for although Rachmaninoff's Symphony is well worth playing from time to time as a change from the too narrow canon of accepted classics, it needs to be placed beside something which would provide a strong contrast. One might enjoy it more surrounded by Mozart and Stravinsky or Bach and Ravel, than in a sandwich between Glinka and Wagner. It was Glinka who initiated the Russian style of inselive rhythms and Wagner who perfected the German one of sonorous orchestration. Rachmaninoff inherits from both and uses his inheritance like the man in the parable who received ten talents. He does not wrap them in a napkin, but invests them at a

rate of interest, and the result is a symphony, profuse in effects, brilliant in color, lavish in sentiment, but not a work stamped with a strong individuality.

The slow introduction gives hope of more than the allegro fulfills; the second allegro which takes the place of scherzo is undoubtedly the most distinctive of the four movements, but of many symphonies can this be said? It is possible to count quite a number of composers whose reputations would have been enhanced if their scherzos had been preserved and the rest of their symphonies lost. Rachmaninoff's slow movement muses pleasantly and a little wistfully; his finale is certainly brilliant, but like many other brilliant finales it does not let well enough alone. It is a final instance of that determination to end in a climax which has been the ruling of so much music of the post-Bethoven era.

The orchestra, under Mr. Van Hoogstraten's firm control, played Glinka's nature with military precision, and gave an exuberant performance of the symphony. Glinka's overture does not end exactly an epoch-making work for modern ears and to many of the audience the use of a descending scale in the tones may have passed unperceived. But it is probably the first instance in music of the deliberate use of a device which has been so fully exploited for the enrichment of harmonic resources by later composers. In the tone scale is used as the sinister voice of the magician. Thus do the normalities of one age become the nonplaces of the next.

The prelude to "Tristan" with Wagner's concert ending derived from the "best" of the Siegfried Idyll and the overture and bacchanale from "Lohengrin" were the Wagnerian works which formed the second part of his program. Of the last nothing can be said. Even a critic may excuse himself from hearing the "Tannhäuser" on two successive nights. The music had been beautifully prepared and perfectly executed. But does Wagner deserve only execution? One would give all the carefully graduated crescendos of the one and all the extremely modulated pianissimo tones of the other for just a breath of that ethereal impulse which makes these greatest love-song and the tenderest joy in the world.

The mighty Richard was represented in the "Siegfried" Idyll, the "Tannhäuser" Overture and Bacchanale, and the Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" in a program which is, strangely enough, almost a novelty on orchestral programs. Abouts—we mean the version Wagner made for his Paris concert of January 25, 1860, with a close which he wrote especially for that occasion. Our impression is that this version of the Prelude has not been heard in New York since Dr. Muck conducted it at a Boston Symphony concert six or seven years ago. It used to figure on Philharmonic programs during the '60s, in the years when intrepid Carl Bergmann was wont to force the music of Wagner on the willing subscribers. But the Introduction is almost invariably heard now in its familiar alliance with the "best" of the Idyll, and we do not recall a performance of the separated Prelude in the Philharmonic in recent years.

It should be heard oftener in the version that was used last night; for the concert conclusion that Wagner wrote for it in this form, comprising twenty-five new measures developed out of the theme from the love duet of the second act, which Wolzogen calls "Bliss" motive (the great phrase which dominates the closing measures of the death song), is a passage of great beauty. A relatively unfamiliar Wagner number is a rare and precious bird, and it is to be hoped that the conductors will follow Mr. Van Hoogstraten's lead and rediscover this treasure for their programs. The Prelude might well be allowed to rest itself in a nearby orchard for a while and put on a little weight, leaving the Prelude in this Paris version to its unaccompanied way for a season. Isolde will soon be dying with considerably regularity at the Opera, so we should not really be deprived of her immortal farewell.

Violinist Makes His Debut. Harry Glickman gave his first recital last evening at Aeolian Hall for an audience which, in spite of the rain, was of good size. The young violinist, he is only twenty years of age, prepared a program worthy of a musician several times his age and presented it in a style which domed savored of the amateur. Included in the list was Kreisler's arrangement of Tartin's "Devil Trill" and the violinist gave this number with much richness of color and a technical showing which proved that his training had been in responsible hands. There were also three other arrangements by Kreisler and works of Sarasate, Mendelssohn and Saenger.

Chaliapin in 'Boris Godunoff.'

By H. C. COLLES.

BORIS GODUNOFF, opera in three acts and eight scenes, sung in Italian. Book arranged by composer from Russian historical drama by the poet Pushkin. Music by Modeste Moussorgsky. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Boris.....	Feodor Chaliapin
Teodoro.....	Raymonde Delaunoy
Xenia.....	Grace Anthony
The Nurse.....	Kathleen Howard
Schouisky.....	Angelo Bada
Tchekaloff.....	Millo Picco
Brother Pimen.....	Jose Mardones
Dimitri.....	Marlo Chamlee
Marina.....	Margarete Matzenauer
Varlaam.....	Paolo Ananlan
Missall.....	Pietro Audisio
The Innkeeper.....	Henriette Wakefield
The Simpleton.....	Max Bloch
A Police Official.....	Louis d'Angelo
Lovitzky.....	Lawrence Tibbett
Tcherniakowsky.....	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Conductor.....	Gennaro Papi

There is a peculiar irony in the fate which has turned Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff" into a "star" opera. It was put on at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday for Mr. Chaliapin's return. He was the hero of the occasion; all the plaudits were for him and it may be said in a word that he deserved them. His performance in the past remains one of the greatest things the operatic stage today can show.

The last thing, however, that Moussorgsky thought of when he took up Poushkin's drama and began slowly and painfully to shape its music was the creation of a one-man opera. Even as it is now played in three acts of eight scenes, the figure of Boris himself only appears on the stage three times. We see him crowned; we see him again in his home among his children trying to atone by affection for the remorse which tears at his heart, and finally we see him dying in the hall of the Duma. Yet the whole of the eight scenes (and the work originally in four acts contains more) centres around the Czar, as he was the centre of his people. Moussorgsky aimed above all else to write an epic of the Russian people, their high enthusiasms, their piteous poverty, their passionate idealism and their blindness. So he began and ended with the people.

For that scene in the forest, which at the Metropolitan and frequently elsewhere is played before the death of Boris, was originally Moussorgsky's finale. He intended the curtain to fall on the crowd flocking off in the train of the new pretender to the throne leaving the idiot boy numbling in the snow about his lost coin and his Russian poverty. An amazing conception this, which could pass from the rise and fall of thrones to the jibbering of an idiot in a snowstorm. No wonder the scheme has required some modification to make it acceptable to polite audiences.

Those of us who were in London ten years ago on a historic night at Drury Lane Theatre remember a performance of "Boris Godunoff" which stamped Moussorgsky's attitude toward the drama indelibly on the mind. Mr. Chaliapin was then, as now, the Boris, but he was then surrounded by a Russian company every one of whom was an artist of the same species, if not of the same magnitude, as himself. That first scene in which the crowd outside the palace are goaded on to petition "the tortured soul of Boris" to accept the crown had an intensity of feeling which no ordinary chorus, however well drilled in their music and the mechanism of their instruments can reach. A great national crisis was before our eyes and in our ears, and the fatality of the thing was overwhelming and only to be matched by the exuberance of the coronation choruses.

A mixed company singing in Italian (Chaliapin naturally sings his part in the language native to him and to the opera) cannot be expected to produce this impression. Moreover none of them feel the urge and sway of the folksong melodies on which Moussorgsky always builds. Mr. Gennaro Papi, the conductor, seemed concentrated on holding all together. The essence of the Russian style is that it holds itself together not with up and down beats but by a common impulse. In any other conditions one misses the thrill of these wonderfully spontaneous choruses.

The opera is full of little detached scenes of simple life which throw strange side lights on the main tragedy. Pimen, the aged monk, bowed over his history of Russia in his cell while a moribund figure in the orchestra pictures his concentrated devotion; Varlaam, the drunken priest, bawling his ballad at the wayside inn, the old nurse playing childish dance games with Boris's son. Moussorgsky, as his numerous songs show, was a master of such pictures as these and they find their places perfectly in this epic of a people. Most of them were excellently presented in yesterday's performance. Jose Mardones as Pimen, Mr. Ananlan as Varlaam,

thou church makes the sign of the cross from the right shoulder to the left and not from left to right, as Western Catholics do, so in more important matters it appeared that they did not really know and feel the life they were picturing.

There is one scene in which Moussorgsky left what he really knew for something conjectured. That is the scene where the false Dimitri, whose music Mr. Chamlee sang admirably, pays court to the Polish Princess Marina, represented by Mme. Matzenauer. It is the conventional operatic love scene which Moussorgsky tried to make realistic by the introduction of a polonaise and mazurka rhythm associated with Marina. Mme. Matzenauer did not seem altogether happy in the part and one cannot wonder at it for it gives very little opportunity to the singer.

But all this time little has been said of Chaliapin, and what is there to say? His voice has lost something of its mellowness in quiet passages, but he was always rash in his use of it. He is still the same commanding stage figure, he can still melt to tenderness and cut with the force of the emotional crises. The most impressive moment was that in which people began to feel for their coats and hats and hurry away from the stalls, the moment when, clasping his son to him, the Czar falls on his knees in a last prayer for the safety of his throne before his death. The art of such a moment is indescribable.

Josef Hofmann Plays Again.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

A program devoted entirely to Chopin was offered by Josef Hofmann at his recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday; and in performing it he worked again the wonders that have so profoundly impressed and delighted this public in the past, and that did so once more to the audience filling the hall yesterday. He began, apparently, in rather an introspective mood; his playing of the "Barcarolle" aimed at few of the effects of brilliant sonority that pianists so often find in it; and in the C sharp minor polonaise he dwelt on the song-like middle section. The F minor nocturne quite fell in with the mood, and he played it in an exquisitely poetical vein, with a filigree of iridescent tone.

Mr. Hofmann's playing of the B minor sonata is a familiar performance, but it never, perhaps, seemed raised so high upon an ideal plane, so deeply thought out, so ardently felt, so perfectly balanced and co-ordinated in all its parts. There were in this, as in his other pieces, some extraordinary effects of tone and of tonal coloring and of adjustment of different voices. Mr. Hofmann is so far beyond any of the limitations imposed on an executant by the technique of the instrument that his imagination is unfettered in bringing out what he conceives to be essential meanings.

A piece not much affected by pianists is the "Andante Spianato and Polonaise," which, though it has an orchestral part, is not dependent on it for its effects, and was played with great delicacy and charm in the andante, and with rhythmic pregnancy that required no thundering in the polonaise. And Mr. Hofmann was able to make so hackneyed a piece as the A flat ballade live again. He played the waltz in D flat—very fast, indeed, and with an inimitable dazzling gleam—and the "Butterfly" etude as encores, and after the printed program was finished he went on with others, beginning with Rubinstein and Rachmaninoff.

Maria Carreras, Pianist, Returns.

Maria Carreras, a Spanish pianist who appeared here last year, returned in a matinee recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Youthfully snowy-haired, artistically of mature, calm, unforced and agreeable style, she was evidently remembered and was greeted by a cordial and attentive hearing in works of Bach, Fuxoni, Schubert, Chopin, Brahms, Mana Zucca, De Falla and Liszt. Of the funeral march in Chopin's sonata, she made an imposing approach and recession, while her authentic Spanish rhythms in De Falla's "Andaluzza" were appreciated as a fleeting moment of delight. At the program's end she was recalled to add a mazurka of Chopin, the familiar minuet by Scambati and a transcendental study, announced as "Les Soupires," and twelfth rhapsody of Liszt.

"Samson et Dalila" Sung Again.

Last evening "Samson et Dalila" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House for the second time, with Miss Gordon rejoining the company as the picturesque Delilah and singing to the applause of a large audience. Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca, Rothler, Schlegel and others reappeared and Mr. Hasselmanns conducted.

H. C. Colles to Speak This Afternoon

H. C. Colles speaks before the League of Composers at the Anderson Galleries this afternoon at 3:30, and not tomorrow, as stated incorrectly in the league's announcement in Section 8 of THE TIMES today.

John Powell Plays With Powell

Those who were wise enough to avail themselves of the opportunity spent a profitable and pleasant two and a half hours at John Powell's

lecture recital at Aeolian Hall Saturday evening. The first half of the evening was devoted by this enjoyable artist to the reading of an interesting paper on the subject of "Music and the Individual." With apt anecdote and all the seriousness one would expect of so sterling a pianist, he traced the development of musical art—the oldest of all languages; the language of the emotions, as he defined it—to its present stage of perfection. The conclusion reached, and heartily shared by his hearers, was that both the individual and the community of which he was a unit should support only what served to ennoble the art. Should Mr. Powell ever forget how to play the piano over night (which Heaven forbid!) he need never be at a loss for a new means of livelihood. He's an excellent lecturer.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to the playing of numbers by Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Schumann, and David Guion. Through the medium of the Duo-Art attachment the playing of Harold Bauer and Myra Hess was reproduced, and Mr. Powell had to sit still while this marvellous device played several of his own renditions. At times one thought one saw his hands itching to help things out. In the final number he did not have to suppress this desire. Mr. Powell had made the record of Guion's "Turkey in the Straw," and John Powell lent a hand to make things a bit more lively for the turkey. At times the audience didn't know which was which. But it all sounded like Powell's playing. Then followed encores—hand played ones.

A. W. M.

In the evening the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Van Hoogstraten, delighted its audience with a Tchaikovsky programme, including the violin concerto, eloquently played by Huberman; the "Romeo and Juliet," and the fourth symphony. Yesterday afternoon, while Galli-Curci enraptured her many admirers in the "Lakmé" bell song, and airs from "Dinorah" and other operas, the Philharmonic again played in Carnegie Hall; Huberman again was the soloist, playing the Brahms concerto, while the orchestra had for its main number Beethoven's seventh symphony.

At the same hour Walter Damrosch, in Aeolian Hall, conducted Tchaikovsky's Pathetic symphony and some more numbers from Pierné's "Cydalise." Harold Bauer delighted the audience with a glowingly romantic reading of the immortal Schumann concerto.

A New Dalila at The Metropolitan

By Charles H. Davis

The opera of "Samson et Dalila" is always of extreme pictorial as well as musical interest. It is, especially in its final scene, in the temple of Dagon, with the dazzling array of its beautifully costumed ballet, posed as Hans Margari would have delighted to paint it, a spectacle of great charm. Its only rival from a pictorial viewpoint has been the festival scene in "Aida," but now the last act of "Carmen" makes a bid for first place and will surely divide the honors with the "Samson et Dalila" scene as a colorful spectacle.

On Saturday night a new interest was added to the pictorial effect of Saint-Saëns's opera, by the appearance of Mme. Jeanne Gordon in the rôle of Dalila. We say "added" advisedly; for when one considers the tremendous importance that this character plays in the Biblical story and how the finish of the might of Samson was encompassed by the beauty and thrall of the Philistine woman it must be conceded that to make the story plausible and the downfall of the hitherto invincible giant of strength seem possible the Dalila must possess extraordinary charm of person, as well as facial beauty.

On Saturday night the much to be desired conditions were fulfilled. One beheld in the person of Gordon an enchantment that few men would be able to resist, least of all Samson, who according to the Bible was the hero of many love affairs. Clad in a shimmering white and pearl adorned gown of faultless design and appropriateness, disk-like earrings and other distinctive jewels, Dalila was a vision of loveliness as she came down the steps of her house to greet Samson. She sang the music with charm and beauty, receiving enthusiastic applause for the famous

Miss Kathleen Howard as the nurse was especially good. One might go on enumerating the virtues of a large cast. But we seemed to be seeing a copy, not the original, and just as most members of the cast were unaware that the Or-

the song. In the duet with Marjorie, she was in good voice and she gave a spirited and interesting performance throughout.

In the last act Gordon was arrayed even more gorgeously, with a striking beaded and jeweled earrings and a train about four yards in length made of a wonderful red textile rivaling in color the breast of a spring-time robin. She bore herself with the modesty and staid of a successful and heartless temptress and was unabashed by Samson's scornful reception of her villainous jibes of triumph.

Saturday evening, too late for the Sunday papers, Jeanne Gordon had her initial opportunity to sing "Dahlia" at the Metropolitan. No more beautiful charmer ever stepped on to the Metropolitan stage than this young artist when, the incarnation of an Aubrey Beardsley Salome, she made her first entrance. She was palpably nervous in the first act and overcareful of the volume of her voice, but in the next act she let go the flood of vocalization which is hers and made of the celebrated love song a bit of the first order. Dramatically she was more satisfying than any Phillistine lady of the opera for a long time; she caught and held the eye and managed to do considerable toward charming the ear at the same time. Which is all one could ask of the role.

Nov 20 1913

The Friends of Music.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

A more or less judicious selection of pieces of a by-gone time, with a modern one to end with, made up the program of the second concert of the Friends of Music given yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. The elderly pieces—and they all showed their age—were the overture to Marschner's opera of "Hans Heiling"; a concerto for cello and string orchestra by Attilio Ariosti and Mendelssohn's piano concerto in G minor; the modern one was Erich W. Korngold's suite from his incidental music to "Much Ado About Nothing." As in all recent concerts of the society an orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera played, and Mr. Bolanzky conducted.

This may have instructed the Friends of Music about some obsolete phase of music, but it had not much interest in and of itself. Marschner's overture belongs to what the Germans call the "Biedermeier period" of the early thirties. It seems now like pretty well diluted Weber, hopelessly old-fashioned because it is composed of Weberian formulas and flourishes without any of the living spirit of Weber. And the performance left a good deal to be desired in cohesion and convincing power.

Nor is Mendelssohn's concerto among the surviving it of the composer's work, even when played as spiritedly and so even artistically as it was by Carl Friedberg, who appeared for the first time in the season. Friedberg playing furiously up for the first time a kind of impetuous vitality that his concerto overflows with, and that the years have sadly diminished, but it is not make the music seem worth while. Attilio Ariosti's concerto, say a century and a quarter old, is considerably more vital. It is originally written for the viola d'amore, but as there is no player of the viola d'amore at the Metropolitan Opera House—though there are such in New York or within call of New York—it was necessary to have it played by Heinrich Wagner, first violinist of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, in an arrangement for the cello. It sounded very well so, but not quite as it would have on the viola d'amore; and Mr. Wagner played it with skill and taste.

Young Mr. Korngold's suite was first brought forward a couple of seasons ago by the Friends of Music. It made no profound impression, not at all yesterday. There is much lack of originality in it, its relationship with Strauss. It is pleasing and melodious, and not "rough" or "wild" in spirit of "Much Ado About Nothing." The final horn solo is a very good job, and the whole work is well executed, and the first horn solo is a very good job, and the whole work is well executed, and much better than Marschner's structure.

New York Symphony.

Mr. Damrosch may claim a sort of proprietary interest in Tchaikovsky's sixth symphony, for he has performed it in this country nearly thirty years ago. Consequently it is performed of it with the New York Symphony Orchestra, more than familiar, and it may be said that other performances of it are also. The audience gave it a sort of enjoyment.

at the Symphony Orchestra concert in Aeolian Hall.

Also familiar but none the less enjoyable was Harold Bauer's playing of Schumann's piano concerto, playing that was supremely musical, full of romantic ardor, of delicate and that seemed to turn the last movement into a virtuoso's manipulation of brilliant passage work. He was much applauded.

There was a new composition to end the program with the second and third parts of the first suite compiled from Pierne's ballet of "Cyralise." The first part was played a few weeks ago. The ballet was performed last season in Paris, and the composer is a contemporary but he is not "modern" in the more invidious sense of that word. His "Children's Crusade" is remembered as music of charm and picturesque force. This suite has also a charm of its own; melodious characteristics and some brilliant and resolute orchestration.

A part of the first movement is written in the manner of an eighteenth century dance, with the use of a harpsichord (or a piano modified to imitate the harpsichord tone). Before it a fugue for three bassoons, denoting the uncomfortable feelings of the Sultan of the Indies. The humor of this was well brought out by Mr. Damrosch turning to the audience and smiling at the crucial point. There are more extravagant passages still that are suggestive of pagan dances and barbaric revelries. But this ballet suffers as most ballets suffer when brought into the confines of the concert room, because it is illustrating something that is not there to be illustrated.

COMPOSERS LACK LEADER.

H. C. Colles Says There Is No Dominating Figure as in Days of Wagner

Speaking on "Conditions of Modern European Music," at the first lecture-recital of the League of Composers, held yesterday afternoon in the Anderson Galleries, at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, H. C. Colles, guest musical critic of The New York Times, said that the young composer in modern music is by no means as important as people are inclined to think.

"Perhaps one of the most important factors in music today," he said, "are the musically nouveau riche. These are very enthusiastic, but at the same time very ignorant. As regards composers, the first thing one notices is that among the innumerable composers of all nations there is a lack of leadership. There is not one dominating figure as in the days of Wagner or Beethoven."

"Stravinsky has been spoken of as being a dominant personality. I do not think, however, that he is of the same type as these men. But the conditions of modern music make any distinction of national music impossible. Just a few modern composers have retained any distinctive nationalism. Among these I might cite Vaughan Williams, the English composer."

In speaking of revolutionary music, Mr. Colles said: "One must remember that the people interested in revolutionary music are a comparatively small group. The mass of people are devoted to what may be termed standard music. I think that composers of this contemporary kind of music are much concerned with how the thing is done and too little with how they do it. What is wanted is somebody great enough to use fine music. It is the matter, not the manner, that counts."

GALLI-CURCI DRAWS THROG

Sings to Audience in Metropolitan That Overflows to Stage.

Amelita Galli-Curci attracted more persons to the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon than could gain admission. The last recital which the soprano plans to give this season filled not only the auditorium and usual standing room with eager hearers, but rows of extra chairs placed on the stage as well. Manuel Bergenguer played several flute solos and assisted in some of the numbers, and Homer Samuels played the accompaniments.

The program included the "Bell Song" from Delibes' "Lakme," which found particular favor, and Samuels' "Pierrot," following which the singer gave four encores. There were many additions to the printed list, some of which were sung facing the listeners on the stage. Airs from "Figaro," "Dinorah" and "Puritana," Bishop's "Mocking Bird" and shorter pieces by Saub, Alvarez, Bononcini, Paulin, Rogers and Trehanne were also on the program.

MISS HANSEN IS SOLOIST.

Plays at Third Sunday Concert at the Metropolitan.

Miss Cecilia Hansen, violinist, was the principal soloist of the third Sunday concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. She played the Mendelssohn Concerto and short numbers by Bazzini, Cui and Francour. Her tone was excellent and her intonation faultless. Doubtless some of the color of her art was

lost in the great open spaces, but there was not a great deal of dramatic force or passion to her playing. In other respects she played brilliantly, with dazzling technique.

Miss Jeanne Gordon was indisposed and in her place Miss Louise Hunter sang Musetta's valse from "La Boheme." Other soloists included the Misses Nannette Guilford and Muriel Tindal and Edmund Burke, Mario Chamlee and Jose Mardones.

The orchestra, under Mr. Bamboschels played the Rosamunde overture by Schubert, Glazounow's Bacchanale, "L'An-tourne" and the favorite and apparently permanent offering of Sunday night concerts, Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave." Some of the solos included "Wotan's Farewell," from "Die Walkure," admirably sung by Mr. Burke, and airs from "La Boheme," "Les Huguenots" and "Andrea Chénier."

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, was the soloist at yesterday afternoon's concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. He played a familiar and favorite offering of his repertoire, the Brahms concerto. Mr. Huberman's fine art has been often reviewed, but it should be mentioned that yesterday he achieved in his vivid concerto a performance not only admirable for its technical virtuosity and rhythmic charm, but one which yielded a rich treasure of poetic fervor and tender beauty. The sympathetic ensemble between orchestra, conductor, and artist was admirable, and the results were excellent.

Other offerings on Mr. Van Hoogstraten's program included the Brahms variations on a theme by Haydn and a fiery and spirited performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony.

Tenor and His Pupils in Recital.

Giuseppe Mauro, tenor, gave a recital at the Town Hall last evening in which he was assisted by ten of his pupils. The program consisted mostly of arias from Italian operas and included some piano numbers by Vincent Coppola. There was a large audience, which gave prolonged applause to each of the musicians and presented them with elaborate floral gifts.

Louise Stallings, Soprano, Applauded

Louise Stallings, a soprano first heard here two years ago, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening of songs which included many marked "for the first time." There was great variety in the program, which included numbers in four languages, and the singer added interest to her interpretations by supplementing a word book with spoken translations of the texts. She sang Scambati's "Serena" with fine feeling for contrast, flexibility of voice and a broad richness of tone. An audience of good proportions applauded enthusiastically. The accompaniments were played by John Doane.

Walter Damrosch gave a program of interest at the Symphony Society's third Sunday afternoon concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday. Harold Bauer was the soloist, playing Schumann's piano concert. The program opened with Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The final number was a novelty, consisting of Parts II. and III. of Gabriel Pierne's ballet suite "Cyralise." Part No. 1 of the suite was brought out here by Mr. Damrosch at the opening concert of the society's present Aeolian Hall series two weeks ago.

"Cyralise," as will be remembered, is a faun ballet in which Styra, a satyr, meets Cyralise and her companions of a dancing troupe in a forest as they are on their way in a coach to a French court of the seventeenth century. The second part of the ballet's score depicts the troupe enacting a pantomime at the court which depicts a long story concerning the Sultan of the Indies, with Cyralise as the prominent figure. The third part bears upon a love scene between Styra, who surreptitiously has gained access to the court, and the dancer, Cyralise.

As in Part I., so in the score heard yesterday, Pierne has shown inventive skill, though not of any greater importance. There was perhaps necessarily some episodic treatment that gave a fragmentary impression. The work had melody and there were some striking rhythmic effects and brilliant coloring. The number seemed to make no definite impression upon the audience.

The Schumann piano concerto is a work in which Mr. Bauer's art is at its best.

Several score people who did not go to the star football games Saturday afternoon, thronged to Aeolian Hall to hear Maria Carreras in piano recital. Mme. Carreras, who elicited

such eulogies last season, lived up to them this time. With a not too radical program, she brought to her material that same clear-sightedness and charm, the same light, brilliant technique which was remarked a season ago, and succeeded in making the afternoon very heart-filling.

There was a variety of intent evidenced in the Chopin "Funeral March" sonata, which was the main section of her offering, ranging from the lyric first movement, with the difficult double movement seeming as simple as one-two under her fingers, to the fiery coda which fled like the wind. Some of the parts were plastic to the point of being a trifle muddled; she seemed to have difficulty in deciding which was dramatic and which elegiac. But Mme. Carreras has one great quality; in the Schubert "Theme and Variations" for instance, she proved herself one of the most human of players; one understood at least from her work what it meant "to make the piano talk."

Nov 27 1913

'Mefistofele' at the Opera.

By H. C. COLLES.

MEFISTOFELE, opera in three acts and eight scenes. Book in Italian by the composer, after Goethe's "Faust." Music by Arrigo Boito. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Margherita.....Frances Alda
Pantaloni.....Frances Peralta
Marta.....Flora Perini
Mefistofele.....Kathleen Howard
Faust.....Feodor Chaliapin
Wagner.....Beniamino Gigli
Nero.....Angelo Bada
Conductor—Roberto Moranzoni.

In Italy and especially in its own home at Milan Boito's "Mefistofele" holds an assured place in the canon of the operatic classics. Elsewhere its position is less assured. The composer's rather fitful attempts to take the drama of Goethe seriously give it a certain grandeur of conception too often expressed in a grandiose musical manner. It does not go far enough in the direction of serious music-drama to fulfill the conception, yet it goes far enough to be removed from the purely human interest of the Faust and Marguerite love story which satisfied Gounod and still delights audiences who go to opera chiefly to hear favorite singers in pretty tunes.

Boito rather falls between two stools, but when his work is given, as it was last night, with so stirring a dramatic figure as Mr. Chaliapin in the most part and a stage mounting of the most brilliant description, it cannot fail to be exceedingly effective. Its prologue is musically its strongest scene, and with Mr. Chaliapin declaiming his scoffs and taunts among a sea of shifting clouds and before a musical background of the fine choral tone, the "Prologue in Heaven" has a majesty which is irresistible. After it the composer falls back into the conventions of his time, and several of his scenes, particularly the garden scene, may be compared with Gounod to the advantage of the latter.

Mme. Frances Alda gave us some earnest singing as Marguerite and Mr. Gigli was generally adequate as Faust. Her final scene in the prison was very warmly applauded and deserved the appreciation that it got in spite of some moments of unsteadiness, which imperiled the intonation. But it is not with the soprano and the tenor that the main interest rests.

Mephistopheles is the monarch of this opera and the Brocken scene displays him among his subjects. Nothing was left undone which could add to the furious energy and the kaleidoscopic orgy of color here. Yet there seemed a certain discrepancy between Mr. Chaliapin's idea of the scene and the rest of the production. He presents Mephistopheles as a gaunt and terrible figure, but there is nothing terrible in the troupe of red devils and parti-colored figures in elaborate muslin draperies who caper around him.

He is the being that denies, and they are all affirmations. They must be effective at all costs, while he casts aside effect together with his outer garments. At the Scala in Milan they have a presentation of this scene which is much less brilliant, but much more convincing in its suggestion of horror.

In contrast with this there is the cool coloring of the Grecian scene. Mme. Peralta was heard singing charmingly as Helen, and the ballet of cupids, nymphs and fauns danced decorously to music in which, for the moment, Boito seems to have remembered Gluck. So scene after scene is passed before the eyes into the ears, and it is the listener wonders what the prologue in Heaven has to do with all these heterogeneous types and carefully devised stage contrasts, he at least comes away feeling that he has been given a full evening's enjoyment, and that the opera house has exhausted its resources for his benefit.

Beethoven Association.

The Beethoven Association's program of chamber music at Aeolian Hall last night must be briefly noticed. Sonatas of Mozart and Brahms and Schubert's

trio in B flat are the sort of music to which one should settle down to listen at leisure in order to get the measure of the performance. Unfortunately it was only possible to hear a part of the program, but that part was sufficient to convince one that the majority of the large audience who could give their evening to it were rewarded in the playing.

Ernstlauer Haberman and Miss Katherine Goodson began with Mozart's sonata for violin and piano in B minor, and after Miss Claire Dux had sung a group of German Lieder, Felix Salmon and Ernest Hutchinson followed with Brahms's sonata for violoncello and piano in the same key. Both pairs of performers showed the true chamber music style, which places the content of the music before the display of virtuosity and relies on clear phrasing and unanimity in ensemble.

As to Miss Dux's singing, there is only one thing which limits the pleasure it gives, and that is a certain overconsciousness of manner, which seems to have grown on her. Her singing of a small group of Brahms and Wolf, however, was exquisite and all too short.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Monday evening audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House seem to be in for a course of intensive training in serious listening. This may be for the much needed benefit of art, but it has the same effect on social delight as a discussion of Mr. Einstein's relativity at a dinner party. The first Monday was devoted to what ought to have been a pleasant entertainment, but the performance of "Thals" proved to be a depressant. The second Monday was given over to "William Tell," a singularly gloomy echo of a somber past, and the third to "Die Meistersinger," which as a social repast is not regarded as certain to give happiness in every box.

Last evening, the fourth Monday of the season, brought Boito's "Mefistofele," which has long been accepted as the most subtle and psychological of the various musical treatments of Goethe's poem, but which is without question the most episodic and disjointed. The hero of the opera is the devil himself, and he spreads about him an atmosphere of grim sarcasm and biting irony and a series of misfortunes. Perhaps before the season is over the Monday evening subscribers will be greeted with something less exacting.

Mr. Chaliapin, of course, impersonated Mefistofele last evening. He did it in his accustomed manner, singing most of the music in his inimitable and quite unique style, and slipping easily into parlando whenever that style seemed better suited to his need of colloquial utterance. Fastidious listeners will regret Mr. Chaliapin's use of talk, but he achieves his ends, which may not always be Boito's, but are dramatically effective. The general impression created by his Mefistofele is that the arch fiend is present with all his sinister power and the undaunted spirit with which he defies the Creator in the prologues. It is a superb dramatic portraiture and it will long be remembered by serious opera-goers.

Mme. Alda made her first appearance of the season, singing *Morgherita*, which is one of her best roles. She was cordially received by the large audience and generously applauded. Mr. Gigli repeated the admirable *Faust* with which he made his debut before the New York public. He was not in his best voice, but the resources of his art were as usual adequate. Miss Peralta as *Elena*, Miss Perini as *Pantalla* and Mme. Howard as *Marta* were other principals. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

LOFTUS'S VOICE FAILS; SHE'S OFF PALACE BILL

Denies Report She and Miss Bayes Differed.

Cissie (Cecilia) Loftus denied a report yesterday that her absence from the Palace bill in the afternoon, when she had been announced to return after being off the program for nearly a week, was due to a difference with Nora Bayes, co-headliner on the same bill. Miss Loftus had been staying in the apartment of Miss Bayes, who has been her benefactor and accompanied her here from London when she returned to the stage.

Miss Loftus explained that she had moved to the Hotel Embassy because

she "couldn't stay with Miss Bayes forever," as she had already stayed there a month. The actress, who spoke in husky tones, said she had to withdraw from the bill because she was still suffering from the cold contracted during her first engagement at the Palace, which forced her to cancel her act after eight performances. She said her doctor told her if she rested a week longer her voice would again be in good condition.

Her place at the Palace was taken by a Russian troupe. Bekefi's Theater Grotesk. Miss Bayes sang new songs with her usual éclat. A big hit was

scored by Theodore Roberts in his return to the spoken drama after a ten year absence in the movies. Roberts, who received a loud welcome from movie fans, played a German dialect role, that of a doctor who avenges himself on the betrayer of his sweetheart, killing him solely by the power of suggestion. He said it was "good to hear applause again."

Walter Greene, a barytone who has given recitals here in past seasons, sang a diversified program yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, beginning with an aria from Handel's "Julius Caesar" and numbers in German by Schumann, Dvorak, Sinding, Brahms and Van Eyken, followed by a French group by Florent Schmitt, Charpentier and Wekerlin and a Spanish song by Serrano. Mr. Greene displayed a voice of ample size and generally agreeable tone—with a certain thickness, perhaps, in the first half, but clearer later on, while he sang with feeling and taste.

His last two groups were in English, beginning with Bantock's rather rambling "If That Angel of Shiraz," from "The Divan of Hafiz," with numbers by Mary Brown, Marian Coryell, Joseph Clokey, David Guion and Elinor Warren following, besides an arrangement by Frank Braun, who accompanied. Mr. Greene, whose English diction was notably distinct, was encoored.

Rethberg Sings 'Butterfly' for First Time Here

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" gave manifest pleasure to a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. This opera, despite its splashes of local color, holds its own against the years extremely well. Local color, especially when it is oriental, is likely to pale upon the musical sense in the course of time. But the central music of "Madama Butterfly" is not Japanese. It is just pure Puccini, he of the "streaming phrases," the ever changing melodic movement, the opulent orchestration and the indefinable atmosphere.

Above all things, the work has that essential lyric quality which ravishes the ear when there are singers to disclose it in its complete richness. There was a considerable amount of the right kind of singing last evening, and it was upon this that the performance chiefly depended. There was no thrilling dramatic power in the representation, and the cause of this deficiency had inevitably to be sought in the impersonation of the pathetic heroine.

Miss Elizabeth Rethberg, who was the *Cio-Cio-San*, was new to the role. She had sung it last summer at Ravinia Park for the first time. Now *Cio-Cio-San* is not the kind of part that an opera singer can master at first sight, nor at second. It took Miss Farrar several seasons to grow into it. Miss Rethberg is yet standing on the borders of its dramatic possibilities, but her qualifications for the role were clearly shown last evening in the gentleness, the pathos of some of her vocal utterances and the perfectly suitable character of her voice.

She sang the music charmingly at all times and sometimes with extraordinary beauty. Her fresh young voice was skillfully managed, especially in the gradations of color needed to delineate the passage from childish chatter to emotional speech. It was in this skill that the greatest promise of her impersonation was disclosed. It seems safe to predict that she will become an admirable *Cio-Cio-San*. She is already captivating and exquisitely musical. The part has never been sung better here.

Mr. Martinelli as Pinkerton was more continent than usual in his distribution of tone. In the duet of the first act he showed an artistic disposition to preserve the balance with the prima donna. The duet was excellently sung and received much applause. Mr. de Luca's genial personality shone in the role of Sharpless. There was not much singing to do, but what there was he did well. The chorus discharged its duties creditably, but the orchestra was frequently too loud and generally rough. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

OTHER MUSIC.

Elisabeth Rethberg had her first opportunity to interpret Puccini's Japanese heroine last night at the Metropolitan. The result was a mixed one, for whatever Miss Rethberg may have been to the ear, she was rather less glorious to the eye. Her "Butterfly" is perhaps one of the best sung of a long series; certainly her share of the final duet in the first act was as near perfect as has been heard in a long time. But from an ocular and dramatic viewpoint she seemed rather at a loss. There was little attempt at characterization, and hampered by an unbecoming wig and unhappy costume (in the first act at least), she seemed matronly and Teutonic—about the opposite of what the role demands. But she sang the score with a limpid loveliness, taking the high notes with ease and smoothness.

Mr. Martinelli proved an excellent acting Pinkerton, seeming more Americanized than the usual Lieutenant manages to be. He even strolled about with a hand in his pocket, which to all who saw service during the war is one authentic earmark of the perfect naval officer. With Mr. De Luca as Sharpless and Mr. Bada's Garo (who completely walked off with the acting honors), Mr. Martinelli set forth a fine characterization of an ungrateful and histrionically difficult role. And he sang even better than he looked.

At Aeolian Hall Abraham Sopkin appeared in a violin recital to an apparently pleased audience. He displayed a good tone and considerably dextrous fingers, playing Cesar Franck's A major sonata, Bruch's C minor concerto and a group of shorter numbers. A. C.

Despite the parlance to the effect that the coloratura is becoming as extinct as the petticoat, one had only to go the rounds of the halls last night to find this rara avis present numbers. At all three of the principal auditoriums they held forth, and, amazingly enough, with considerable success in each case.

At Carnegie Hall, Frieda Hempel gave her first song recital of the season, with a program of Lieder, the "Dinorah" Shadow Song, and a vocal adaptation of several Strauss waltzes, the latter given here for the first time. Mme. Hempel was in fine, fresh voice, singing her airs with the same charm and style which have been identified with her in the past. If her uppermost notes sounded a trifle light and thin-blown, there were her splendid middle voice, an impeccable diction and a rare interpretative skill also to reckon with. She was slimmer and lovelier than ever, and her voice held all the grace and color which have made her a favorite.

At Aeolian Hall, Bertha Crawford also sang the "Shadow Song," at the end of a program which embraced also an air from "Furiani," a pair of Italian classics, and an interesting group of French songs. Miss Crawford has an excellent, flexible soprano of operatic proportions, and considerable skill in bringing out the emotional relief of her material. On the score of diction, she has still some distance to journey, for too often her words were indistinct and gave the impression of being strained through the teeth. She was particularly successful with such numbers as Griffes's "In a Myrtle Shade" and "Petites Roses," by Cesek.

The third coloratura appeared at the Town Hall in the youthful and extremely pleasing person of Gitta Erstinn. Here was a nearly ideal

program with its two first units from the pen of Pieraccini, its group of not-too-often sung Lieder, a splendid Russian group and two groups in the vernacular, including some new settings of Shakespearean lyrics by Castenuovo-Tedesco. Miss Erstinn's diction was about the best thing about her although only the captious could cavil at her tones. It is something of a compliment to say that she "put over" her words like a vaudeville singer, and it was refreshing to be able to catch every syllable of what she sang. Her voice is light and of pleasingly even quality, and coupled with an attractive stage presence ought to take her far.

Pianist in Her Own Compositions.

Harriet Ware was assisted in a recital of her own compositions at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon by Lucy Gates, soprano, and Maurice Tyler, tenor. The program was given as a benefit for the Mary Fisher Home, and was heard not only by those in the hall but also by an audience which listened on the radio. There were several numbers announced on the program "from manuscript," and as encores. One of the most attractive songs was "Stars," sung with much fluency, clearness of diction and flexibility of voice. Mr. Tyler proved to be the possessor of a light tenor voice and sang his numbers somewhat unevenly. Miss Ware gave a suite for piano which had three melodious episodes of bright imaginative material in which her hearers seemed to find much enjoyment.

Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Van Hoogstraten, who loves Mozart as pianists love Tchaikovsky's First Concerto, though for different reasons, brought forth last night at the 1,800th concert of the Philharmonic Society an unfamiliar work by the deathless Wolfgang.

This was a Sinfonia Concertante for a group of four solo wind instruments (oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn), with orchestral accompaniment. The manuscript, for many years considered lost beyond recovery, turned up about a quarter of a century ago and was included by the publishers of Mozart's works among those compositions whose pedigree was to some extent uncertain. The work was played for the first time in New York January 15, 1901, at a concert given by Mr. Sam Franko and the American Symphony Orchestra at the old Lyceum Theater; but it does not seem to have appeared on the Philharmonic list before last night.

When the piece was introduced here twenty-two years ago, Mr. Krehbiel said of it in his program notes that its suggested identity with the "Sinfonia Concertante" which Mozart wrote in Paris in 1788 for a *Concert spirituel* might be considered complete, were it not for the fact that Mozart in a letter to his father mentions having written the work for his friends, Wendling, Ramm, Ritter and Punto. The first of these, as Mr. Krehbiel pointed out, "was a flute player, and the conclusion is obvious that the work before us is for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon. In both cases there is an orchestral accompaniment. It is possible, of course, that the present work (which the publishers call *Concertante Quartet* in one place and *Sinfonia Concertante* in another) is the work composed for the *Concert spirituel*, with the solo parts rearranged. Certain it is that the spirit of the work is Mozartean. The theme of the variations which make up the last movement, moreover, is identical, save in rhythm, with the theme of the minuet of a quintet in E flat composed by Mozart four or five years before his visa to Paris."

Whether or not the work is authentic, handwoven Mozart, it is clearly in his vein: it is Mozartean in clarity, in freshness of invention, in beauty of workmanship, in loveliness and spontaneity. It is, indeed, better music than some of that which indubitably came from his pen. For Mozart, being, like other mortals, only what Emerson would have called a half-god, could be trivial when his singing robes needed mending or were in the wash (as, for example, in certain of his piano sonatas). But this Sinfonia Concertante is delectable, and Mr. van Hoogstraten is entitled to a rising vote of thanks for his enterprise in reviving it. He almost got it last night, as a matter of fact, after the admirable performance of it by the orchestra; and Messrs. Labate, Bellison, Jaenicke and Kohon (who played respectively the solo oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon parts) must have been embarrassed, being modest and retiring artists, to find

They themselves summoned repeatedly to the front of the stage to receive the thanks of the delighted audience, just as if they were shameless virtuosi addicted to limelight and self-sprung laurels. For the work is a sort of musical shandygaff—half suite and half concerto grosso, and the four solo instruments, which carry the burden of the thematic and developmental structure, need artists to play them, and found those artists last night. The

last movement is a theme with ten variations, which Mr. van Hoogstraten had the wisdom to edit. The work is, in extent and availability (so far as its function on a program is concerned), a young symphony—though it is not so in form; and it might well serve with other conductors as a refreshing substitute for the everlasting Three Sisters of the Mozartean repertoire.

After Mozart and the four wind players had retired, the audience was treated to another one of Mr. Mitja Nikisch's frequent appearances hereabouts as pianist. Mr. Nikisch is always worth hearing, and audiences love him—to some extent because he is young and the son of a great father; to some extent because he has an engaging platform manner and an insurgent forelock, and to some extent because he has a remarkable talent for playing the piano. He read the Tchaikovsky concerto in B flat minor last night with dash and intensity, and at times with a beautiful tone that sang and shone and rippled. But some of his tempi seemed ill chosen, as in the slow movement, which he played as an "Andante Affettuoso" instead of, as Tchaikovsky marked it, an "Andantino Semplice"—to the evident distress of Mr. van Hoogstraten and the orchestra, who were doubtless moved by a wayward desire to play the music at the tempo indicated by the composer.

Nevertheless, they gave Mr. Nikisch a beautiful accompaniment; and elsewhere in the concert they played with equal felicity, as in Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," which Mr. van Hoogstraten and his men expounded with a finely sensitive understanding of the hair's breadth that divides drowsiness from lethargy. Here was a re-creation of that mood so magically transixed in the exquisite music: that "shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the arid rain of notes" from the slumbrous, dream-haunted flautist—though last night the admirable first flautist of the orchestra, Mr. Amans, was indisputably wide awake and played the difficult soli that Debussy allotted to him with an enviable combination of precision and poetry.

The exercises were closed by a performance of Strauss's "Will Eulenspiegel," which the exigencies of time and space forbade our hearing.

The Philharmonic Society.

Mozart and Tchaikovsky provided a stimulating contrast in the first part of last night's Philharmonic concert which Mr. Willem van Hoogstraten conducted at Carnegie Hall. The one was represented by the Sinfonia Concertante in E flat for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon with accompaniment for strings, oboes and horns; the other by his pianoforte concerto in B flat minor. Mr. Mitja Nikisch playing the solo part. The program gave no indication as to who were the solo players in Mozart's work.

To modern ears Mozart seems to live in a world where rough manners, haste, noise and vulgarity are unknown, while Tchaikovsky lives in one where all these are necessary ingredients. We must be tolerant thoroughly to enjoy Tchaikovsky, and Mitja Nikisch is too young to be tolerant. That was where his performance, brilliant as it was in many respects, seemed to fail. He has immense energy behind his finished technical equipment. He loves to play things very fast—as witness the battering double octave passage in the first movement, the waltz in the middle of the second movement and the climax of the finale.

With it, too, there is thoughtfulness. He has decided exactly what ought to be done with every passage, and he phrases in strongly carved outlines which leave no doubt of what his decision is. But the result was not so stirring as it ought to have been because he never quite let himself go or gave himself to the mood of Tchaikovsky's moment without expressing a judgment on it. In listening to him one recalled a very different performance, one which his father conducted with Mme. Carraro playing the piano, and how the music then seemed carried along by an unswerving impulse.

Mr. van Hoogstraten was responsible for much of the flagging in this performance. Under him the music got divided up into sections, attention was caught by carefully rounded details which one ought not to think about; it all wanted the spontaneity which makes one forgive Tchaikovsky for thus wearing his heart on his sleeve because it is a great heart which he can afford to show.

Mr. van Hoogstraten was much happier in Mozart's rarer atmosphere. The symphonic concerto, or concerted symphony whichever it is, was very beautifully played, and it is to be noted that it was labeled "First time by the Philharmonic." One would have been glad to be able to record the names of the solo players, each one of whom not only showed himself to be a finished artist but contributed to a perfectly blended quartet. After the intermission Debussy's "Faun" and Strauss's rogue, "Will Eulenspiegel" were added to complete the program.

Nov 30, 1923 Boston Symphony Orchestra.

By H. C. COLLES.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is paying its first visit of the season to New York, and gave a concert under Mr. Pierre Monteux's direction at Carnegie Hall last night which will be followed by a second on Saturday afternoon.

They deserve the thanks of music lovers for having placed in the forefront of their program a symphony which is not to be heard every day and which is well worth a hearing—in fact several hearings. This was the first by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius (Opus 39 in E minor). His symphonies now number five (unless he has added another quite lately) and the fifth was heard in London two years or so ago on the occasion of his last visit there.

Sibelius's style as a composer has developed much since the production of this first symphony, but he is not one of those modern composers who so outgrows his early habits of thought that when you return to his early work after hearing the latter you wonder that it could have been written by the same man. One recognizes the same rather austere mind, the love of defined rhythms and clear-cut lines of melody, the refusal of orchestral luxuries and lavishness of tone. There is, however, in this symphony a tendency to carry on the design by the repetition of patterns in a strict sequence which he has outgrown. He now draws with a freer hand, though he does not use a fuller brush in coloring.

The Boston Orchestra gave a finely studied performance in which everything was precise and clear. Mr. Monteux is a conductor who seems to place himself and his orchestra in the hands of a composer rather than to take the composer and his work into his own hands. Both here and in Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn we were given what the composer said without comment. Both Sibelius and Brahms can stand this treatment, we might say they deserve it. The Brahms Variations indeed are so exquisite a piece of workmanship that one asks nothing better than to wonder afresh at their perfection every time they are heard.

The hymn of St. Anthony, attributed to Haydn, seems at first a dry root of melody. Under Brahms's magic it is made to put forth shoots and tendrils which burst into blossom. One or two of the variations were taken a trifle fast, but not too fast for beauty, and the finale on a ground bass had just the inevitable swing in its progress which it needs. As we listened to this movement it seemed more than ever surprising that Brahms's mastery of the orchestra should have been matter for dispute.

Mme. Sigrid Onegin added songs with orchestra to this program. Her beautiful quality of voice was well suited to the scene "Gerichte Gott," from Wagner's "Rienzi," and was enjoyable also in Schubert's "Die Allmacht." "Der Erl König." But she should beware of the portamento, especially of that variant of it which consists of beginning below the note in quiet passages and rising up to it. It falsifies the expression it is meant to create, and is particularly distressing in a voice so naturally pure as hers.

Lawrence Gilman 1922

They say Down East that M. Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has discovered and made known the fact that a good deal of Mahler's First Symphony is Schubertian. Apparently in order that we might share the delightful surprise of this discovery, M. Monteux and his players set the Mahler symphony in question upon the program of their first New York matinee of the present season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

M. Monteux is evidently an intrepid soul. Surely he must know that the music of Mahler is about as popular in New York as a chaperone at a college Potting Party—always excepting those few embattled Mahlerians whom nothing could daunt or deter. For the "Mahler Question" is no nearer settlement than it ever was. Discussion concerning his qualities as a music-maker persists with unabated fury, dividing those who (like Mr. Mengelberg and other European musicians of eminence and experience) regard him as one of the major prophets of music, from those who (like the majority of American concertgoers) regard him as the abomination of desolation. We know a great Continental conductor who unblushingly ranks Mahler with the high gods of symphonic music, and seats him on the right hand

of Beethoven. But there are many musicians of indubitable insight and sensibility who would run screaming into the subway if they read Mahler's name on a Carnegie Hall billboard.

Therefore, when Mr. Monteux placed this disputatious name on his program for yesterday's concert he was either indifferent to the prevalence of Mahlerphobia in these parts, or his friends had neglected to enlighten him.

He might, to be sure, have chosen a more exacerbating work than Mahler's First Symphony, which dates from 1883-'84, and is thus almost contemporaneous with "Parsifal." It is not Mahler at his worst, though it has some of his least tolerable faults.

Mahler was famous for his virulent hatred of program-notes, and he detested the ascription of illustrative purposes to his music. Yet, with the diverting inconsistency of the artist-mind, he seems to have based most of his symphonies upon "programs" of the most detailed and elaborate sort.

Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, in his program-notes for the Mahler festival held at Amsterdam in May, 1920, quoted what he described as "a short synopsis" prepared by Mahler for the performances of his First Symphony at Budapest in 1889, at Hamburg in 1892 and at Weimar in 1894. In this "synopsis," says Dr. Mengelberg, Mahler "wrote somewhat extensively" concerning the programmatic significance of his symphony. Apparently he was not then so passionately eager to leave the public to "its own thoughts" in the presence of his music.

This "program" is a curiosity. It describes the work as "a symphonic poem in two parts." At Weimar it was called the "Titan" (after Jean Paul Richter), and a motto, "From the Days of Youth," was given to the first part, while the second part bore the tag: "Commedia Umana." According to Mahler's "synopsis," his music was intended to portray, successively, Spring; the awakening of Nature; something (not specified—presumably a ship) "under full sail"; a funeral march "in the manner of Callot," accompanying the burial of a hunter, and based on the old French canon, "Frère Jacques"; and, finally, a transition "from Hell to Paradise."

What it all means, heaven only knows. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Ernest Nodnagel (quoted by Mr. Hale in his program notes) threw up his hands over this program, and begged some one to tell him "what in the world Frère Jacques has to do with the burial of the hunter, and what have both to do with the 'Commedia Umana,' or with 'Titan.'" Some have conjectured that Mahler was having fun with the wearisome and fantastic ways of program annotators, but that seems hardly likely. Mahler was too earnest a soul to conceive and work out a jest of that sort.

It is simpler and far more profitable to think of the symphony as music unadorned, "absolute" music, and to throw the preposterous "program" into the scrapbasket. For as music, some of the symphony is charming—the first

movement especially. Here, in the naïveté and freshness and unpretentiousness of the score, there is perhaps some warrant for Mr. Monteux's Schubertian analogy.

Mahler in this movement of the Symphony basks and revels in that atmosphere of elaborately contrived ingenueness which he loved so dearly. For Mahler was only a little less content when he was approximating the style of a folksong than when he was trying to parallel one of the Brodskian musical "jubilees" of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, with their choruses of 20,000 and their 2,000 instruments reinforced by cannon shots and anvils. Mahler's imagination aspired to the grandiose and the apocalyptic with an untiried audacity. He believed that he could speak at will with the artlessness of the Bohemian countryside or in accents weighty with mystical revelation. One can imagine his faneing himself at his ease among those illuminated beings described by Plato in the "Phædo": "They hear the voices and oracles of the gods, and see them in visions, and have intercourse with them face to face; and they see the moon and stars as they really are."

You perceive him in one of his comfortable strolls across the evening landscape, noting the familiar prolixities of the sky and the moon and the crosses of the heath, and telling himself, with Jasper Petulengro, that "life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"—and then, suddenly remembering that he is a Symphonist with a Revelation—as in the last movement of this symphony—calling out, as one divinely chosen:

Bring me my bow of hurning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire—
like an inconceivably solemn Blake.

"The solemn is safe," said Browning; but he was not thinking of the solemn in art. It is unnecessary to attempt an appraisal of the æsthetic worth of Mahler's dalliings with the apocryphal, or to guess at the real value of his immense portentousness. It is enough to note that it constitutes one extreme of his astonishing imaginative gamut—this quality which his spokesmen call his "heroic sublimity," the pure exaltation of the gods themselves." The other extreme is seen in his passion for the naïve, the intimately candid and heart-easing; in his peasant humor and simplicity (whether spontaneous or skillfully simulated), the homely ingenueness of the folk-spirit that he evokes, "rich and human, smelling of sun-baked fields and smoky kitchens, yet tender and many-colored." Mahler in this vein is undeniably engaging and persuasive, even touching, when he does not sustain it too inexorably; and it is the vein of the first movement of the D major Symphony. In the Finale, when he sets out to paint the progress of his soul from Hell to Paradise, he is merely empty and futile and bombastic.

Mr. Monteux filled out his program with Respighi's familiar arrangement of old Italian airs and dances, Dukas's "Le Peri" (which had been heard here before), and Smetana's perennial "Bartered Bride" Overture. The orchestra played all of this music very well indeed, and a house of comfortable size applauded it warmly.

In Carnegie Hall last night Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began their regular New York series before an unusually demonstrative audience. Mr. Monteux, despite his reputation as a maker of unconventional programs, attempted nothing rash on his first visit. His most unusual offering was his first, and that, Sibelius's first symphony, could hardly be called revolutionary.

It is not a negligible work, perhaps—the more striking Sibelius of the vigorous allegro movement and parts of the finale save it—but it is distinctly a first symphony. It recalls the idiom and manner of Chalkovsky, especially in the slow movement, which sounds like the five-four section of the "Pathétique" imperfectly remembered. But Chalkovsky, although he was melodious to the point of catchiness sometimes, managed to stamp his music with an individuality that keeps it alive despite his critics.

Sibelius does not quite do this. Too much of his thematic material is merely pleasing without being memorable, and his symphony lacks the structural solidity that often saves Chalkovsky from banality. The orchestra played it expertly, but without any great transparency or distinction of style.

Sigrid Onegin was the soloist, singing a scene, and aria from the third act of Wagner's "Rienzi" and two Schubert songs, "Die Allmacht" and "Erlkönig." Mme. Onegin's voice was in perfect condition, and she sang with thrilling vocal opulence and dramatic power.

The orchestra played Brahms's variations on a Haydn theme between Mme. Onegin's numbers, and closed the evening with Salome's dance from Strauss's music drama.

The First Boston Symphony Concert

There was a joyous sight for the faithful at Carnegie Hall last night: the sight of a Boston Symphony audience that almost filled the visible portion of Carnegie Hall. It was the famous orchestra's first New York concert of the season. Mr. Monteux, its devoted and efficient conductor, was on hand, with an infrequently heard symphony of Sibelius—his first in E minor—and with Mme. Onegin, the contralto of the sumptuous voice and the grand manner, as soloist in an aria from "Rienzi" ("Gerechter Gott") and two Schubert songs: "Die Allmacht" and "Erlkönig." The rest of the bill promised the Brahms-Haydn Variations, and Salome's Dance from the opera of Richard Strauss.

It is delightful to welcome the great organization again to New York—for its concerts have been unjustly neglected in recent years. The orchestra played well last season; it played better this: with beauty and nobility of tone, with splendid virility and élan, with plasticity and responsiveness. It is now an instrument of wide range and flexibility and finesse; and there is no doubt of its indebtedness to Mr. Monteux for this notable achievement.

They played the symphony of Sibelius—which is seldom heard hereabouts—with superb eloquence; and the work as worthy of that eloquence. This first Symphony of the Finnish master is characteristic, though it is almost a quarter of a century old, and is far more representative of the Sibelius of today.

Every one is familiar with the forbidding Sibelius of critical and popular caddition. His "legend" (and what imposer has not his too complacently accepted "legend," usually a misrepresentative one?) paints him as bleak, ray, severe, forbidding.

But that legend, it seems to us, takes so little account of the evident intensity of emotion which is imprisoned within this seemingly reserved and our tone-poetry. This music is full of feeling, full of a poetry that has been generated by moods and intuitions arklly and somberly passionate—the motions of a poet who feels the mystery and terror and inexplicable ruelty of existence too piercingly to ing of it with uncontracted throat. The rhetorician would deceive his neighbor, the sentimentalist himself," wrote a shrewd contemporary sage. Sibelius is not deceived nor deceiving, or he is neither rhetorician nor sentimentalist.

oet who returns again and again to re realization that human life is at est but "a dream that lingers a moment . . . a breath, a flame in the oorway, a feather in the wind." He emembers the sorrowing echocs of eauty and delight, the shadow of the arkening Wings; and he is moved by ese things, not to the pitifully bandoned lamentations of Tchaikovsky, the twilight brooding of Schumann, the noble gravity of Brahms, ut to a constrained and somber melancholy that turns inward upon itself, hat is unable to find release in what ossetti called "the legitimate exercise of anguish." It may ultimately e said of him, as Arnold said of the oet Gray, that "he never spoke out."

Sibelius spoke of himself to Ivan Jarodny as "a dreamer and poet of nature." "A dreamer and poet, indisutably. But there are dreamers and reamers, poets and poets. It is sufficiently obvious that Sibelius is no oet of the sentimental tradition, no oluptuously enchanted dreamer in a world where—as Mr. Santayana once rironically observed—"there should be one but gentle tears, and fluttering, ip-toe loves . . . lights and shadows . . . roses and vices." And Sibelius, in his truly typical works, is equally remote from the emotional exuberance of the Romantics and the irilless subtleties of the Impressionists.

In this early work he had not quite shaken himself free from the lure of the obvious. There is a melody in the finale—the second theme, for the violins—that sounds like Saint-Saëns at his most sentimentally depraved. But along with this, there are frequent touches of originality in harmonic expression, in instrumentation (how striking and unconventional is the close of the first movement, for example), and in the balancing and contrasting of moods. The symphony will bear rehearing. It might well replace the ten-thousandth repetition of the "Pathétique" or Beethoven's Seventh or Schubert's "Unfinished" on the programs of other orchestras.

Mme. Onegin's gorgeous voice was worthy of better material than the clasp "Rienzi" music that she sang; but she delivered it most dramatically, and the audience rewarded her liberally and with ardor. For who, after all, cares what a singer sings or a violinist plays? What is a composer, anyway, but a stalking-horse? The Schubert songs were a wholly needless sop to the more exigent; for these are few and hardly count.

The Boston Symphony.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's thirty-eighth season in this city took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program comprised Jan Sibelius's first symphony, the Brahms variations on the "Choral St. Anthony" theme of Haydn and the dance from Richard Strauss's "Salome," with "Görlicher Gott," from "Rienzi," and Schubert's "Die Allmacht" and "Erlkönig" as the vocal solo contributions. The singer was Mme. Sigrid Onegin.

There was nothing in this list demanding anxious scrutiny or rhapsodic praise. In the program notes the idyllic prose of Paul Rosenfeld evoked by the symphonic creations of Sibelius was quoted most aptly. Sibelius deserves every word of it. If one has crossed the narrow sea between Sweden and Finland and landed in the cheerless port of Abo and thence journeyed by train to Petrograd, he suspects that Sibelius

kell knew how to translate the darkling moods of his country into grandiose and gloomy music.

But the symphony is well known to local music lovers. Casual concertgoers do not like it, for it breathes tragedy. Brahms's Haydn variations are more cheerful, albeit they parade something too much of musical cunning to please the indolent listener. And the dance of Salome pales in the brilliance of the latest achievements in ballet music.

The performance of the symphony, which was the most important undertaking of the orchestra, had great vigor to commend it. Mr. Monteux was plainly in sympathy with the stress and storm of the work and with its clashing instrumentation. The work was effectively, if not luminously, played, and received much applause. Mme. Onegin sang in her familiar manner. Hers is a prodigious voice, not always amenable to the laws of art. She sang last evening with power and enthusiasm, but with many singularities of technique. However, finished vocal art is so rare in these days that grandeur of voice and intensity of style must be awarded much glory. The audience apparently was well satisfied with Mme. Onegin's offerings.

The Boston Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, playing last evening in Carnegie Hall for the first time this season, was received with genuine and well-warranted enthusiasm. There were several reasons for the prolonged applause. One of them was the appearance of Sigrid Onegin, who sang "Just God" and "My Life Fades in the Blossom" from Rienzi, and returned to give Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and "Erlkönig." It was the Erlking that aroused the audience to a high pitch; Mme. Onegin makes it thrillingly and beautifully moving, dramatic, and terrible.

Another reason for the enthusiasm was the programme. Pierre Monteux may be depended upon every season for new and interesting music. His symphony was the E minor of Sibelius, No. 1, opus 39, which was given a crisp, clean performance, and which is entitled to a place on more programmes. There was also the Brahms "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," played beautifully, and Strauss's "Salome's Dance." The orchestra plays again Saturday afternoon, giving Mahler, Respighi, Dukas, and Smetana. H. B.

'Parsifal' at the Opera.

By H. C. COLLES.

PARSIFAL, a "consecrational festival play" in three acts and six scenes, after the legends of the Holy Grail. German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Amfortas.....Clarence Whitehill
Titurel.....William Gustafson
Gurnemanz.....Paul Bender
Parsifal.....Rudolf Laubenthal
Klingsor.....Gustav Schuetzenhoff
Kundry.....Margarete Matzenauer
A Voice.....Mere Alcock
First Knight of the Grail.....Angelo Bada
Second Knight of the Grail.....Louis d'Angelo
First Esquire.....Ellen Dalossy
Second Esquire.....Louise Hunter
Third Esquire.....George Meader
Fourth Esquire.....Pietro Audisio
Solo Flower Maidens: Marcella Roessler,
Grace Anthony, Raymonde Delaunais,
Laura Robertson, Phradie Wells, Henriette Wakefield.
Conductor Artur Bodanzky.

To some "Parsifal" is the very crown of Wagner's achievement; to others it is a symptom of his senile decay. It is unnecessary to attempt to judge between them, for both contentions rest on sentiment, with which there is no arguing. That Wagner himself felt "Parsifal" to be his ultimate message and designed to have it enshrined at Bayreuth in a position of special regard is a matter of common knowledge. Those who treasure Wagner's own estimate of his work will hold to the one view; those who have a natural fear of fetishes, and who particularly resent a work of art acquiring merit through the imputation of sacredness, instinctively incline to the other.

"Parsifal," they say, is full of clichés; you can count up the devices for effect which he had used before, more especially in "The Ring"; its ideas are weaker, there is an excess of repetition; it appeals incessantly to an association of ideas outside the music and the drama itself, and some of them are ideas against which Wagner's earlier work was a vigorous protest. So they reject it.

But it is possible to admit these defects and yet come back to a "Parsifal"

as we did yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan, to feel again the impression of its nobility and its truth. Whatever drawbacks there may be, the unprejudiced listener cannot resist the conclusion that in "Parsifal" Wagner found a subject which opened up to him new sides of human feeling to which his nature vibrated in a new way. When Wagner came to London about forty-five years ago a young English musician who heard him read the poem of "Parsifal" aloud wrote in his private diary, "Parsifal seems to be a person greatly oppressed by the trouble and sorrow of the world." Possibly the Englishman had only imperfectly grasped the new poem read in German, but this idea had percolated through. It is a central one; the sorrow, the pity for sorrow, and "the one thing which avaleth."

Wagner's treatment of the theme is essentially sincere, and so after forty years, and ten years after the special protection which confined the work to Bayreuth has been withdrawn, people are still flocking to it to find something which is not to be found in any other work of the opera house. Its position is not to be explained on any other ground than the depth of its human appeal.

Artur Bodanzky conducted a performance yesterday which was worthy of this prevailing spirit. The orchestral playing was consistently fine, and an excellent cast, most of whom are familiar here in their several parts, all contributed to the impression of seriousness and sympathy with the ideal which Wagner set before him. Rudolf Laubenthal as Parsifal reached a higher level of interpretation here than in either of the Wagnerian parts in which he has been seen and heard this season. The occasional defects of vocal quality which have been noticed before were absent. From the first scene, when he appeared as the ignorant boy, to the last, when he celebrated the rite of the Grail, his voice and style were excellent, and in the prayer of the second act he rose to an intensity of expression which made it, as it should be, the turning point in the drama.

Mme. Matzenauer's Kundry is musical rather than dramatic. She gave some very beautiful quiet singing in her appeal to Parsifal; she did not, however, convey the sense of shrinking horror in her scene with Ullingors which some of the great Kundrys of the past have been able to give.

In many respects the stage presentation of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan appears to a newcomer to be a notable advance on the traditions of the Bayreuth Theatre. The temple scene, with its cold free lighting and the arrangement which places the semi-circle of the Knights behind the altar instead of in front of it, is especially effective, and the first scene of the third act, with the wide landscape bathed in the Spring sunshine is unusually happy, and in consonance with the peculiar atmosphere of Wagner's music.

The second act, however, retains some of the weakness of the Bayreuth production. The flower maidens are undoubtedly among Wagner's poorest creations. Their music is clamorous and ungrateful. In this performance there was very nearly a catastrophe at one point where a group of them lost the time. Moreover, the whole scene of the garden with its overpainted flowers, its overbedecked young women, Kundry in an absurd ball dress being pushed in on a divan like a mixture of a perambulator and a mid-Victorian sofa, is all so far from creating any illusion of seduction or enchantment that it is high time some producer should reform the whole setting.

There was a thoroughly bad piece of stage management, too, when Parsifal crossed the stage with the obvious intention of standing in line with the very visible wire on which the spear was to be thrown by Klingsor.

Mr. Schützendorf sang the music of Klingsor ably because he did not try to make too much of it. Many singers make the part that of a ranting stage villain, but he keeps a certain dignity in it. Most of the small parts were well done, though Miss Alcock had a misfortune in singing the "Durch Mitteleid" theme at the end of the first act. She was seriously out of tune. Much of the success of this performance lay with those two pillars of the Wagnerian repertory—Mr. Whitehill (Amfortas) and Mr. Bender (Gurnemanz). The latter makes the part of the garulous old man unusually sympathetic; it was largely due to the former's singing of his two great monologues that the central idea of pain and pity which inspired the work of Wagner's old age stood out and carried conviction.

By W. J. HENDERSON

"Parsifal" and "Thais."

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera House by the customary performance of "Parsifal" in the afternoon. The drama was presented in much the same fashion as it has been in other recent seasons with some great merits and some regrettable shortcomings. The first act had its correct impression despite Mrs. Alcock's unfortunate break in the brief passage of the unseen voice just before the fall of the curtain. The impression was created by the human Gurnemanz of Mr. Bender, the pathetic Amfortas of Mr. Whitehill, the apathetic and stupid Parsifal of Mr.

Laubenthal, the generally excellent singing of the chorus, and the well graded playing of the orchestra.

Mr. Laubenthal was rightly dull and lifeless in the first act, but in the second he did not succeed in arousing himself sufficiently to express the poignant emotions of the awakened Parsifal. However, his impersonation had sincerity and intelligence to commend it. Mme. Matzenauer was the Kundry and repeated what she has done before. Mr. Schuetzenhoff's Klingsor did not seem to be a dangerous character.

It is a pity that the flower maiden scene cannot be better sung at the Metropolitan. The solo groups are not equal to the demands of Wagner's music. The result is that this intentionally sensuous scene is robbed of just the particular kind of appeal it should have. It is a pity, too, that so many opera-goers have fallen into the way of regarding a performance of "Parsifal" as a mere opera entertainment. The long procession of late arrivals, necessitating the flashing of ushers' electric lights and the audible lowering of seats, adds nothing to the solemnity of the proceedings.

In the evening "Thais" received its second performance of the season, with Mme. Maria Jeritza again in the role of the beautiful courtesan of Alexandria. A change in the cast brought forward for the first time on any stage Giuseppe Danise as the monk Athanael, in place of Mr. Whitehill, who had sung in the afternoon's performance. Mr. Danise acquitted himself with much credit in the role. Miss Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio danced. Mr. Hasselmans conducted. The opera was heard by a large audience and greatly enjoyed.

By GRENA BENNETT.
ABRAHAM SOPKIN is the latest violinist to enlist in New York's army of fiddle experts.

At his recital in Aeolian Hall last night he made a pleasing impression in an exacting programme on a large and critical audience. To his credit it can be written that Mr. Sopkin is a sincere musician whose bowing was broad and firm and whose left hand was agile and tireless. But offsetting some of his admirable qualities was a tendency to slide from the pitch and the invariable rasping quality that accompanied his highest notes.

Despite these drawbacks there was much to praise in his interpretation of Franck's sonata (singularly popular this season). Its haunting melodies, when placed in the middle register and played in "mezzo voce," were most appealing, while the technical problems with which the work abounds were solved without effort. Walter Golde's performance of the piano part was excellent.

Classic selections by Bach, newly arranged by Kreisler; the G minor Concerto by Bruch, and the Introduction and Rondo by Vieuxtemps completed the programme.

The evening's opera was "Thais," with a packed house giving frequent and audible thanks for the opportunity to see Maria Jeritza in the title role. She sang well and seemed altogether much more at ease in Massenet's Alexandria than she had on the season's opening night.

The entire performance was more vigorous and confident in fact. Besides Nannette Guilford, who made a pulchritudinous Crobyle, Mr. Danise, as Athanael, was the only newcomer in the cast. He sang the role for the first time in his life—in public, that is—and sang it well; and his acting, if a bit cautious, was satisfactory. The ballet, headed by Miss Galli, aroused much enthusiasm. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

By Deems Taylor

It is easy enough to pick the flaws in "Parsifal." Wagner was an old man when he wrote it; his tides were ebbing, and he was growing overfond of the sound of his own voice. Like the good Gurneman, he is prone to wax garrulous after his hearer's attention has wandered. There is much in "Parsifal" that is repetitious and long-winded, there are stretches in which one sees only the gesture of Wagner without hearing his voice; and one even grows to suspect that he occasionally employs the atmosphere and trappings of religion to intimidate the listener into an attitude of respect that the artist might not be able to command.

Yet, granted all that, "Parsifal" remains something that one must see and hear upon occasion. For in its greatest moments "Parsifal" casts a spell that is unique on the lyric stage, a mood of other-worldliness, of pure spirit, that is approached only in certain music by Bach and Palestrina. And nowhere, not even in the "St. Matthew" passion music, is there such utter expression of spiritual torment as the music that cries to Amfortas, cowering before the grail in the temple. With Clarence Whitehall singing the role of Amfortas, as he did, magnificently, yesterday, the scene becomes something that one never quite forgets.

Yesterday's performance, which took place before a large and rapt audience, was greatly benefited likewise by having Rudolf Laubenthal in the title role. In it the young German tenor did the best work he has so far done at the Metropolitan. The vocal line seemed to suit him well, for his voice was gratefully free from the hardness that showed in "Die Meistersinger." His rather deliberate style of acting fitted well into the part, for he brought to it a grace, repose and youthful gravity that made it often genuinely moving.

The others, with the exception of Mr. Schuetzendorf, who made a rather harmless Klingsor, were more or less familiar, with Mr. Bender as a benignant and lovable Gurneman and Mme. Matzenauer a successful Kundry. Merle Alcock was the offstage voice, but had a disastrous encounter with the pitch. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with occasional over-deliberation, but had his orchestra at all times eloquent, colorful and transparent.

The forest scene in the first act lacked illusion, for it was poorly lighted and looked shabby. Otherwise, however, the scenery was well handled and Mr. Urban's beautiful temple scene gained particular distinction through perfect lighting.

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Chaliapin Again Dominates 'Faust'

By W. J. HENDERSOBS.

"Faust" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. The performance had special interest because Feodor Chaliapin, who lately impersonated the arch fiend in Boito's "Mefistofele," appeared as the courtly devil of Gounod's masterpiece. He had sung the role only once before at the Metropolitan. It was January 6, 1908, when his chief associates were Miss Farrar as Marguerite, Mr. Caruso as Faust and Mr. Scotti as Valentin. At that time his impersonation was regarded as quite out of the Gounod picture, rude in style and generally overboisterous.

A wise writer said "The leopard cannot change his spots," to which an appropriate answer might be, "No one ever saw a leopard try." But such an assertion should not be made without consulting Dr. Hornaday. The leopard's spots at any rate may soften

their outlines with age. Mr. Chaliapin's Mefistopheles was less exaggerated last evening than it was fifteen years ago. Vocally it was rough and out of style, but the distinguished basso is a Russian artist, not a French one, and he has the artist's privilege to put his own powerful personality into every role.

He indulged in a bit of horse play with Sibel in the Kerness scene and got the justifying laugh from the audience. And has made his own change of tempo in the "Veau d'or," but had to repeat the second stanza. Nothing succeeds like success, and Mr. Chaliapin's grimness, his savagery and his delineation of sinister power were as influential with his audience as they had been in Boito's work. His Mefistopheles was the outstanding figure in the opera, just as it was fifteen years earlier, when it stood out somewhat like a shooting star in the peaceful firmament of Gounod.

Mme. Alda was the Marguerite last evening. She was in good voice, looked well, and received plenty of applause. Mr. Martinelli's Faust is familiar, a well planned performance, but not among this tenor's happiest achievements. There was a new Valentin, Lawrence Tibbett, a Los Angeles barytone, who sang his music with a light voice of agreeable quality and generally in commendable style. He showed a lack of stage experience. He may acquire some at the Metropolitan. James Wolf made the small role of Wagner unusually prominent. Lastly Mrs. Howard was a capable Marthe.

The chorus may have had a supper planned for after the performance. There was no information to this effect, but that chorus certainly was in a hurry to get the opera finished. Mr. Hasselmans, who conducted, had to "step on it" to catch up. Altogether it was a rather uneven, though interesting presentation of "Faust."

HUBERMAN IN RECITAL.

Second Appearance This Season in Carnegie Hall.

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, gave his second recital of the season to a large audience in Carnegie Hall last evening. His program consisted of Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, the Mendelssohn concerto, Bach's prelude, gavotte and menuett from sonata No. 6 and several short numbers by Bruch, Elgar, Chopin and Brahms.

Mr. Huberman's art was maintained at a high level last evening, but his performance was not one of consistent excellence. It ranged from moods of repose and beautiful limpid tones in the first movements of the Kreutzer sonata to a marked aggressiveness in the finale. He attacked technical heights with an over emphasized rhythm and an energy bordering on savagery, and some of the same traits were evident in the Mendelssohn concerto. In other respects he was at his best, revealing a tone beautiful in fullness and sonority, executing most of his work with authority, precision and a fine regard for melodic outline. Siegfried Schultze, at the piano, was responsible for some excellent accompaniments.

Performance Repeated.

At Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, Willem Van Hoogstraten conducted a repetition performance of Wednesday evening's program. Mitja Nikisch again appeared as soloist, playing Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B flat minor.

Organ Recital Lacks Color.

The organ recital which was given yesterday afternoon in the Wanamaker Auditorium was rather a dull affair. The program included compositions by Bach, Purcell and Couperin, but the playing of Ernest McMillan was merely straightforward and smooth, lacking in color and effective registration. A large audience applauded the performance.

Announcement was made of three organ recitals which promise to be of more interest. The ten symphonies of M. Charles Marie Widor of the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, probably the best known organist in the world, will be played. The organists will be Charles Courboin of Belgium, December 28; Lynwood Farnham of the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, January 5, and Marcel Dupre of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, January 5.

Dec 2 1922

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

By H. C. COLLES.

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra given at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was more calculated to show the qualities of the orchestra than was that of Thursday night. There is not much to be said of Mahler's first symphony, which began the concert, except that Respighi's delightful arrangements of old Italian dances and airs, Dukas's "La Péri-Poème Dansé" and Smetana's overture to "Peodana Nevesta" did all possible to make amends for the tedious three-quarters of an hour which the symphony imposed. Mahler affecting the beauty of simplicity is more wearisome than Mahler adopting the heavily intellectual pose, and this symphony is like an elaborate landscape painted by an artist who never leaves his studio.

Respighi, however, brought an altogether fresher atmosphere. He approached the work of the part with understanding and sympathy, not with patronage. He does not dress up Vincenzo Galilei and the other sixteenth century composers to tickle modern ears with their quaintness, but he gives them just as much of new orchestral coloring as they need to show the freshness of their melodies and rhythms.

The glowing tone of the strings was specially remarkable in the gagliarda and, altogether, the performance was an admirable piece of work. With Dukas's Pierre Montaux seemed to be on his own ground. Its dance rhythms were played with perfect finish and the wayward charm of its French style was treated with the fullest sympathy. Smetana's overture, the title of which the program translated as "The Sold Bride," belongs to the first and most famous of Smetana's eight Czech operas. It is perhaps the most brilliant of comedy overtures since Mozart's "Figaro," with which it has something in common. Like the overture to "Figaro" its brilliance depends mainly on the strings, and the playing of the strings, both in those electrifying sforzandos and in the rapid pianissimo passages, was magnificent. One must not forget to mention also the tone of the brass, which throughout the concert was splendidly resonant and never coarse. Indeed the playing of this group of works gave a very strong impression of the musical ensemble which the Boston Orchestra can achieve.

HAYES, NEGRO TENOR,

Seventeen hundred persons, many of the singer's race, filled the floor and gallery of the Town Hall last evening at the first recital here of Roland Hayes, the American negro tenor, whom English, French and German critics had declared one of the great voices of the world today. Tennyson's line, "Better fifty years of Europe," seemed challenged in this case of a man who so won his spurs as an international artist half a century after the Jubilee Singers had carried overseas their "spirituals" and songs of the old plantations.

Roland Hayes, stalwart, short and very dark, sings the old songs of his people, as he did to rapt attention at the close of last evening. He astounds

and delights, however, by virtue of both natural and cultivated beauty of voice, a tenor of skill and intelligence, his song ever surcharged at will with strong emotion.

From the start of Paradisi's "Arietta" he showed his command of foreign tongues in singular purity of diction; showed, too, the lighter graces of floriture and the shading of forte and pianissimo, for which a Bonci is even now remembered. In Purcell's air from "Dido and Aeneas," the sombre mood of "When I Am Laid in Earth" brought new dramatic change, like a sudden thunder-cloud. There might be criticism of a too frequent use of direct, open tone; few men possess such tones of clarion splendor, while Hayes's constantly varied mood brought endless musical variety.

He gave Handel's "Tender Creature" in English, then German songs—and Berlin had praised his German—from Bach's "Bist Du bei Mir" to Schumann's "Nussbaum," and in French, a French approved by Paris, both "La Procession" of Franck and "Clair de Lune" of Fauré.

An interesting contrast was that of the Bohemian Dvorak's seventh "Biblical Song" and a final group of the negro "spirituals," sung by one of the manner-horn who happened also to be so completely an artist. His selections were H. T. Burleigh's "Don't You Weep When I'm Gone," the singer's own arrangement of an air, "Sit Down," and another, "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," by his negro accompanist, Lawrence Brown. They were followed last of all by the unaccompanied "He Never Said by a Mumbly Word," a true folksong here entitled "The Crucifixion," compelling admiration of the artist no less than recognition of his truthful picture of old, forgotten singers of jubilee.

An audience swayed by his light test tone became silent at the lifting of a hand as he added encores, "Mondnacht" of Schuman after the German group, Messen's dream from "Manon" after the French, with a "Chanson des Cerisiers" by the Japanese Matsuyama. He added last of all Robinson's "Water Boy," a convict song or chantey of the chain gang, from his native Georgia.

Frederic Freemantel, English Tenor, Appears at Aeolian Hall.

Frederic Freemantel, an English tenor, appearing yesterday at Aeolian Hall, gave a full matinee of infrequently heard songs by Beethoven, a program probably unique in many years and now certainly so, as far as singers are concerned, even in a season of orchestral Beethoven cycle and like enterprises of pianists, chamber ensembles and the namesake Beethoven Association itself. Mr. Freemantel was heard with Richard Hageman at the piano in an introduction, recitative and air from the composer's only oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," authoritative as well as agreeable in the British artist's style and delivery.

Among seventeen lesser lyrics, mainly from Op. 48, 52, 82-3 and 128, he did not include Beethoven's one song cycle, Op. 98, "An die Ferne Geliebte," whose grateful beauty of tender poetry has appealed oftener to other recital-givers. Omitting also Beethoven's settings of

actual English poetry, the later texts included three less known from the Italian.

Italian and French Operas Sung.

"Rigoletto" and "Romeo et Juliette" were repeated at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon and night, both to large audiences. In the matinee Verdi cast were Mmes. Mario and Perini, Messrs. Fleta, De Luca and Madrones, with Mr. Papi at the baton. Miss Bori, Gigli, Rothier and others sang to the evening's sold out house, Mr. Hasselmans conducting. It was incidentally the third French opera in three consecutive evenings, a matter of record rarely duplicated since Maurice Grau.

Roland Hayes, Negro Tenor

Town Hall was the scene of genuine and well merited enthusiasm when Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, sang there on Saturday evening. Except for a slight foginess at the start, he was in fine voice, and in the singing of his well balanced programme he carried his hearers from mood to mood, attaining his effects with convincing sincerity and all the artistry of the great singer that he is. To enumerate his technical resources would be equivalent almost to listing the virtues of the perfect singer, but apart from his mastery of technique he has at his command a rare intelligence and a naturally beautiful voice. On his programme were lieder by Schubert and Schumann, an arietta of Paradisi's, operatic airs by Purcell and Handel, and songs by Franck, Fauré, Dvorák, and Roger Quilter. As the final treat of the evening came a group of negro spirituals. A. W. M.

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Dec 3 1922

The Composers' Guild.

The International Composers' Guild gave its first concert of the present season last evening in the Vanderbilt Theater. The purpose of this organization is to give darkest New York opportunity to become enlightened as to the progress which music is making toward freedom from the shackles of tradition, the restraining forms of the old masters and the enslavement of the antiquated scales and harmonies used by Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler, Richard Strauss and that lot. When you go to a concert of the guild you have to sit up.

The program of last evening included Stravinsky's ballet, "Renard," which was first performed in Paris at the Princess de Polignac. On May 18, 1922, the Daghillff company gave it at the Grand Opera. It tells the story of a fox which exercises all its cunning to catch a rooster, but is always defeated by the bird's particular friends, a cat and a goat. The unsuccessful fox is represented by a falsetto voice. There are two tenors and two basse soloists, last evening Jose Delaquerriere, Howard Hanson, John Barclay and Hubert Linscott, and there was a small orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski.

Another tid bit of the evening was Arnold Schoenberg's "Herzgewaesche" for soprano, harp, harmonium and celesta. Mr. Schoenberg who composed "Pierrot Lunaire" is very popular with the Guild, but there was some difficulty in producing the novelty of last evening owing to the appalling range of the soprano role. Miss Eva Leoni said she was not

and she sang it. Other pieces he list were "Three Poems" for voice and piano by Maurice Delage, whose papa makes automobiles, and a piece by Arthur Lourie, Paul Lemith and the redoubtable Bela Bartok. Claude Arrau tackled these. The Delage music was quite out of the composer was a pupil of Liszt and imitated his master. The other pieces served to arouse wonder at the musical memory of Mr. Arrau. He played them without notes. These pieces were of the latest type, music out of any of the ancient devices of Mozart or Beethoven. The audience, which filled the theater, loved it. Then came Mr. Schoenberg's music and Miss Leoni's voice. They were honored with an encore. The music is Schoenberg right up to date. The one who heard the "Pierrot Lunaire" at once that they had not measured the composer's possibilities. Some even laughed at this really modern composition.

The Stravinsky creation was the contribution of the list. It proved to be a fine and ironic travesty on something that the other composers were struggling to do. As usual, Stravinsky showed himself the master. The composition was farcically funny, but it was intended to be. That is what can be said about it this morning. To describe it in detail would require a handbook after the manner of Zogen. It was well performed, and the audience was so ravished by it that there was an insistent demand for repetition. Mr. Stokowski asked the orchestra if they were willing to sing it again. They were, and so Stravinsky had the distinction of receiving an encore at the end of a program from an audience that would not go home without it.

English Trio in Concert.

The English Trio, formerly known as the Modern Trio of London, was heard for the first time here in a concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The program comprised the F minor trio of Dvorak, Guy Ropartz's "In A minor" and Frank Bridge's "Fantasie" in C minor. The three members of this trio proceed on the face of life without advertising their given names. They are known as Melzak, violin; Manucci, cello, and Ash piano. *Punch* is credited with having discovered in this musical progression material for exhilarating use.

The performance of the trio yesterday afternoon was entirely honorable. The three performers proved to be able musicians, conversant with the presentation of chamber music in modern form. They played with spirit, in energy where needed and with a remarkably good balance of tone. The music itself was not of distinguished quality; so far as the strings were concerned, and the pianist loomed over his associates in this respect. The concert was of the type which is commended commendable, but calls for no special comment.

A concert of ultra-modern music with the "Standing Room Only" sign hanging in the lobby: such was the extraordinary outcome of last night's enterprise at the Vanderbilt Theater, where the International Composers' Guild gave the first of three concerts of contemporary music which they announced for the current season.

The motto of the International Composers' Guild is a gallant line from Chopin: "Art is ever on the quest, a quest and a divine adventure." Chopin's favorite composer was Rossini, his favorite instrument the flute, and he advised Wagner to give up music; nevertheless, it is a fine motto, and the International Composers' Guild lives up to it.

It is the purpose of these excellent progressives to act as a kind of bulletin board for musical modernism. Their aim, they declare, is "to exhibit only that music which is new. By 'new' music will be understood first performances of compositions representative of the best and most vital impulses in contemporary life—music that is frankly forward-looking and path-breaking. It accepts and proclaims as a valid and indispensable artistic principle of all historic periods in which music has been in a transitional or formative state of technical

or social development. It asserts that music is at present in such a state, and that those who oppose this principle serve a dead rather than a living art."

Brave words! Some one must be a curse to Modernism; and it had better be an indefatigable, devoted and experienced domestic with nothing else on her mind. The International Composers' Guild perfectly fills the bill. Its "Composers' Advisory Committee" reads like a Directory of Path-Breakers: Bela Bartok, Ernest Bloch, Francesco Malipiero, Eugene Goossens, Albert Roussel, Darius Milhaud, Erik Satie, Ferruccio Busoni, Arthur Lourie, Dane Rudhyar, and others not quite so forward-looking, but equally disinclined to permit the Heavenly Maid to go to seed.

The Guild is now beginning its third season, under the direction of a "Technical Board" consisting of Edgar Varèse, Alfredo Casella, Carl Ruggles, Carlos Salzedo and Walther Straram.

Last night's program was truly international, for the modernists of France, of Germany, of Hungary and of Russia contributed to it. France sent music by Maurice Delage: "Trois Poèmes," for soprano voice and piano, sung by Miss Eva Leoni, with Carlos Salzedo as accompanist (he is an admirable one, by the way). Hungary sent a group of piano pieces by her most distinguished insurgent, Bela Bartok—a set of "Improvisations sur des chansons populaires hongroises," played by Claudio Arrau. Germany sent Paul Hindemith's "Marsch" and "Nachtstück," from a suite for piano (Mr. Arrau), and Schoenberg's "Herzgewächse," a setting of Maeterlinck's "Feuillage du Cœur," for soprano, harp, celesta and harmonium, performed by Miss Leoni with the assistance of Miss Marie Miller (harp), Julius Mattfeld (harmonium), Rex Tillson (celesta) and with Mr. Salzedo conducting. Russia sent Arthur Lourie, recently chief of the Commission of Music under the Soviet government, with a piano piece called "Syntheses," and her expatriate son, Igor Stravinsky, with a concert version of his little ballet-opera, "Renard." This last work was the feature of the evening, and in presenting it the League flew high; for it sent over to Philadelphia for Mr. Stokowski and a segment of his illustrious orchestra, and these eminent gentlemen performed Stravinsky's score with the assistance of two tenors and two basses: Messrs. Jose De la Querriere, Harold Hansen, John Barclay and Hubert Linscott.

Stravinsky's "Renard" is described in the score as "une histoire burlesque," to be sung and acted, arranged for the stage from Russian folktales. "The play is to be acted by buffoons, dancers of acrobats, preferably on a platform with the orchestra behind. In case the play is put on in a theater it should be played before the curtain. The characters never leave the stage. They come on in sight of the audience at the first strains of the little march, and go off in the same manner. The characters are mimes. The voices (two tenors and two basses) are in the orchestra."

Stravinsky wrote the text as well as the music (the words were sung last night in a French version by C. F. Ramuz), and when the piece was produced by the Russian Ballet in Paris, May 18, 1922, the setting, costumes and choreography were by La Nijinska, who also mimed the character of the Fox.

The fable is a brief and simple one: The characters are the Fox, the Cock, the Goat and the Cat. Renard (the Fox), lusting for chicken fricassee, disguises herself as a nun and attempts to make off with the Cock, but is foiled by the alertness of the Cat and Goat, who frighten her away. But Renard, disguised this time as a tramp, tries again and, with the lure of sweetmeats, has almost had her way with the Cock. She begins to pluck the screaming fowl, when the Cat and Goat again come to the rescue and dispatch the marauder, whereupon they end the piece with a dance of triumph.

It was a risky experiment to transfer this delectable buffoonery to the concert stage, denuded of action and scenery, and ask the audience to depend for their comprehension of the point and humor of the piece upon printed program-notes and the diction of the singers. It is a remarkable tribute to the wit and charm and vividness of Stravinsky's music that the thing got over last night with uproarious success. The audience loved it, and was so clamorous in its appreciation that Mr. Stokowski and his associates did it all over again.

The score is a brilliant piece of writing—brilliant in the humor and salliness of its characterization, in its rhythmic ingenuity, in its masterly handling of the little chamber orchestra

of solo instrumentalists, in the sharpness with which the four personages are individualized and contrasted. It is not at all drastic in harmonic texture, and if it were not announced as a score by the subversive Stravinsky would probably delight an audience of "Messiah" fans beyond measure. The work had been most carefully studied and prepared, and was played with delightful virtuosity and gusto by the twenty Philadelphians under Mr. Stokowski, and by the four singers. Mr. Barclay's falsetto bass was irresistible, and the restrained but graphic intoning of all four of the singing impersonators had precisely the right emphasis.

Schoenberg's setting of Maeterlinck's horticultural fantasy, with its "desirous palms," its "fragile lilies," its "plaintive vine" and "frigid mosses" and its brooding, melancholy dreamer, dates from 1912 and so is scarcely representative of the contemporaneous

Schoenberg. It is curiously felicitous in its evocation of the mood of the poem, and the singular combination of instruments which accompany the voice (harp, harmonium and celesta) weave about it an iridescent web of delicate and poignant beauty. The voice part requires a soprano with a prodigious range. She is called upon to sing F above the staff. Miss Eva Leoni achieved this uncommon feat not once, but twice last night, for the audience—either because of their wonder over her singing or their pleasure in the music—compelled a repetition of the song.

It was probably not an expression of delight over the singer, for Miss Leoni's voice is scarcely a ravishing one; nor is it likely that the music gave pleasure to every one, for we regret to report that there were Boettians present who released their emotions in an ostinato of scarcely suppressed merriment. They might better have spared Schoenberg in this instance and directed their laughter at the pretentious banalities of Mr. Lourie's "Syntheses"; for neither his pieces nor Hindemith's reflect much glory upon the exertions of the ultra-modernists. These were stale platitudes in the modern vein, barren of imagination or individuality. As for Mr. Delage's three songs, they are merely desiccated Ravel; nor are Bartok's "Improvisations" especially engaging.

By H. T. Finck

Some years ago the newspapers had an item about a widow who paid a young man \$50,000 to marry her. "Us men come high, but the women have got to have us," a paragrapher remarked.

Music, too, sometimes comes high. A prominent American composer once told me his symphony had so far cost him just one thousand dollars. And last night it was said at the Vanderbilt Theatre that a patroness of the International Composers' Guild had contributed a \$1,200 check to enable the Guild to import a score of the famous Philadelphia players, with their immortal conductor, Leopold Stokowski, and help produce Stravinsky's music to the ballet "Renard," which the Ballet Russe produced in Paris in May, 1922.

To say it right away, the music, even without the dancing, was worth the money, though it lasted only a quarter of an hour. The audience shouted with joy at the close and insisted on a repetition. New York audiences always enjoy Stravinsky. When his "Petrushka" was done at the Metropolitan the critics were unanimous in their praise of it. I said then, as I have said a dozen times since, that Stravinsky is the only one of the "futurists" who has anything to say.

He has a lot of interesting things to say in his "Renard," too, and most of it is screamingly funny. Stravinsky will go down in history as the first great musical humorist. Offenbach often was funny in a rough sort of way. There are deliciously humorous pages in Wagner's "Meistersinger" and "Siegfried"; Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of Animals" is amusing, and our own admirable Deems Taylor has written some very funny music; but Stravinsky is the only specialist in musical humor.

"Renard" is called by him "a burlesque to be sung and acted," arranged for the stage from Russian folk tales. The *dramatis personae* are a Fox, a Cock, a Cat, and a Goat, which in the ballet disport themselves while four singers give vocal expression to the sentiments of these animals. Last night, of course, there were no "capering animals," but the four singers (José Delacquerrière, Harold Hansen, John Barclay, and Hubert Linscott) made their parts very funny indeed.

One could not but marvel, as always at Stravinsky's wit, his imagination, his ability to make cacophony agreeable, his inexhaustible fund of orchestral tricks—why, this Russian can do more with twenty players than Rich-

ard Strauss can with a hundred and twenty. If all futurists were like Igor Stravinsky I would be one of their high priests.

Why I have never aspired to the honor was made clear by the music that preceded "Renard," songs and pieces by Delage, Lourie, Hindemith, Bartok, and Schönberg, on which I would be foolish to waste good ink. I, a sympathizer with the ultra-modernists like Lawrence Gilman can refer to some of these things as "stale platitudes" what would I say if it were worth while? Schönberg's "Herzgewächse" is the same aimless stuff he usually perpetrates. It is for soprano harp, harmonium, and celesta, and the soprano soars up at the end to the highest F or F sharp, or both (I could not quite make out). My neighbor said to W. J. Henderson that Schönberg's climax sounded like a cat; but the eminent critic, looking very solemn, retorted: "No cat would do that."

And Capt. Hart, after one of the other vocal numbers, said it reminded him of Mark Twain's confession: "I am never so sad as when I sing; and so are those who hear me."

Sergei Rachmaninoff's Recital.

By H. C. COLLES.

There is apparently an unwritten law that the giver of a Sunday afternoon recital no matter how high his personal prestige may stand, must not test the concentration of his audience too severely. Mr. Rachmaninoff acknowledged it at the beginning of his recital yesterday by playing only three movements of Bach's "English Suite" (op. 2 in A minor) instead of the whole. This illustrated another unwritten law, namely that it is legitimate to play selected movements from a Bach suite but not from a Beethoven sonata; yet Bach's suites are in reality quite as much consistent wholes as at any rate the earlier Beethoven sonatas.

It would have been good to hear the whole of this suite which Mr. Rachmaninoff plays beautifully, and there seemed to be no reason why he should submit to any of the unwritten laws, all of which are unthinking conventions, of the concert room. He had Carnegie Hall packed with people ready to hear whatever he gave them. He might have used his privileged position to give them the chance of enjoying Bach's work whole.

Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," some Chopin, Liszt and his own attractive pieces made up the remainder of the scheme. Mr. Rachmaninoff composes like a pianist and plays the piano like a composer. The latter is sometimes said of composer-pianists by way of excuse for technical shortcomings. It does not imply that in his case, for he is one of the most finished technicians of his generation. It means, however, that he plays other men's music, whether the other man is Bach or Mendelssohn or Chopin, primarily to show what he finds in it, to recreate it through his own mind. The unexpected therefore happens.

He dwelt on the chromaticism of Mendelssohn in a way to give it more than usual importance. One forgot how many of these variations are mere decorations round, rather than developments of, the melody, because of the earnestness he imparted to the decorative details. He lingered over the trio of Chopin's scherzo in C sharp minor and risked breaking its continuity by doing so, but in the end seemed to justify himself by making the whole more than the brilliant show piece it is in the hands of less creative pianists.

His own piano pieces on the other hand are almost always based on some special problem of piano technique which he solves perfectly, both in the composition and performance. His manual control is in itself fascinating.

In his official program he gave two études (B minor and G minor) and followed them with his transcription of Moussorgsky's "Hopak," which he had to repeat. Probably the unofficial program contained many more, for his audience seemed determined to get from him all he could be persuaded to give.

LOUIS GRAVEURE SINGS.

Baritone Includes Irish Folk Songs in His Second Recital.

Louis Graveure in his second recital of the season yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall included a group of Irish folk melodies, arranged by William Arms Fisher, in a program of French, German and English numbers. The baritone sang with his usual musical discretion, with powerful realization of whatever dramatic content was in the numbers and with much resonance of tone and feeling for contrasts. Mr. Graveure seemed to take special interest

in presenting the Irish songs and was rewarded by demands from his hearers that three of the six be repeated. Massenet's "Elegy," as an encore, aroused the audience to its highest point of enthusiasm.

The German numbers were by Schubert, the French songs by Franck, Koechlin, Chausson, Ernest Bloch and Beethoven and the songs in English by Hammond, Goetz, Taylor and Barnett. Arpad Sandor played the accompaniments in a skillful manner.

AT THE VANDERBILT.

Concert of modern music, given by the International Composers' Guild. All first performances in America.

THE PROGRAM.

1. Trois Poemes, Maurice Delage. Eva Leoni, soprano; Carlos Salzedo, piano.
2. Three Groups of Piano Music: Schubert, "Three Little Songs"; Schumann, "March and Night-Piece from the Suite '1922'"; and "Lucia di Lammermoor." Claudio Arrau, piano.
3. Herzgewachse (Maeterlinck). Arnold Schoenberg. Eva Leoni, soprano; Marie Miller, harp. Julius Matfeld, harmonium.
4. Renard (Lullaby from Russian Folk Tales). Igor Stravinsky. Jose Delaquerriere, Harold Hansen, tenors. John Barclay, Hubert Linscott, basses. Chamber Orchestra, composed of first-desk players of the Philadelphia, conducted by Leopold Stokowski.

Thousands of honest and God-fearing radio amateurs must have gone morosely to bed last night in the firm conviction that their receiving sets were hopelessly out of order. For the International Composers' Guild concert was not confined to the Vanderbilt Theatre, but was broadcast as well; and whatever the merits of ultra-modern music, one has a suspicion that widespread popular appeal is not one of them. An ear attuned to "Peter Rabbit" must have listened with incredulity to Arthur Lourié's "Syntheses."

Mr. Lourié's five brief piano pieces can scarcely be called catchy. Rhythmic unexpectedness to the point of incoherence seems to be a fetish with their composer, coupled with a determined all-pervasive dissonance that is striking even in these anti-diatonic days. Syntheses is exactly the title for them, if you remember what "synthesis" means. The two Hindemith pieces were milder, but fell short of revealing the strong individuality that reports of his chamber compositions had apparently promised. The nocturne was the better of the two, despite lapses into commonplace, for it created a definite mood and maintained it, but the march was rather cheap, despite its harmonic complications.

The best of the piano pieces were Bela Bartók's folksong improvisations. There were eight of them, mostly short; some, in fact, so stenographic as to be little more than announcements of their subject matter, and some rather inchoate, rhythmically; but they did have a quality of humor and imagination that the first half of the evening needed badly. Mr. Arrau played with devotion and considerable effectiveness.

The three Delage songs sounded conventional and uninteresting. The Schoenberg work almost defies analysis, despite the fact that it was repeated at the urging of the audience, for the soprano part, which is decidedly its most important component, was utterly beyond the capabilities of Miss Leoni. It would probably take Mabel Garrison and Sigrid Onegin, singing in relays, to do it justice, for it is written in absurd disregard of the limitations of the voice. Some day, of course, its difficulties will vanish and its obscurities will become crystal clear. Until that day arrives, however, one humble Philistine must confess that he thought it strained and unimaginative.

The real excitement of the evening began at the end, when Mr. Stokowski conducted some of his crack players in a superb performance of Stravinsky's "Renard," seconded by spirited and successful singing by the four soloists. The piece, which recounts a variant of the familiar tale of Reynard and the rooster, was done as a ballet by the Diaghileff company in Paris during the early summer of 1922. It sounded much

better last night in its smaller and less pretentious setting. The music is Stravinsky at his wittiest and most sardonic, and is one more example of his ability to write delightful music with the utmost economy of means and his uncanny skill in scoring for small instrumental combinations. The audience received "Renard" with riotous delight, and were so insistent in their approval that Mr. Stokowski finally repeated it.

OPERA CONCERT HELD.

The program of the fourth Sunday concert last night at the Metropolitan Opera House consisted of operatic excerpts and with no guest artist. The list comprised the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," act V, from "Romeo et Juliette"; act II, scene 1, from "Mefistofele"; the "Meistersinger" overture; act IV, scene 2, from "Il Travatore"; act I, scene 1, from "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the overture to "Orpheus aux Enfers." The soloists were Mmes. Peralta, Mario, Ryan (for Miss Guilford, indisposed), and Telva and Messrs. Chamlee, Klinkston, Tokatyan, Plisco and Mardones. Mr. Bamboschek led the orchestra. The program was much liked by the audience.

MME. MARNI SINGS.

Mme. Francesca Marni, soprano, who had sung here before, gave a song recital at Aeolian Hall last night with Ellmer Zoller at the piano. Her good program contained airs and songs by many composers, including Paisiello's "Il Mio Ben," three lyrics sung in Russian, namely, Rachmaninov's "Thou Art Like a Lovely Flower"; Gurlieff's "The Little Light" and "The Little Hut," by Klimoffsky, and "The Dream," by Horsemann. Mme. Marni showed much appreciation of the songs she sang and her work was evidently enjoyed by her audience.

Novelties by McCormack.

John McCormack gave a song recital last evening at the Century Theatre. On his program were several folksongs which he unearthed this summer abroad and which proved to be happy additions to his repertoire. A large audience attended, calling at the end for all the old favorites which they always throng to hear.

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Imandt, Violinist, in Debut Here.

Robert Imandt, a French violinist, was assisted at his first appearance in this city at Aeolian Hall last evening by Raymond Bauman, pianist and by Theodore Strong at the organ in one of the numbers. The violinist gave emphasis to technical accomplishments in an interpretation of Caesar Franck's sonata which was richer in feeling were Szymanowski's "Mythes" which came later and which were greatly enhanced by the excellent support of the accompanist.

Play From Wagner's Operas.

Selections from Wagner's operas prevailed at the concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening under the direction of Willem van Hoogstraten. These were chosen from "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried" and "Die Meistersinger." Also on the list were Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Russian Easter" and the overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz."

Dec 3 '923

International Composers' Guild.

By H. C. COLLES.

The success of the entertainment which the International Composers' Guild gave at the Vanderbilt Theatre last night was proved by the fact that at quite an early stage every one became lighthearted and some became lightheaded. Even staid newspaper reviewers had cast aside before the second part, in which Mr. Stokowski conducted the music to Stravinsky's burlesque on Russian folk tales, and had been heard joining in the demand for a repetition of Arnold Schönberg's "Herzegewachse." When newspaper reviewers call "encore" it is a sure sign that the temperature has been raised above the normal of the ordinary concert room.

It did not happen quite at once. While Miss Eva Leoni was wandering vaguely through some songs by Maurice Delage in a voice which reminded one of a certain peculiar whistle with a wobble in it used by jazz bands, there was just a fear that this performance might have to be taken seriously; that it might be necessary to say exactly what one thought of it all. But Mr. Claudio Arrau and a piano saved the situation and banished that dismal sinking feeling which so many concerts of the very latest in music produce.

He plunged at once into a set of pieces called "Syntheses," by Arthur Lourié,

who, the program notes, informed us was lately head of a music commission organized by the Soviet Government of Russia. In them all notes are equal, none is dependent on another or related to its neighbors. No doubt this is the logical outcome of the well-tempered clavier. Who shall say that an augmented fourth is more dissonant than a major third when both are out of tune, as they necessarily are on the piano. So Arthur Lourié writes notes, notes

and more notes, some quick, some slow, some in handfolds, others scattered freely in cascades. They leap and tumble from one end of the piano to another while we wonder how Mr. Arrau can remember them all and whether he does.

At any rate there is nothing to criticize, nothing to express any opinion about. It is quite good fun while it lasts, and it does not last long. After it came two movements by Hindemith, one a march in a sort of Schubert-cum-Sullivan rhythm, but redeemed from too much obviousness by its blessed "wrong notes," the other a "Nachtstück" with an altogether unaccountable touch of sentimentality which we had to get past quickly if we were not to find ourselves once more in the realms of ordinary music.

Bela Bartók's "Improvisations" on some simple folksongs of his country brought us back from the dangerous tendency toward reflection which no German composer can be relied on to avoid. Of course we all know now that Hungarian music has nothing to do with the rhapsodies of Liszt or the Dances of Brahms, but is the soul of a people suppressed until Bela Bartók taught it to grate on a piano.

Thus Mr. Arrau tactfully led up to Schönberg's "Herzegewachse" for soprano voice (Miss Leoni again), harp, harmonium and celesta, the piece which evoked so remarkable a demonstration. Possibly the demonstration was partly a tribute to the unique qualities of Miss Leoni's high notes in combination with the groan of the harmonium, the tinkle of the celesta and the twang of the harp. It recalled Gilbert's lines:

Strike the concertina's melancholy string,

Blow the soul-stirring harp like anything,

which indeed might have made a more suitable text for Schönberg's muse than the gentle poem by Maeterlinck. After all, what has Maeterlinck done to deserve it? However, as in two hearings we never discovered whether Miss Leoni was singing in German or French, or even thought to try to catch a word, so irresponsible had the atmosphere become, it does not much matter about Maeterlinck. The repetition showed what pains Miss Leoni had taken to memorize it accurately. That evidently is her gift.

Finally the concert was wound up with Stravinsky's music to "Renard," in which Mr. Stokowski conducted a detachment of the Philadelphia orchestra, and the vocal parts representing the conversation of the cock, the fox, the cat and the goat were taken by José Delaquerriere, Harold Hansen, John Barclay and Hubert Linscott. Stravinsky is a conscious humorist, and that at once places him apart from the others.

This little ballet was produced at the Paris opera last year by the Diaghileff troupe and one can imagine what a delightful thing they would make of it. Stravinsky, whether he knows it or not, and if he knows he probably does not care, has a precedent for its style in Vecchi's sixteenth century music-drama, "Amfiparnasso," in which the parts mined on the stage were sung by singers off it. Like Vecchi he does not keep one voice strictly to a part but uses his basses and tenors in conversation according to his convenience. They combine wonderfully with the instruments, reiterating these incisive rhythmic figures and breaking out into fragments of tune which he always uses so skillfully whenever he is writing for the ballet.

It is extraordinarily funny and musically exhilarating at the same time, and even without the stage its effects come off brilliantly. Mr. Stokowski with his singers and players achieved a wonderful ensemble and the audience made a vigorous effort to get them to repeat their success. When we left Mr. Stokowski was trying to refuse, but he may have relented.

Dec 4, 1923

Carl Friedberg's Recital.

By H. C. COLLES.

Brahms and Schumann were the two composers chosen by Carl Friedberg for his program at Aeolian Hall last night, and he justified his choice by showing himself to be a pianist who possesses the right qualities for the interpretation of these masters. He gave a selection of their larger works, beginning with three out of the four of Brahms's set of ballads (Opus 10) with the scherzo in E flat minor, placing Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and the toccata in C in the middle and returning to Brahms at the end in order to play the whole of the variations on a theme by Paganini.

This was a big scheme, and he carried it through triumphantly. If his playing showed some signs of fatigue as he reached the second book of the variations it was chiefly noticeable from the fact that the first quality one enjoys in Mr. Friedberg's playing is a forthright directness in which every phase is clean

cut; in a few of these variations there were passages which did not reach the high standard he had set. But when that has been mentioned with the fact that, like most modern pianists, he deserved a small fine for "speeding" in the Schumann toccata, we have done with defects.

One felt from the first, and never lost the conviction, that Mr. Friedberg is a pianist who understands what he is talking about when he talks Brahms and Schumann. His Brahms was particularly delightful because Brahms is the deeper subject of the two. He knows that rhythm matters before all else and that rhythm is not the same thing as time. He used his rubato always to bring out the true point of the phrase. Notable instances were the two trios of the scherzo in E flat minor. The Paganini variations are the most exhaustive set which Brahms ever wrote. Many pianists regard them as a rather cumbersome essay in technique.

Mr. Friedberg made them entrancing from first to last, not only delighting in the contrasts of mood they present and the extraordinary fertility of melodic and contrapuntal resource, but, as it were, threading them together so as to show how they build up a high architectural design. His playing was the complete answer to those who assert that strictness of form is a bar to freedom of expression.

PIANIST GIVES A NOVELTY.

Alfredo Oswald From Brazil Plays "The Baby's Family."

Alfredo Oswald, a visitor from Brazil, marked his return yesterday to Aeolian Hall with a program distinguishable from a thousand. Less cosmopolitan than his countrywoman, Novaes, he avoids the cold precision of line of Northern technique; but, to make up for it, he luxuriates in tropical plentitude of sound, forests of notes, never noisy, from which emerge now a matin hymn or chaste fugue of Bach, again an ascetic harmony of the Abbé Liszt.

These two alone he played, first and last, with a novelty midway was the complete "The Baby's Family" of eight dolls designed by H. Villa-Lobos in children's play lines of native Brazilian races. A five-one or blacknote scale was the rubber mulatto doll. The negro image of wood suggested a tarentelle, the Creole and Indian different dancers, and the white porcelain and poor rag dolls contrasting lullabies. Punch and the Witch were as modern as the most advanced composers heard elsewhere daily.

Oswald's Mechanics Perfect.

Alfredo Oswald gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall which could not be classed among musical events. If this young man drives a motor, it is probable that he looks to the speedometer to tell him whether or not he is enjoying himself. The scenery may consist of the bleak factories that group themselves along the Jersey marshes, or it may offer the woodland vistas of the Berkshires; it's much the same to him.

Surely the "Prelude and Fugue in A minor," one of the opening numbers, was practiced with more regard to the metronome than for the intent of Mr. Bach. The velocity was wonderful, but—well, I've mentioned a pianola once to-day.

The Brazilian work, "The Baby's Family," appealed more to the imagination of Mr. Oswald, but at that he did not succeed in sustaining interest through the characterizations of the eight dolls.

Mr. Oswald possesses a remarkable facility and smoothness of touch. These are linear qualities. It is to be hoped that he will develop the depth and height of his playing.

Hackett Sings With Philharmonic.

Arthur Hackett, the operatic tenor, made one of his too rare appearances in New York this season at last evening's second concert of the Philharmonic's new series for students in Carnegie Hall, singing with the orchestra two French songs by Duparc. Willem Van Hoogstraten conducted Mozart's symphony in G minor, Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Wagner's to "The Mastersingers" and Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead." As the concert was also broadcast by radio, those at the hall heard early returns from distant hearers. A woman in Connecticut called up to say, "I'm listening to your concert and it sounds fine here."

"L'Oracolo" and "L'Amico Fritz."

"L'Oracolo" and "L'Amico Fritz" opened the fifth week of opera last evening with two-fold measures of stars in various tragic and lyric roles. Scott and Didur, with Mario, Telva, Chamlee and d'Angelo, sang Leoni's still popular version of the "Cat and Chorus" thriller of San Francisco Chinatown. Mascagni's recently revised three-act comedy engaged Bori and Plet, with Danise, Aleock, Anthony, Wolf and Paltrinieri, and Moranzoni conducted.

Idently the artists are economiz-
for the two pianists who gave
yesterday managed to employ
five composers between them.
do Oswald, who played at Aeolian
in the afternoon, used three of
His program, three Bach
s, a suite of eight little pieces
I. Villa-Lobos and six more or
unfamiliar compositions by Liszt.
Villa-Lobos suite, entitled, "The
s Family," is a series of minia-
supposed to portray a family of
—Arthur Rubenstein played four
em at his recent New York re-
They are unpretentious little
es, written in a neat post-De-
an idiom, and made an attrac-
interlude in the serious business
e afternoon. Mr. Oswald played
with skill and a sympathetic
of their humorous possibilities,
successfully, in fact, than his
er numbers, for which his nim-
at rather uneventful style did not
particularly adapted.

Dec 5 1923 By Deems Taylor

MISCHA LEVITZKI.

After hearing three pianists in rapid
cession, one begins to wonder upon
ing, confronted with a fourth
whether there will be any adjectives
t with which to do him justice.
However, when the party of the first
rt is as good a pianist as Mr. Le-
vitzki, he may be trusted more or less
to provide his own adjectives, for he
is a young player of wide resources
and an exhilarating control of his
medium.

The program that he offered last
night in Carnegie Hall contained
works by ten composers, ranging in
light from Chopin's B minor sonata
and the Bach D minor toccata and
due to Dohányi's boisterous "Die
He Gesellschaft" and his own grace-
ful "Valse de Concert." It was a
possibly a little overweighted on
the lighter side, for except for the
Chopin and Chopin, and two Beethoven
pieces, the music he played ran fast
her than deep. Godowsky's "A
tteau Paysage," for instance, is
asant to hear, but taxes the play-
ers fingers rather more than it does
soul, and the same might be said
the two Rubinstein numbers—the
carolle in G and the staccato etude
Chaikovsky's "Troika en Trai-
aux," and several other numbers.
The first half of his program, there-
fore, was the only part that called for
Levitzki's utmost as an in-
preter. He rose capably to the oc-
asion whenever the occasion de-
anded it, giving the Bach work a
performance notable for its clean
ndling of the contrapuntal strands
and its vivid dynamics, offering a
ent and imaginative reading of the
Chopin sonata, and bringing to the
Beethoven "andante favori" a pure
e tone that made it a moment of
a beauty.

Most of the other numbers, as
stated, made their principal demands
on his technique and sense of
rhythm. As he possesses both these
tributes to a marked degree, he suc-
ceeded brilliantly in making the
playing a memorable one for a large
demonstrative audience.

Mexican Concert.

The Mexican colony in New York was
erred a concert and ball last night at
Majestic Hotel. A number of consul
als of the various nations in this
were present for the affair. The
was under the auspices of the Ali-
ons' Association.
The elaborate musical program includ-
Mexican tableau, selections by the or-
ga of the association, Prelude in A
major and "Jorabe Tapatio." These
were given by Arnulfo Mira-
es, pianist; Senorita Maria Zepeda
Senor Ignacio Fernandez.
ere were also a number of instru-
al selections.

Murray-Aynsley Recital

Elsa Murray-Aynsley, an English
mezzo-soprano, sang last night in the
Town Hall her first concert in this
country. The programme, which was
too long, included songs in Russian,
French, German, one in Gaelic, and
a few in English. She is by way of
being a linguist and her interpreta-
tions were very good indeed, but we
found her voice not so good a vehicle
as one could have wished for con-
veying her personality. In a *mezza-
voce* it was good; in the high register
good, too; but the middle voice could
not always be trusted, and it was
never big enough, rich enough. Also
we felt that several times her accom-
panist dragged her, as in the "Hopak"
song by Moussorgsky, and the black-
smith lover picture of Brahms. The

programme was a very heavy one,
and it was clear that she was tiring
before the last group was started. We
wish that women would not try to
sing the Volga boatman chant—why
will they do that, when of all the songs
it demands the power, depth, fire of
a Russian man's heart and voice.
The saving clauses were Gretchan-
noff's "Over the Steppes," and the two
songs by Hugo Wolf, which were done
most satisfyingly. H. M.

Miss Aynsley is an English soprano
and scored many successes abroad. She
is very talented, having been tutored in
Russia, France and Germany. The vocal-
ist sang groups of songs from these coun-
tries, some of them being "Pleurez mes
Yeux," from "Le Cid," a composition by
Massenet; "Over the Steppe," "The
Northern Star" and three other numbers,
all sung in Russian.

Among the French selections were
"L'Esclave," "Le Colibri" and "Nuages,"
from "Chansons de Miarka," by Alexan-
dre Georges. The German songs were
"Verborgenheit" and "In dem Schatten
meiner Locken," composed by Hugo Wolf.
The English group included songs by
Ireland, Bridge, Kennedy, Fraser and
Bax. The singer's pleasing personality
and sonorous voice won for her much ap-
plause.

Marguerite Morgan, who appeared at
piano recital last evening at Aeolian
Hall, displayed as much imagination
and originality in the making of her
program as she did later in her play-
ing. After the due concessions to
tradition in offering Bach's Chromatic
Fantasy and a Liszt Rhapsody she
filled in the interim with such names
as Rachmaninov, Ravel and Grieg.

The result was a fresh, interesting
program, ably played. The cream of
the list was perhaps the Ravel sona-
tine which closed her second group.
The cool, just a little cerebral nuances
of this thumbnail work were brought
out in fine fashion, and if Miss Morgan
seemed a bit overdeliberate at
times she compensated with a depth
and round sonority of tone which,
combined with some laudable legato
playing, made it a delightful, memo-
rable bit.

The brittle last movement had polish
and style; there is rather more than
just promise to be written opposite
Miss Morgan's name. It was well that
her program ran to the "brilliant" in
mood, for she was distinctly happier
in this sphere.

At the Town Hall, Elsa Murray-
Aynsley, appearing in song recital,
made her best impression on her audi-
ence with a group of Russian songs,
sung in the original. Glinka, Kretch-
aninov, Chaikovsky, Moussorgsky
and Rachmaninov were represented,
and the artist's high, clear soprano
carried them off with their touches of
dramatic suggestion with authority
and style.

In the French group, which followed
these, she displayed an excellent dic-
tion, and, especially in Georges,
"Clouds," a fine variety which was,
in the second stanza particularly, as
well done as anything on her list. Her
voice carries a slight tremolo when
used to its fullest power and in the
middle register, but at times even this
was employed to good advantage for
the dramatic exigencies of the ma-
terial. Wolf's "In dem Schatten
meiner Locken" and Lalo's "Slave"
were among her most successful of-
ferings. A. C.

Elly Ney Gives Recital of Brahms.

Elly Ney, who had in former pro-
grams established herself as a worthy
exponent of the music of Brahms, yes-
terday at her second piano recital of
the season at Aeolian Hall confined
herself entirely to the works of that
composer. Included in the list was the
sonata in F minor which she gave with
much authority, choosing carefully the
passages to be emphasized and playing
with vigorousness which never threat-
ened to offend the ear. At other times
there was light, rippling fleetness of
finger and delicate and artistic phras-
ing. Also there were four ballads,
waltzes and other pieces. Most of the
large audience crowded toward the
stage at the close of the afternoon and
for ten minutes stood applauding the
pianist.

Dec 6 1923 American Music Guild.

By H. C. COLLES.

The first concert of the season given
by the American Music Guild at the
Town Hall last night offered a pro-
gram made up of works which a re-
sponsible committee of musicians had
recommended for performance at the
last Salzburg Festival of "contempo-
rary" music. Nothing was said as to
their acceptance or the reverse, and it
seemed right that nothing should be
said. It was sufficient that these works
had been recommended; the actual
choice for the festival of the Program
Committee depended on many consid-
erations besides merit, and those con-
siderations often bring about the perform-
ance of the smaller work excluding the
greater.

This program began with Loeffler's
"Music for Four-stringed Instruments"
played by the Lenox quartet, which has
been heard before and which was no
doubt accorded the place of honor here
because Loeffler is a leader whose work
commands respect wherever it is heard.
The remainder of the program was
devoted to work by younger men includ-
ing some whose names are scarcely
familiar. Most important of these was
a trio for piano and strings by Harold
Morris which was played by the com-
poser at the piano, Albert Stoessel, vio-
lin, and Felix Salmon, violoncello.

It is a single movement work "in the
form of a rhapsody" in which a number
of vigorous and strongly contrasted
ideas are woven together. The com-
poser is not afraid of simplicity; he can
start with a broad and diatonic tune and
use the same to sum up his work in the
final climax. But between these points,
the outset and the goal, a great deal has
happened. It is genuinely rhapsodic
in the fact that imagination is allowed
to run free and the ideas strike across
one another often without any attempt
to show their relevance.

The difficulty of rhapsody, literally
the sewing together of songs, is that
the stitches are apt to show, and there
are certain waiting points in the music
where nothing of much consequence
happens and which have the effect of
breaking the work into detached epi-
sodes. These are the stitches which a
more experienced technique would hide.
The actual writing for the instruments,
too, is not always happy. The chord
passages of the piano are apt to be
clumsy and the two strings have enough
of playing in octaves to make the tex-
ture at times sound thin. But this is
presumably an early work, and in these
days, when so many young composers
show complete command of all the latest
tricks and do nothing with them that
has not been done better a thousand
times already, it is hopeful to find one
who does not know all the tricks, or
who if he does is not over-anxious to
use them, and who undeniably has
something which he wishes to say. One
felt that it will be worth while to look
again for the name of Harold Morris
on concert programs.

Three piano pieces by Louis Gruen-
berg played by Charles Haubel are cer-
tainly facile in expression but without
much distinction. These fragments from
Emerson Whitthorne's "New York Days
and Nights," played by Harrison Pot-
ter, made a stronger impression, even
though New York does not seem alto-
gether an appropriate subject for the
miniaturist. These, if we remember
rightly, found a place at Salzburg.

Between the two sets of piano works
came a group of songs, "Five Poems of
Ancient China and Japan," by the late
Charles T. Griffes, which, sung by Miss
Helena Marsh, certainly gave strong
evidence that by the early death of the
composer this country lost an artist
with a genuine lyric gift. Each song
presents a distinct mood and presents
it with the smallest expenditure of ef-
fort, through a voice part simple and
flexible in outline and a pianistic com-
mentary which shows a subtle feeling
both for design and color.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE TOWN HALL.

Program of works by American
composers offered by the American
Music Guild. First concert of the sea-
son.

THE PROGRAM.

1. Music for four stringed instruments
Charles Martin Loeffler
Poco adagio, allegro moderato—Adagio, ma
non troppo—Moderato.
The Lenox Quartet—Sandor Harnati, Wolfe
Wolfington, Nicholas Moldevan,
Emerson Strober.
2. Three pieces for piano (from "Poly-
chromes") Louis Gruenberg

- From the Mist—The Lady with the Damask
Mantle—The Knight of the Black Pool.
Charles Haubel.
3. Five poems of ancient China and Japan
Charles T. Griffes
- So-Fel Gathering Flowers—Landscape—The
Old Temple Among the Mountains—
Tears—A Feast of the Lanterns.
Helena Marsh.
- Walter Golde at the piano.
4. Three fragments from "New York Days
and Nights" Emerson Whitthorne
On the Ferry—A Greenwich Village Tragic
—Pell Street.
Harrison Potter.
5. Trio for piano, violin and violoncello in
the form of a rhapsody. Harold Morris
The composer at the piano; Albert Stoessel,
violin; Felix Salmon, cello.

The American Music Guild pre-
sented nothing absolutely new last
night, but its program was interest-
ing none the less, for the list of com-
positions it presented was that chosen
by the American committee last
spring to represent American music
at the international festival held in
Salzburg, Austria. Only one of the
works, Whitthorne's "New York Days
and Nights," ever reached the stage
of actual performance at Salzburg,
but for various reasons, few of them
musical, that fact could hardly be
held against the other compositions.

It is to the Guild's credit that the
music last night had the advantage of
performance that was generally com-
petent and sometimes excellent. The
Lenox quartet played the Loeffler
work with considerable feeling and—
barring a few intonational slips in the
last movement—technical skill. Mr.
Potter's solos and Mr. Golde's accom-
paniments were notable for fine vigor
and color, and the trio, while not per-
fectly disciplined, had the benefit of
Mr. Salmon's superlative cello play-
ing.

One might, of course, think of other
works that could have been included
in a representative American list to
send abroad, but the program played
last night was certainly one that no
American need be ashamed of. It had
color, variety of mood and flashes of
real distinction. The Loeffler work,
modestly not called a "quartet" by its
composer, had its first hearing here,
if memory serves, at the hands of the
Flonzaley quartet. It is an elegiac
piece in three movements, written in
memory of Victor Chapman, the
American aviator. Written with sim-
plicity and directness and scored with
skill and fine clarity for the four
strings, it succeeds in creating a mood
of quiet melancholy that is generally
impressive and always beautiful.

The other works were more fa-
miliar, and were obviously to the taste
of a friendly audience. Mr. Gruen-
berg's "Lady" and Mr. Whitthorne's
"Pell Street" aroused particular re-
joicing with their engagingly buoyant
rhythms, and Mr. Morris's trio inten-
sified one's previous impression that
it is a work of more than ordinary
significance.

OTHER MUSIC.

It must have struck some of the
audience last night in Carnegie Hall
as strange that Percy Grainger,
usually named as one of the chief
modern American composers, should
have offered such a collection of
antiques as his program for his only
New York recital this season. Bach,
Scarlatti, Handel, Chopin—rather far
these from the twentieth century!
Definite verification is lacking, but
perhaps even Delius's "First Cuckoo"
and Balakirev's "Islamey" may not
be of this century either, and they, as
the closing group, were the modern
members of the combination.

But Mr. Grainger showed, even
with this largely radical material, that
absence, whatever its effect on the
heart, has made the tone grow softer.
In place of his sometimes wooden re-
sults of a few years ago, he produced
something of a depth and richness
which has not been too often in his
tone before. In Chopin's B minor
sonata, op. 58, from its sonorous
opening with its timid thread of
melody faltering through it to its al-
most unshackled finale, he gave his
house a work which seemed much
meatier and sounder than is usually
associated with the scented swoons of
"the ladies' composer." In fact, there
were times when one could hardly
shake off the idea that he was play-
ing it as if it were written by Percy
Grainger.

Later he strolled deliberately, almost pensively, through a Bach C sharp minor prelude and fugue and read his two Scarlatti sonatas briefly, to the point of flippancy. A melodic whirl at Schumann's Symphonic Variations and the two modern bits mentioned before finished a program to the noisy satisfaction of a crowded house.

In Aeolian Hall the newly fledged American-National Orchestra gave its first regular concert. Apart from affording opportunity for the native player, Howard Barlow, the conductor, deserves thanks for his program of American music. MacDowell's A minor concerto, with Lyell Barber as soloist, was worth founding a new orchestra for; however played—and not so badly played at that—by the new ensemble, its second movement alone was a bit of very real and very rare beauty. There is considerably more than promise for this orchestra; in an already crowded field one could safely predict that it will hold its own.

A. C.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Music Guild Concert.

Among the numerous guilds which are now agitating the surface of the musical waters the American Music Guild has at any rate achieved the feat of securing hearing for one of its works as far from home as Salzburg. Five compositions were selected by the committee of the organization to be submitted to the jury of the International Society for Contemporary Music at its meeting in Zurich last summer, and one of these works was chosen by the jury to be performed at the Salzburg festival.

The guild gave last evening in Town Hall the first of three concerts and utilized the occasion to offer for renewed local consideration the five works which the foreign jury studied last summer. These were a quartet by Charles Martin Loeffler, Louis Gruenberg's "Polychromes" for piano, Charles Griffes's "Chinese Lyrics," three fragments from Emerson Whitthorne's "New York Nights and Days" and a trio by Harold Morris. It might be interesting to a few musicians to be confronted with a long and searching account of these compositions and some record of the impressions made by them on an audience obviously prepared to be unimpressed.

But such a study of the music would better be reserved for one of the musical papers (which will never contain it) or the *Musical Quarterly*, which might find it worth while. For a daily newspaper only the customary morning report is practicable. Further more all these compositions have been performed here. The Flonzaley Quartet produced the Loeffler work and the others have been heard either in public concerts or in the entertainments of the Guild.

The average of merit proved to be fairly high. But there might be ground for some difference of opinion as to the decision of the Zurich judges. Mr. Whitthorne's picturesque piano sketches certainly deserved to be heard at the Salzburg festival. They are delightful, and if pianists do not take to themselves the "Pell Street" movement as a conveniently short and deliciously piquant encore number they will lose something. But Mr. Loeffler's "Music for Four Stringed Instruments" might also well have been honored with a Salzburg presentation.

It is a somewhat diffuse and intriguing work suggesting a complicated program, but it has all the aristocratic quality which we are accustomed to find in this writer's work and its beauties are endowed with that peculiarly original line of thought which has for years marked Mrs. Loegler as a thoroughly independent disciple of the young Gallic school.

Mr. Gruenberg's "Polychromes" might be more convincing if adequately played and Mr. Griffes's lyrics if even tolerably sung. But none of this music should be relegated to the dust of the library. It is much more worth while than some of the inegal non-sense which certain other guilds of musicians violently propel into the glare of publicity.

An American Orchestra

A friendly and fair-sized audience gathered at Aeolian Hall last night to hear the first concert of the newly organized American National Orchestra, under the leadership of Howard Barlow. This new organization is not to be resident in New York but plans to tour the States, and it is unique in that it has pledged itself to employ none but American-born musicians, to include at least one work by an American composer on each of its programmes, and to engage only American-born soloists.

Last night's concert demonstrated that the youthful conductor has the elements of a good orchestra at his command, that he is not a mere time-beater, and that he does not lack the courage to tackle a big job. In selecting so inspired a work as César Franck's symphony as the opening number on his programme he gave his players every opportunity to exhibit their wares, and set himself a task which a veteran with the baton would not consider lightly.

Naturally the audience did not come to hear the Philharmonic. There were moments in the *tutti* passages, both in the second and last movements of the symphony, when the cellos scraped audibly and when the brasses through an excess of zeal succeeded in nullifying the efforts of the whole violin choir. In the pizzicato work, too, there were lapses, such as an accidental collision with an open E-string. But the hearers were not in a captious mood and seemed disposed to make allowances for a pardonable first-night nervousness.

Lyell Barber was the soloist in MacDowell's first piano concerto, in A minor, and his playing was as clean cut as his appearance. The orchestra seemed to have difficulty in adapting itself to Mr. Barber's tempi, but Mr. Barlow succeeded in composing this slight difference of opinion between his men and the soloist. Too bad we don't hear this concerto more often. Liszt after hearing a pianized version of it played by MacDowell and Eugen d'Albert soon after its completion warned the latter that he must bestir himself if he did not want to be outdone by "our young American."

Two other American composers were represented on the programme. Lewis M. Isaacs's "Beyond the Mountain Line" had its first performance and made a good impression both by its orchestration and its interesting thematic material. James P. Dunn's "Overture on Negro Themes" was the concluding number.

A new orchestra, like a new fiddle, improves the more it's played on. It is to be heard here again in the spring.

A. W. M.

Olga Steeb, Pianist, Applauded.

Olga Steeb presented music by Brahms, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt at her piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. She played Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C minor with fine feeling for contrast, delightful fluency and careful shaping of phrase. The pianist attained power in the proper passages and in others with an even, rippling tone. The audience expressed much enjoyment and recalled the musician many times.

"Die Meistersinger" had its third performance of the season at the Metropolitan last evening. The role of Eva, sung at the last performance by Miss Rethberg, was again portrayed by Miss Easton. In other respects the cast remained unchanged and the performance fully maintained the high standard of excellence set forth at its first presentation.

Mr. Laubenthal's *Walter von Stolzing* has increased freedom of repose. Of Mr. Whitehill's *Hans Sachs* it can only be reiterated that this portrayal grows constantly in beauty and power. He was in good voice and sang admirably.

Other principals included Miss Howard as *Margarete*, Gustav Schmetzen-dorf as *Beckmesser*, Paul Bender as *Pogner* and George Meader an agile and admirable *David*. Mr. Bodanzky, who conducted, effected a fine spirit of unity and coherence.

American National Orchestra.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Howard Barlow, a young American musician, now of New York, has formed an orchestra of American-born players and is undertaking with it "to give the American-born musician of ability an opportunity to realize and gratify his artistic aspirations." It is a courageous undertaking, whatever may be thought of the direct and immediate need of a

new orchestra in New York and whether or not the American-born musician is bereft of opportunities to realize and gratify his artistic ambitions. And the concert given by this orchestra last evening in Aeolian Hall under Mr. Barlow's direction was a very good one, highly creditable to those who took part.

The orchestra is made up for the most part evidently, of players of experience, and by no means of novices. It is not meant for novices. One concert was given by the organization at the end of last season. Its playing last evening indicated praiseworthy endeavor and not a little skill on the part of the players, and not a little talent on the part of Mr. Barlow. He knows what he is about; knows music and orchestral technique, and has authority over his players.

It need not be maintained the last evening's performance was a finished one. It takes a good while and a great deal of skill and determination to make a new orchestra. And Mr. Barlow did not dodge difficulties nor seek refuge in problems easily mastered. His program composed of César Franck's symphony, Lewis M. Isaacs's symphonic piece, "Beyond the Mountain Line"; James P. Dunn's "Overture on Negro Themes," and MacDowell's first piano concerto in A minor, played by Lyell Barber.

The symphony and the concerto at least offer an abundance of difficulties. Mr. Barlow's reading of the symphony was intelligent and musical and showed a thorough knowledge of it and of the orchestral effects that are needed in it. His head was not in the score. The effects were not all presented as some of the great orchestras would present them, needless to say, but there was something there of interest and promise.

The concertos is the one less of ten heard—not that either of MacDowell's two have been made household words by pianists, either for musical or patriotic reasons—but it gave a suggestion of what might be substituted for some of the intolerable repetitions of more familiar works of its kind to the advantage of both players and listeners.

Mr. Dunn's negro overture was played in one of the Stadium concerts last year. Mr. Isaacs, author of "Beyond the Mountain Line," is a pupil of MacDowell, but a musician only by avocation.

ITALIAN COMPOSER HERE.

Montemezzi Suggests Tax on Theatres and Movies to Support Opera.

Italo Montemezzi, composer of several operas, among them "The Love of Three Kings," arrived here yesterday on the Conte Rosso of the Lloyd Sabauda Line, accompanied by his wife, the former Miss Catherine Leith of this city, whom he married in Paris three years ago. He said he was at work on a new opera named "Paul and Virginia."

Signor Montemezzi said that permanent open companies could be maintained in every American city if the Government carried out the plan in effect in Milan, where the theatres and movie houses were compelled to divert 2 per cent. of their proceeds for the expenses of La Scala.

"In this way good art could be built up at the expense of poor art," he said.

W. H. Humiston,

William Henry Humiston, music critic of "The Brooklyn Eagle" and, as conductor, composer, organist and scholar, a prominent figure among New York musicians for many years, died yesterday afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Hospital, following an operation. Mr. Humiston had not been well since his return from Europe in October, but continued his critical work until about ten days ago. That he was suffering from cancer was not determined until his operation, and his sudden and unexpected death comes as a distinct shock to the New York musical world. He was probably the leading authority in America on the music of Wagner and Bach, knowing Wagner's scores practically note for note, while for some years he was identified with the Philharmonic Society as its organist, assistant conductor and writer of program notes.

Mr. Humiston, who was the son of Henry and Margaret Voris Humiston, was born at Marietta, Ohio, on April 27, 1869, had his high school education in Chicago and was graduated from Lake Forest College in 1891. He studied piano and harmony with W. S. B. Mathews from 1884 to 1893, and organ with C. Eddy from 1885 to 1894, while in Chicago, where, in 1889 to 1891 and 1893 to 1894, he was organist at the Lake Forest Presbyterian Church.

Studied Under MacDowell

In 1896 Mr. Humiston came to New York and began three years of composition study with Edward MacDowell.

He was a former member of the artists' colony at Peterborough, N. H., founded by Mrs. MacDowell in memory of her husband. In the same year he became organist at Trinity Congregational Church in East Orange, N. J., holding this post for ten years, followed by three years as organist in the Presbyterian Church at Rye (1906 to 1909).

Leaving the organist's stool he spent three years as conductor of both grand and comic opera with traveling companies and settled permanently in New York in 1912. In the fall of that year he succeeded H. E. Krehbiel as program annotator for the Philharmonic Society in the second season of Josef Stransky's conductorship and became assistant conductor of the Philharmonic in 1916. He remained with the society in these capacities until its amalgamation in 1921 with the National Symphony Orchestra. Up to the present season he wrote program notes for the Society of the Friends of Music.

Mr. Humiston took up the duties of music critic on "The Brooklyn Eagle" last fall. In July he left for an extended tour in Europe, sending back interesting reports of the musical situation there. Meanwhile, on July 14, he was awarded the degree of master of arts by his college, Lake Forest University. He was a member of the American Guild of Organists.

Write Centennial Program

Mr. Humiston's orchestral works have been represented on Philharmonic and on stadium programs. His more important compositions include the "Southern Fantasy" for orchestra (1906), an orchestral suite in F sharp minor (1911), "Iphigenia," a dramatic scene for soprano, chorus and orchestra (1913); overture "Twelfth Night," written for Maude Adams's production (1916), and various songs. As a Wagner scholar he arranged the music for the Wagner centennial film shown in 1913.

Mr. Humiston, who was unmarried, is survived by his father and a brother, a Chicago surgeon. He lived at 181 Manhattan Avenue, but for the ten days before going to the hospital stayed with Henry T. Finck, music critic of "The Evening Post," whom he had assisted for a number of years. His death is a severe loss to musical circles here, where the late musician was loved for his charm of manner and deeply respected for his scholarship.

Mac 7 1923
By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Olga Steeb Plays.

Miss Olga Steeb, a pianist who is not a stranger to local audiences, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The publication of catalogues of compositions performed by concert givers is an addition to the mass of tedious reading, but at times programs demand consideration. A great deal of good music has been written since the death of Brahms, and yet too many programs stop with him. Miss Steeb possibly preferred to remain on reasonably safe ground, but is it not time that all pianists, save the supreme masters, permitted Chopin's B flat minor sonata to slip for some seasons out of their repertoires?

Miss Steeb has certain indisputable merits. For one thing, she does not require the maker of her piano to regulate the action to the last degree of lightness. She has immense muscular force and she can play on a piano with an action which allows the best tonal qualities of the instrument to be disclosed. Some other pianists might take a lesson from her in this matter. Excessive brilliancy is one of the defects of piano playing and mellowness of tone is unobtainable by most players when the action is too light.

Miss Steeb rejoices too much in her strength. Her performance of the first movement of the Chopin sonata was a storm of tones and overtones. She seemed to desire to effect a sharp contrast with this by her delivery of the trio of the scherzo, but here she defeated her own purpose by dragging the melody quite apart and depriving it of its flow. The wind blew hard over the grave, too, but perhaps it was so.

Other works on the list were two rhapsodies of Brahms, the thirty-two variations of Beethoven, Liszt's "Waldesrauschen" and his B minor sonata. Miss Steeb was heard by an audience of moderate size. Possibly she hoped that a program of works by famous composers would attract

earers than one of music by
wagers in the field of art. But
music ought to be played, if
for the purpose of letting the
find out whether it enjoys it
no

The Philharmonic Society and r. Ossip Gabrilowitsch Play Beethoven

The Philharmonic Society, apparently
neced over the neglect of Beeth-
en music in New York, came boldly
last night with an all-Beeth-
en program. Happily, it was like-
an all-masterpiece program, which
invariably the case with 100 per
grams of this kind. There
the "Egmont" Overture to lead off
the Seventh Symphony as the
and the "Leonora" No. 3 to end
past. How we should character-
contribution of the soloist we
quite know. This was the "Em-
Concerto, played by Mr. Gabrilo-
and we are embarrassed in at-
ing to characterize it because
Gabrilowitsch's playing turned out
the feature of the concert, where-
rights, the Symphony should
een

was not because Mr. Van Hoog-
made little of the Symphony.
ense he made too much of it. Of
like all great works of art—
larly in music—this Symphony
sided. It is true, even though
plagiarizing the program notes
ing so, that what you seek in
Symphony you find. It is in-
capacious and rewarding; you
discover in it almost anything you
If you are able to charm it
tly to cause it to turn toward
of its many countenances, you
probably find your own image
out of its glowing, mysterious,
omable eyes. Some, being chil-
of motion and fantasy, do no more
make it dance for them; others,
lyrists, win songs and rhapsodies
the marvelous creature; and
being epioists, can conjure heroic

van Hoogstraten seemed disas-
last night to ask for weight and
and emphasis, for a sounding
epic note; and often this seemed
y sought and happily granted;
fortissimo over the drum roll
Presto, for example, had a
ing fullness of beauty and power,
ere were passages of splendid
and fervor in the Finale. But
ere were other moments, less hap-
realized, when the performance
ed heavy-handed, heavy-footed;
Beethoven's rhythmical flight,
is so often delicate and aerial
almost uncapturable, eluded the
tra and the conductor. Nor was
ner structure of the score as
revealed at all points as Bee-
intended it should be. Never-
the performance was a truly
ne, musical and sincere, and it
nmistakable pleasure to the large
nce.

came Mr. Gabrilowitsch, and
sm seemed for a while to lose
ver excuse it may have had to
r the earth—for there is little
can be said of the episode except
the pianist played Beethoven's
concerto in E-flat major, and that
yed it as beautifully as we have
heard it played, with transcendent
ness of spirit and of tonal em-
ent, with a cantilena that still
s the inward ear, with a breadth
rd of imagination, an ampli-
of style, which seemed to us sus-
sly akin to consummate art.
ere we alone, apparently, in
mpression, for the audience ap-
ped Mr. Gabrilowitsch as if great
stances of the "Emperor" con-
were the rarest things in the
which, perhaps, they are. And
ne of the applause was for Mr.
Hoogstraten and the orchestra's
hetic and sensitive accompani-
it should have been.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Meffatofele," opera in three acts and
scenes, by Arrigo Boito. Scenario and
libretto by Boris Anisfeld. Stage director,
Paul Thewman. Sung in Italian. Roberto
Mazzoni conducting.

THE CAST.

Merita Frances Alda
Peralta Frances Peralta
Flora Flora
Kathleen Howard
Fodor Fodor
Challapin Mario Chamlee
Anzelo Bada
Giordano Patrineri
In Acts I, II, and III, by the
as do Ballet.

Whatever the shortcomings of Cha-
lin's Mephistofeles in Gounod's
rattle version of the Faust legend,

his impersonation of the character in
Boito's adaptation is one of the finest
achievements of the present operatic
stage. There is nothing surpassing it
except the Russian's great Boris
Godunoff.

Gounod's Mephisto is a devil mas-
querading as a man. Boito's is the
Old Nick himself, frankly and un-
ashamedly, more frightening than the
French gentleman and still somehow
more likable. It is a character that
fits Challapin's terrific stage person-
ality like a glove, and he makes the
most of it.

He gave a performance last night
that permeated the action from be-
ginning to end with the sense of his
presence, from the prologue in heaven,
with his mocking whistle reminding
one that even the devil has a good
deal of Penrod in him, to his banish-
ment, beaten but still defiant, in
Faust's study.

His sneering "Ecco il mondo!" when
he seized the globe in the Brocken
scene was a masterpiece of contempt-
uous power, and when he hurled it
to the ground like a smashed eggshell
one felt a real momentary thrill of
apprehension for our unfortunate
planet. His voice, too, was in much
better condition than at last Friday's
"Faust," and his singing had all its
wanted beauty and eloquent variety
of tone.

Mr. Chamlee took Mr. Gigli's ac-
customed place as Faust, giving a
performance that was a little unde-
veloped dramatically, but vocally
beautiful and generally effective.
Mme. Alda had a less active Margue-
rite to impersonate than in Gounod's
heroine, but sang well.

The ballet was at all times adequate,
and particularly good in the Brocken
scene—which, as has so often been
said before, is one of the best pieces
of staging to be seen at the Metro-

politan. The chorus was effective ex-
cept in the prologue, which it began
off pitch and never succeeded in bet-
tering. Mr. Moranzoni's orchestra
was noisy at times, but always ani-
mated.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

German Leads Symphony.

Ignatz Waghalter, a German con-
ductor, made his American debut in
a concert at Carnegie Hall last eve-
ning. Mr. Waghalter engaged the or-
chestra of the New York Symphony
Society and therefore had a thoroug-
hly good instrument with which to dis-
play his abilities as a conductor.
Questions as to the expectations of
this gentleman in coming to this coun-
try have been met with evasive
answers. No orchestra is known to be
in search of a director at this mo-
ment, but of course there may be
portentous matters yet undisclosed.
One thing is certain, namely, that or-
chestras appear and disappear won-
derfully in these days and New York
will not be astonished if it wakes up
some morning to learn that it has ac-
quired overnight a Federal Colonial
National Symphony Orchestra, Ignatz
Waghalter conductor.

Meanwhile be it noted that the gen-
tleman's program showed a strong in-
clination toward works of pronounced
characteristics and dramatically ex-
pressed motions. The list comprised
Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No.
3, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun,"
Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," and
Brahms's first symphony. Beethoven's
work is a classic and Brahms's in a
classic form, but both are wholly ro-
mantic—quite as much so in spirit as
the other two.

Mr. Waghalter proved himself to be
a good conductor, though not without
idiosyncrasies. He had the common
tendency of German conductors to
drag tempi. His preparations for all
climaxes were prodigious. No listener
could have failed to get the impression
that something tremendous was about
to happen. And if there was heavy
scoring for the brass, it did happen,
as in the fortes of the Beethoven and
the Strauss. Was it not King Lear
who cried, "Blow, winds, and crack
your cheeks?" Waghalter may

be a student of Shakespeare.

In spite of the tendencies noted, the
director achieved some excellent re-
sults. His reading of the "Don Juan"
was not without a downright hearti-
ness of style, and the Debussy idyl
was allowed to sing itself through
peacefully and with all the magic of
the celebrated Barrere flute. The au-
dience was very large. There must
be thousands of New Yorkers who
have heard of Mr. Waghalter. He had
plenty of applause.

Ignaz Waghalter introduced himself to
America as conductor with the orches-
tra of the New York Symphony Society
in a concert at Carnegie Hall last night,
not as guest, it was said, but as host
of the occasion. He is a Pole, born of
a musical family at Warsaw in 1881, a
runaway at 16 to Berlin, befriended
there by Scharwenka, and at the opera
by Gregor. Conductor since 1911 of the
new Charlottenburg Opera, he also ap-
peared in London and Barcelona, and he
directed the Berlin premiere of "The
Girl of the Golden West" in the pres-
ence of Puccini.

He brought forward last night music
unfailingly calculated to arouse enthu-
siasm: Beethoven's sunrise beauties of
the third "Leonore," the Alpine sunset
of Brahms's first symphony, and be-
tween these the cool Elysian airs and
ethereal harmonies of Debussy's
"Afternoon of a Faun," and the
volcanic virtuosities and tempest-
uous sonorities of Strauss's morn-
ings-after of "Don Juan." A vir-
tuooso orchestra stood up with him
after Strauss. When later the symphony
ended, Waghalter thrice beckoned the
band again, while bowing to the house.
Then he stepped down and, firmly seiz-
ing First Violin Tintot by the hand,
brought all the hundred men upstand-
ing and applauding.

In such "occasional" performance of
safe hits, it was possible to recognize
something more than a skimming of the
"cream of the cream" of orchestral
favorites for a conductor to fatten on.
Mr. Waghalter showed himself a leader
of force and fire, not a poseur. He knows
his classics; his Beethoven was full-
blooded, his Brahms warm and vital.
He is fortunate also in his manner of
conducting, sufficiently graphic in ges-
ture, turning to his choir or that in-
warning evocation, and at a climax,
flashing lightning-like upon the full
band. He won response not alone of
the players but of a sophisticated au-
dience representative of more than New
York alone, Gabrilowitsch of Detroit be-
ing among the box guests, Goldmark
and other recognized musicians on the
main floor, as the crowd prolonged its
ovation.

Mr. Waghalter is Polish, and
was born at Warsaw in 1881, of an old
musical family. At the age of 13 he
played the big drum in a circus, where
his first compositions, marches, dances
and the like, were inspired and played.
Running away from home three years
later he went to Berlin and took a po-
sition under Conductor Meyder of the Ber-
lin Concert Haus, where like d'Indy, he
began as a kettle drummer.

At 17, he began his studies for piano
at Klindworth Scharwenka Conservatory
and his talent for composition being no-
ticed, he was placed in a master school of
composition, where he remained for the
following five years.

In 1911 his first opera, "Teufelsweg,"
was successfully produced in Berlin and
played on other stages. He then was ap-
pointed as first conductor of the newly
built Grosse Deutsche Opera at Char-
lottenburg. The opening of that
house proved such a success that
Waghalter's praise, it is reported, trav-
eled all over Europe, so that in Decem-
ber, 1912, he was called to Rome to con-
duct several symphony concerts at the
Augusteum. In 1913 he conducted at
Barcelona, Spain. The same year he
conducted in Berlin the premier perfor-
mance of "The Girl of the Golden West,"
with Puccini present.

At the outbreak of the war Waghalter,
being a Pole, suffered a great many an-
noyances, as protests were made to the
director against having an alien conduct
in a German Opera House. His popu-
larity, however, was such that the de-
mands to deprive him of this position
were thwarted and he was allowed to
retain it throughout the war.

In 1919, after the Polish Republic was
established, Waghalter was requested to
conduct the first concert of a Polish
symphony orchestra at Warsaw.

Elsuico Trio Plays Brahms.

If they had not done so before, the
Elsuico Trio would have established
themselves by their concert last evening
in Aeolian Hall as one of the finest
chamber music organizations to be
heard in New York—one of a very
small number indeed. They have been
playing together for several years—
Messrs. William Kroll, Willem Willeke
and Aurelio Giorni; and under the

leadership of Mr. Willeke, who is
evidently the guiding spirit of the
organization, have possessed them-
selves of many of the rarest qualities
and most recondite secrets of chamber
music performance. They are individu-
ally players of high attainments; but
the highest individual attainments do
not make for supreme excellence in
ensemble playing without the mastery
of qualities even more difficult to
master.

The concert last evening, the first of
the present season, was devoted en-
tirely to Brahms. His three trios, Op.
101, Op. 8 and Op. 87, were played—all

that he wrote for violin, 'cello and
piano. He put some of his finest
thoughts and his most finished work-
manship into these three compositions;
and he is one who can stand the strain
of furnishing a program by himself.
Much might be said of these trios,
of which the first two are the most fa-
miliar to followers of chamber music.

The one numbered Op. 8, one of
Brahms's earliest compositions, was
played, of course, in the revision that he
made of it six years before his death,
rewriting completely the first movement,
of which he retained only the first
theme, and making less drastic changes
in other movements. No wonder he
cherished that first theme—one of the
most beautiful and searching that he
or any other composer ever wrote—and
wished it wrought into a more lucid
and compelling whole than that to which
his earlier ideals prompted him. Canons
and fugatos and much contrapuntal wis-
dom abound in the first version. He
learned later a more flexible, a more
appealingly eloquent style, and his re-
vision is flooded with the golden beauty,
the larger and more luminous utterance
of his later years.

The trio Op. 87, heard after the greater
one in C minor (Op. 151), seems almost
like a foreshadowing of some of its
striking features; and it cannot be said
that Brahms did not a little repeat him-
self here. He did not make for himself a
"scherzo formula," like Mendelssohn's,
for instance; but there are some almost
amusing suggestions of the other trios in
this one. Yet the work has magnifi-
cences of its own and the variations of
which the second movement is composed
are among the finest in a style in which
Brahms was pre-eminent.

The playing of these three works by
the three players was of the greatest
excellence. It showed most conspicu-
ously the intangible quality of style,
which gave it a rare distinction. And
in perfection of ensemble, balance of
tone and purity of intonation it was
notable. There were moments in the
beginning when Mr. Giorni seemed will-
ing to yield to the temptation that be-
sets all pianists in chamber music, and
to let the power of his instrument out-
balance the others, but he withstood
that temptation.

The audience, considerable in number,
showed a great liking for Brahms, and
for the Elsuico Trio's fine performance.

Fleta, New Tenor, Sings Rhadames

—'La Boheme' Sung for Hospital's Benefit.

There was a spirited performance of
Puccini's "La Boheme" given at a spe-
cial matinee at the Metropolitan Opera
House yesterday under the auspices of
the Social Service Auxiliary to the
Metropolitan Hospital on Welfare
Island. There was a familiar cast, some
excellent singing, and Miss Lucrezia
Bori, a charming figure as *Mimi*, one of
her best impersonations. Other princi-
pals in the cast included Mr. Gigli as
the poetic *Rudolph*, Miss Vvonne D'Arle
as the coquettish *Musetta*, Mr. De Luca
as *Marcello*, and Millo Picco as the mu-
sical Schaunard. Mr. Papi conducted.

In the evening there was a perfor-
mance of Verdi's "Aida," one of the
dearest joys of the Metropolitan's reper-
tory. An event lending more than ordi-
nary interest to the performance was
the first appearance of Miguel Fleta as
Rhadames, the young captain of the
King's guard. His conception of the
familiar air, *Celeste Aida*, apostrophiz-
ing his new found love, was finely
wrought and admirably restrained. He
sang naturally and without effort. He
is young, full of vitality, and despite
the disadvantages of Egyptian facial
adornment, he made a convincing young
military officer.

The principal feminine roles were
filled by familiar figures. Miss Eliza-
beth Rethberg appeared as the captive
Aida, and Miss Jeanne Gordon as
Amneris. Miss Gordon was a striking
figure in her dazzling new raiment. She
sang well, although her voice was col-
ored by a sharp metallic tint on more
than one occasion. Miss Rethberg's
Aida, imbued with dramatic force and
artistically sung, needs no extended
comment.

Louls D'Angelo, as the *King*, Mr.
Danise as *Amonasro*, and Mr. Mardone's
as *Ramfis*, were other outstanding char-
acters, while as of old Mr. Andisio pub-

lished the news of the Ethiopian invasion. Miss Radolph danced and again a large audience applauded the gorgeous effects of the new costumes and scenery. Mr. Moranzani conducted a vivacious performance.

Yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Willem Van Hoogstraten, repeated its program of Thursday evening. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch again appeared as soloist, playing the Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto for piano. Other numbers on the program, which was entirely composed of works by Beethoven, were the "Egmont" Overture, the Ninth Symphony and the Overture to "Leonore."

The third in the series of Baltimore Friday morning musicales took place yesterday in the ballroom of the hotel. The artists of the occasion were Mr. Charles Hackett, tenor, whose contributions to the program included the aria, "Ah! Leve Toi," from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette," and "O, Quand Je Dors" of Liszt; Mr. Lionel Tertis, viola, who played four solo numbers, among them a composition of his own called "Sunset," and an "Air on the G String" of Sulzer, and Miss Lisa Roma, soprano, who sang the aria, "Pleurez, Pleurez Mes Yeux" from Massenet's "Le Cid," and a group of songs which included "Song of the Open," by Frank La Forge.

Dec 9 1923

'Fedora' Revived With Jeritza.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

FEDORA—A lyric drama in three acts. Libretto by Colaudet after the play by Victorien Sardou (in Italian). Music by Umberto Giordano. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Princess Fedora.....Maria Jeritza
Countess Olga.....Queenie Mario
Count Loris.....Giovanni Martinelli
De Sirieux.....Antonio Scotti
Dimitri.....Ellen Dalossy
Desire.....Giordano Patrineri
Baron Rouvel.....Angelo Bada
Cirillo.....Italo Picchi
Boroff.....Millo Picco
Grech.....Louis D'Angelo
Doctor Loreck.....Ananias
Bolsiaz Lasinsky.....George Sebestyen
Sergio.....Pietro Audisio
A Little Savoyard.....Merle Aleock
Conductor.....Germar Papi

Mr. Gatti-Casazza apparently despairs of the present state of operatic composition and feels that almost the only direction to look in providing works for two successive seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House is backward. Perhaps he is right, but those who dwell in New York have little opportunity to find out whether there is anything in looking forward. Not much has been gained lately, it must be said, by the experiments he has made with recent operatic productions of the present day.

Yesterday afternoon one of the promised additions to the season's repertory was made when Umberto Giordano's "Fedora" was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House. The work is not new to New York. It was given here in 1907, in the consulship of Conried. Mme. Lina Cavalieri made her first appearance in New York in that performance, and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti were in the cast. Even with them, four times was enough of "Fedora" in that season; and the opera has not reappeared since at the Metropolitan till yesterday, though the Chicago Opera Company made it a part of its offerings on its New York visit in 1919.

The opera was heard with apparent interest by a large audience. The interest goes to great enthusiasm during the second act, and after that act there was rapturous and long continued applause directed toward the two chief singers particularly, Mme. Jeritza and Mr. Martinelli, and as well toward Mr. Scotti, and including also Mr. Papi, the conductor. Manifestations after the first act were less intense, and it may be that some found the death scene in the last act somewhat unduly prolonged.

The opera is a setting of Victorien Sardou's play, remembered by an older generation for the impersonations of Fanny Davenport and Sarah Bernhardt—one of the French playwright's most skillfully carpentered constructions. It is a play in which his theatrical logic, his swift method, his closely jointed structure and clear divination of climax are most forcibly shown.

Such a drama does not invite musical treatment and only in a few places does music justify its intrusion into the dramatist's scheme. Music inevitably slows down the pace of the dramatic action. The story and the dialogue both have to be cut down or modified, and in a drama so concise and swiftly moving as Sardou's nothing can be spared without loss.

But the musician has also had to make sacrifices in "Fedora" for the drama, even as it stands. There are many scenes that do not lend themselves well to lyric treatment. There are scenes

in "Fedora" like that which takes up the greater part of the first act, where there is a police inquiry into the murder of Fedora's fiancé. Now police inquiries are not suitably interpreted in music. Music has little to do or to say in scenes that are essentially prosaic or lacking in lyric quality.

What Giordano has done, and all that he could do—others of his school, once the "young" now the middle-aged Italian school, have done before and since—is to make much of his music an excited and fragmentary accompaniment to the action and to seize such moments as come by, of special emotional or dramatic significance, and enlarge upon them in music of a lyric or dramatic kind, or to drag in such lyric passages without the playwright's sanction.

Of such pieces there are a number in Giordano's score as the scene where Fedora lingers over her faithless lover's portrait; the ball music in the second act, to which Fedora's fierce passion is a foil; the interlude, where the guests depart after the news of the Czar's assassination; the distant sound of the Siles moun tainers' music at the opening of the third act.

Perhaps the most successful of all is the scene of the ball in the second act, where a Polish pianist—modestly introduced as "the nephew and successor of Chopin"—plays, while Fedora and Loris are engaged in a tense tête-à-tête. The effect of this scene yesterday was somewhat injured from a dramatic point of view by putting the piano so far into the background and the principals so near the footlights that the pianist seemed to be playing an accompaniment to an extremely sonorous duet. There are solo for Fedora and for Loris; a French song, a Russian song. All show Giordano's vein of fluent melody, though it is not often highly distinguished or deeply expressive.

The weakness of the opera is the composer's inability to rise to the height of the dramatic climaxes. Nor does he interpret convincingly the mood, in certain places where the music has a rightful function to perform—where it might really intensify and illumine the dramatic moment. There is not always in it a true power of characterization, differing and shifting as the moods change and are contrasted. When de Sirieux announces the attempt upon the Czar's life, the most emphatic means Giordano can think of to accentuate this terror is the drum. When Loris is relating the discovery of his wife with Fedora's lover, whom he kills, the orchestra struggles in vain to voice the overwrought emotion of the scene. When Fedora prepares to take the poison from her jeweled cross, the music fails to heighten the poignant significance of her deed. And that long and broadly planned love duet that ends the second act, and that roused the audience so greatly yesterday is, musically, inexpressive, deplorably poor stuff. The effect was gained by the vociferousness of the singers and their dramatic exposition rather than by the composer.

The performance was marked, indeed, by vociferousness and theatrical energy. Mme. Jeritza sang with great power and her impersonation had much of the dramatic skill that is recognized as hers. One of her favorite effects was indeed a little overdone—she found three or four occasions to seek violently the floor. Mr. Martinelli as Loris was such a romantic and full voiced hero as he so often has been before; and his stentorian chest tones had their usual effect upon the more impressionable section of the audience. The de Sirieux of Mr. Scotti had finished elegance both in action and in song, and Miss Queenie Mario gave an admirably sung and acted character sketch of Countess Olga.

There was a new scenic setting by Joseph Urban, two handsome interiors and one Swiss conservatory. And Mr. Papi conducted with sufficient authority and energy.

By Deems Taylor

If "Fedora," which Mr. Gatti-Casazza revived on Saturday afternoon, remains awake after its fifteen-year trance, the credit must go to Sardou, Mme. Jeritza and Mr. von Wymetal. The playwright, the star and the stage director worked hard and effectively, but they were badly handicapped by the composer and the friend who adapted his libretto for him. "Fedora" is a good show—a much better show than it is an opera,—and if it survives it must do so on its dramatic and not its musical merits.

The story—which one may assume to be a little dim by now—is adroit and possesses undeniable stage effectiveness. The Princess Fedora, amozoff, betrothed to the dissolute Count Vladimir Andreyevich, visits his house on the eve of her marriage. While she is there he is brought in, mortally wounded by a bullet from the hand of an unknown assassin. An inquiry by the police reveals the fact that the murderer is probably Count Loris Ipanoff, who has disappeared. Fedora swears to find him and avenge her fiancé.

Fedora finds Loris in Paris and makes him fall in love with her. At a soiree in her Paris mansion she induces him to confess the assassina-

tion and secretly arranges with the police to trap him as he leaves the house. Later, when they are alone, she learns that Loris killed the Count to avenge the seduction of his wife. Realizing that she loves him and that he is doomed if he leaves the house, Fedora persuades Loris to remain with her.

The lovers fly to Switzerland, where Fedora learns that her betrayal of Loris has caused the execution, as an accomplice, of his brother and the death of his mother. Loris discovers that his brother was betrayed by a woman and later, to his horror, finds that the woman was Fedora. Overcome by the realization of the ruin she has wrought and terrified of Loris's anger, she takes poison and dies in the arms of her grief-stricken lover.

A Tuneful Score.

This story, made into a libretto, contains only two characters that are of any importance. All the other parts are either feeders or padding, neither particularly interesting in themselves nor woven effectively into the story. The first act, with its sudden tragedy, the questioning of the witnesses and Fedora's oath of vengeance, does move swiftly and excitingly. The second act has one highly dramatic scene in which Loris confesses the assassination to Fedora while a pianist plays Chopin in another room, but otherwise contains too much extraneous matter. The third is spoiled by an interminable old-fashioned operatic death scene.

All this may sound like too much discussion of the book and not enough of the music. But there is not much in the music to discuss. Giordano's score is tuneless enough, but has no distinction and little more dramatic effectiveness than the score of "Lucia di Lammermoor." When the action is swift he does not handicap it much; but he never helps it. His dramatic inspirations are few and—except for the Chopin scene—thoroughly hackneyed. He kills Count Andreyevich to the sound of trombones, just as composers have always done, and conveys profound emotion, no matter what kind, at the top of the singers' lungs. Most of the tense moments of the day were the noisiest.

There are pleasing tunes, to be sure, but they remain obstinately pleasing in situations that call for a good deal more. The orchestration is ineffective to hear, but it is so thickly written that the singers have a hard time making themselves heard through it.

Scenery and Staging.

Mr. von Wymetal's staging was admirable. The grouping was always effective and convincing, and the crowd in the soiree scene moved and acted with ease and naturalness that created an amazing illusion of reality. Mr. Urban's new scenery can be counted among his most successful achievements. The two interior sets were unusual in design, subtle and atmospheric in color and exceptionally good backgrounds for the action as well. The last act set was a trifle more conventional, but effective in design and so gorgeous in color that it received a round of applause all to itself.

The Cast.

"Fedora" provides a new role for Mme. Jeritza, and a generally grateful one. She looked every inch a Princess and played the role with the grace, intensity and stabbing reality that make her best work so memorable. It was not a finished performance—it seemed overdetailed in places, with too many stage falls—but had superb vitality and plastic beauty, particularly in the first two acts. Her death scene, in the last act, was touchingly played but suffered from the impossible length at which the librettist and composer forced her to play it. Death by poison, unless it be sudden, is not very convincing in this first-aid generation, and the fifteen-minute death scene in "Fedora," with most of the cast standing around doing nothing, eventually succeeds in arousing no more emotion than an irritated wonderment as to

why nobody has sense enough to give the sufferer ice, acid and white of egg.

Mr. Martinelli, who took the other important role, sang lustily, with evident enjoyment of its vocal opportunities, and wore a very convincing

Vandyck beard, but brought very little subtlety to the dramatic elements of the part. He wept too much, for one thing, and went through his more impassioned scenes with Fedora with such reckless athleticism that more than once he very nearly upset the heroine and did upset the gravity of the audience.

The rest of the cast had little to do and did it with smoothness and a gratifying apparent unconsciousness of the presence of the conductor. Mr. D'Angelo was good as the police official and Mr. Audisio made much of the small part of the coachman—the Italian libretto refers to him as "cook." Mr. Scotti made the role of De Sirieux effective solely through the grace of his acting, his good looks and the force of his own personality. Not that he overacted; but Scotti, standing still, can rivet more genuine attention than most singers can do by turning handspins. Mr. Papi conducted. His pace was vigorous and the occasional over-loudness of the orchestra was probably as much the composer's fault as his own. The audience, which was as large as the capacity of the house would allow it to be, seemed enthusiastic.

Dec 10 1923

Lawrence Gilman

W Music From Germany Performed at Mr. Damrosch's Sunday Matinee

Once upon a time Mr. Franz Schreker, Berlin, went to sleep and had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that he was visited by a delegation of famous composers, who offered to lend him any of their musical ideas that he red to use free of charge. Mr. Schreker was overjoyed. He opened his portfolio receptively, and one after the her of the distinguished music-makers came forward and slipped into it a particular offering. Wagner gave liberally—a whole ream of music paper, covered with his exquisite, copiously script. Debussy gave a lovely word progression out of "Pelleas," uccini donated a cantilena (somewhat verriper) from "Tosca"; but Richard trauss, who had promised to come with the delegation, changed his mind and canceled his offer by telegram collect.

The next morning, when Schreker awoke up, the shining company had vanished, but there were the ideas, still in his portfolio. Mr. Schreker sorted them carefully, rearranged them, added a few odds and ends of his own, devised a "program," and published the result in 1921 as a suite entitled "Ein Tanzspiel." Yesterday afternoon Mr. Walter Damrosch performed the work at the fourth Sunday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society, for the first time (so the program asserted) in America.

Mr. Schreker is not unknown in New York as an orchestral composer. The Boston Symphony Orchestra performed his "Prelude to a Drama" at Carnegie Hall in March, 1922, and last winter Mr. Mengelberg presented his "Kammersymphonie" at a Philharmonic concert. Schreker, who was born at Monaco of Austrian parents, and educated in Vienna, now lives in Berlin. He is best known as a composer of operas—"Der Ferne Klang," produced at Frankfurt in 1912, made him famous; but he has composed half a dozen orchestral works.

He used to be regarded in this country as one of Vienna's lawless brood of ultra-moderns, and the mention of his name (with its rather sinister connotations) caused a brandishing of nightsticks among the watchful patrolmen who guard the entrance to the Temple of Song. But a hearing of Mr. Schreker's "Prelude to a Drama" and his "Kammersymphonie" soon dispelled all apprehension, for they revealed him as a gunman so gentle and well-mannered and Godfearing that no critical policeman would have had the heart to lift a finger against him.

We suspect that the Suite performed yesterday by Mr. Damrosch is a relatively early work, for it sounded even more conventional than the "Prelude to a Drama" and the "Kammersym-

phonie." It is in four movements, entitled "Sarabande," "Minuet," "Madrigal" and "Gavotte," and it has a program in free verse, of which Mr. La Prade's admirable annotations contained a translation. In the "Sarabande," youths and maidens wander through a garden in spring, but they walk alone, until they are drawn irresistibly together—some clandestinely,

others proceed shyly hand in by slow, dancing steps." In the "strange, wild, bewitching call to the gay dancers from so that they pause and listen, perturbed. In the "Madrigal" chanting singer—"probably a minstrel"—lures the dreamers from the side of their swains. In the concluding "a burst of trumpets and snarls arouses the oblivious youths. They seek their sweethearts, and daily return—"but how they are blushed! All blush of maidenly modesty is left them!" Nevertheless, the youths, who appear to have kind little hearts, forgive them, and all hands join in "gallant gavotte of bygone days."

Schreker's musical exposition of a romantically program is well scored, and has the "eloquence" that is dear to composers of his type. It is effective, competent, well oiled. The accompaniment of Puccini is lined with commendable neatness, bits from Wagner and Debussy. Portions of the score that are identifiable as obvious contributions, for the most part, connective of the flabbiest sort. The smug and confident fluency as Schreker's is a far more intolerable than it seems to us, than the anxious calculations of the most self-conscious modernists. For at least they are aware of the things that must not be done again; whereas composers like Schreker, incurably complacent and unreflectingly sterile, are aware of nothing.

Damrosch and his accomplished orchestra played the new score admirably as they did that deathlessly beautiful C major Symphony of Mozart which men have agreed to call the "Mozart"—music that is so much more than Schreker's in every essential respect that one despairs of seeing the difference in terms of

Wanda Landowska was the star of the occasion, as she had been in the "Young People's" concert of yesterday before, playing, as she did, the harpsichord part in Bach's Brandenburg Concerto and a number of solos for her beloved instrument. Her exquisite performance of the music was again beyond praise.

Damrosch closed his program with the "Perpetual Motion" number, Moszkowski's First Suite, which, it is well to have been spared, although an orchestral concert must necessarily end in some such way.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Emilio de Gogorza's Recital.

Emilio de Gogorza gave a song recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. It was one of the best he has given here, not merely because of his admirable singing but because the program was one of the richest and most diversified that has come to the local public in many moons. De Gogorza began by singing "The Impitoyable," one of his old songs, in the authenticated style of which he is such a worthy exponent. Then came a group of four folk songs from the Basque provinces, the last one arranged by Raoul Laparra, who was asked to write the brilliant and authoritative article on Basque music in the Paris Conservatoire's "Dictionnaire de la Musique." Three songs by Debussy and two by Debussy led to a group of six by Manuel de Falla, and the recital concluded with five lyrics in English texts.

The songs of De Falla were without question the most interesting on the program. De Falla, as Mr. Van Vechten said in his book on Spanish music, is one of the Spanish composers who was driven back to his own country by the war and shared with her that centering of thought and culture which has not only preserved but accentuated the national characteristics of her art. Señor de Falla's songs revealed his affection for that part of a nation's music which retains the individualities, the individual types of melody and the phraseological outlines of the old Arabic songs. The recital is not, as might be expected, a sounding like all one has heard before, but quite fresh, influential and personal. These songs all proved to be excellent, but the "Jota" led the list. This is a master song and ought to be heard oftener. But who can sing it as Mr. de Gogorza did? And needs to be sung that way.

The Basque folk songs showed less of the Moorish strain than Señor de Falla's. They had the inevitable simplicity of folk music, and behind them were captivating rhythms of the Basque dances. Mr. de Gogorza bestowed upon yesterday's audience a truly remarkable display of his art. He had tone color for every mood, a perfect style for every song. He was somber and intense in tragic expression, gay and light in humor, tender and caressing in the wooing of love lyrics.

Furthermore his recital was a delight in its command of diction. Mr. de Gogorza sings with equal authority and clearness in French, German, Spanish and English. Some one more learned in dialects must determine the worth of his Basque, but it was delivered with translucent clarity. Whenever Mr. de Gogorza sings all the aspiring young students of vocal art should go and observe how a model recital program is made and how a great artist presents it to the unceasing joy of his hearers.

De Gogorza Sings.

Emilio de Gogorza gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall which was as fine a performance as has been heard here in many Sundays. The baritone was in excellent voice and sang with a freedom which is possible only to the singer who has passed all the tests of technical and interpretive ability.

The opening number was a Recitative and Air from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide," a prayer in the grand manner, which at once established the richness and dramatic quality of this unusual voice. There followed a group of Folk Songs from the Basque Provinces, arranged by Santesteban, Villar and Laparra, and sung in the original words, language which is neither French nor Catalan, and might best be described to the Anglo-Saxon ear as outlandish. The second of these, "Atun Ega Luzia," was sung with a grace and swing which, to us at least, could not have been improved upon. It could so easily have been overdone, overdone into a saccharine naïveté, or into an uncomfortable facetiousness. Here are the words, reproduced in translation:

With the long-winged Tunny Fish
Comes cold weather.
Then I must wear trousers—Ugh!
Is the tunny fish pretty?
Or are the trousers pretty?
To be worth so much trouble?
I puzzle till I'm crazy—
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—
Till I'm crazy!

Another of the folk songs, called "Bidarraiko Gizona," meaning the Man of Bidarra, might have been the riding song of D'Artagnan himself, full of vigor and recklessness, and gave the impression, that, in such a mood, Mr. de Gogorza would be a bad fellow to encounter on a dark night in the Pyrenees.

The Brahms group brought us back to civilization and to another kind of beauty. "Die Mainacht" is a tone picture of the silvery sadness of moonlight. A happier moonlight mood is that of the maiden in "Ständchen," who, instead of weeping, sighs deliciously at the thought of her lover. The perfection of this song brought the demand for a repetition, and Mr. de Gogorza gave a second and different interpretation, as lovely as the first.

No less a judge of musical distinction than Mary Garden was well to the front in the forefront of enthusiasts and expressed her appreciation in vivid applause.

Next came the "Chevaux de Bois," that rhythmic and wistful song of Debussy, addressed to the horses on a merry-go-round: "Turn! turn! without hope of hay. Haste, cherished steeds; the soup is preparing, night is falling, and the gay drinkers, now famished, are homeward bound. Twirl, twirl; the velvet sky dons its starry mantle; the church bells are sadly tolling the death-knell. Twirl to the joyous sound of the drums—twirl."

Other numbers on the program were "Voici le Printemps" of Debussy, a group of songs by De Falla and a group sung in English, by Sidney Homer, Geoffrey O'Hara, Cyril Scott and Frank Bridge.

Miss Helen Winslow, at the piano, accompanied adequately, but without the temperamental warmth of the singer. Her highly suitable costume, however—after a week of feminine frills—deserves commendation.

Walter Damrosch adhered for the most part to the classics in choosing his programme for yesterday afternoon's concert at Aeolian Hall. Franz Schreker's suite "Ein Tanzspiel" was the novelty which received its first hearing in America. It is, of course, programme music, intended to accompany a ballet-pantomime, the score containing the direction that it "is to be played in the open air." There are four movements—sarabande, minuet, madrigal, and gavotte. The first portrays the young dancers in the beautiful "Garden of Spring," lacking the courage to yield to their desire to join in the dance; the second shows them freed from their inhibitions and making merry when the proceedings are suddenly halted by distant voices and the dancers sink exhausted and full of forebodings of future sorrow. The third movement introduces a wandering minstrel, who comes upon the dancers, now deep in slumber, and by his bewitching melodies forces the sleeping maidens to follow him, leaving the youths wrapped in dreams of their sweethearts. In their absence the youths are aroused by trumpets and horns and in dismay they search for the absent maidens, who presently reappear dancing, no longer coy, but confident, and join with them in a gallant gavotte in the final movement.

The composition has the merit of brevity and succeeds in painting the moods of the dancers—their misery and exhaustion in the first scene; the carefree abandon in the second, with its final note of impending sorrow; the appearance of the minstrel in the third, and, finally, the frenzy of the awaking youths in the absence of the maidens and a climactic and triumphant gavotte which follows on their return. Though not always pleasing music, it is expressive and powerfully written, and Mr. Damrosch played it with his usual sincerity and fervor.

But the rest of the programme was pure music. Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony stirred the audience as it always does by its beautiful flowing melodies. And then there was Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, in which the flautist George Barrère and the concert master Gustave Tilnot left their desks to assist Wanda Landowska at the harpsichord. There was not doubt in the minds of the hearers as to the success of the ensemble. Whether the audience had more joy in the hearing than the performers in the playing it would be hard to tell.

There were harpsichord soli, too. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" was just as harmonious on this ancient instrument as on its modern offspring, the pianoforte. Purcell's "Ground" and Scarlatti's "Sonata for Crossed Keyboards" revealed the harpsichord as a surprisingly flexible instrument. But dominating all her playing were Mme. Landowska's fine musicianship and amazing virtuosity. Maszkowski's "Perpetual Motion" ended a most enjoyable programme.

A. W. M.

New Chorus Singers

Four young American singers, members of the Chorus School of the Metropolitan Opera Company, have just gained admission into the ranks of its regular chorus. They are Stephanie Vorel, soprano; Claire de Preville and May Savage, mezzo sopranos, and Angelo Marinelli, baritone. All of these have completed the regular two-year course in the school under the direction of Edoardo Petri. This school

OPERA PROGRAM CHANGED.

Because of a cold preventing Paul Bender from singing the part of Baron Ochs in "Der Rosenkavalier," performance of which was to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House to-night, the program has been changed. "Fedora," which was sung for the first time in many years Saturday, will be performed again with the cast of Saturday. This includes Mme. Jeritza, in the title role, Mr. Martinelli, Miss Marion and Mr. Scotti.

EDWIN HUGHES'S RECITAL.

Edwin Hughes gave his annual piano recital before a large audience last night in Aeolian Hall. He played, with his familiar clarity of tone and style, a list comprising works by Schubert, Brahms—his variations and fugue on a theme by Handel—Rachmaninov, Chopin, Norman Peterkin—his "Dreamer's Tale"—and Liszt.

At Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Willem Van Hoogstraten, gave a suite from Stravinsky's "The Fire-Bird," which has not been heard here since it was performed by the Russian Ballet in 1916. But this was not, for the

For the first time in America was performed "Ein Tanzspiel," by the modern Teutonic composer, Franz Schreker. It is well that what the modern composers of all schools are doing should be amply made known to New York audiences. Less attention has been given to the Germans and Austrians than to some others, and little by Schreker, who is one of those most prominent in Central Europe, has been heard in New York. It hardly seems as if his "Tanzspiel" would enhance his reputation. It is in four movements, entitled "Sarabande," "Minuet," "Madrigal" and "Gavotte," and, according to the program annotator's conjecture, is intended to accompany a ballet pantomime—the composer's direction is that it shall be "played in the open air." Four stanzas of free verse give a program for the dances.

It was played in a hall yesterday; but it can hardly be supposed that a performance in the open air would give it more distinction; would make the four movements seem less dull or conventional in their invention or less heavily-handed in their treatment. The broad and sonorous phrases of the madrigal and the brass and drums that awaken the youths in the gavotte afforded striking passages. There is not much of what is understood as "modern" in the style of these pieces. Schreker occasionally introduces a harsh discord,

as though to inform his listeners that he does know what time of day it is. But in these pieces he has not much of value to say in any idiom.

"L'Oiseau de Feu"

Igor Stravinsky, a composer whose name is much conjured with these days, appeared in the comparatively conservative Sunday afternoon Philharmonic concert yesterday, when he was represented by the suite from his ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu." This was its first Philharmonic performance, although "L'Oiseau de Feu" is not new here—the ballet was given at the Century in June, 1916, while the New York Symphony played the suite drawn from its music, in its first form, that December, and also introduced the revised version here in February, 1921. Still, although not unknown here, "L'Oiseau de Feu" can hardly be called familiar.

The ballet music, written about fourteen years ago, is far different from Stravinsky's post-war productions or from "Le Chant du Rossignol" (vintage of 1914, with later revisions), which was introduced here, also by Mr. Damrosch, last month. There is little in the "Oiseau de Feu" suite to provoke horrified uplifting even of the most conservative hands; the music—compared, that is, with what the composer was to produce later on—was distinctly orthodox—melodious, fanciful, charming, ingeniously and effectively orchestrated, and a very pleasant conclusion to a well played concert.

The melody of the "Dance of the Princesses" had a luxuriant, rather Oriental richness, while it did not need much effort of the imagination to picture the choreography in "King Kastchei's Infernal Dance." The suite had, it seemed, some touches of Rimsky-Korsakoff, although there was no danger of mistaking it for his work, and some hints, though mild ones, of the later Stravinsky.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten opened his program with Mozart's delightful Sinfonia Concertante for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, with Messrs. Labate, Bellison, Jaenicke and Kohon giving smooth and skillful performances of the solo parts on their various instruments, with deserved applause. Then came Wagner, the "Tristan" prelude, divorced of the Liebestod, with the Wagner concert ending reintroduced to the Philharmonic, after a long interval, last month, and Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Götterdämmerung," well played, even as "L'Oiseau de Feu," where the varied moods and play of fancy in the music had their full expression.

The audience received Stravinsky with a certain reserve, but waxed most enthusiastic after the Wagner numbers. One impression left by the concert was that the Philharmonic has a fine body of musicians.

At the Metropolitan.

"La Bohème" was given a special matinee performance yesterday at the Metropolitan. Lucrezia Bori sang the role of Mimì; Beniamino Gigli that of Rodolfo. Others in the cast were: Mme. d'Ardle and MM. De Luca, Audisio, Malatesta, Pico, Rothier, Ananian and Reschiglian. Mr. Papi conducted.

The opera of the evening was "Aida," with Elizabeth Rethberg in the title role. Mme. Gordon appeared as Amneris; Mr. Fleta as Radames. MM. D'Angelo, Mardones, Danise, Audisio and Mme. Robertson completed the list. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The Metropolitan gave its usual Sunday night concert with eight members from its company in a program which included the airs of Schumann, Wagner, Gounod and Puccini.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two Song Recitals.

Two song recitals invited the consideration of music lovers last evening in Town Hall. Miss Phyllis Lett, an English contralto, made her American debut. This singer was for a time a student in the Royal College of Music in London, where she won the open scholarship for vocalists from 469 other contestants. The official information makes known that "later she was a pupil of Jean de Reszke." She has had wide experience in recital and oratorio and is heralded as one of the best known of English contraltos.

Her program did not suggest fear of consequences. It was sweeping, ambitious and consisted of good music. She even had the courage to put Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura" and "Die Himmel Rühmen" in the first group between "Caro mio ben" and an air from "Idomeneo." The second group was all Brahms, and the third French with one Russian (in French). The final group was English.

Miss Lett made her audience acquainted with a superb voice, whose natural splendors were partly obscured by an imperfect technique. The fundamental imperfection was uncertain tone placing which revealed itself most conspicuously in the conflicting qualities imparted to the voice by different vowel sounds. The sound represented by the English "oo" seemed to displace Miss Lett's tones more successfully than others, but flights into the upper register revealed the familiar tendency to grip the voice in the back of the throat.

The voice, noble in quality, also showed a certain cumbrousness which made the singing of such things as Durante's "Danza fanciullo" very difficult for the artist. Miss Lett's intelligence and sincerity enabled her to make most of her songs interesting to the audience despite her technical troubles. She sang with insight, taste and large earnestness. Her tone seldom became tinged with emotional color, but a considerable breadth of style imparted dignity to all her vocal utterances.

In Aeolian Hall Miss Lillian Croxton gave a recital. This lady is a high soprano, as may be judged from the fact that her program contained one of the airs of the *Queen of the Night* from "Die Zauberflöte" and Benedict's "Carnival of Venice," beloved of Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini. Miss Croxton had the capable assistance of Lucien Schmitt, cellist, who played some groups of soli. Comment on Miss Croxton's singing may be deferred till another recital. Obviously she was not ready last evening to arouse enthusiasm.

RAYMOND HAVENS PLAYS.

Raymond Havens, a Boston pianist, gave his annual New York recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday. His interesting program included Bach's E minor prelude arranged by Siloti, Beethoven's sonata opus 81a, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, Le Retour"; Frank Bridge's "Heart's Ease," Chadwick's "The Frog," an "Allegretto" in C, by Medtner, and a group by Chopin.

Mr. Havens played with musicianly taste and a good technique. In Schumann's "Papillon" there was insufficient lightness of touch and some of the little creatures seemed to be quite drab in color. The play's tone, however, was generally musical. In the Chopin group there was a short charming prelude in A flat, marked discovered in 1918.

MISS FRANCES NASH PLAYS.

Miss Frances Nash, a pianist who has been playing in Europe since she was last heard here, gave a recital yesterday at Town Hall. Her commendable technique and good piano tone were shown in a prelude and fugue by Bach and other numbers. Her reading of her principal selection, MacDowell's "Eroica" sonata, had the qualities already noted while giving some impressions of cramped conception and unsteadiness of musical outlines. Certain passages disclosed in general an admirable appreciation of the composer's intent. Her playing seemed to give pleasure.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Mme. Jeritza made her expected appearance, but the opera was "Fedora," fresh from its revival Saturday afternoon, and not "Der Roenkavalier." The sudden change was due to the illness of Paul Linder, whose *Baron Ochs* is an important contribution to the latter work. It is not often that the Metropolitan that an opera after peacefully sleeping sixteen years receives two enthusiastic receptions over the week end.

There seems to be evidence that "Fedora" will prove a popular success. Its immediate future seems assured. If so that success will rest almost wholly upon Mme. Jeritza's vivid and dramatic portrayal of the harassed heroine, ably supported by the work of Mr. Martinelli.

The latter, a sturdy *Loris Ipanov*, first the assassin and later the lover, proved more than adequate opposite the Viennese star. He sang with more than usual restraint. His delivery of the passionate cantilena in the second act was excellent. With few subtleties in voice or action he yet portrayed a character of individuality whose slings showed the results of conscientious work. Miss Queena Mario again proved a most attractive *Olga*, with Mr. Scotti as *de Siriez*, who sang his Russian chanson well. Others deserving of mention were Italo Pielri as *Cirillo*, Louis d'Angelo as *Crech*, and George Sebestyen at the piano in the second act. Mr. Papi conducted.

Miss Bori on Second Program at Waldorf.

There was a large and fashionable audience yesterday in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria for the second Bagby musical morning. The artists were Miss Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera, Dame Clara Butt, contralto, of London and Mr. Mitja Nikisch, pianist. Messrs. Giuseppe and Ivor Newton were the accompanists.

Miss Bori's numbers included an aria from Puccini's "La Boheme," Micaela's air from Bizet's "Carmen," Tosti's "Mattinata," "Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces," by Young, and several Spanish songs. Dame Clara sang "The Enchantress," by Hattton, Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," also "Sunday" and "The Forge," by Brahms. Mr. Nikisch played compositions of Liszt and Chopin.

Miss Lillian Croxton, coloratura soprano, appeared last night at Aeolian Hall with Lucien Schmitt, cellist, as assisting artist. Miss Croxton sang a varied program which included the aria, "Queen of Night" from Mozart's "The Magic Flute," and songs by Salvatore Rosa, Veracini, Monro, LaForge, Ponce and Dell Acqua.

Lillian Croxton is a petite blonde with a petite blond voice. She gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night, intoning Mozart operatic arias, old Italian romances, Russian ballads and a cosmopolitan collection of songs in a light delicate soprano. She was apparently nervous and her singing suffered in consequence.

Miss Virginia Myers, an American dancer who has appeared before in New York, gave a reception last night at Carnegie Hall. Among the compositions which she interpreted were Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor, a Mozart minuet, the Andante Cantabile of Tchaikowsky and the "Blue Danube Waltz."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two New Pianists Heard.

Miss Pansy Andrus, pianist, a pupil of Sigismond Stojowski, made her first appearance in recital yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theatre. Her list included Beethoven's F. major andante, Bach's flat airtita (in Harold Baper's transcription), some Chopin, some Brahms, and pieces by Debussy, Stojowski and Rachmaninov. As the procession of pianists continues to move across the musical stage the habitual observer must be struck with the generally high level of the technical accomplishment. The mechanical difficulties of the repertory have little terror for the aspirants for distinction, and if Liszt's famous dictum about technique were correct, they would all be great.

Miss Andrus played yesterday very well indeed. Her octaves, for instance, were firm, clean and elastic. Her

finger work in the gigue of the Bach number was delightful. She showed musical taste, sentiment and intelligence in all her playing. There was perhaps a narrow range of tone color, but such tone as she used was normal and pleasing to the ear.

What seemed to be the salient shortcoming of her performance was a want of self-confidence. Miss Andrus has been well taught, and doubtless is herself an excellent teacher. She plays correctly as to both technique and style. But it is likely that in the course of time she may find more to say for herself. Her interpretations yesterday were artistic, but in no sense aggressive.

In the evening in Aeolian Hall another pianist, Miss Marya Shannon, offered her art for public consideration in a recital. This young woman hails from Schenectady, and has studied piano with Ernest Hutcheson and Leopold Godowsky, two virtuosos, who command much admiration among performers on the piano. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Godowsky, Debussy and Liszt contributed the numbers on her program.

Miss Shannon emerged into the glare of an auditorium perhaps a little prematurely. Her playing showed certain musical qualities which centralized themselves in a warm and mellow tone. But her technique was not sufficiently clean to prevent her from blurring melodic outlines, while her pedalling produced misty efforts in harmony. With such deficiencies in her mechanism she could not fully disclose the beauties of the music which she endeavored to perform. She is young, however, and may yet conquer the difficulties of the pianist's art.

MOVIE OPERA TRIED OUT.

A Film of "Mignon" With Boston Opera Singers.

A presentation that was out of the way in the arts it combined was offered last night at Carnegie Hall, when the Better Films Association projected "Mignon," a motion picture illustration of Ambroise Thomas's opera, with orchestration and libretto from the work itself. It was nothing less than an essay at movie opera. It was undertaken by the association to bring good literature and good music to persons of all classes and means.

The scenes from the opera thrown upon the screen were photographed in the Swiss Alps and on the Riviera and presented some picturesque views. The subtitles were all taken from Goethe's libretto and lyrics, and at appropriate moments the most important arias were sung by members of the former Boston Opera Company—Miss Victoria Hayes, Miss Marjorie Moody and Martin Richardson.

The Denishawn Dancers also interpreted the film with a gypsy dance, throughout the course of the photoplay the orchestra played from the original score.

By Deems Taylor

The reviewers have their hours of ease too. Life is not all Schoenberg and nervous prostration. There come occasional days, even in the height of the New York season, when the musical maelstrom subsides as if by magic. The blows of sound cease, the drowsy air hangs motionless, save for the distant tinkle of a piano, the dim refrain of a ballad, the cautious creak of a recital hall door and the faint click of retreating footsteps. And far on the horizon, as yet unthreatening, the low rumble of an approaching Rosenthal.

Such was yesterday afternoon. One began it at the Princess Theatre, where Miss Pansy Andrus played the piano. Her program was good, but undisturbing—Beethoven, a Bach partita, some Chopin, three Brahms intermezzi, Debussy's "Engulfed Cathedral," Stojowski and Rachmaninoff. She played competently, though without any striking individuality; a good tone, a technique that generally sufficed, interpretations that had the virtue of good taste.

To the Town Hall, then, where John Louw Nelson offered a program of his own compositions. Mr. Nelson, described on the program as "baritone and pianist" as well as composer, sang a group of his own songs in a still, small voice, and played

some of his piano pieces. There were twelve of his compositions on the list—ballads, a duet, a setting of "Crossing the Bar" that was dedicated to the memory of President Harding, an aria, and a sort of rhapsody, "The Children of the Water," for the piano.

Mr. Nelson's muse is fluent, out given to the small talk of arpeggios and after-beat accompaniments and melodies that are more tuneful than eloquent. Miss Dreda Aves, who sang several of his songs, was the most stimulating element of the recital. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of more than average beauty and expressiveness, and her singing, even though it suffered from crude vocalism and mannerisms, had undeniable effectiveness.

At the Town Hall, Bernardo Olshansky gave one of his characteristically international programs consisting of an Italian, a French, a Russian and a Czech group of baritone solos. He was not entirely at his best, however, until he plunged into the Russian numbers, particularly into two songs by Tchaikovsky and the ubiquitous Volga Boat Song. Within his somewhat limited range, Mr. Olshansky is an earnest, tolerable and sensitive artist; he was received with enthusiasm by an audience obviously familiar with his unpretentious and sympathetic style.

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By Deems Taylor

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Boris Godunoff," opera in three acts and eight scenes, by Modest Petrovich Mussorgsky. Scenery by A. Golovine. Sung in Italian, Gennaro Papi conducting.

THE CAST.

Boris	Feodor Chaliapin
Dimitri	Rafael Diaz
Shuisky	Angelo Bada
Cherkaloff	Lawrence Tibbett
Brother Pimen	Leon Rothier
Varlaam	Paolo Ananiani
Missall	Pietro Audisio
The Simpleton	Giordano Patrino
A Police Official	Louis d'Angelo
Lokitzky	Arnold Gabor
Chernikovsky	Vincenzo Reschlian
Teodoro	Raymond Dejanais
Xenia	Ellen Dalossy
The Nurse	Flora Perini
Marina	Margarete Matzenauer
The Innkeeper	Marie Mattfeld
		Guards, Priests, Populace.

In a world where experience so often mocks at memory it is something to be able to see Chaliapin in "Boris." For one's recollection of him in the part always seems too extravagant to be accurate; and yet, seeing him again, one is conscious only of how colorless a thing memory sometimes is.

I know of nothing quite like the spell the great Russian singer weaves in this role. He gives great performances in other operas, as Philip II. in "Don Carlos" and as the devil in "Mefistofele." One is moved by their artistic perfection; one admires them as feats of singing and impersonation, as striking achievements by a master of his art.

"Boris" is different. It is easy and a bit hackneyed to say that "Chaliapin is Boris." Every one says it. Yet there is nothing else that quite conveys the perfection of the illusion that Chaliapin creates. He accomplishes the feat of merging the actor so completely into the character that his audience becomes a witness rather than a spectator.

It is a feat hardly describable as "illusion"; for there is little illusion in the opera as the Metropolitan gives it to-day. If what Chaliapin accomplished were merely a deception, it would be dispelled the moment one's eyes left him. It is probably a mental achievement rather than a physical one, for it is something essentially beyond and above gesture, voice, and facial expression. He grasps the character of Boris from within, thinks what he thinks, knows what he suffers; so that what he may happen to do upon the stage at any given moment is right and inevitable, because it is born of knowledge and carries conviction with it.

It was well for "Boris Godunoff" that Chaliapin sang the title role last night. There may be no stars, technically speaking, at the Metropolitan, but that fact did not keep Mr. Chaliapin from having to bear the burden of the performance singlehanded.

bris" is one production of which the Metropolitan may safely feel ashamed.

There would be no particular point in analyzing the evening in wearisome detail. It is significant, perhaps, that the name of no stage director appears in the printed program. The chorus showed some animation in the forest scene, but sang otherwise raggedly without spirit. Of the large cast, Mr. Ananian and Mr. Bada rose perceptibly above the level of mediocrity. The rest were at best letter-perfect, but not always that, for the prompter is not all too-audible evening.

Mr. Papi's orchestra played in tune with good tone, because it is the Metropolitan orchestra and seldom does otherwise, but was leaden and uninteresting. Boris Anisfeld's setting for the forest scene, being comparatively new, still looked well, but Govine's sets for the remaining scenes, once so spirited and colorful, by need, not only repainting, but plain laundering. By next season they should be completely faded out, and will probably look better.

OTHER MUSIC.

The performance by Dai Buell in Aeolian Hall yesterday was remarkable chiefly because it provided a piano recital with both words and music. "Music for the pianoforte with interpretative remarks," runs the announcement, and it may be said the "remarks" are by no means afterthought or an incidental part of the program.

Miss Buell is a chatty, ingratiating young musician with very definite ideas concerning the entente cordiale that should exist between audience and performer. She voices these views as soon as she reaches the piano and then proceeds to put them in effect by interpreting each number in a most informal and friendly manner.

Here are, it is true, some audiences that prefer to do their own interpreting. Personally, it is a matter of extreme indifference to this listener whether the bass growls of the Schumann "Faschingsschwank aus Wein" indicate a dancing bear or whether the fluttering trebles of the "Papillons" are real butterflies or human symbols. These details may often be easily left in the hinterland of the music lover's consciousness.

In addition to her gift for choosing wise and instructive "remarks," Miss Buell has a zealous and reliable mastery of the piano. Her program included a Bach Capriccio, variations by Beethoven, the Schumann group and fragments from Debussy.

For the second time this season, Frederick Lamond gave an all Beethoven program, the result, it is said, of popular request after the first recital not many weeks ago. This does not necessarily imply that public demand will restrict this masterly pianist to Beethoven programs for his entire season here, as in Vienna. ("I have been given the name of 'Beethoven specialist,'" he writes, and adds, rather wistfully, "but I play other composers.")

In any case it was obvious, from the warm outburst of last night's audience, that he is to be cherished fast in this capacity, however appreciative they may be of his digressions to other fields.

Debussy Novelties at the Philharmonic Concert; Also Some Schumann Revised

The Philharmonic Society added to its local orchestral repertoire at its concert last night by introducing to New York a brace of novelties by Debussy. This may seem to have been a considerable feat, in view of the unhappy circumstance that Debussy has been as dead as old Scrooge for quite a few years. Nevertheless, Mr. van Hoogstraten placed on his program at Carnegie Hall, for the 1,809th concert of the Society, two numbers by Debussy that were new to New York and, very probably, to America.

These were a pair of dances, entitled "Sarabande" and "Danse." The first of the two, "Danse," was composed in 1890; the other, "Sarabande," in 1901. The reason why they were added years ago to the orchestral

repertoire was because Debussy wrote them for the piano, and no one seems to have thought of orchestrating them until that bright idea occurred to Maurice Ravel; whereupon the necromantic Maurice transcribed the two dances and published them this year.

We heard them played by Mr. Koussevitzky last May at one of his spring concerts in the Paris Opera House, but Mr. Koussevitzky had no such orchestra as the Philharmonic at his disposal, and we did not realize how delicious a piece of scoring Ravel had accomplished until we heard Mr. van Hoogstraten and his company of virtuosi deliver the two morceaux last night.

"Danse," the earlier of the pieces, belongs to Debussy's young manhood. It was contemporaneous with the "Ballade," "Mazurka," "Réverie," and "Valse romantique," for piano, and with the "Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire," for voice. The "Sarabande" is one of the set of three pieces published in 1901 under the title "Pour le Piano." According to the detailed catalogue of Debussy's works compiled by G. Jean-Aubrey, corrected and approved by Debussy himself, the "Sarabande" was composed in the year of its publication, 1901, which makes it a more recent work than the orchestral "Nocturnes" (1897-99), and contemporaneous with "Pelléas et Mélisande," on which Debussy worked during the decade between 1892 and 1902.

Alfred Cortot, in his essay on Debussy's piano music, has pointed out a resemblance between the melodic design of the "Danse" and the theme of the "Fantaisie" for piano and orchestra that Debussy, as a "prix de Rome," composed at the Villa Medici in 1889-90 and intended as his fourth "envoi." Monsieur Cortot thinks that the "Danse," like the "Fantaisie" and the "Suite bergamasque," presages the pianistic style of Debussy's maturity.

The "Sarabande" was one of the first pieces written by Debussy for the piano after his ten years' neglect of that instrument during the period when he was busy with "Pelléas," the string quartet, "L'après-midi d'un faune," and certain of the songs. Signor Guido Gatti invites us to see in the three pieces "Pour le Piano" an evidence of Debussy's skill at combining "his predilection for such old classic forms as the French suite and the 'dances,' with his subtle modernist spirit. He has known how to couple his classicism with his modernism, the serious and grave and elegant with the brilliant and intense."

Neither of the pieces is 14-karat Debussy. The best of Debussy is not, indeed, to be sought in his piano pieces, but in his writing for the orchestra and for the voice, though both

the dances—the youthful one and the one that he wrote as he was finishing "Pelléas"—are saturated with his special qualities; his inimitable distinction, his poise and grace, his unmistakable harmonic signature (there are some remarkable anticipations of "Pelléas" in the early "Danse"), the individual contour of his melodic line. But Ravel could orchestrate an old shoe and make it sparkle like Cinderella's slipper. Debussy's pieces are far from being old tonal shoes; but charming as they are in their piano form, Ravel has made them a thousand times more captivating. They are masterpieces of delicately imaginative scoring, and Mr. van Hoogstraten deserves a public vote of thanks from jaded concert-goers for introducing them into the local repertoire.

The rest of the program consisted of Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture," Schumann's B flat Symphony and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet"—together with the Debussy-Ravel pieces, an admirably balanced list.

Mr. van Hoogstraten treated his audience to an agreeable surprise by playing the opening phrase of the symphony as Schumann originally wrote it—which is not as it appears in the published score; and thereby hangs a little tale.

This opening phrase of the Symphony, scored for horns and trumpets in B flat, was originally identical with the first eight notes of the chief theme of the Allegro (bars 41-42); that is to say, the horns and trumpets in the first three measures of the introduction played the notes B flat, G, A, B flat. But in Schumann's time the phrase was necessarily given to the old-fashioned instruments without valves, and while the note B flat could be sounded naturally on a horn "crooked" in that key, the G and A had to be played as "stopped" notes. The inexperienced Schumann did not realize what this would mean; and when the Symphony was rehearsed at the Gewandhaus under Mendelssohn's direction on March 28, 1841, the congested effect of the "stopped" G and A in the middle of the phrase was so absurd that even the embarrassed Schumann was amused. "It was exactly as if the horns and trumpets had caught cold," he wrote later to Men-

delsohn, "and I still laugh whenever I think of it." To overcome this difficulty, Schumann, at Mendelssohn's suggestion, rewrote the opening phrase, and in the score the notes now stand: D, B flat, C, D. But it is known that Schumann always regretted the change, and said so to Verhulst in 1853; so Verhulst, whenever he conducted the Symphony, used the original version, which is perfectly possible and effective, of course, on the modern instruments with valves.

We do not know whether any other conductor has ever ventured this perfectly simple act of restoration in playing the symphony in New York. Mr. Apthorp, in the early days of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, used to urge in Boston the use of the original version; but we are not aware that he was ever heeded.

A special word of praise should be added for the lovely singing tone achieved by the Philharmonic strings in the slow movement of the Symphony—and, in fact, for the poetic reading of the exquisite orchestral song by the entire band, under Mr. van Hoogstraten. If the Brahms Overture was a bit too militaristically rigid and precise—not sufficiently "unbuttoned"; if the Scherzo of the Symphony was not ideally flexible, the performing gentlemen made amends for these lapses from perfection by the lyric beauty with which they uttered that "vernal ardor" of which Schumann sang and that rhapsodic tenderness of which Tchaikovsky dreamed in his meditations over "Romeo and Juliet."

Dame Clara Butt Sings.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

For the first time in several years the noted English contralto, Dame Clara Butt, gave a concert in New York yesterday, in Carnegie Hall. Though this concert had the advantage of being given under the patronage of the British Embassy—for which reason, doubtless, the centre box was decorated with the American and British flags—it was of a kind that has been obsolete in New York in recent years—a "mixed bill," in which Dame Clara's singing was preceded and interspersed with solos upon the cello.

Her voice is still the imposingly powerful contralto that is remembered from her previous appearance here. But it has not all the richness of quality that it once had. Its different registers are all there, plainly marked, especially the deepest one of an almost baritone character, that has only a nominal connection with the upper ranges of the voice. And there is much to seek in her performance of the niceties and finer graces of song.

Dame Clara sang a program of great variety; songs somewhat strangely assorted and contrasted and of widely differing musical value, in English, French, Italian and Russian. It cannot be said that she penetrated deeply into the significance of the music that had the greatest significance or that she succeeded in flooding her interpretations with either poetry or passion or tenderness or dramatic significance. There seemed to be in fact, a certain sameness in the ultimate results of most of them; a deficiency which she shares with many other singers of less fame, less power of voice, less imposing presence. There was not, for instance, much of the suggestion of Poldowski's setting of "L'Heure Exquise" or of Debussy's "Air de Lila," in her singing of them. On the other hand her audience found Chanson's "Les Papillons," so pleasing, as she presented it, as to wish to hear it again.

The cello solos were played by W. H. Squire, an excellent performer, though somewhat addicted to an excess of portamento, and the accompaniments for both Dame Clara Butt and Mr. Squire were admirably given by Ivor Newton.

Germane Schnitzer, the eminent Belgian pianist, began her Town Hall recital last night with a clearly articulated and beautifully modulated performance of Busoni's clever translation of the Bach Chaconne into pianese. Then she plunged into Schubert's overlong yet glorious "Wandering Fantasy," which has more melody in it than a whole year's output of modernistic music. She played the agitated parts perhaps rather too bolsterously, but how exquisite were the tender passages under her fingers! The rest of the programme this writer was unable to hear. It included pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, and Rachmaninoff.

Maud Morgan played—no, not the organ, to make a rhyme—Dr. Carl did that instrument—but the harp, at one of her Aeolian Hall recitals, without which musical New York surely could not get along.

At the Metropolitan.

A special non-subscription matinee performance of "Tosca" was given yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan with Badame Jeritza in the title role. Others in the cast were Madame Waksfeld and Messrs. Fleta, Scotti, Wolf, Malatesta, Paltrinieri, D'Angelo and Roschigian.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The opera of the evening was "William Tell" with Mmes. Rethberg, Perini and Morgana, and Messrs. Danise, Bada, Didur, Mardones, Picchi, Martinelli, Picco and Bloch.

Mr. Papi conducted.

Miss Morgan's Harp Recital.

Miss Maud Morgan, harpist, gave a recital last night at Aeolian Hall. Assisting artists were Dr. William C. Carl, organist; Paul Kefer, cellist, and Hermann Hand, horn. The program included numbers by Oberthurs, Hasselmanns, Dubois, Bach and Handel, and a composition by Miss Morgan written for the National American Music Festival Association and played at their concert this Fall.

OPERA CELEBRATION FOR ANTONIO SCOTTI

Twenty-five years a New Yorker, and for some ten years longer a vital and distinctive figure on the world's stage of Lyric drama, Antonio Scotti is to be greeted on Jan. 1 at the Metropolitan Opera House with a gala celebration in his honor. The baritone will sing his famous rôle of Scarpia in Puccini's "Tosca" and at the close of the evening he will be the guest of a committee of Parterre box-owners and others at a supper at the Biltmore. Mr. Scotti received formal notification of the plan while in his dressing room during an interval of another performance of "Tosca" in the theatre yesterday.

Friends of Scotti who have formed the committee of arrangements for the celebration on New Year's Day represent both the owning and operating companies of the Metropolitan, leaders in society, finance and journalism in New York. Those signing the communication to the guest of honor were Bernard M. Baruch, Paul D. Cravath, Frank Gray Griswold, G. G. Haven, Harry Payne Whitney, Otto H. Kahn, Clarence H. Mackay, Frank A. Munsey and Adolph S. Ochs.

To the singer's wide list of acquaintances and admirers in America a letter issued yesterday by the same committee said: "Recognizing Antonio Scotti's great qualities as an artist, the eminent place which he has attained on the operatic stage and, likewise, the place which he holds in the affection and esteem of many thousands of opera-lovers, a group of his friends and admirers are planning in collaboration with the Italy-America Society to signalize in an appropriate way the twenty-fifth season of his connection with the Metropolitan Opera House."

It is proposed to arrange a special performance of "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening, Jan. 1, to be followed by a supper in his honor at the Hotel Biltmore at 11:30 o'clock.

The Italy-America Society, with offices at 25 West Forty-third Street, which will share in this tribute to Scotti's career in both countries, has among its officers and directors, besides Messrs. Cravath and Kahn, Robert Perkins, James Byrne, John Freschi, Thomas W. Lamont, Henry Burchell and on its Executive Committee, William McIlwaine Morgan, Charles B. Alexander, George F. Baker Jr., Clarence Dillon, F. M. Guardabassi, Hamilton Holt, Guy Lowell, Alfonso P. Villa and William H. Woodin.

Mr. Scotti first sang in America just about this time of year twenty-five seasons ago when he joined Maurice Grau's company on its tour in the West. Coming with the stars of that day to New York, he made his Metropolitan debut Dec. 27, 1899, in a remembered performance of Mazart's "Don Giovanni." He first sang Scarpia in "Tosca" at that opera's production here, Feb. 4, 1901, with Cremonini as tenor and the great Terna as heroine, a score of later Toscas including also Eames, Farrar and Jeritza, with whom Scotti has appeared.

Most date books are wrong as to Mr. Scotti's birth, which was at Naples on Jan. 25, 1867, and not 1866, as oftener stated. He was 23 years old when he cult a church career for the opera stage, appearing in "Aida" Nov. 1, 1890, at the Teatro Reale in Malta. After singing in Milan, Rome, Madrid and Buenos Ayres, he appeared in "Don Giovanni" at Covent Garden, London, June 8, 1899, and was engaged by Grau to come to America.

Among his rôles have been Verdi's Falstaff, Iago in "Otello," Amonasro in "Aida" and Rigoletto, that of Conte de Nevers in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots,"

the Count in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Today in "Daughter of the Regiment," the Tonio also of the "Pagliacci" prologue, which he once sang in a dress suit, though oftener in the clown's motley, and of late years, besides the Puccini operas, a partly American creation, as "Chim Pen the sinister Chinese in 'L'Oracolo," which with his own touring company he has acted in its actual scene at San Francisco.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Moriz Rosenthal Plays.

Moriz Rosenthal, one of the world's famous pianists, effected his reentry into the local musical field in a recital given last evening in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Rosenthal made his American debut in 1888 and was promptly christened the "little giant of the keyboard." He was last heard here on December 15, 1906, when he performed nothing less than Xaver Scharwenka's concerto, Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Society orchestra providing the necessary assistance. Mr. Rosenthal had been heard several times in the course of that season and it had been noted that his interpretations revealed a large intellectual growth. There was no disclosure of profound emotional quality.

His eminence in the domain of piano art was due at that time to three things, to wit, his extraordinary technical skill, his vigorous, searching and brilliantly analytical intellect and his masterly grasp of the basic principles of musical form. Nevertheless, being a pianist, Mr. Rosenthal was always an adorer of Chopin, whose works he performed often in a manner brilliant and interesting and sometimes with a peculiar and quite individual beauty.

It was not astonishing therefore to find that he had chosen for his principal numbers Beethoven's E major sonata, opus 109, and Chopin's B minor sonata. Shorter pieces by Couperin, Padre Martini, Scarlatti, Liadov, Scriabin and Chopin, and Mr. Rosenthal's own dazzling fantasy on Johann Strauss themes were also on the list. Perhaps the most pertinent question that can be asked is "What remains in the memory after such a recital?"

First of all the dexterity of the fingers in the final variation of the Beethoven sonata. Then the finely drawn melodic line in the trio of the scherzo and the whirlwind of tone in the finale of the Chopin sonata. There were moments of great beauty in both works, but on the whole the interpretation of opus 109 was old fashioned pedagogic Beethoven playing, an exposition, a demonstration, but not a conquest.

There was better piano playing in the B minor sonata, but here the virtuoso too often mastered the singer. In both compositions one found the original Rosenthal, intellectual, analytical, but still in love with a brilliantly regulated piano and seeking effects by the use of a great range of dynamics rather than by variety of color.

It was in the third group that he did the things most affectionately remembered. The Padre Martini gavotte was an exquisite cameo of piano art, while the allegro of Domenico Scarlatti was performed at a dazzling speed and with an accuracy, especially in the crossed hands, quite deadly.

The four preludes of Chopin were played ravishingly. Just as in his early days Mr. Rosenthal for a passing moment proved that he could produce from a piano sounds as melting as any other player in the world and made one regret that it so seldom occurred to him to try. Nothing could surpass the beauty of his playing of the little mazurka prelude.

Mr. Rosenthal is undoubtedly still a giant of the keyboard—even a little giant. But technical wonders have become familiar. There are so many wizards now that it almost is impossible to astonish us. And yet so long as Rosenthal can do things as good as the best he did last evening he will hold his position among the famous virtuosi of the world.

'MARTA' HAS MEVIVAL AT THE METROPOLITAN

Sung for First Time Since Caruso's Death.

For the first time in over three years Frederick von Flotow's "Marta" was restored to the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. This vivacious and sparkling young lady has been successively lulled to sleep and awakened several times during past years.

Revived in 1915, after a rest of seven years, the melodious work provided a popular vehicle for Mme. Hempel and Mr. Caruso. It was last given at the Metropolitan on April 21, 1920, Mr. Caruso receiving an ovation as *Lionel* on that occasion. Mme. Barrientos was the *Marta*. The work enjoyed a brief revival under the Wagnerian Singers last March. The occasion served to recall that this work, commonly sung here in Italian, and regarded by many opera-goers as an Italian product, with its high notes and florid passages, is a truly Teutonic creation and belongs to the repertory of any German opera house.

Mme. Alda as *Lady Harriet*, who donned serving maid's attire to find the spice of life and then fell in love with her employer, put forth entirely honorable efforts last evening, but florid music is not her field. Nor did her sprightliness carry conviction. Singers who can grapple with Flotow's music are scarce. Mme. Alda very evidently did her best and delivered her masses of florid music with evident discretion. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" well, first in Italian and again, in response to continued applause, in English. Of Miss Howard's *Nancy* much the same could be said. Both singers were not wholly in their element and apparently they knew it.

Mr. Gigli's *Lionel* had much to commend it. His voice was thoroughly at home in the music. He sang with restraint and excellent expression, revealing much beauty of tone. Both he and Mr. de Luca, who has had much experience as *Pinkett*, carried their parts with spirit and enthusiasm.

In short, the performance as a whole was animated and full of life. The comedy was managed most effectively, with Louis D'Angelo as the *Sheriff*, and the work of the chorus deserves high praises. Mr. Malatesta's *Sir Tristan* was competent, though not inspired. And there were new and attractive sets by Mr. Urban to delight the eye. Mr. Papi conducted discreetly, but with plenty of delicacy and vivacity, and a delighted audience manifested pleasure with repeated applause and many curtain calls.

FRANCO-AMERICAN CONCERT.

Numbers by Composers of Many Lands Are Played.

The first international referendum concert of the Franco-American Musical Society, Inc., took place last night in Aeolian Hall. The numbers selected according to suggestions submitted by the advisory board, composed of musicians of many countries, were Kodaly's first string quartet, opus 2, in F sharp minor, played by the French-American String Quartet; Debussy's "Danse Sacree" and "Danse Profane" for harp and string accompaniment, with Carlos Salzedo, the quartet and Messrs. Moscovitz, violin, and Delmas-Boussagol, contra bass, as the players; Ravel's piano trio, played by E. Robert Schmitz and Messrs. Tiniot and Kefer, and a group of songs, sung by Mme. Marya Freund, a Polish singer, who was new here. The songs were "I Pastori" and "San Basilio," by Pizzetti; four lyrics by Castelnuovo; one of Prokofiev's "Two Songs Without Words" (untitled); Stravinsky's "Cloches au Monastere" and five "Chansons Populaires," by De Falla. Mme. Freund, who is a cousin of George Henschel and an authorized Schoenberg interpreter in Europe, gave the story of each song before singing it to the admirable piano accompaniment of Mr. Schmitz. She showed a voice of sympathetic quality, and capable of expressing feeling.

Kodaly's new quartet pregnant, with musical suggestiveness of his native land, and with modern harmonies which are got with a firm and telling hand made a good impression. The work was beautifully performed by the quartet, composed of Messrs. Tiniot, Johnson, Sharrow and Kefer (a body of players frequently heard in private New York houses), and very warmly received.

The program, given by so many eminent artists, and drawing for selection upon modern and ultra modern writers of so many lands, had at once novelty and distinction and bespoke much promise for the new society's future undertakings.

Paderewski Plays.

By H. C. COLLES.

There are pianists who embarrass one with the wealth of their gifts, pianists who can do anything and everything with the piano and who while they are playing, keep us so continually conscious of the fact that it is difficult at the same time to be conscious of the music. Mr. Paderewski is not one of them. He may or may not be able to do everything that they do; he can do all that he wants to do, which is to make music of a certain kind in a certain way; and while we listen we are absorbed with him in the music and fascinated by his view of it.

He will sometimes give his hearers a shock by doing things from which the ear recoils instinctively. At the beginning of his recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday his loud tone was painful, and throughout his own set of variations in E flat minor one wondered how he could be content to produce such an amount of "harsh clangour" from his instrument. It seemed worse here than anywhere else. Either the ear accustomed itself to this tendency of his to ignore the limits of his instrument, or else, as often occurs, he was less sensitive to the actual sound of his own music than to that which he produced with other people.

Composers playing or conducting their own works are often subject to a tendency to hear ideally rather than really. In this matter, in the temple of the Beethoven sonata in E flat (Op. 27, No. 1), in his habit of spreading his chords freely, not letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth, there were plenty of points for the adverse critic. One of the many distinguished pianists who were present in the audience sat, giving a little shake of the head every time Mr. Paderewski transgressed, till one almost seemed to hear the squeak of Beckmesser's chalk on the slate. But that by no means exhausted all there was to be said of the performance.

It was an afternoon of big music, played in a big-minded way. Those variations of Mr. Paderewski's are more than the ingenious show piece of a great executant. Out of a rather bald and unpromising theme the composer extracts a number of ideas possessing real musical beauty, and the design is developed with a wealth of ornament till it culminates in the torrential climax of an imposing figure. The torrential manner has rather grown on Paderewski in his interpretation, and it is when he is carried forward by its impulse that minor considerations of tone are forgotten. The Beethoven sonata, begun with a beautifully reflective pulse, ended in a whirlwind.

In what followed two things of very different character stood out, Liszt's Sonata in B Minor and Chopin's Nocturne in D flat. Even those who are apt to be offended by the inflated pomposity of Liszt's style in this sonata could not fail to be impressed by this reading of it. Mr. Paderewski outlined its features strongly, pointed its contrasts of mood sharply and built up the climaxes, particularly that which grows out of the fugato treatment of the theme, with a magnificence which compelled admiration. The Nocturne in D flat, which was placed in the middle of a group of Chopin's works, the others being the Ballade in F minor and the Scherzo in B flat minor, was, on the other hand, the most delicate performance of the program. The phrasing of the melody set against the background of arpeggio figures was exquisite and was achieved by means of perfectly adjusted pedalling, a matter in which Mr. Paderewski is not always flawless. He played one extra piece in the course of the recital, namely Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Erl König," after the Liszt sonata and no doubt there were others later after the Rubinstein pieces, which closed the official program.

FLORENCE EASTON IN 'FAUST'

Chaliapin Again Mephistopheles—Della Rembrandt in "Butterfly."

"Faust" for matinee and "Madame Butterfly" at night were sung to large audiences at the Metropolitan yesterday, the evening performance being again without its recently promised heroine, Mme. Bethberg. The soprano had sung Thursday in "William Tell," despite a cold, and was advised to wait longer before reappearing. Della Reinhardt took her place, with Telva, Tokatyan and Scotti among a familiar cast in Puccini's opera, and Moranzoni at the baton.

Florence Easton, for the first time this year, sang Marguerite in the matinee "Faust," her lyric voice in the garden scene lending flower-like beauty to Gounod's melodious ensembles. Martinelli, Howard, Tibbett and others reappeared, while the mighty Chaliapin as Mephistopheles again dominated all scenes, taking an encore in the devil's serenade of the "Veau d'Or" to a popular ovation.

William Nikow, Tenor, Heard.

William Nikow gave a program of familiar German lieder opera airs and songs in English at the Town Hall last evening, assisted by Mary Lackland, violinist. The tenor displayed a certain power of voice but insufficiently controlled in Schumann's "Die beiden Grenadiere." Miss Lackland gave Kreisler's arrangement of a rondo by Mozart with technical skill.

'Faust' Again

Was it Mark Twain who said that there was no more popular character in fiction than the devil? He is the hero of more books, plays, etc., than their writers would admit, and it is with hidden regret that the authors finally deliver him up to justice. Although Chaliapin in "Faust" occasionally breaks through the elegant framework of the opera, bringing down in a whirl of dust and mortar portions of the dramatic structure—rotably the rôle of Siebel, which is reduced, apparently by mutual consent of Mr. Chaliapin and Miss Dalossy, to a comic by-play—he is nevertheless the most startling and enchanting devil that ever allowed himself to be captured and caged in an opera. It is not possible in a brief review even to enumerate the thrilling effects which he creates, using his great size and the superb resources of his beautiful voice with such imagination

and art that even those whose expectations are high are repeatedly astonished.

Not being provided with a Witches' Sabbath, he manages to stage a small Brocken scene all his own, when, alone in the twilight peace of Marguerite's garden, an intense red glow of light, bursting—it seems—from his own person as he leaps upon a bench, fills the innocent garden with hell-fire, turning the very flowers into winking coals.

A Marguerite worthy of this Satan was Miss Easton, returning to the rôle after six years. She brought out most movingly the humanity and tragedy of the character. Every word of her lovely singing was intelligible and expressive; in the lines, "Je voudrais bien savoir" she breathed all the wonder and unconscious pathos of a young girl's first sensation of love. From scene to scene the personality of Marguerite developed and grew older, showing as subtly as if by actual experience the wrecking effects of her increasing burdens. With her beauty and her genuine and sustained artistry, Miss Easton created at Saturday's matinee a Marguerite difficult to surpass.

Mr. Martinelli sang a satisfactory Faust; his French was good Italian. But his voice was strong and full of lovely notes, and he acted with fervor. Lawrence Tibbett, as Valentin, also received applause for his arias; his acting is as yet limp and over-operative, but he will certainly improve. Kathleen Howard was an engaging Marthe; Ellen Dalossy brought a beautiful voice but a very feminine personality to the part of Siebel, and James Wolf sang an adequate Wagner. S. I-K.

Dec 17 1923

The Friends of Music.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

If any excuse were needed for a Beethoven program for their concert at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, the Friends of Music found it in a birthday anniversary of the composer—the 13d, to be exact—falling on the very day. The Friends undertook to do what her admirers of Beethoven have from me to time attempted, in searching among his more or less forgotten or at best unfamiliar and partially neglected compositions, for a program that should show unfamiliar sides of the great master's art.

The result of such a search may have a varying degree of importance and interest; and have been found to have in the past. The Beethoven Association, or instance, which began its career with an enthusiastic rummaging in the library, soon came to an end of that and found its mission laid open to it equally in the works of other great composers, familiar and unfamiliar. Its province confines it more especially to the domain of chamber music; but there is a great deal of neglected chamber music signed Beethoven. The fact became evident that, in large part, the neglect was deserved and that the signature did not always guarantee quality. It is so with some of the longer works of the master, who, being human, composed sometimes "Invita Minerva"; and when Minerva was not willing the results were not always such as to do the name of Beethoven proud.

The concert yesterday began with the waltz in C, op. 115, a piece for an occasion, the occasion being the meeting of the Congress of Vienna. But, like some other of Beethoven's pieces to celebrate an occasion, the occasion passed and the waltz was not finished. It was in time for the Emperor's Name Day, celebrated after the Continental custom; but that occasion, too, came and went, and the waltz was not performed.

So it was published as an overture or any occasion—such as a celebration of Beethoven's birthday. It is not a very important piece and does not celebrate the birthday very conclusively. It does not show the strongest side of the composer's genius. For yesterday's concert it had, perhaps, a special appropriateness (in connection with the "Choral Fantasy") in that its themes have been found by some of the in-

igators to have been originally intended to form part of a setting of Miller's "Hymn to Joy" that Beethoven projected as a boy and never sight of till he achieved it in the Ninth Symphony.

course the themes do not recall the Ninth Symphony because he changed his mind about using them. Not so, however, the vocal part of the "Choral Fantasia," Op. 80, which also formed a part of yesterday's program. In this work the verses are not Schiller's; but the lines that Beethoven used for them have a striking resemblance to that of "Ode to Joy" in the Ninth Symphony. So, too, his procedure in developing his variations on it curiously shadow those which he adopted in his later and greater work. But they are less elaborate and less successful in the master's mature style; they are almost like a preliminary and tentative sketch.

The "Choral Fantasia" will always be a curious interest for lovers of Beethoven's music, on account of this relationship; and it is well that the friends of Music should repeat it—perhaps not too often; it is not only seasons since it appeared on their programs. For as a whole the composition, in and of itself, will not have a place in the list of Beethoven's work. The introductory prelude for piano seems today pretty dull and conventional, and the composer's fantasy does not soar high above the earth. Harold Bauer played the piano part with an intensity of conviction and variety of tonal coloring and of indicated expression that might have accompanied a higher flight of the music. The chorus sang the vocal portion admirably, with solid and well-balanced and excellent finish.

Bauer appeared also as soloist in Beethoven's C minor piano concerto. This is another of the less considered of his works; yet perhaps worth more consideration, on the whole, than either of the other two numbers on the program, because it contains more of the genuine inspiration of the master; because it looks forward to the greater works that he did in the writing of piano concertos, being the product of a young man of 30, and not the by-product of a mature but intermittent inspiration, used for an occasion or adventuring tentatively on uncertain ground. Here Mr. Bauer had a freer field for the exercise of his genial, sympathetic and constructive art. He gave an admirable performance of the concerto thoroughly in its spirit and reading no more into it than is there, but bringing all that is there, especially in the deeply felt slow movement. E. Bodanzky gave excellent performances of the orchestral works with the orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House; and the chorus owed its excellent training again to Stephen Mend.

Alexander, Siloti's Recital.

BY H. C. COLLES.

Alexander Siloti played to an appreciative audience at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He is not the sort of artist to gather the crowds about him. Those who go expect to enjoy thoughtful and scholarly performances of the classics. Because Mr. Siloti knows his classics he can make programs which are not like those of other people. It was noteworthy that in one almost everything had an asterisk or other mark beside it to show that transcription has had been the describing hand, if originally written the piano it had been subjected to a downy editorship. This does not mean a metreticulous dressing up of the pieces for purposes of display, but only a careful revision of the text. Mr. Siloti began with Bach, the prelude in the suite in E flat originally for cello, an organ prelude and one in "The Well-tempered Clavichord." It came Mozart's Variations on a nursery tune, "Ah Vous dirai-je, nan," with another Bach prelude (C major) added as an extra piece. The playing of Bach and Mozart is precise in phrasing and clear-cut in outline, not cold. He is not afraid to warm the melody of Bach by judicious use of the pedal, and his scholarship never enters into pedantry.

A group of Russian works also contained a set of variations, Tchaikovsky's Op. 19, which are very rarely heard, but which are exceedingly effective. Mr. Siloti plays them. Liszt's Scriabin followed; the distinctly picturesque Barcarolle and a delicate "Russian Cradle Song" of the one, the "Poème," Op. 32, and Sonata-talisie (No. 2 in G sharp minor) of the other. These last represent Scriabin at that stage of his career when he had outgrown the obvious reflections of Chopin, had not damaged his own lyric by those abstruse searchings of the self which led him ultimately to the seclusion which his admirers call transcendental and the others call insane. His middle period Scriabin was a thoughtful writer for the piano who may best be numbered among the classics. He completed Mr. Siloti's scheme, he played a group of his works with a conviction and command of the instrument which brought out all that is best among their qualities, though he did not convince us that the "Surrounding" is anything but a rather chaotic piece of rhetoric.

Robert Naylor in Variety of Songs.

Robert Naylor gave a recital at the Access Theatre last evening of a wide variety of songs. In a group of Irish songs the tenor showed to good advantage a wide range of pleasing tones. He sang O'Connell's "Little Trees" with grace of manner, artistic phrasing and contrast of color. Mr. Naylor was ably

assisted at the piano by Gordon Laidlaw.

Jan Munkacsy, Violinist, Plays.

Jan Munkacsy, a Hungarian violinist of quiet, polished style heard some years ago, returned to the concert stage at the Town Hall last evening. He played with Alfred Kugel a new sonata by Stojanovits, a concerto of Vieuxtemps, Paganini's "Moses" fantasy and unfamiliar arrangements by Leonard, Spohr and Remenyi.

ZIMBALIST PLAYS AGAIN.

Efrem Zimbalist gave his second and, according to his plans, his last violin recital here this season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. A large audience included several musicians who frequent the Carnegie concert stage, and other persons prominent in local musical circles. Greatest delight seemed to be taken by Mr. Zimbalist's hearers in the three vivid short pieces by Tor Aulin and two by Cyril Scott. The program opened with Brahms's sonata in D minor, admirably presented by the violinist and his accompanist, Emanuel Bay, and continued with Mendelssohn's concerto. An arrangement by Sarasate of airs from Bizet's "Carmen" provided a flashing end to the program after which Mr. Zimbalist gave three encores. After the last one the lights were turned out, but the audience stayed on undiscouraged for five more minutes applauding and hoping for more music.

Toscha Seidel in Opera Concert.

Toscha Seidel was the guest star of last night's "opera concert" at the Metropolitan, playing with the orchestra under Bambosek the D minor violin concerto of Bruch, to which he added solo arrangements of Wilhelmj and Weinawski. There were airs and duets from "La Gioconda," "Tosca" and "Barber of Seville" for Mme. Roeseler, Messrs. Chamlee and De Luca.

MANY HEAR PHILHARMONIC.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten Presents All Tchaikovsky Program.

The Philharmonic Orchestra yesterday gave its first Sunday afternoon concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Van Hoogstraten offered an all Tchaikovsky program, consisting of old friends tried and true. To begin with there was the "Pathetic" symphony, whose melancholy and tragic pathos were brought out in an interpretation commendable for a good deal of style and some excellent playing. The other two numbers were the suite from the "Nutcracker" ballet and the "1812" overture. All of these stanch favorites have been played so well and so often that extended comment is unnecessary. There was a packed house and much applause for both conductor and orchestra.

Dec 16 1923

By H. C. COLLES.

The performance of "Andrea Chenier" last night brought back to the Metropolitan Opera House two singers who received the warmest of welcomes from a crowded audience. They were Titta Ruffo, who took the part of Gerard, and Mme. Rosa Ponselle, who appeared as Madeline, the heroine of the opera. So insistent was the applause after Titta Ruffo had sung the soliloquy in which he proclaims his obsession with perverted passion, that it seemed as though it would be almost impossible to proceed to his subsequent conversion. He had to stand and bow while the whole house applauded and ecstatic enthusiasts screamed appreciation.

When a demonstration is as decisive as that, there seems nothing to be said but to record it. Even the finest of voices rising to the height of an impressive climax hardly seems to justify so vigorous an uproar, but it must be taken as a personal tribute rather than the reaction to the special moment chosen for it.

Mme. Ponselle also had her moments when the natural beauty of her voice made its effect, but her best moments were not those of climax. She and Titta Ruffo together made convincing the scene of his threatened assault, her submission to save her lover and his repentance, but her singing has not that purity of style throughout which the character requires; there were too many moments where she felt her way toward her high notes instead of attacking them direct. Whenever she did this it falsified the tone, and in the duet with Mr. Gigli, who again was the Andrea, and an exceedingly successful one, her method contrasted unfavorably with his in the phrasing of similar melodic passages.

Another smaller change in the cast since the opera was given at the beginning of the season was in the substitution of Miss Flora Perini for Miss Marion Pelva in the part of the old woman who offers her boy to his country's cause. The part is one which requires a restrained intimacy if it is to be kept in the picture. A singer must

not be tempted to try to make too much of it, and Miss Perini rather yielded to the temptation and was in one passage seriously out of tune.

The opera as a whole, however, went with a much stronger impulse and the cast seemed to play more closely into each other's hands than was the case earlier in the season. This was partly because Titta Ruffo puts sinew into the revolutionary scenes, but Mr. Moranzone, who conducted, also had all his forces well in hand.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Opera Stars in New Roles.

"Andre Chenier" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when the seventh week of the season began. The repetition of Giordano's well favored work served to bring before the large Monday night audience for the first time this season two members of the company who were making their first appearances of the winter. These were Miss Rosa Ponselle and Titta Ruffo. The latter sang the role of *Charles Gerard* for the first time here. Mr. Ruffo made an outstanding figure of the revolutionist, which statement does not mean that Messrs. de Luca and Danise had not done so. But there is a difference in methods, and to hear a new voice and a new style in a role is always interesting.

Mr. Ruffo's big voice was in excellent condition. He was able to emit tremendous volumes of tone without destruction of all musical quality, and the effect of the contrast when he sang piano was quite dramatic. There was an irresistible energy in his impersonation. *Gerard* is a rampaging sort of person, apparently always something more than peevish and eager to create a turmoil on the slightest provocation. Mr. Ruffo entered into the spirit of the part with abandon and his vigorous impersonation evoked abundant applause.

Miss Ponselle was unusually well made up and bewigged, so that her *Madeline* had considerable pictorial value. Her naturally beautiful voice was fresh, vibrant, at times brilliant. She sang with freedom and with temperament, but not always with finished technique. It is possible that Miss Ponselle is not yet satisfied with her own methods, but she will not improve the quality of her tone by indulging in what the Italians call "white voice." Nor does this variety of voice necessarily express youth and innocence.

The other members of the cast were those heard before, except Mr. Tibbett, whose few measures as *Fleville* were commendably sung. Mr. Gigli seemed inclined last evening to make *Chenier's* solo in the first act explosive, but there was plenty of lovely lyric style in his singing during the evening. This tenor should cling to his lyric delivery. Herein lies his true eminence. Mme. Howard as the *Countess*, Mr. Didur as *Mathieu* and Mr. Bada as the spy were others who attracted especial attention. Mr. Moranzone conducted well.

NOTABLE AUDIENCE AT MUSICAL MORNING

Mr. Bagby Gives Third Program at Waldorf.

Mr. Bagby's third musical morning of the season yesterday brought to the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria a large audience. The artists were Miss Frieda Hempel, Mr. Giovanni Martinelli of the Metropolitan Opera and Mr. Gutia Cassini, cellist. Miss Hempel's numbers included the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Die Forella" and "Straussiana," an arrangement of Strauss waltzes by Miss Estelle Liebling.

With Mr. Martinelli Miss Hempel sang the duo from the second act of Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Martinelli sang "Cielo e Mar," from "La Gioconda," and songs by Vanderpool, Rabey and Gustaldon. Mr. Cassini played compositions of Schumann, Popper, Platti, Rimsky-Korsakoff and his own arrangement of Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." The accompanists were Messrs. Richard Hageman, Salvatore Fucito and Coenraad v. Bos.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Haydn's "Military" Symphony Is Played.

The Philharmonic Society continued

its series of ten concerts for students last night in Carnegie Hall with an excellent program. Keeping to his scheme of a review of master compositions, Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave as the backbone of the list a Haydn symphony, the one styled "military." This score was preceded by the Bach-Brandenburg concerto in G for strings, a work which had opened the society's first concert this season, and for the further numbers came the "Coriolanus" overture of Beethoven, the nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and the "Leonore" overture, No. 3, of Beethoven.

The concert was enjoyed by a huge audience in the hall and another listened in while the music was broadcast from radio station WEA.

The Trio Classique.

The Trio Classique opened its season last evening at Aeolian Hall with a program which comprised the C minor Trio of Brahms, three movements from Trio, Op. 50, C major, by G. Martucci, and the "Dumky" Trio of Dvorak.

The members of the trio are musicians of wide concert experience in Europe as well as in this country. Celia Schiller, pianist, is a pupil of the late Mme. Teresa Carreno and has played abroad with Arthur Nikisch's orchestra and in this country with the New York Symphony. Maurice Kaufman, violinist, was concertmaster of the Russian Symphony Orchestra and the People's Symphony Orchestra, and occupied the same post with the Hartford Philharmonic Society. William Dunieaux, cellist, formerly professor at the Hague Conservatoire, is a newcomer to the trio.

What is important concerning these three musicians of varied personality and experience is that in their ensemble work they are able to think and feel alike, musically, and so give unity and spontaneity of interpretation. Their performance of last night was distinguished for balance and beauty of tone.

Dec 17 1923
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

Mr. Stokowski must be preparing to descend upon New York with some modern orchestral work of peculiar malignance, for his last two programs here have been of a mildness and classicism that can only presage something horrendous in the near future. The last number possibly excepted, the list he presented last night in Carnegie Hall would not have aroused much objection from Edouard Hanslick himself. It began with Mozart's "Figaro" overture and G minor symphony, continued with the Brahms violin concerto, with Carl Flesch as the soloist, and concluded with the prelude and love-death from "Tristan."

But perhaps Mr. Stokowski merely wanted to show that his orchestra has no need of novelties in order to give an interesting concert. If that was his purpose, he succeeded admirably; for the program was always a delight to the ear and frequently much more than that. He gave the symphony a superbly modeled reading, always beautiful in tone, always transparent and subtly woven and irresistible in its buoyant vigor.

Mr. Flesch's playing of the concerto was refreshingly lacking in sentimentality and had fine breadth and simplicity of style. Barring his tone, which was a little dry and undeveloped, he gave a notable technical performance as well.

"Magnificent" is a dangerous word, but no safer one occurs with which to characterize Mr. Stokowski's playing of the Wagner excerpt. The two familiar pieces, so played and overplayed that it seems impossible to throw fresh light upon them, took on a new significance last night—or rather regained their old significance. For not since the days of Toscanini has one heard the prelude and the "Liebestod" played with such surge and passion and heart-shaking eloquence. It was Wagner played as Wagner would have wanted it to be.

played, which the joy and hunger of the moment made manifest, and the unshakable. An unforgettable performance.

The symphony was preceded by the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" and followed by the Brahms concerto for violin, with Mr. Carl Flesch as the player of the solo part. Mr. Flesch is a Hungarian, eminent in Europe as virtuoso and pedagogue. He has been heard before in America. It was almost a decade ago that he made his debut here, at a Philharmonic concert on January 22, 1914. He is a sound and accomplished musician. When he sings broadly upon his fiddle his tone is large and warm and beautiful, but in rapid passage-work it loses its quality, and precision, clarity and beauty fade out of it. His sense of rhythm is defective. There is little incisiveness in his playing. It is sometimes sloppy, and the sinful portamento lurks ever in the background and sometimes slinks upon his finger board. He is not a vital nor an interesting player; his style is lymphatic, his imaginative vibrations low. He lacks distinction, dash, finesse. But he is an artist whom one must respect, for he is evidently earnest and sincere and single-minded. The fact that heaven has withheld from him charm and elasticity and the ultimate magic of great style is no fault of his. He was warmly but not deliriously greeted.

Astri Ellison in Recital.

Astri Ellison, soprano, gave her second recital this season at the Town Hall last evening with a program devoted to Scandinavian songs. Christian Schiott, who composed four of the numbers, assisted at the piano. The audience was made up mostly of Norwegians, who expressed much enjoyment, especially of Mr. Schiott's songs and those by Grieg.

Dec 21 1923

The State Symphony Orchestra.

By H. C. COLLES.

Josef Stransky and the State Symphony Orchestra returned to Carnegie Hall last night to continue the series of symphony concerts begun some two months since.

A symphony by Haydn, the well known one in C minor from the Salomon set, opened this concert, and though it could not be called a specially distinguished performance, it was given with neatness and care. The string tone of this orchestra is poor in comparison with any of the others which have been heard at Carnegie Hall this season, and there is evidently still a good deal to be done before the orchestra can take its place among these others as an example of perfected instrumental ensemble. Still we were glad to get Haydn, who is so apt to be passed over in the modern concert room, and to enjoy a performance of one of the most charming of his symphonies.

Besides some Wagner played at the end of the program Mr. Stransky introduced Frank Bridge's symphonic suite, "The Sea," which was given recently at Boston, but was now heard for the first time in New York. The composer's recent visit to this country has introduced a good deal of his music here, but "The Sea" represents him as a painter in oils; the chamber music shows more of his craftsmanship. The four movements are admittedly pictorial music; they represent differing aspects of the sea, calm in the sunlight, the play of the waves breaking on the shore, moonlight on a placid surface and finally the storm. Bridge is very deft in producing effects of orchestral tone, which may suggest the sort of analogies called up by the titles. Sometimes one feels that one might almost guess the title from the music, a thing which not many dealers in musical pictorialism achieve.

Near the end of the second one, "Sea-foam," for instance, there is a break of a wave which almost calls out the familiar exclamation, "That's a good one!" And "Seafoam" is also the most successful from the purely musical standpoint. It is, of course, the scherzo movement of the four; the two quiet pictures of sunlight and moonlight are vaguely impressionistic and one enjoys its crispness of rhythm by contrast with them. The storm is after all rather a conventional affair; the sort of storm the landsman imagines and which seems to belong more to the theatre than to

the concert room. The whole suite, if not deeply stirring, shows the composer's command of the orchestra, and it was well received by last night's audience.

For most people, however, the singing of John McCormack was evidently a stronger interest than any of the orchestral music. He began with two fine arias from more or less forgotten cantatas by Scarlatti and Cesarini, and his fine style of singing and the conviction of his delivery brought out the splendors of their broad melodies, particularly the intensity of Scarlatti's chromatic writing in "Saldo Sanguine." Later he sang three of the Moerike-Lieder of Hugo Wolf with the orchestral accompaniments provided by the composer. In "Neue Liebe" the orchestration is not quite at ease; the music seems designed for the idiom of the piano. But the delicate "Schlafendes Jesus Kind" sounded peculiarly beautiful given in this way, and in "Wo find ich Trost" one forgot everything but the singing, for Mr. McCormack's voice gave it the needed poignancy.

Mr. McCormack sang twice. His first offering comprised Scarlatti's "Caldo Sanguine" and an aria from Cesarini's "Le Gelosia;" and candor compels the admission that he has often sung better. His perfect phrasing and style were there, but McCormack, somehow, was not, for his voice lacked its usual expressiveness and power of conviction.

His second appearance was a different matter. He sang three songs by Hugo Wolf: "Neue Liebe," "Schlafendes Jesuskind" and "Wo find ich Trost," with the composer's own orchestral accompaniment. They are three masterpieces, and he sang them with the perfect diction and vocalism and moving intensity of feeling that they deserve.

The accompaniments, well scored, were heard for the first time. Another orchestral novelty on the program was Frank Bridge's suite, "The Sea." The work was introduced in London by Henry Wood eleven years ago and was first played in this country by the Cleveland Orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff, last October.

It is in four movements, entitled successively "Seascape," "Sea-foam," "Moonlight" and "Storm." Much of the thematic material is derived from a brief passage that forms the germ of the "Seascape." In general it is music honestly conceived, well structured, although not strikingly individual in form, and effectively scored. The second movement has charming rhythms, and the third sustains its mood with more success than any of the others. The "Storm" contains some good scoring, but does not obliterate other and more famous musical storms.

Mr. Stransky gave it a conscientious performance that won much applause from his audience. He concluded the evening with the "Tristan" prelude and love-death and the third act prelude from "Lohengrin."

OTHER MUSIC.

A program which swung from Hebrew melodies to the "Prize Song" and from Wagner to a Sarasate "Tarantelle" brought Rudolph Polk to Aeolian Hall last night. This versatility is characteristic of the young violinist, who slips deftly from one number to another without any perceptible change in mood. He has style, a certain brilliance and admirable technique, but if he ever flames in divine inspiration, it was not apparent on this program; the numbers were correctly "allegro" when so indicated, but never "molto appassionato" whatever their markings. However, it was hardly an "appassionato" program. He was at his best in the Mendelssohn E minor concerto.

Ellen Dalossy appeared as Ah-Yoe at the Metropolitan last night in the midst of the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain which make up "L'Oracolo." Combined with this highly decorated study of San Francisco's Chinatown was the first "Pagliacci" of the season. Rethberg, Meta, De Luca and Bada headed a familiar cast. The audience welcomed back an old favorite with delighted enthusiasm. A. S.

The suite by Mr. Bridge was new to New York, though it had been played recently in Boston, and before that by the Cleveland Orchestra, which introduced it to America an October 27 of this year. There are four movements: "Seascape," "Sea-foam," "Moonlight" and "Storm," and the composer has supplied thumbnail descriptions of each—"a summer morning at sea," "the frothing of the foam among rocks and pools," "a calm sea at night," "wind, rain, tempestuous seas," etc. We have heard and discussed other music by Mr. Bridge that has been played in New York this season. These sea pieces seem less successful than any of the music that we had already listened to. We have a high regard for Mr. Bridge as a musician; but we like him best when he stays ashore. He does not belong to what Fiona Macleod called "the clan of the wave."

There is more of the mystery and wildness and terror and endless fascination of the sea in one page of Debussy's wonderful "La Mer" (which, for some inexplicable reason, seems to have been shelved by our orchestras) than in all four of Mr. Bridge's tone-pictures. Nor are they especially consequential as music.

It may have been that Mr. Stransky's orchestra was fatigued from its hitting of the Wagnerian trail—for most of the players, we believe, have been on tour with the German opera company. But whatever the cause, they played less well than at their opening concert two months ago—with raggedness and dullness and opacity. There is so much good material in the band, however, that Mr. Stransky, who is an exceedingly able cultivator of orchestral gardens, is bound to show us eventually a larger measure of good playing than he was able to disclose last night.

The program ended with two Wagner numbers: the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan" and the Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin." The house was comfortably full, and there was much applause.

Dec 21 1923

"Mefistofele" Benefit Repeated

"Mefistofele," with Mr. Chaliapin again in the title role, was repeated yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the auspices of the Florence Crittenton League, Inc. As before, Mme. Alda was Marguerite and Mme. Peralta Elena, with Mr. Gigli as Faust, Marion Telva as Pantalis and Messrs. Bada and Paltrinieri in the other parts. Mr. Moranzone conducted.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"DIE WALKUERE" REVIVED.

"Die Walkure" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. The cast embraced Mme. Matzenauer as Bruennhilde, Mme. Easton as Sieglinde, Mme. Gordon as Fricka, Mr. Laubenthal as Siegmund, Mr. Bender as Hunding and Mr. Whitehill as Wotan. It is unlikely that such a cast could be rivaled in any other opera house in the world at the present day when great singers are scarce. But even an array of stars does not insure a successful performance of "Die Walkure." Behind them must be intelligent musical directorship, good stage management and an orchestra of musicians to whom Wagner means something more than a long evening's work.

It was interesting to observe the playing of the orchestra last evening. The musicians treated Wagner's long drawn love phrases with the warmest sincerity and into the more tragic passages of the score they poured a virile sonority which made the whole instrumental background glow with the passions of the drama. Mr. Bodanzky, who conducted, seemed inclined, especially in the tumultuous love duet of the first act, to abolish some of the lackadaisical or sporic temple which have threatened to kiss the godhood away from the whole opera. Or was it perhaps the ability of Mr. Laubenthal to voice the exuberance of the audacious Siegmund, aflame with the love that made to blossom the Voisung blood?

At any rate, he and Mme. Easton together transformed the duet from an allegretto penseroso (as it too often is) into an allegro appassionato. The contrast furnished by the laughing Bruennhilde and the harried Wotan at the beginning of the second act was heightened and from the moment of the majestic Fricka's entrance to that in which the lumbering Hunding was destroyed by the fiat of the god

the drama had its full measure of intensity and apparently held the audience enchained.

Mme. Easton's Sieglinde, lovely in action and melodious in song, was merely another revelation of that remarkable versatility which makes her such an important member of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's company. Mme. Matzenauer's Bruennhilde holds its own, while Mr. Whitehill's Wotan and Mr. Bender's Hunding again commanded admiration. It remains only to add that Mr. Laubenthal's Siegmund was manly and sincere and fitted well into the general picture.

In the afternoon "Mefistofele" with Mr. Chaliapin in the title role was given for the benefit of the Florence Crittenton Home.

SCHOLA CANTORUM HEARD.

Opens His Fifteenth Season Under Kurt Schindler.

The Schola Cantorum, Kurt Schindler, leader, opened its fifteenth season at Carnegie Hall last night with a program, for mixed chorus and soloists, designed as a Christmas offering with various secular novelties included. Miss Lillian Gustafson, soprano, and Pavel Ludikar, barytone, assisted as the soloists. The works were chosen from many lands. The list began with a group of old Christmas songs, comprising two English "Nock" (Oxford, 1450); the setting of Psalm 134, "Serviteurs du Seigneur," by the sixteenth century Dutch composer, Sweelinck; two German Christmas songs of the same period; "Klang, Klang" ("The Bells of Speier"), by Senfl. The numbers continued with three rarely heard part songs by Brahms, "Veneta," "The Maiden," to a Serbian folk text, and "The Hump Backed Fiddler," to a Rhenish folk text; four Slovak folk songs for chorus and piano, new in America, by Bartok, and also six Magyar folk songs for barytone solo and piano.

Another selection receiving a first hearing in America was the "Morning, Hymn of the Novices," from Pizzetti's incidental music to D'Annunzio's drama, "La Nave" ("The Ship"). This was followed by a Catalan legend, new in America, of the Virgin Mary as a child, entitled "Le Mere de Dieu" and written for eight part chorus by Antoni Nicolau.

The concert closed with a set of songs, largely jolly in spirit, also new, by Basque and Catalan composers, namely "The Bugaboo" of Guridi, a Basque cradle song, with soprano solo, "Loa Loa," by Esuola; "El Maridet" ("The God"), by Moya, and "The Goat in the Garden," by Guridi. Mr. Robert was the pianist with the Slovak songs and Mr. Schindler with the Magyar lyrics. The numbers given, as a whole, were an admirable example of Mr. Schindler's genius in the art of musical elaboration.

The singing of the chorus showed good intonation, good balance and generally good tone quality. Its enunciation was praiseworthy. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

One came away from Carnegie Hall last night wondering just how many people realize the size of the debt that lovers of choral music owe to the Schola Cantorum, and particularly to Kurt Schindler, its conductor. Year after year Mr. Schindler disappears from these shores about June, is reported vaguely to be somewhere abroad, and returns in early October with a heaping armload of new choral music.

It is not of any one time or place. Some of it is ancient, some of it was written a few months ago; it comes from Spain or Italy or France or Central Europe or England, or less familiar spots on the atlas. But it is always worth at least one hearing, and most of it has musical merit and lasting beauty.

The Schola is interesting first and foremost as a purveyor of unfamiliar and good music, and only secondarily as a singing organization. Not that the Schola is a bad chorus. The voices are too many and too good, and the sincerity and enthusiasm of both singers and conductor too real for the chorus to fall below a reasonable level of excellence. But one suspects that Mr. Schindler is interested more in the music than in the persons who sing it.

That is not the worst fault a choral conductor can have, by any means, but the result is a lack of the final high polish that only painstaking at-

to the mechanical details of singing can produce. The singing of the chorus lacked transparency last night and the diction was not distinct. Both defects due, probably, to the fact that the singers, while uttering the same notes, seemed to be producing whatever quality of tone they placed individually to produce. This caused an almost inevitable "fuzziness" of tone and blurring of words. The spirit of the chorus, however, was admirable, and its phrasing and dynamics were generally good.

The program's first group included the lovely old English Christmas carols dating from the middle of the nineteenth century, a fine setting by the choral of the 134th Psalm—this six-part chorus—two Christmas songs by Eccard and Praetorius, an early sixteenth century bell cantata entitled "Kling, Klang, or bells of Speyer," written by Ludekenf. It was cleverly written for parts and so effective that it had to be repeated.

Three chorale songs by Brahms followed, none of them extraordinary, worthy, solid music. The second, "Maedchen," was not only the most effectively written but had the advantage of a solo part that was charmingly by Lillian Gustaf. Another encore.

The third group comprised ten folk transcriptions by Bela Bartok—Slovakian songs arranged for solo chorus with piano, written only a year and still in manuscript, and Magyar folk melodies for solo voice and piano. In view of the nature of some of Mr. Bartok's harmonic experiments, one might have rather morbid curiosity to know what he would do to the chorus. The arrangements were unexpected, unpretentious, singable and good. The chorus made short work of the Slovakian melodies, and Pavel Ludenfang the Hungarian songs with mood and understanding.

The fourth group contained the finest music. It comprised only numbers, a "Morning Hymn of the Novices," by Pizzetti, from the mental music to d'Annunzio's play. "Nave," a beautifully wrought melody felt motet in modal meter that did not have the perfection it deserved from the choral, and an exquisite ballad for solo part chorus, "The Mother of the set to a Catalan folk-poem by Antoni Nicolau.

Just of all, some Basque and Catalan songs, including a Basque eradle with another captivating solo by Miss Gustafson and ending with a singing Basque humoresque of the "won't-burn-stick-stick-won't-burn-dog" variety that sent everybody out to whistle in the subway.

Just as it seemed possible that the scheme might become too ecclesiastical in style they turned to Thomas Morley's ballad, "My Bonny Lass," which they sang with so much of the true scherzo spirit that the audience tried hard to get it repeated. Dr. Davison, however, is a disciplinarian. As he insists on style and refinement in his singers' interpretation so he will refuse to indulge an audience which clamors for repetitions of the more obviously attractive numbers. Perhaps if they had been overwhelmed by the beauty of the Victoria piece, as well they might have been, he would have yielded.

Three picturesque choruses from Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" and three Christmas carols from the French, one of them "Le Miracle de Saint Nicolas." In French, showed how wide are the sources from which the choir draws its repertory. An even more daring contrast came in a chorus from Franck's "Rebecca" and the cachucha from Sullivan's comic opera, "The Gondoliers." One was particularly glad of this last as showing that the singers for all their fine taste adopt no pose of classicism. In all this there are naturally some points open to criticism. In particular it may be suggested that sometimes too much stress is laid on small details of expression, individual words are over-accented and the drill is apt to be too apparent. This only means that the choir has still something to work for the art which hides art. Not unnaturally the carols were among the best things they did, for the carol with its simple outline always brings out spontaneity. The second one, "Bring a Torch," was quite exquisite and after "Saint Nicholas" Dr. Davison conceded to the desire for a repetition.

After an interval a number of modern English pieces were sung and among them John Ireland's setting of "Full Fathom Five" was the most finished in performance. Holst's fine setting of the "Dirge for Two Veterans" was the most ambitious effort, but Elgar's "After Many a Dusty Mile" gave instances of the overstressed details above alluded to. The concert ended with a bold Handel chorus, "Your Voices Rain," from the Sixth Chandos Anthem, which restored the balance completely and sent the audience away with a sense of healthy exhilaration.

MASCAGNI OPERAS SUNG.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz" at Matinee.

Mascagni's operas in unique "double bill," so far as recent records go, made an interesting novelty at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, when "Cavalleria Rusticana" was sung for the first time this season, coupled with the recently revived "L'Amico Fritz." The comedy led the way, with Boris, Fleta and Danise, a single substitution being Miss Telva as the shepherd boy in place of Miss Alcock, who was still indisposed.

In the now classic tragedy of "Young Italy," Rose Ponselle returned to the role of Santuzza, assisted by Chamlee, Ferini, Egerton and Picco, and Moran conducted both works. Last evening Strauss's "Rose Cavalier" was repeated to another capacity house, with Mme. Reinhardt in the name part hitherto sung by Jeritza. Others were Paston and Mario, Harold, Schuetzen-dorf and Bender, and Bodanzky conducted.

Czechoslovak Christmas Festival.

Carols and unique Christmas customs of Czechoslovakia were reproduced in a concert at Aeolian Hall last night by the singing societies of the Jan Hus Church and Settlement House in this city. Besides the church choir, heard in concert before now, both the men's glee club and the Sunday School chorus took part in gay Slovak dress, first in a native "Wedding Festival" and afterward in quaint religious folksongs of "The Shepherd Scene" and "The Manger at Bethlehem." The benefit program was arranged by the Rev. Vincent Dizek, pastor of the church, and the choruses trained by its musical director, Charles M. H. Atherton.

SING 'HANSEL AND GRETEL.'

Wagnerian Opera Co. in Benefit for Vocational Service for Juniors.

Anticipating the Wagnerian Opera Company's season opening at the Manhattan on Christmas night the members of that company were heard there yesterday in a matinee performance of the children's opera, "Hansel and Gretel," arranged for the benefit of the Vocational Service for Juniors. At short notice, a fairly large audience was assembled by the many social patronesses and friends of the charity.

Humperdinck's charming music was sung by Emma Bassett as Gretel, Paul Schwartz as the Witch and Lotte Appel as the Sandman, all friends of last year. With them appeared Hannah Rodegg as Hansel, Joan Ruth, Elsie Beyer and Otto Semper. The conductor was Weston Gales, formerly of the Detroit Orchestra.

PADEREWSKI EARNS \$17,000 FOR CHARITY.

Mr. Paderewski played his second recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday as a benefit for the Maternity Centre Association.

earning at special prices \$17,000, the largest single concert receipts since his return to the stage, except last year's \$24,500 in the San Francisco Municipal Auditorium. It was no less a day of delight for the musician's admirers who filled the hall from 2:30 to nearly 8 o'clock.

A "favorite" program included for classics a Bach-Liszt fantasy and fugue, Haydn's andante and variations, Mozart's A-minor rondo, Beethoven's D-minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2. To the Brahms-Haganini variations Paderewski added Schumann's "Nachtstueck" as a first encore. Five from Chopin were for many listeners the matinee's climax of tone-poetry, as others found glory of acoustic pageantry in the Mozart-Liszt "Don Juan."

On recall, Mr. Paderewski gave liberally, first a "Chant d'Amour" of his countryman, Stojowski, and the best known of Liszt's "Soirees de Vienne," then Chopin's etude in C and the C-sharp minor waltz. Seven encores in all were completed with the Paganini-Liszt "Campanella" and a Schubert "Impromptu" before the signal, "Lights up," cleared the hushed and darkened hall.

Dec 24 1923

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Symphony Society's Matinee.

The Symphony Society's Sunday matinee yesterday was one of assorted refreshes. To begin with there was Schubert's gentle overture to "Rosamunde," whose bland melodies caused Mr. Damrosch to bestow the blessing of his equally bland smile upon the audience, as who should say, "Every day I bring ye violets." After this amiable introduction Lionel Tertis, the British viola player, presented the familiar Bach chaconne. It was said to be the first time this celebrated selection had been transferred to the low toned instrument.

It ought to be the last. Mr. Tertis played the music admirably. It would be difficult to imagine a better rendering of it on the viola. But why take a broad and luminous movement like this and darken it so that all its lower passages were wrapped in gloom and its higher ones clouded with a tonal melancholy? However, performers on the viola must have a repertoire just as prima donnas must, and unless the manufacturing of viola pieces proceeds at a more rapid rate the catacombs of the past and the treasures of other instruments must be ransacked. Heaven forbid that there should arise a bassoon virtuoso or we may probably have to hear him grumble Mendelssohn's violin concerto at us.

Mr. Tertis and his viola were much better engaged when they were delivering Dale's romance written for viola and orchestra. The composer suffered from no plenary inspiration nor had he any hieratic functions to perform in promulgating his notions of viola music, but he had a time to write and he put it in the most vocal registers of the viola, and the orchestra was placed under it and not on top of it. So the romance was "a good hearing," as the Scotch say. But Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois," which followed, has nothing whatever to do with a viola and Mr. Tertis's vivacious technic could not sanctify the forced marriage.

Mr. Damrosch led his men through the usual three movements of Berlioz's "Romeo et Juliette" symphony. Aeolian Hall, is no place for Queen Mab and her scherzo. In such an auditorium she moves with feet of lead. The love adagio went far better, and the exciting Capulet party, much more exciting than Juliette's coming out affair in Gounod's opera, was brilliantly given.

The final number was three dances from Manuel de Falla's ballet "Le Tricorne," which brought the concert to a heartening close. De Falla is a continual delight. In these slight pieces, he shows fancy, humor, infectious vivacity, mastery of all the tricks of Spanish rhythms and splendor of orchestration. Mr. Damrosch and his men delivered the three bits to the audience with unction.

State Orchestra

Old orchestral friends—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Wagner numbers—were chosen by Josef Stransky for the third Carnegie Hall appearance of the State Symphony Orchestra in an

extra concert yesterday afternoon. Incidentally, Mt. Stransky and his musicians gave the symphony its first performance of the season. So far the Seventh has been more in vogue.

The orchestra showed considerable progress, although there were some places where the process of smoothing, clarifying and halaneing were not yet complete. But it was a distinct, unified entity, and the general level of performance creditable, illustrating Mr. Stransky's powers as a drillmaster. The strings were generally smooth, and the cello passage beginning the slow movement of the symphony was beautifully played, for instance, but there was a tendency toward undue domination in the same slow movement, and in the "Tannhäuser" overture, where the theme of the Pilgrims' Chorus had some difficulty in reaching the surface through the string ornamentation.

In the symphony an impression of heaviness was not altogether absent, as at the beginning of the finale, but Mr. Stransky hit up the pace as the end approached for a spirited finish—and great was the applause. In Wagner the orchestra was quite at home. The "Rienzi" overture was rather massive and most sonorous, especially just before the end. Then came the "Lohengrin" prelude, the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla, the Good Friday music from "Parsifal" and the "Tannhäuser" overture, in which the Venusberg music was appropriately bacchanalian. There were some empty seats in the parquet, but the boxes were well populated and the demonstrations were warm and prolonged.

STATE SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Rienzi Overture Played.

The State Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Josef Stransky, gave a concert in addition to the regular subscription series in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Stransky offered a

Beethoven-Wagner program, opening with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and followed by Wagner's overture to "Rienzi." Introduction, to the first act, "Lohengrin," the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," the "Tannhäuser" overture and excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Der Ringgold."

Mr. Stransky's men on the whole played well, but their performance was not on a consistent level of excellence. Most of the minor deficiencies were revealed in quality of tone rather than in manner and methods of interpretation. The strings were apparently on their way to polished unity and that rare attainment of solo voice, but they did not reach their goal. On the other hand Mr. Stransky gave a praiseworthy reading of the famous Fifth. Sluggish at first, it became gradually invigorated until in the final movement the orchestra achieved some excellent work. The "Rienzi" overture was stirring and highly wrought.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

"Shepherd's Music" From Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" Heard.

Bach's "Shepherd's Music" from the "Christmas Oratorio" was the opening number of the Philharmonic's concert yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. The oratorio, seldom heard, was sung here a week ago by the Columbia University Chorus.

The soloist was Concertmaster Scipione Giudi, who played Saint-Saens's B-minor violin concerto. His performance was enjoyable and notable for a beautiful tone, excellent intonation, taste and refinement of style. At the close he had several recalls. The other works were Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and, for the last number, Brahms's second symphony, which had not been heard this season at the society's concerts. Conductor Van Hoogstraeten and his orchestra were warmly applauded during the program. The Bach music was played somewhat too slowly at times, but with devotion of spirit. The "Faun" music was given with an attractive languorous style and especially liked. The audience was large.

22 Artists Appear in Metropolitan Concert

There was a long list of artists—twenty-two—at last night's opera concert at the Metropolitan, with a bill composed of acts and scenes from various operas enlisting the chorus, orchestra and stage band, while Giuseppe Bamboschek and Wilfrid Pelletier took turns at conducting. The prologue of

"Romeo et Juliette," with the oratorios, opened the concert, followed by excerpts from "Aida," "Faust," "Boris Godunov" (the coronation scene) and "Die Meistersinger" (the quintet and last scene). Indisposition brought two changes, Grace Alcock in "Faust," and Marion Telva in "Die Meistersinger," while Queena Mario replaced Ellen Dalossy as Marguerite in "Faust." The others appearing were Mmes. Roeseler and Gordon and a large contingent of tenors, barytones and basses, headed by Messrs. Harold, Tokatyan, Picco, Tibbett, Rotnier and Didur. The overture to Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani" and the "Tannhauser" march were the purely orchestral numbers.

Isa Kremer.

Mme. Isa Kremer, the Russian singer and diseuse, gave a recital last night at Carnegie Hall. The vitality of this artist is nothing less than amazing. The va-

At Carnegie Hall Isa Kremer made her second appearance of the season in a concert given by the Button Makers' Union for the benefit of its disabled members. Miss Kremer sang her usual type of program of "international ballads" in many languages—six this time—while Mischa Mischakoff, the prize winning violinist of last season's Stadium auditions, who gave a Town Hall recital in October, played the Bruch G minor concerto and shorter pieces. Vladimir Heifetz and W. Brenner were the respective accompanists.

Dec 21, 1923

debut in N.Y.
Dec 25, 1923

WITH its pilgrims, prayers and the saintly Elizabeth, "Tannhauser" is rather appropriate as a Christmas Eve offering at the Metropolitan, and evidently a large number of music lovers thought so, for the house was surprisingly well filled. Enthusiasm of a holiday kind animated the audience and all the singers, and Conductor Artur Bodanzky came in for many rounds of hearty applause.

The solemnity of Christmas did not, however, deter Venus, in the person of Margarete Matzenauer, from exercising her customary spell over Tannhauser, represented by Rudolph Laubenthal. Mme. Matzenauer, stately and statuesque, puts art and authority into her musical interpretation and her histrionic enactment. Barring a top tone or two, the lady was at her best last evening.

Tenor Laubenthal improves with every appearance. He seems always imbued with intense vocal earnestness, and his acting is full of vigor and not without a certain grace. In looks he is an ideally romantic Tannhauser.

Wolfram, Tannhauser's best friend, but not his severest critic, was done by Clarence Whitehill, a conscientious and effective artist always. Paul Bender was a towering and sonorous Landgrave Hermann. Louise Hunter did the Shepherd a bit unsteadily, but with sweet quality of voice.

Marie Jeritza, the Elizabeth, showed herself again as a beautiful and tender apparition in the part, which she sings and acts with deep feeling and striking appeal.

An individual hit was made by one of the hunting dogs at the end of the first act, who joined lustily in the horn fanfare and chorus jubilation.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE MANHATTAN.

"Die Meistersinger," comic opera by Richard Wagner, produced by the Wagnerian Opera Company. Sung in German, Josef Stransky conducting.

Hans Sachs.....Herman Well
Walther von Stolzing.....Robert Hutt
David.....Paul Schwartz
Pogner.....Adolph Schoepflin
Kothner.....Benno Ziegler
Vogelsang.....Max Lippman
Beckmesser.....Desider Zador
Kachlgail.....Emil Staudemeyer
Ortel.....Otto Semper
Zorn.....George Lindemann
Foltz.....Joseph Braun
Elihnger.....Fritz Graef
Schwarz.....Heinrich Konrad
Schwarze.....August Musler
Night-Watchman.....Herman Grotzinger
Eva.....Editha Pleisner
Magdalena.....Emma Bassth
Apprentices, Guards, Guild Members,
Townpeople, &c.

The Wagnerian Opera Company, after a lengthy fall tour, began its New York season at the Manhattan Opera House last night with a performance of "Die Meistersinger." Last February, when the company made its first American appearance, Wagner's comic masterpiece was likewise the vehicle of its choice, and this scribbler ventured the opinion that it was the best performance of "Die Meistersinger" he had ever seen.

One cannot, in honesty, say anything as superlative as that about last night's performance. It had moments of great beauty, moments when the warmth and gentleness and lyric charm of Wagner's great comedy wove their spell unhindered; but these were only moments in what seemed otherwise merely a pretty good performance of "Die Meistersinger."

It is significant that almost all of the scenes wherein the company and orchestra were at their best occurred just when the music was quietest and the action of the drama at its most leisurely point. Nearly every time the pace quickened or the action became at all animated the performance became ragged or the orchestra became deafening. In other words, Mr. Stransky was not entirely successful in the conductor's chair.

His orchestra was probably more to blame than he was, for whatever Mr. Stransky's operatic experience, his State Symphony Orchestra gave little

evidence of being used to playing loud voices. Operatic orchestras may sound as loud as symphonic organizations, but they are not often actually so, for obvious reasons; but last night's band played its fortes and fortissimos exactly as if it had been in Carnegie Hall, with the result that in most of the energetic musical moments the singers were hopelessly in the minority.

There were several familiar members in the cast, although one missed some of the singers whose presence last year made "Die Meistersinger" so memorable. Mr. Zador repeated his characterization of Beckmesser, which had the same commendable "straight" quality and good vocalism as before, but which had less precision and comic subtlety than one had remembered. Mr. Hutt, on the other hand, while he is hardly the ideal type for Walther, appeared to give a much more interesting performance than he did last year. His acting, while not pyrotechnic, was energetic and effective, and he sang vigorously and well.

The Sachs was Herman Well, who will be remembered as a member of the pre-war Metropolitan forces. He played the part much as he had done, singing well but somewhat carefully, and making the cobbler-poet a figure of considerable charm but somewhat weak on the philosophic side. Miss Fleischer made an agreeable-sounding, rather pallid Eva, and Mr. Schoepflin was a fair Pogner.

The chorus worked hard, though not so illusively as last year, and had rather a hard time with its first act chorales and the second act street fight. The scenery was good traveling scenery, neither offensive nor magnificent.

The house was comfortably filled with a decidedly friendly audience, with Mme. Ganna Walska, friendliest of all, sitting in a stage box. Mr. Stransky's appearance at the beginning of every act was the signal for enthusiastic demonstrations, and the curtain calls for the cast were loud and numerous.

"CARMEN" HOLIDAY OPERA.

First Appearance Here of Fleta in Work—Week's List Crowded.

"Carmen" was repeated at the Metropolitan's holiday matinee yesterday, with Mmes. Easton and Morgana, Mossrs. Fleta and De Luca, and Mr. Hasselmans conducting. It was Mr. Fleta's first time here in Bizet's work, and the Spanish tenor was much applauded.

Metropolitan Operas

A most unfortunate change has been made in the last act of "Carmen" at the Metropolitan. To those who love the opera as heretofore given it amounts to sheer vandalism in order to "make a holiday for a dancer." In place of the glorious suite of dance pieces, unequalled in any other opera that has heretofore thrilled lovers of Bizet's inspired strains, there is now offered a series of dances, "arranged by Rosina Gall," introducing inferior

music, leaving out some of the exquisite melodies and maltreating even the marvellous farandole, which, as written by Bizet, is so unspeakably entrancing. It is enough to make one weep. To be sure, the suite as heretofore played is made up partly of tunes from "L'Arlésienne," and other works by Bizet, but it was perfect in its way, while the present arrangement made at least one spectator gnash his teeth with rage and he saw others shake their heads disapprovingly. The new arrangement ends in a whirl of excitement which brings down the house. It is well danced, but alas for the divine music discarded or spoiled!

The Carmen was Florence Easton, who sings it well and has some original ideas as to acting it. For instance, instead of falling at once after Don Jose has stabbed her she stands still almost a minute before she collapses. Calvé's way seems the more realistic. Miguel Fleta was not in as good voice as he is sometimes, but he brought some real Spanish fervor to his singing and acting.

DIE MEISTERSINGER. music drama, in three acts and four scenes. German text and music by Richard Wagner. At

On the stage four of the leading singers were those who had had the corresponding rôles last year. Robert Hutt, grandson of a Civil War soldier and claiming kinsmen here today, was the tenor; Walther, of manly bearing and agreeable tone throughout the trial and prize songs. Desider Zador as Beckmesser

was one of the best seen here as the gaudy judge keeping score against his rival, Paul Schwartz, again the David, and Benno Ziegler, the Kothner, completed the familiar list. The two women, Editha Pleischer and Emma Bassth, the latter American born and both members of last year's season's troupe, were new to the parts of Eva and Magdalena, of which they showed evident ample experience abroad.

A newcomer of some vocal distinction was Adolph Schoepflin, basso of the Berlin State Opera, who sang Pogner, the father of Eva, with more than a little of that "gold" in the voice that should mark his goldsmith's calling. New to the company to the Manhattan was, above all, the baritone Herman Well, who as Hans Sachs resumed here a character well known during this artist's many seasons at the Metropolitan. Mr. Well brought back the remembered "bonhomme," the presence and tone of broad humanity of Sachs. He was, as centre of the opera's and love story's minor action, an actual hero of the night, and the mimic ovation to Sachs in the final scene was echoed in a friendly audience's greeting to Well and presentation of a wreath.

Christmas Tree Back Stage.

Behind the scenes a real Christmas tree, decorated by Manhattan stagehands, recalled a less public welcome to the entire company at a Christmas Eve supper given on the stage on Monday night. Mme. Ganna Walska, the hostess on that occasion, had been assisted by Harold F. McCormick, former patron of the Chicago Opera's visits here. Mme. Walska had admittedly "brought the German singers safely over troubles on tour."

What further might be her interest in its local season was shown only in her brass nameplate on the first stage box. Unofficial report, however, had said that she would sing, and had done so on the road, after investing \$50,000. Another leased box bore the name of a New York business man said to have enlisted the first \$200,000 of the company capital last season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Wagner's "Rienzi," which is undoubtedly a novelty to operagoers of to-day, was given by the Wagnerian

company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The long silence of the work did not help it, as the audience which assembled to hear it was small, though apparently well pleased after the performance got under way, which it did half an hour behind time.

"Rienzi" had its last previous performance in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 26, 1890. The cast included Miss Meisslinger as Adriano, Miss Traubmann as Irene, Julius Perotti as Rienzi, Emil Fischer as Colonna and Wilhelm Beck as Orsini. The conductor was Walter Damrosch. That was in the days of the German opera regime under Edmund Stanton's direction. The occasion was a so-called "Wagner cycle," when all the dramas of the master (except "Parsifal") were given in chronological order. But at the same time the Seidl Society of Brooklyn was preparing a concert performance of "Parsifal," which was given under Anton Seidl's direction in the cademy of Music (Brooklyn) on March 31. It cost \$10 for an orchestra stall for this concert, while seats for Patti or Tamagno with the Abbey company sold for \$7 each. "Parsifal" is now more plentiful and hence cheaper than it was in 1890.

"Rienzi" does not call for an essay in these days. It is a fine old fashioned spectacular opera of the Meyerbeerian type. Perhaps the serious operagoer may find pleasure in recalling the fact that Wagner persuaded himself that he was not indulging in charlatany when he wrote this score. He made himself believe that the opera could be reformed by a profoundly sincere treatment of the music and without a radical reconstruction of its entire system. It is an old story that "Rienzi" itself convinced him that his artistic ideals could never be reached by this method.

There is much pleasing music of the "grand opera" type in "Rienzi." The summit of the score is the celebratory prayer, which plays an important part in the overture. But the chorus and solo of the messengers of peace are also good. There are also the duet of Rienzi and Adriano in Act I., the gorgeously spectacular finale of Act

II., the lofty pardon of the nobles by Rienzi, the famous and familiar "Gerechter Gott" of Adriano and the duet for Rienzi and Irene in the fifth act. It is an opera from which one can select the "gems" in the good old way. Nevertheless the future Wagner is occasionally revealed in melodic phraseology and orchestral combinations. When the composer threw off the shackles of tradition and composed according to the dictates of his own genius he was quite another man and "Rienzi" bears little resemblance to its successors.

The performance last evening was very vigorous. There was much loud singing and much honest effort, but the finer points of Wane's music were obscured. Mme. Luise Perard as Irene was not well suited to the role and had much trouble with the music. Mme. Ottilie Metzger, who is one of the most competent members of the company, was a commendable Adriano and was warmly applauded for her "Gerechter Gott."

Heinrich Kloti, who was once at the Metropolitan, sang Rienzi in a labored and ejaculatory style. Mr. Schoepflin as Colonna and Mr. Ziegler as Orsini were useful. But the summary must be that the whole performance was characterized chiefly by power of sound. It was well put on the stage. The scenery was excellently designed so as to give effective and characteristic background not burdened with detail. Edouard Moeckle conducted.

In the afternoon there was a special matinee of "Hansel und Gretel," with Misses Hanna Roddeg and Edith Fleischer as the children, Paul Schwarz as the witch and Otto Semper and Miss Emma Bassth as the father and mother.

MME. JERITZA SINGS 'THAIS' AT THE OPERA

"Thais" was the operatic fare at the Metropolitan last evening to start the eight week of the season. Mme. Jeritza again portrayed her familiar interpretation of the colorful courtesan who reformed to the ultimate consternation of

and adviser, one Athanael. Inise appeared as the religious man from Thebes. His work was fluent, but it was sincere and presented a well delineated picture. Further he sang well and with unaccustomed warmth.

Others in the cast included Mr. Tokat, a Vicars, Mr. D'Angelo as Paleman, Misses Nannette Guilford, Anthony, and Marior Telva in roles. Miss Galli, Mr. Bonfiglio, corpe de ballet danced while Esselman conducted.

By Deems Taylor

Thirty-three years since "Rienzi" was last heard in New York, in the winter and spring of 1917, the Metropolitan Opera Company put on a Wagner cycle, presenting all of the master's works.

"Rienzi" through "Goettererung" in chronological order. That Wagner's first and last present in the Meyerbeerian style shed in peace until the German prodded it into wakefulness.

How successful the resuscitation will be it is naturally impossible to say with any exactness, but from this subscriber saw and heard last night's performance (which over half an hour late and too late for a daily newspaper to chronicle) he feels predicting that "Rienzi" will survive "Die Meistersinger."

Of the musical histories speak "Rienzi" as a successful attempt to Wagner's part to write a grand opera in the style of Meyerbeer and not in the style of Wagner. This is true as regards general form, for "Rienzi" has much in common with "L'Africaine" and "The Tell"—a story that deals with characters of inhuman virtue and greatness, with plots and abductions and street fights and attempted assassinations and pardons and revolutions and a grand sure-fire conclusion scene to put what Meyerbeer would call "the punch" into the final finale.

It was successful, too, in its day, with a slight miscalculation on the part of the youthful composer as to the length of his score, the first performance of "Rienzi," which took place in Dresden in 1842, lasted from 11 until shortly after midnight, the audience remaining in their seats until the end and heroically cheering the final curtain. The opera was such a hit that they used to give it up and give the two halves successive nights rather than cut it.

That was long ago, and hearing "Rienzi" to-day one wonders what the loyal Dresdensers so excited by the score is built on Meyerbeer last, with arias and choruses and trios and chorals numbers where they will do the most of the young Wagner made one feel that his Parisian contemporaries. Meyerbeer was always strong enough to cut his story to the bones, so that the recitatives were for the plot are always very short.

After, even then a dramatist not yet a good one, made his important as his song hits, so only half of the score of "Rienzi" was over to declamation and recitation and the result is wide deserts of monotonous interspersed with occasional passages of melodies that hint of the "Tannhauser" and "Tristan" to come. Of the later there is little promise if any. Last night's performance was not so vocally, but was well planned and boasted a set of scenery that was sometimes beautiful and simple in design and exceptionally well lighted. Mr. Knotel with the title role, and so a style and voice quality was needed wrestled well; but he had the breath to cope with Wagner's phraseless phrasing. Miss Perrenne, displayed a voice of remarkable beauty and power, and attractively.

Metzger was as effective as under painful circumstances; part of Adriano is one of those boys, now happily obsolete, who so nearly impossible either to act. Miss Fleischer conducted the chorus sang often and the time. The ballet which is

supposed to come in the second act was not visible at that point last night, and up to the time of going to press had not put in an appearance.

"Rienzi" is a loud opera, with the brass section in action most of the time, and Mr. Moorike attacked the score gallantly. He gave a good reading of the famous overture and barring an occasional outbreak of raggedness in the wind instruments conducted elsewhere with considerable effectiveness.

The audience seemed immensely interested in the proceedings and applauded, liberally. Mme. Ganna Walska, following the usual rumor that she would sing, occupied a box throughout the performance. Last night's latest rumor, which appeared to be somewhat better authenticated than the average, was that she will appear as the Countess in to-night's performance of "Figaro."

By GRENA BENNETT.

THE Oratorio Society gave the first of its jubilee performance of "Messiah" in Carnegie Hall last night. Handel's masterpiece had, on that occasion, its ninety-eighth presentation, by the Society which was founded in 1873 by Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

Conductor Albert Stoessel put special effort into his preparation for last night's concert. The chorus was increased to 350 members and gave a stupendous interpretation of the big concerted numbers, especially the resounding "Halleluia," sung to a standing audience (a practice that has obtained since George the Third of England started the fashion).

Ethyl Hayden sang the soprano solos. Amy Ellerman revealed her lovely voice in "He Shall Feed His Flock" and other contralto numbers. Arthur Hackett was the principal tenor and Richard Hale the baritone.

The Pastoral Symphony was poetically played by the New York Symphony Orchestra whose augmented membership was heard advantageously in the instrumental accompaniment.

In the audience, which filled the hall, were many former members of the chorus, special guests of the committee and philanthropic patrons of the society.

Dec 28, 1923
"Marriage of Figaro."

By H. C. COLLES.

TUE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, opera in four acts. Text by de Ponte. After Beaumarchais, sung in German. Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Count Almaviva.....Benno Ziegler
Figaro.....Theodor Lattermann
Dr. Bartolo.....Eduard Kandi
Don Basilio.....Hermann Schramm
Curzio.....Paul Schwarz
Antonio.....Emil Staudenmeyer
Countess Almaviva.....Elsa Gentner-Fischer
Susanna.....Editha Fleischer
Figaro.....Theodor Lattermann
Marcellina.....Emma Basseth
Barbarina.....Lotte Appel
Cherubino.....Hanna Rodegg
Basilio.....Hermann Schramm
Curzio.....Paul Schwarz
Antonio.....Emil Staudenmeyer
Baerchen.....Lotte Appel
Conductor, Josef Stransky.

The propriety, or otherwise, of using translations for opera is still debated in English-speaking countries, but not elsewhere. All European countries possessing an indigenous opera have long decided in favor of translating foreign works into the vernacular. So a German company cannot be blamed for singing Mozart's "Figaro" in German, though it is an Italian opera not only because Mozart here chose an Italian libretto, but because he set it in an essentially Italian manner.

During the present season at the Manhattan Opera House it is proposed to give both the Italian and the German operas of Mozart, and the series should give an excellent opportunity of observing the change of style which his music undergoes as he passes from one language to the other. But the most obvious difference is that when setting Italian Mozart linked his arias and concerted movements with recitatives accompanied on the harpsichord or piano; he left spoken dialogue between the movements of his German texts. The reason, too, is obvious. The Italian language with its preponderance of vowel sounds can be sung at the pace of rapid speech; the German language cannot be treated so.

This brings a special difficulty into the question of translation; what to do with these impracticable recitatives? Last night's performance showed that it is possible to do two things, but both of them are unsatisfactory. Either you may sing them sufficiently slowly to bring the words forward, in which case

their musical character is ruined; or they may be sung at the Italian pace, in which case the German becomes a jargon of sibilant sounds. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the same difficulty arises when the opera is sung in English, and in recent years in England it has generally been solved by doing what Mozart evidently would have done had he set an English text, that is, by leaving out the recitative altogether and substituting spoken dialogue. The solution may not be wholly satisfactory but at any rate it is supported by the composer's example.

The German tradition of performance, however, is founded on faithfulness to the letter, so last night Mr. Stransky put down his stick between the concerted movements and accompanied the recitatives, with delicacy and tact it should be said, on a piano. The singers also displayed some tact in making the best of a bad job, and they tried to let us hear the words without laying the music more than was absolutely necessary. On the whole it was a careful and well-studied performance of the opera, if rather a prosaic one, without sparkling high lights. It wanted finesse.

Mr. Stransky seemed principally occupied in keeping the playing neat and the tempi brisk, and there were few outstanding movements of excellence in the singing, although most of the singers did their work capably. There was much to enjoy in the rough buccolic Figaro of Mr. Lattermann and the graceful singing of Mme. Editha Fleischer as Susanna. Mme. Elsa Gentner-Fischer as Barbarina was a new company, but is evidently not a new-comer in any other sense. Her voice showed considerable signs of wear and tear. Benno Ziegler was a very restrained Count. One wondered whether it was really possible that so impassive an exterior could hide the amorous propensities attributed to him.

But if as individuals the cast did not create any very strong impression they worked well together in most of the ensemble numbers, and the famous finale to the second act went with remarkable spirit. The opera was evidently enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE MANHATTAN.

"The Marriage of Figaro," comic opera in four acts, music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte, adapted from Beaumarchais' comedy. Sung in German. Josef Stransky conducting. First performance in New York since 1917.

THE CAST.

Count Almaviva.....Benno Ziegler
Figaro.....Theodor Lattermann
Dr. Bartolo.....Eduard Kandi
Don Basilio.....Hermann Schramm
Curzio.....Paul Schwarz
Antonio.....Emil Staudenmeyer
Countess Almaviva.....Elsa Gentner-Fischer
Susanna.....Editha Fleischer
Figaro.....Theodor Lattermann
Marcellina.....Emma Basseth
Barbarina.....Lotte Appel
Cherubino.....Joan Ruth
Pleasants, officers, valets, bravos, &c.

You recall the story of the kind-hearted she-elephant, perhaps? Wandering through the jungle, she carelessly crushed the life out of a mother-bird who had fluttered off a low placed nest wherein were a brood of helpless fledglings. Looking down and perceiving what she had done, the kind-hearted she-elephant was broken hearted, and bethought herself what she could do to atone for her destruction. "I must be a mother to them now," she said to herself. And so, filled with remorse and good intentions, she sat down on the nest.

All of which is an allegory, which, being interpreted, means that the Wagnerian Opera Company performed Mozart's "Figaro" last night, for the first time since the Metropolitan did it in 1917. It was an earnest, God-fearing, sincere performance, somewhat in the spirit of "Parsifal"; and Mozart emerged from under it, a bit flattened.

The one sure way to wreck a work like "Figaro" or "Cosi Fan Tutte" is to recall only that Mozart is a great composer, instead of remembering that most of his lighter stage works are, in form and spirit at least, musical comedies. "Figaro" certainly is. Its story is pure farce and its amazing score takes delicate playing, beautiful voices, perfect singing and swift pace, if most of it is not to evaporate before it reaches the audience.

The pity of last night's performance was that aside from being a poor Mozart performance it was a good operatic presentation. There were no extraordinary voices, but most of them were acceptable, and the acting was generally capable. Mr. Lattermann was hardly adequate in the title role, but Mr. Ziegler, Mr. Schramm, Mme. Gentner-Fischer and Mme. Fleischer did some excel-

lent singing and gave conscientious, correct performances.

Miss Ruth, as Cherubino, was better than the rest. Her voice was small and rather tremulous, but she played the part with zest and a real sense of comedy, and did much to inject life into her scenes. What was missing was the spirit of the occasion. They all took "Figaro" much too seriously, sang the arias and concerted numbers too intensely and ejected the words of the recitative passages with such wiry precision that one was too conscious of their distinctness to make much of their meaning. Everything almost was about ten metronome figures too slow. The head was on the champagne.

Mr. Stransky played the overture well and drew some beautiful tone and shading from his orchestra throughout the evening, but was too polite to the singers in regard to tempo. He did try to hasten matters, but as they met with absolutely no encouragement from the stage he eventually had to yield to superior numbers.

The scenery, apparently by Repetti, was, to flatter it slightly, terrible. Following the usual rumor that Mme. Ganna Walska would sing, she did not; and this is the last time this department is going to mention that fact.

WAGNERIAN COMPANY
GIVES 'DAS RHEINGOLD'

Performance at Manhattan
Reveals Sincerity.

"Das Rheingold" was given by the German company at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The formidable features of such a work are increased rather than simplified by the slender facilities afforded by "road" scenery and an inadequate stage. Yet there were some improvements over the first presentation of this work by the company last season. For one thing there was an orchestra yesterday which discharged its large responsibilities with much success, although some of its work was far from eloquent.

There were several singers who appeared in last season's cast. Miss Emma Basseth as Fricka sang well and showed that she knew what she was about. The same might be said of Mme. Metzger, whose Erda was another capable portrayal by a woman who is one of the best of the company. Hermann Weil as Wotan and Desider Zador as Alberich were equal to their tasks, and Messrs. Schoepflin and Erk, the two giants, were imposing but not impressive.

The rest of the singing was mediocre. Loge, who should of necessity be a striking figure, was well-sung, but displayed little fineness or life in the person of Robert Hutt.

The performance yesterday revealed the same sincerity of purpose which has imbued much of this company's work, an asset which is not enough, for on the whole the occasion was wanting in impressiveness and spirit. Mr. Moorike, who conducted, did his best to maintain the continuity of the production. There was a small audience.

Wotan.....Hermann Weil
Alberich.....Desider Zador
Fricka.....Emma Basseth
Erda.....Mme. Metzger
Loge.....Robert Hutt
Donner.....Max Lippmann
Froh.....Hermann Schramm
Mime.....Robert Hutt
Pleasants.....Emma Basseth

A Paderewski Concert.

By H. C. COLLES.

Yesterday's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Walter Damrosch at Carnegie Hall, was dedicated to the art of one man—Mr. Paderewski. Its program contained only two works, but those two were his compositions, the symphony in B minor and the piano concerto in A minor. The solo part in the latter was played by the composer.

When the symphony was first produced it was said that the composer regarded it as the summit of his musical attainment. At that time he was known to the world at large as a great pianist who occasionally composed music, chiefly music for his own performance, though his opera "Manru" had shown that his interests in composition were not confined to the piano. With the symphony he stood forward, asking to be judged as a musician apart from his unique and personal gifts as an executant or his power as an interpreter. It placed him in a different category, a higher category than that of

the pianist occasionally composes. He desired to speak as the great masters have spoken in pure music without attempting to act as an own interpreter.

It is true that he indicated some ideas which were not purely musical. He confessed himself a patriot and wrote this symphony with the honor of his country. He said at heart, just so a greater symphony had written a "sinfonia eroica" but the idea of heroism or of patriotism were to both rather an inspiring impulse than direct subject matter. Since the production of the symphony Mr. Paleyowski has been able to prove the sincerity of his impulse in a unique way, outside the bounds of his art, and that fact undoubtedly gives an added interest to the music. He is in a position to say, if he had need to: "I told you that my music meant patriotism; now realize that my patriotism means music." The symphony returns with an added conviction.

When the symphony was heard in London about ten years ago it was given several times and conducted by Richter, English audiences were inclined to complain of its length. Hearing it again under Mr. Damrosch one did not certainly forget the length; there are several places where, having said all there is to be said, the composer, like a nervous orator, repeats his points lest the hearers should not have realized their significance. It is of course impossible to make a mental comparison of two performances ten years apart with any certainty, but this one did not make the earlier ones left. That may be due to the playing, which was exceedingly alert and sympathetic. There were thrilling moments, particularly in the elaborate finale which embraces a great variety of mood, beginning with a rapid scherzo-like theme on the basses, followed by the trumpet calls. Through it all there runs a mood of reflective musing, and the ending on a note of optimism after the despondent funeral march was particularly finely done.

One must feel, however, that the piano concerto which followed it is the finer of the two works, not only because it had the advantage of the composer's magnificent playing, but because its matter and form seem held in a firmer control. He has wished to say more in the symphony, but in the concerto he has said all he wanted to say with perfect decision. The slow movement is particularly beautiful, but indeed the whole concerto is one which ought to be played more frequently than it is, and take its place among romantic works of the kind.

In conducting it Mr. Damrosch took up a position at the side of the platform. No doubt that was done in order that he might be in closer touch with the composer-pianist, who naturally took more the position of director than the solo player in a concerto usually claims. Not only did they achieve a delightfully sympathetic ensemble, but Mr. Damrosch's position screened by the raised lid of the piano gave an interesting illustration of the proverb, so rarely acted on, that good conductors should be felt and not seen.

FAUST' FOR BENEFIT IN THE METROPOLITAN

'Martha' Is Given at Evening Performance.

There was a special feature of "Faust" at the Metropolitan yesterday for the benefit of the Boys Club. Mr. Chaplin, owing to sudden indisposition, was unable to make his scheduled appearance as *Mephistopheles*. His place was taken at short notice by Mr. Rothier, who is thoroughly familiar with the role, and sang with his usual richness and admirable diction.

Miss Queenie Marie sang *Marguerite* for the first time at the Metropolitan. She made an appealing figure and sang with charm. Miss Grace Anthony sang *Sighele* for the first time. Mr. Chamberlain appeared as *Faust*, the duties of *Valentin* fell upon Lawrence Tibbett, and Mr. Wolf portrayed *Wagner*.

Mr. Hesselmann conducted.

In the evening Plotow's "Martha" was given for the second time, with Mine Ada in the title role. She was in good voice and showed that she has achieved more ease and freedom in her role. Mr. High as the sensitive *Lionel* again revealed in no uncertain manner that Plotow's work contains music which he knows thoroughly and can sing with much beauty and expression. Miss Howard as the sprightly *Nancy*, Mr. de Luna as *Plunkett* and Mr. Malatesta as *Sir T. Stan* contributed valuable representations to the performance. Mr. Page conducted.

LAST MUSICAL MORNING OF DECEMBER IS HELD

Mr. Bagby's final musical morning of the December course was held yesterday in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, bringing out a large audience. The artists were Mme. Sigrid Onegin, the Metropolitan Opera, Mr. Emilio Gogorza, barytone, and Mr. Morris Rosen-

tal piano. The accompanists were Miss Helen Winslow and Mr. Michael Rauchen.

Mme. Onegin's numbers were songs by Paisiello, Haydn, Clarke, Richard Strauss, Schumann and Schubert. Mr. Gogorza sang "Diane Impitoyable" from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," Trudier's "La Paloma" and some old English songs. Mr. Rosensthal's numbers included compositions of Haendel, Padre Martini, Scarlatti, Chopin and his own arrangement on themes by Johann Strauss.

The Philharmonic

In the evening at Carnegie Hall Mr. Henry Hadley made the first of his appearances this season in the series of Philharmonic concerts which he is to conduct during Mr. van Hoogstraten's mid-winter holiday. Mr. Hadley improved the occasion by introducing to New York a new symphonic piece by Mr. Felix Borowski, the distinguished Chicago composer, musicologist and editor of the invaluable Program-Book of the Chicago Orchestra. The work is a fantasia-overture entitled "Youth"—not, as Mr. Borowski has explained, a programmatic work, except to the extent that the character of the music bears out the title. It is an exhilarating work, jocund and fresh and vital, and very skillfully devised for the orchestra. Mr. Borowski is the possessor of an enviable secret: he knows how to write frankly and directly without lapsing into the dreadful vice of fluency. His music has gusto and brilliancy and élan. We should like to hear it again.

The rest of Mr. Hadley's program comprised the ninth of Haydn's "Salomon" symphonies (No. 12 in the catalogue of Breitkopf & Härtel); Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, played by the soloist of the evening, Mr. Zimbalist; and the orchestral suite made from Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka," played for the first time by the Philharmonic, though well known in New York's concert rooms.

Mr. Hadley and the orchestra acquitted themselves very ably indeed. The performance of the Haydn symphony was robust and forthright, full of eighteenth century wholesomeness and fragrant eighteenth century candor; and Mr. Borowski's Overture was effectively played. As for Mr. Zimbalist, he is always a master, and his gorgeous "Titan" Strad was a ravishing thing to hear. The exigencies of time and space forbade our waiting for Stravinsky's incomparable score.

ZIMBALIST IS SOLOIST.

Violinist Plays With the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, was the soloist at the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. The occasion was also marked by the first appearance this season of Henry Hadley, associate conductor. Mr. Zimbalist played Tchaikovsky's concerto. In many respects he gave a stirring performance. In Mr. Zimbalist's harmonics there were occasional uncertainties. In some of the concerto's technical heights he wanted finesse, and it would be possible to find minor faults in style. But in Mr. Zimbalist's reading a fine sonorous tone brought forth a virile sweep, a musical grasp of his subject, which proved highly enjoyable. His playing possessed breadth, it had power and imagination, and a fine sense of rhythm brought color and life to the ensemble between artist and orchestra.

Dec 29 1923

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Ernani," by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast. (In Italian)

Ernani Giovanni Martinelli
Don Carlos Titta Ruffo
Don Ruy Gomez de Silva José Mardones
Elvira Rosa Ponselle
Don Riccardo Angelo Bad
Jago Vincenzo Reschiglian
Incidental dances by Rosini Galli, premiere danseuse, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor Gennaro Papi.

By Charles H. Davis

Verdi's opera "Ernani," which dates from 1844, was written when the great Italian composer's fountain of inspiration and melodious invention was young and fecund. It fairly sparkles with dramatic intensity and beautiful melody. The idea of the music drama had not then been born; every singer had an inning somewhere in the score and was given an opportunity to make good.

Last night Rosa Ponselle as Elvira had endless opportunities and she demonstrated once more that her

voice is not only a powerful and delightful organ but one that is possessed of a rarely beautiful quality. Her singing of the great aria "Ernani involami" won instant and merited applause. Especially delightful was Ponselle's great voice in the concerted numbers, for with her opulence of declamation and warm and full-throated propulsive energy she easily dominates chorus and orchestra.

Here duets with Martinelli, who sang the title rôle, Ernani, and in the trios in which José Mardones, as Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, appeared, the lyric effects were very beautiful.

There are several sublime choruses. The one for male voices in the third act is of great power and beauty, and it was sung superbly by the men; and later the wonderful "O Somno Carlo," for the entire chorus and a sextet of principals, was given in a manner that can scarcely be excelled.

The last act, depicting a terrace in the palace of Don Juan d'Aragon at Saragossa, is a rarely beautiful picture, with quiet coloring and of Moorish architectural design. This was made the scene of a ballet divertissement, led by Rosina Galli. In magnificent wealth of color, charm of movement, and originality of conception this ballet is unique among the Spanish spectacles at the Metropolitan. As usual, the charming Rosina quickly danced her way into the affections of every spectator. Her grace of movement, beauty of face and person, and charm of manner are a perpetual delight. She is ably assisted by Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Florence Rudolph, who add swift and rhythmic movement and poetic pose and action with every step and figure. Particularly beautiful and effective were the swirling movements of the brilliantly decorative cloaks used by many of the ballerinas. They added a touch of kaleidoscopic color of continuously changing charm combined with winged lightness of foot.

We must not overlook the fact that Miss Minnie Egner was in every scene, as Giovanna, a complete expression of dignified loveliness; and also that the Don Carlos of the occasion was Titta Ruffo, who, we regret to say, frequently sang rather badly. Even his beautiful costumes were not able to cover up many vocal lapses.

The scenery generally is sumptuous. A lofty and tapestried room in the first act is one of Joseph Urban's most successful efforts, and the sombre-toned chamber in the palace of De Silva, with its glass mosaic arch backing and its feudal portraits and armored figures flanked by lofty windows of stained glass, is a scene of remarkable distinction.

The house was absolutely sold out to the last bad seat in the galleries, and there was no space for more standees. The box office said it was one of the largest houses of the season.

Orchestras Repeat Programs.

The New York Symphony Orchestra repeated last night at Carnegie Hall the Paderewski program, with the composer as soloist, which was played on Thursday afternoon.

The Philharmonic also gave a repetition performance in Carnegie Hall in the afternoon. Mr. Zimbalist appeared as soloist, playing the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, and Mr. Hadley conducted.

"La Juive" at Manhattan.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Halévy's "Die Juedin," better known by its original French title, was given by the Wagnerian Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The organization had not previously given a French opera, but this is neutral territory, and irascibility caused by M. Millerand need not prevent the production of a lyric drama by a French composer who was French chiefly by location. In this he was a rival of Meyerbeer, who dominated French opera for a time and set the operatic fashions for Paris for many years. Even Gounod, who resembled him in almost nothing, could not entirely escape his influence, and as for the librettists Barbier and Carré—but that is another.

Last evening's performance, like all that have been given at the Manhattan, was admirable in intent and frequently rose to a level of commendable merit. The cast was not one of

distinction, but it was one of an average level of ability and acquainted with the German traditions of the work. Rudolph Bitter was the *Eteazur*. He had not previously appeared in the present season. He was a tall and imposing representative of the unfortunate Jew. His voice is a very heavy tenor of the most robust type, having a barytone quality almost throughout its range. He sang with much vigor and no large quality of finish. His best results were attained in the forte passages. There was not much dramatic illusion in his impersonation, but it moved with certainty.

Mme. Gentner-Fischer, who had sung the *Countess* in "The Marriage of Figaro" on the previous evening, was the *Recha*. She did not dispel the rather somber impression she made at her debut. Miss Editha Fleischer, a soprano who has no day off, sang the *Princess Eudora*. She had sung *Suzanna* on Thursday night, but seemed to be quite able to go on indefinitely. Miss Fleischer's florid singing was unique, at any rate. The *Emperor Sigismund* was represented by Karl Braun, whose voice showed signs of hard usage. The *Cardinal Brogni* was Hermann Eck, and Paul Schwarz was the *Prince Leopold*. Ernest Knoch conducted.

THE PHILHARMONIC PLAYS.

"Youth," by Felix Borowski, Is Feature of Program.

The Philharmonic Society repeated its Thursday night program, with Mr. Zimbalist playing the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The program opening with Haydn's symphony No. 12 also enabled Mr. Hadley to offer for the first time in New York a fantasy-overture, "Youth," by Felix Borowski, erstwhile music critic and now president of the Chicago Musical College and annotator of the Chicago Orchestra's program notes. Mr. Borowski's work proved neither strikingly original in content nor startling in design. But there were other commendable features of interest.

There was undoubtedly something of the spirit of youth in the healthy structure, the rich melodic treatment and the able orchestration of the composition. The development of the principal theme, *Negro brillante*, revealed workmanship of high quality. Mr. Hadley's final offering was Stravinsky's orchestral suite from the ballet "Petrouchka," played for the first time in these concerts.

Mr. Hadley did well with his orchestra. He was successful in delineating the ironic tragedy underlying this amusing work. Perhaps it should be mentioned that Stravinsky's musical burlesque succeeded in eliminating a goodly number of the conservative party from a large audience.

Dec 30 1923

By H. C. COLLES.

If this article adopts a more personal tone than its predecessors which have occupied a similar position in the last ten Sunday issues, the fact may be regretted but must be excused. The excuse is that this is the last of a series, and at the close of an experience such as that I have enjoyed during the past three months something must be said by way of coda.

The coda, whether of a Beethoven sonata or of a Christmas party, that is, the moment when we say good-bye either to a melody or a friend, is always a personal matter. Yet this particular coda shall be as little personal as possible. It shall not be occupied with ready-made answers to those questions which are so kindly but so persistently pressed on the visitor, all of which begin with the words "What do you think of —?" Neither shall it be a recapitulation of the most memorable moments in the musical performances enjoyed here during this last three months. Some record of them is contained in the columns of this journal for those who want them, and for the rest the writer of those incomplete records carries away with him a more complete memory.

Completeness is indeed the word which one readily associates with this

those of music in New York, for in raising the performances, whether several orchestras which belong to visit this city or of the Metropolitan Opera House, or of such societies as the Friends of Music and the Beethoven Association, it is fully realized that if there are no comings to be noted they are no comings from a standard of completeness such as is now too rare to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. I would emphasize this here, from a wish to pay a farewell compliment to my American hosts, because the establishment and maintenance of the ideal of completeness in every branch of musical performance is likely to be a factor of great importance to the musical community at large. One hears complaints here of the difficulty of maintaining the orchestras at their present level, and occasional murmurs that it can only be done so long as this or that patron is prepared to "foot the bill."

It is sometimes asked, "Is it worth while?" Those who wish to know that it is, most often base their argument on national grounds, and that argument has generally been sufficient. To it, however, may be added international grounds. The last ten years or so, since the breaking of the old artistic fraternity of Europe, musicians have been looking more and more to America to uphold their cause and give their art opportunity. That the leading artists, composers and instrumentalists should come to this country and regard New York as the "point d'appui" of their campaigns is but a small part of the matter. Most of them, in every civilized country of the world, and their recital programs are usually of much the same quality wherever they go. But this country is unable to do what others are less able to do than formerly, and that is produce the ideal ensemble performance. Last week a composer told me of a work of his which is to be produced in London because the necessary rehearsal could not be procured. Cases are likely to increase. Another musician, one of world-wide reputation, of whom I made an inquiry about a certain orchestra which he had not had the pleasure of hearing, replied, "It, too, is a perfect instrument." The answer confirmed my impression of those I had heard. This country has the perfect instruments, facilities for music-making, and in the near future its primary musical activity will be to keep before the world a sample of great performance.

One of the articles of this series registered a protest against the policy of orchestral concert giving in New York to concentrate on popular symphonic works instead of giving a wide view of the range of symphonic literature. The article brought a number of letters which showed that it had hit a point with which many music lovers sympathize. One of the correspondents said that my suggestions did not carry far enough, and he was right, for so, for what was put forth in that article was intentionally veiled. If music in America is to take up the full responsibility which possession of these perfect instruments brings, it must employ them to their fullest extent. A visitor to New York who comes for a season's stay should feel assured before he makes his passage that he will have the chance of encountering examples of every school and time which has produced the name of great, from the Greeks to the ultra-moderns. People will not cross the Atlantic in order to know how A, B or C conducted the seventh symphony of Beethoven. Many would do more than that in pursuit of perfect performance of works which lie off the beaten track. If a personal standard may crop up for a moment, I confess that my one disappointment is that in these three months

I have heard too little that was previously unknown to me. Pfitzner's "Von Deutscher Seele," which Mr. Bodanzky conducted early in the season; Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," given by Mr. Damrosch in New York and Mr. Stokowski at Philadelphia; the same composer's "Renard," conducted by Mr. Stokowski, and Ernest Bloch's quintet have

been the major new works of the concert room. The one novelty of the opera was "L'Amico Fritz," and that was not exactly a vividly new experience.

But here the obvious answer suggests itself. Music in New York is not given for foreigners, but for American citizens, and more especially for those who are the regular subscribers to the various institutions which give concerts or produce operas. One correspondent who wrote to me about the article on program-making was fearful lest my proposals should really banish the symphonies of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. She pointed out truly that there are every year thousands of new concert goers to whom the most obvious choice represents novelty, and the musical nurture of those thousands is naturally one of the first cares of conscientious program-makers.

I should be the last to make light of what may be called the local interests of a musical community. Indeed, I have tried to urge more than once in these articles the essential need for increasing the appeal of music in this country as elsewhere by developing an intelligent musical life among amateurs who make the audiences of the professional musician. The need cannot be pressed too strongly. The value of such things as the young people's and children's concerts which Mr. Walter Damrosch and his orchestra have been giving for so many years is inestimable in creating audiences, and it is impossible to say how much the present condition of musical life owes to such efforts. There cannot be too many of them, but the more widely such a policy is pursued the more possible it should be to free the adult concert room for enterprises of all kinds.

Other examples of musical educative work which have proved exceedingly enlightening and give splendid hopes for the future seem to be the movement at the universities, in which the Harvard Glee Club has taken the lead, for spreading the knowledge of what music really is by means of fine ensemble singing, and also, at the other end of the social scale, the work of the Music School Settlements, one of which in a poor district of New York I recently had the privilege of visiting. To listen there to the stringed orchestra of small boys and girls playing with admirable rhythm and vigorous phrasing was to realize that a generation of young people is growing up to whom music is an essential concomitant of life, and that having been fed, as it were, on the plain facts of

music in early life, they will be able to enjoy and indeed require the fuller fare of the concert room later.

It has been one of the chief interests of my short visit to be able to get glimpses of this musical undergrowth. Finished performances and perfect instruments are a joy to hear, but even while one hears the question arises, What lies behind? Is this a country which will create as well as recreate music? It is a question which has been much canvassed, and many American musicians are as anxious about the foundation of a native school of composition as English musicians were a generation or two ago. But the problem of the two countries is not the same; in fact, in regard to it they are so far apart that it would be useless to compare or contrast them. A generation ago—that is, when men like Parry, Stanford, and a little later Elgar, made their appearances—the tradition of English music was submerged, but it was then a thing to

be recovered by men of enterprise, courage and genius. Those men labored and now others are entering into their labor. But here in America every tradition has to be made and all sorts of racial characteristics have to be fused. I have heard a few works by American composers which have struck me as having what may be called a tone of voice which was at any rate not European, and under the care of a kindly cicerone I have listened to the best jazz band obtainable, and thought I caught something from its highly efficient performance which might become characteristic of an American art of the future. But speculation on the subject is not very profitable, and is even likely to be dangerous as leading to self-conscious affectation. The motto for the American composer, as indeed for every artist, should be: "Don't worry, or, if you must worry, worry as little as possible."

America has produced an architecture, not by trying to invent a national style, but by building the sort of houses that the conditions of life demanded. It may produce a music of its own when the conditions of its musical life are sufficiently strong to make demands of its artists. All these activities, from symphony concerts to Music Hall Settlements, are stimulating a musical life which still has very much further to go before it can be conscious of a corporate need of any kind, much less form a style. Meantime, apart from composition, American music is rendering a great and important service to the world by keeping alive the high standard of performance which is none too prevalent in the Old World.

I mentioned the efficiency of the jazz band which I was taken to hear, and efficiency has seemed to be the watchword of every phase of musical activity to which I have been introduced, whether professional or amateur. That is in itself a foundation of rock, like the natural foundations which have made New York's architecture possible; great buildings may be reared on it.

SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Four Soloists With New York Symphony at Young People's Concert.

Singing was an important factor in yesterday afternoon's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra for young people at Carnegie Hall. Four soloists had been engaged to sing Christmas carols and Conductor Walter Damrosch had the audience sing with the orchestra in Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture.

The Christmas music, which was by Bach, Holst, Haydn, Gevaert and Sibelius, was sung by Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Marjorie Squires, contralto; James Price, tenor, and Fred Patton, bass. Mr. Damrosch accompanied the singing on the piano.

While giving his talk descriptive of the music of the "Rosamunde" overture, the director decided that the audience should join in when a certain theme was heard as in the concert for children. So he improvised words to fit and taught it to the audience from the piano and at the proper time when the orchestra played it he directed the singing. The results were not entirely satisfying to him, however, for he said, "I am not applauding you yet, but in the future I will devote more attention to vocal development." The audience enjoyed the experience thoroughly and applauded enthusiastically when the number was over.

Times's Name Used Fraudulently.

A man presenting a card which read, "Albert G. Janpolski, musical director, THE NEW YORK TIMES," has recently applied at several theatres for free seats and on at least one occasion has obtained them. No such person is known to THE TIMES, which, moreover, does not request nor countenance its employees in requesting complimentary tickets for any entertainment.

In the afternoon also Ernest Hutcheson and Felix Salmond gave a joint recital of sonatas for piano and violoncello. The Brahms Sonata in F Op. 99, the Chopin Largo and Scherzo from his G minor Sonata and Beethoven's Sonata in A made up the program. It was presented in Aeolian Hall.

We are moved to these autumnal reflections by yesterday afternoon's performance of "Lohengrin" by the Wagnerian Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House, for the first time this season. It was a workmanlike, capable "Lohengrin," of which no producer need have been ashamed. The scenery, to be sure, was a pretty sad affair; and the chorus divorced itself from the pitch on grounds that were surely less than statutory. But Mr. Robert Hutt was a knightly and ardent Lohengrin, and Miss Louise Perard a simple, unaffected, and—when the need arose—an impassioned Elsa. Mr. Adolph Schoepflin's King was mellow and imposing, and Mr. Ernest Knoch presided over the orchestra with manifest competence. That experienced singing actress, Mme. Lorentz-Hoellischer, was the Ortrud, and Marcel Salzinger sang Telramund.

But the "Lohengrin" of Wagner's dream swam remotely in the blue, unrealized, unprecipitated, ironically dim. The poetic mood, the otherworldly accent, the mystical silver light that should enwrap the protagonists of Wagner's dramatic fable—these were to seek; and so we are still waiting for the "Lohengrin" which shall commend the ways of the Wagner of 1847 to the Wagnerite of to-day.

There was more and better Wagner further uptown—at the Metropolitan, where "Die Walküre" was performed for the second time this season before a crowded holiday audience. Here, of course, was Wagner almost at his greatest—that discerning and infectious Wagnerian, John F. Runciman, has insisted, indeed, that "Die Walküre" is very nearly Wagner at the top of his form. Certainly the mighty work could triumph over a performance far less admirable than that which it received at yesterday's Metropolitan matinee. There is no need to expatiate at this time on the Brünnhilde of Mme. Matzenauer, the Wotan of Mr. Whitehill, the Sieglinde of Mme. Rethberg, the Hunding of Mr. Gustafson, the Siegmund of Mr. Laubenthal, or the conducting of Mr. Bodanzky. Mme. Sigrid Oegin was a Fricka unheard before in New York—a rather tempestuous one, gorgeous in her outpourings of voice and effusion of temperament—but we missed the stride of the goddess, the supermundane bearing, the dignity, which are essential to the Fricka of Wagner's conception.

We should be churlish, however, if we did not recognize the imposing sweep of Mme. Oegin's impersonation. It was magnificent, even if it wasn't art.

A Sonata Recital.

By H. C. COLLES.

It is rare to find two artists who bring to the playing of sonatas for two instruments the intimate sympathy of Grant Hutcheson and Felix Salmond. They both play from memory. There is nothing wonderful in the fact, for it is merely one of the conventions of the concert room that solo players should play from memory and ensemble players should have the music before them. Playing from memory, however, is corroborative evidence of their thorough knowledge of the music.

Yesterday at Aeolian Hall they gave Brahms's Second Sonata for violoncello and piano (Op. 99): two movements, the largo and scherzo, from Chopin's Sonata in G Minor, and Beethoven's Op. 69 in A. The violoncello and piano are instruments which combine with difficulty, and composers, even in such masterpieces as these, have not always eased the difficulties of the interpreters. Beethoven frequently transfers the melody from one instrument to the other, making the piano echo the violoncello in a similar phrase, in a way which places the pianist at a disadvantage, since the piano is not by nature a singing instrument.

Occasionally also he transfers a pianistic figure of accompaniment to the violoncello where it does not naturally belong. The players dealt with such moments with remarkable tact. Mr. Hutcheson can almost make one believe that the piano really sustains tone; Mr. Salmond can carry the tone of his violoncello right into the background when necessary. The soft playing of both, particularly in the coda of Beethoven's first movement, was exquisite, and it enabled them to get all the contrast they wanted in forte passages without ever forcing the tone. Theirs is chamber music of the highest order in which the details are all perfectly delineated but at the same time coordinated.

AT THE MANHATTAN.

"Lohengrin," music-drama, in three acts, by Richard Wagner. Sung in German, Ernest Knoch conducting.

THE CAST.

Lohengrin Robert Hutt
Telramund Marcel Salzinger
King Henry Adolph Schoepflin
Herald Benno Ziegler
Elsa Louise Perard
Ortrud Mme. Lorentz-Hoellischer
Nobles, warriors, ladies, bridesmaids.

It was, in short, a very loud performance, one whose merits, aside from the work of the orchestra, were confined almost exclusively to the acting. The latter was not extraordinary, but it was well and sincerely conceived, and, if wholly traditional, was generally effective.

Mr. Hutt was about the only member of the cast who did not seem to labor under the delusion that "Lohengrin" is written entirely in recitative. His vocalism was not above reproach, but he did phrase his lines with the breadth that is called for by the essentially lyric nature of the opera. The others spent the afternoon in declaiming, when they were at their best, and in pure ululation when they were not. Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Salzinger must have had particularly sore throats by 5 o'clock.

Naturally, therefore, no one got very far into a scene without going off the pitch, the quintet in the first act being particularly excruciating. The best work of the day, by far, was done by Mr. Knoch, who conducted an orchestral performance that was discreet, animated and of considerable eloquence.

creet, animated and of considerable eloquence.

The Metropolitan, meanwhile, gave "Die Walkure" its second performance of the season, with Elisabeth Rethberg as Sierlinde, Sigrid Onegin as Fricka and William Gustafson as Hunding. Otherwise the cast was as before.

The performance as a whole was rather the reverse of the German company's offering, being stronger on the vocal side than the dramatic. There was some fine individual acting, of course. Mr. Whitehill's Wotan is a magnificent achievement, and the majestic presence and flaming indignation of Mme. Onegin's Fricka was true and impressive. The other were less successful.

Mr. Laubenthal sings the role of Siegmund very well and looks the part convincingly, but he is not particularly interesting to watch. Siegmund is not the most forceful or capable person in the world, but it is hard to believe that he was as calm about Sieglinde as Mr. Laubenthal makes him.

In the second act, for instance, when Sieglinde, delirious with fright and exhaustion, cowered blindly under the imagined blasts of Hunding's horn, sobbing "Siegmund, wo bist du!" one fancies that it might be possible for Siegmund to convey something beyond an actor waiting for his next cue.

Miss Rethberg, although her acting is often ineffective and lacking in resourcefulness, was always in the picture and seemed always in earnest. Besides, the beauty and eloquence of her singing in the role are moving enough to atone for almost any conceivable faults of acting.

Mr. Gustafson's Hunding is still short of perfection, but it is a vastly improved performance over his first essay, and well sung. Mme. Matzenauer's Bruennhilde remains an alternately disappointing and satisfying performance. Mr. Bodanzky's orchestra suffered a casualty or two, but not for want of excellent conducting.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Friends of Music Concert.

Herman Goetz composed "The Taming of the Shrew," an opera founded on Shakespeare's comedy. He also wrote a violin concerto; but at that time he was not thinking about shrews or their taming. Artur Bodanzky in his explorations of the tombs of the Tut-ankh-Amens of music discovered that Bronislau Huberman was acquainted with this long buried concerto and had him exhume it for the delectation of the Society of the Friends of Music, who sat at another

of their long series of concerts yesterday afternoon in Town Hall.

A concert program beginning with a violin concerto and ending with another one is not in the usual order of things and in this at any rate the Friends of Music were confronted with a novelty. Between the two concertos stood the overture to "Der Kuss," an opera by Smetana. The violin concerto selected for the third number of this diverting arrangement was Beethoven's.

Herman Goetz's symphony in F major has been heard in this town and permitted to enjoy a well earned rest. His violin concerto may have been performed before yesterday, but there seems to be no record of such an achievement. The composition is in the cheerful key of G major and completes its excursions in one movement. It has a slow middle section in which some mellifluous sighing is alternated with imitations of operatic recitative. The general character of the work is vivacious and sentimental. The composer evidently felt no call to invite the violin to sound depths of tragedy or ascend peaks of exaltation. All is fluent, unaffected and entirely unimportant. Mr. Huberman played the composition with temperamental emphasis and with that great beauty of tone which he generally brings to an appearance.

If Goetz's contribution to the literature of the violin seemed inessential, that of Smetana to the opera seemed wholly negligible. The brilliant prelude to "The Sold Bride" would lead us to expect something scintillating before a lyric drama dealing with a foolish young woman's scruples about a prenuptial kiss. But if the girl was as dull as the overture there was no reason why the man should have been in such a state of mind over her. Mr. Bodanzky directed, the chosen few from the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra as if he really believed that his labor was worth while. But the audience declined to be excited.

Mr. Huberman performed the first movement of Beethoven's concerto variously. He delivered the cantabile passages after the manner of an Italian opera singer languishing on the favorite tones of his scale and went at the bravura with the boldness and agility of a mountain lion. The result was somewhat bewildering. At one moment the hearer might have supposed Beethoven to be a wild ass of the desert and the next a sucking dove. However, things may have been better in the other two movements which this reporter failed to hear. Next week the Friends are going to produce Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." That indeed ought to be interesting.

ROSENTHAL IS STATE SYMPHONY SOLOIST

The State Symphony Orchestra, Josef Stransky conductor, gave the first in a series of six Sunday afternoon concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, with a large audience. Moriz Rosenthal, the eminent pianist, making his first appearance here with orchestra since December 15, 1908, when he was heard with the Symphony Society's orchestra, was the solo performer in Tchaikowsky's B flat minor piano concerto.

The orchestral numbers were Dvorak's "New World" symphony and Tchaikowsky's "1812" overture. Mr. Stransky, as former leader of the Philharmonic, knows his acoustical ground well at the Metropolitan, and yesterday he adopted his new orchestra to them on the whole exceedingly well. The symphony was played with much sympathy, and if there was some lack of elasticity and brilliance there was withal a fine feeling for balance and nuance.

Mr. Rosenthal's performance of the Tchaikowsky concerto was in some respects disappointing. He had played here recently in recital and thereby shown that after a seventeen year absence he is still a player of magical power in the intellectual and mechanical realms of his art. These qualities were again prominent in his reading of the concerto. His finger technique was dazzling, his rhythm and accentuation seemingly perfect and the clarity of his tone beautiful. The strong dramatic fibers of the score he failed to reach, although there were some passages of exquisite sentiment. The orchestra gave him a good accompaniment. He was very warmly applauded at the close of the work.

John McCormack

John McCormack, world famous Irish tenor, returned yesterday afternoon to the Manhattan Opera House, where he had made his American debut November 10, 1909, as Alfredo in "La Traviata" with Mme. Tetrazzini in the cast, and gave his fifth song recital of the season before an audience of 4,000, with 2,000 turned away. The affair will, indeed, serve as a memorable occasion in New York's musical history. Announced as an "old home party" the concert assumed social and musical proportions of great interest. Boxes had been reserved by delegations from the Lambs, Lotus, Catholic and New York Athletic Clubs, and in the orchestra were first nighters who were present at Mr. McCormack's debut and have attended many of his local recitals. Arthur Hammerstein, whose father brought the young Irish singer to this country, occupied a box with friends. Among Mrs. McCormack's guests were Capt. and Mrs. Ernest A. Ingram (formerly Mrs. Enrico Caruso).

Mr. McCormack, according to his custom, began his numbers with such classic airs as Bach's "Let Us But Rest Awhile" and then continued with standard songs, including Brahms's "Feldensamkeit" and Rachmaninov's "Oh, Cease Thy Singing." "The Snowy Breasted Pearl" and the Londonderry air, "Irish Love Song," arranged by Stanford, were among the Irish folk songs.

The closing group included Edwin Schneider's song, "When the Dew Is Falling"; Harty's "The Grace for Light," and, at the end, the "Ring Out, Wild Bells" of Gounod. Handel's C minor sonata for cello and piano, played by Lauri Kennedy and Miss Dorothy Kennedy, opened the program, and the cellist also gave later two groups of solos. Mr. Schneider was at the piano for the songs. Mr. McCormack was very warmly greeted and as the program advanced his singing aroused ever greater and greater enthusiasm and gave cause for the many encores he always generously gives. His delivery had its wonted beauty, so richly combined with a masterly diction and style, and all that depth of expression by which his singing never fails in making strong emotional appeal to the human heart. The singer's last recital of the season here will take place next Sunday night in the same theater.

Goetz's concerto is not known to New York; though it is always dangerous to declare that any work published fifty years ago has never been performed here. His "Taming of the Shrew" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House not many years ago and his melodious symphony in F was played with in the memory of those not yet decrepit, when the century was still young. The concerto shares the melodious and perhaps somewhat obvious charm of the symphony. The program annotator quoted a German critic who emphasized the Mendelssohnian character of the work, and this indeed is one of its outstanding qualities.

It is fluent—some might say facile—in its melodiousness, of which the composer appears not to have been ashamed. He lived, in fact, too early to have cultivated a sense of shame for what he doubtless regarded as a merit. Nor is he ashamed of a little romantic sentiment, which it would be unjust to stigmatize as sentimentality.

The three movements of the concerto are enchainé. They are well and idiomatically written for the violin, which is given very little respite throughout and is made to play almost unintermittently, so easily came the subject matter from the composer's brain.

It is a concerto that was worth hearing and that gave pleasure in the hearing, especially played with so much finish, with such a sort of eager conviction, with a tone so appropriately sweet and seductive, as it was by Mr. Huberman. Whether any of his colleagues will be fired by his example to add Goetz's work to their repertoires is another question, even though the present generation of fiddlers seek a new and "viable" concerto and no sign is given them.

ZIMBALIST IS SOLOIST.

Plays With Philharmonic—"Pan" Is Performed.

The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Henry Hadley, gave a concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. For the third time in four days Mr. Zimbalist gave an authoritative and generally fine reading of Tchaikowsky's violin concerto, which he had played Thursday night and Friday afternoon. Mr. Hadley offered a novelty on his program, a rhapsody entitled "Pan," by William Schroeder, performed for the first time from manuscript. Mr. Schroeder, who lives in Brooklyn, is a young man who has written scores for several musical comedies.

His composition did not have much to say. In common with several recent novelties it reveals competent workmanship and able orchestration, but most of the themes were unimportant. Mr. Schroeder succeeded in portraying the ever changing moods of his subject, but musically these moods were scattered and fragmentary. The essential wild-

ness and sensuousness of Pan lacked conviction. Indeed, throughout Mr. Schroeder's work there was revealed little spontaneity, a most necessary attribute for an unrestrained nature-god.

Mr. Hadley offered two ballet suites, Andre Gretry's heroic "Cephale et Procris," and Tchaikowsky's popular "Nutcracker" suite. Mr. Hadley's conducting, if not inspired, certainly had the merits of intelligence and vigor, and his men responded well.

PLAY SCHROEDER'S "PAN."

Henry Hadley Conducts the Philharmonic in Tone Poem.

William Schroeder was in the crowded house that heard his tone poem, "Pan," produced yesterday afternoon in the second of Henry Hadley's Philharmonic programs at Carnegie Hall. The work is short, sharply characterized and effective, and the audience applauded until the Brooklyn musician went on the stage to bow. It was his first work given by a symphonic orchestra, although he has written songs and incidental music for successful plays.

Efrem Zimbalist, following his own recent recital, appeared as soloist in Tchaikowsky's violin concerto and was also warmly greeted. In lighter vein, Mr. Hadley gave the Gretry-Mottl "Cephale et Procris" and the Tchaikowsky "Nutcracker" ballets.

Nina Gordani Sings Farewell.

Nina Gordani gave a "farewell" recital at the Punch and Judy Theatre last evening, singing in costume both Neapolitan and Louisiana ballads, with others Russian, Jewish and American, Scotch and "Old Jacobite" airs. Gordon Hampson assisted at the piano in works of Chopin, Liszt, Albeniz and Granados. Miss Gordani has uncommon facility in imitating American negro folksongs as sung on their native heath, and these and her French Creole pieces were the audience's favorites of her

Another "Pan" leaped into the program of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday. It was inspired, one learns from the author, "by Benvenuto Cellini, whose wildness and unrestrained sensuousness seemed to suggest the Nature-god."

In spite of this somewhat alarming introduction the new Pan proved to be a discreet and tractable enough creature, whose gambols with the nymphs were more in a spirit of innocent merriment than in the mood of Debussy's drowsy and enchanted faun. Its author, William Schroeder, has composed several light operas and the incidental music for "Little Old New York," but this is the first time this innocuous manuscript has reached the concert stage.

CHALIAPIN IN LAST RECITAL OF SEASON

Carnegie Hall Filled to Hear Russian Basso.

Feodor Chaliapin, the eminent Russian basso, gave his second recital and his announced farewell appearance of the season in Carnegie Hall last evening, with Feodor Koenemann at the piano. Mr. Chaliapin, who was unable to appear in a special matinee of "Faust" last Thursday, owing to an attack of rheumatism, had lost none of his glowing geniality and had apparently suffered vocally none at all. In accordance with his established custom, he announced eight numbers of his offerings from the platform, while a rapt audience followed the little text books thoughtfully provided for the occasion.

Listed as some of Mr. Chaliapin's vocal fare last evening were Moussorgsky's "Trepak," Varlaam's celebrated song from the first act of "Boris Godounov"; the recitative and aria of Prince Galitzky from "Prince Igor," Tchaikowsky's "Nightingale" and numerous encores. Reviews of Mr. Chaliapin's recitals, provided he is in good voice, usually reveal a remarkable unity in the applied adjectives. It is sufficient to record that Mr. Chaliapin was in good voice, that every available inch of the house was occupied, that the emotions of the large audience were completely under the sway of the magnetic personality on the stage. As of yore, Mr. Chaliapin sang a great deal, talked to some extent and even acted a little. His dramatic recitatives were stamped with conviction and emotional intensity. He often led his accompanist a difficult pace. He won prolonged applause and was generous with his encores.

Rudolph Polk, violinist, assisted capably in rounding out the evening's program with compositions by Smetana, Sarasate and Wieniawski.

Franklin gave her first recital of songs and sketches last night at the Times Square Theater, mainly material fashioned by her own pen, and as any one might have guessed beforehand, it turned out to be a bit of cheerio. Miss Franklin at times can be exquisitely in spite of being concerned with the business of travesty, which is humanity in the raw. She made waitress at Childs's with her talking of shooting biscuits and hash display a touch of the lady about her. Altogether she off the most finished parodies on the stage recently, and although the program was called "American Comedienne," there was nothing overpowering or Balzacian.

offerings ranged from character sketches, such as "Elegie Americaine," in V. A. Weaver, in which Miss Franklin showed her true ability at acting as the sorrowful sweetheart of a dead doughboy, to the sheer "Mrs. Casey, the Cook, Hears McCormack," when she skipped off with an Irish jig. In all her various metamorphoses, as she says herself, she was deft and zealous. The sparkling glee on her as particularly adapted for the ditty of "Dirty Face," when her countenance became that of a six-year-old without the slightest shadow. And when she came out to sing Dorothy Parker's rollicking burlesque of an early English ballad called "Knight and the Lady" and appear in an old English costume, looking a furrowed brow, the audience caught the comic connotation as, "I can't help feeling there's a little concealed about me some-

thing is a droll flavor and yet a appreciation of velvety poetry. Miss Franklin's voice that makes an ideal interpreter of Mrs. Parkers in song form, and she sang of them melliflously to prove addition she did "Help, Help, Teacher, Miss Murphy," and audeville favorites, and of course loud cries for "Red Head." Personality seemed to match all her characters very neatly and costumes always matched her part. And whenever a new gown led for Jerry Jarnagin, who had accompanying her agreeably at the often with his own pleasant obliged with an attractive solo.

Charles Thomas Is Soloist at Aeolian Hall

Charles Thomas, whose barytone has been heard in many recitals in seasons past, as earlier during the present one, yesterday afternoon at Aeolian the audience was of the usual order, enthusiastic, appreciative which attends this singer's command the program was a typical one, with tuneful numbers in French, German and English. Later, Marziale's "Twickenham" and Fred Clay's "The Sands of Gypsy John" were interesting. Two John Alden, Carpenter "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's" and "Les Silhouettes," were par beautiful.

audience seemed grateful that has included Frank Tours's arrangement of the beautiful Joyce Kilmer, "Trees," in his program, for long splendidly suited to this voice and interpretive ability. A pleasant episode of the afternoon the delightful accompaniment of William Janashek, whose reading of the singer and his assured faultless assistance.

At the Metropolitan.

light's opera concert at the Metropolitan on its program the Finale from "Samson et Dalila," with Gordon and Messrs. Kingston and two quartettes from "Marta," Messrs. Mario and Perini and Messrs. and Didur; the Cavatina from "d'Amore" by Mr. Didur; the duet and duet from "Fedora," with Bolka and Mr. Tokatyan; the duet and duet from "Boris Godunov," Mme. Bonnskaya and Mr. the duet from "L'Amico Fritz," Mr. Mario and Mr. Tokatyan. Orchestra under the direction of Baboshek, played the Sakuntala, the Good Friday spell music "arsful," the Dance Personne Khovantchina and Radcozy from "La Damnation de Faust."

By Deems Taylor.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"La Traviata," opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi; book by F. M. Plave. Sung in Italian, Roberto Moranzoni conducting. THE CAST.

Alfredo Germont.....Mario Chamlee
Giorgio Germont.....Giuseppe De Luca
Gastone.....Angelo Bada
Baron Douphol.....Milio Pico
Marquis d'Obigny.....Louis D'Angelo
Doctor Grenvil.....Italo Picchi
Violetta.....Lucrezia Bori
Annina.....Minnie Egner
Flora Bevoise.....Grace Anthony
Ballet divertissement by Rosina Galli, Giuseppe Bonifello, Florence Rudolph and Corps de Ballet.

The Metropolitan elected to celebrate the passing of the old year by commemorating the rise and fall of the justly celebrated Lady of the Camellias, a choice that seemed to have no discernable depressing effect upon a capacity audience.

Violetta is a role that it is almost impossible to cast perfectly, for Verdi, after first making her a coloratura soprano in whose veins flow the somewhat pallid corpuscles of Lucia di Lammermoor, suddenly changes his mind in the last two acts and demands that she be capable of playing a deeply felt tragic role. In the absence of a truly tragic coloratura soprano—and we have never heard one—we should elect to have the role sung by precisely the person who sang it last night—Miss Lucrezia Bori.

If Miss Bori was not completely successful in the florid opening acts of last night's performance it was only because her voice contains too many dramatic overtones quite to encompass the effortless mechanical agility that Verdi calls for. There was never a moment's doubt of the perfection with which she looked the part of the Lost Lady, and her performance in the last two scenes was touchingly sincere and affecting.

Mr. Chamlee sang beautifully, and Mr. De Luca brought his accustomed perfect vocal art to the part of Germont, Pere. The ballet performed to loud and long applause, and Mr. Moranzoni led his orchestra scatheless over the well-blazed trail of Verdi's score.

At the Manhattan the Wagnerian Company belied its name long enough to give a performance of Johann Strauss's comic opera, "Die Fledermaus." Whatever faults the German company has—and it has a few—lack of versatility is emphatically not one of them. Last night we had Mr. Zador, who had given an excellent performance of Alberich in Thursday's "Rheingold," giving an equally excellent one as Francke, with Carl Braun making a quick change from King Henry of Brabant to Ivan, Mr. Ziegler stepping from "Lohengrin's" Herald to Dr. Francke, and the indefatigable Miss Fleischer playing Adele, her fifth role in six days.

The performance was infinitely more spirited, more Viennese, than last year's, which suffered from devoutness. Mr. Stransky was probably responsible, for he kept both orchestra and singers moving at a pace that was appropriate to the verve and lift of Strauss's music.

The evening presented two added attractions. The first was a special dance number by Miss Groti Hauch, a young performer from Frankfurt, who seems to have exceptional charm and sense of comedy. She danced to a varied list of compositions that included Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," and was received with great favor.

The other was Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltzes, which Mr. Stransky conducted for a first entr'acte with such intoxicating effect that many of the audience—one that filled the house—began wishing one another a happy new year without waiting for midnight to arrive.

"Die Fledermaus," by Johann Strauss, was given by the German company at the Manhattan last evening. The tuneful misadventures of Herr Eisenstein were given at the Lexington Theater last season. The performance at that time was not a noteworthy one, and last evening's production witnessed little improvement.

provement.

The indefatigable Mme. Editha Fleischer made a comely and presentable maid as Adele and her vocal contributions contained life and fluency. Mme. Louise Perard as Rosalind, and Paul Schwarz as Alfred, with Benno Zeigler as Dr. Falke, and Hermann Schramm as Gabriel von Eisenstein were some of the principals. Desider Zador as Francke, the prison director, displayed comedy work of a competent order.

Most of the bright spots of the evening were centered in the orchestra. Mr. Stransky conducted a sparkling score and his men played well. Between the first and second acts he offered the "Blue Danube" waltz to the delight of a well filled house.

By OLIN DOWNES.

DER EVANGELIMANN, music drama in two acts and three scenes. German poem and music by Wilhelm Kienzl. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Friedrich Engel.....Adolph Schoepflin
Martha.....Ida Moerleke
Magdalena.....Ottilie Metzger
Johannes Freudhofer.....Desider Zador
Matthias Freudhofer.....Rudolf Ritter
Zitterbart.....Hermann Schramm
Schnappauf.....Eduard Kandi
Ablber.....Emil Staudenmeyer
His Wife.....Mary Dobkartin
Frau Huber.....Elsie Lichterfeld
Hans.....Paul Schwarz
Conductor, Alfred Lorentz.

Wilhelm Kienzl's music drama in two acts, "Der Evangelimann," was performed last night for the first time in New York by the Wagnerian Opera Company. A small audience heard the work, and more than once, as at the end of the first act, applauded heartily.

Kienzl is known to New York by his "Kuhreigen," given here in 1913. He is a man of wide repute in Germany, where "Der Evangelimann" for a time—but that time is over—enjoyed a popularity hardly second to that of "Hansel and Gretel." In addition to his activities as composer Kienzl has been prominent as pianist, conductor of operatic and symphonic performances, and as a musical historian, lecturer and essayist. He knows a great deal about other people's music.

"Der Evangelimann" was produced at the Royal Opera, Berlin, May 4, 1895. The score is dedicated to Dr. Karl Muck, who conducted the first performances. The book as well as the music is the creation of the composer. The story is taken from a volume, "Notebook of a Police Commissioner," by Meissner, a criminal lawyer of Vienna, whose stories were supposed to be records of personal experiences. It is simple, and its treatment, which might be pitious in the extreme, is actually very sentimental.

Two brothers, Johannes and Matthias, love the girl Martha. She is the niece and ward of the keeper of the convent of St. Othmar, whose name is Frederick. Martha responds to the passion of the young Matthias. Johannes, plotting his brother's ruin, tells Frederick that his purpose is to seduce Martha. Matthias is discharged from his position as clerk of the convent. Martha swears that only the embraces of her lover or of death itself will appease her longing or weaken her fidelity.

Peasants and burghers appear. There is tumult festivity and a bowling match between the tailor, Zitterbart, and the printer, Schnappauf. These actions have nothing in particular to do with the course of the story, and are obviously pulled in that there may be variety and something jolly in the score. They furnish the occasion for music as good as anything else in the operadances of a rather inferior variety of Lanner, so that for a moment one is listening to music, not for a "Schauspiel," which Kienzl is writing, but for a Singpiel, which seems much nearer the capacity of the composer.

The dancing and nine-pins over the victorious Zitterbart marches off with the prize. When he is thoroughly out of the way the play resumes its course. Matthias has asked Magdalena, the girl friend of Martha, to arrange a meeting that night at the church. The moon rises (an extended orchestral movement in the manner of an Intermezzo which accompanies its appearance in the score was shortened last night) and the lovers converse, after the manner of Tristan and Isolde in the garden. They are interrupted by a night watchman, very much in the manner and with a somewhat similar text to that of the guardian of the peace at the end of the Meistersinger. The convent then catches fire, which admirably serves the purpose of Johannes, who has been watchfully waiting and observing the loving pair from a fairly obvious position at the rear of the stage. The fireman blows his horn, the chorists rush in, Johannes accuses Matthias of causing the conflagration. He, out of gallantry and fear of compromising his sweetheart, will not explain his presence in the vicinity, and protesting his innocence, is imprisoned for twenty years.

Thirty years are presumed to have intervened between this episode and the

beginning of the scene. The scene is a street in Vienna. Magdalena appears. She has been nursing Johannes, who is dying and who has more than once distractedly mentioned the name of his brother. Then appears the figure which gives the opera its name. Matthias, ten

years out of prison, old and forlorn, and bent by misfortune. He becomes an evangelist. The type described by the German word was peculiar to Vienna of the early '80s. The "Evangelmen" were beggars, who went about the street reading texts of the New Testament. Magdalena brings the two brothers together. Johannes confesses to Matthias his crime. Matthias forgives him, and the curtain falls.

It would be pleasant to say that the Wagnerian Opera company, in mounting this work, has introduced in America a novelty worth while, but that is certainly not the case. "Der Evangelimann," at best, is an opera of a kind calculated to appeal, if anywhere, to the community which gave it birth. It is a local and a bourgeois affair. It must be acknowledged that it is difficult in this land and this year of our Lord 1921 to see why it could ever have been popular anywhere.

For there is not a stroke of originality in the opera. There is the strong influence of Schumann, and of composers such as Lortzing, Nessler and others of their ilk. The influence of Wagner is perhaps strongest of all, though less visible. By this is meant that there is studied avoidance of the direct use of a Wagnerian formula, at the same time that it is powerfully present in the composer's consciousness. He can think of his love duet only in the manner of the love duet of Tristan. He approximates and cheapens the effect without directly quoting it. It was impossible for him to refrain from a passage such as the row and the entrance of the watchman from "Die Meistersinger."

He wrote something a little different and not a quarter so good. And there is the deathbed of Johannes—the dying Tristan, with a powerful but not original orchestral accompaniment of the recitative. A modern Frenchman might have been more subtle about this. The naive composer of "Der Evangelimann" adopts a procedure akin to that of the orich which sticks his head in the sand. His orchestration, his melody, the sameness of his rhythms are of the most unoriginal and commonplace. A Wagnerite by indirectness and intention but unfortunately not a Wagnerite in his endless variety of expression and orchestral effect, or dramatic declamation, or anything that makes a real opera—these things Mr. Kienzl is not.

Unfortunately, not a great deal more can be said for the performance. One can imagine a performance of this work, by a second rate organization in a German town or small city, which would be itself so naive and sincere that it would make the most of the text and music. The performance last night was clumsy and heavy-footed, the acting stiff, the singing prevailing poor and frequently out of tune. One can accept the final scene of Mr. Zador as the dying Johannes, and the appealing sincerity of Mr. Ritter when he appeared as the Evangelist in the first scene of the second act, teaching a Beatitude to the children—perhaps the best episode, musically, dramatically, historically, of the entire opera. The performance as a whole was inferior to a number of very sincere and intelligent productions given by this company. But the opera deserved no better fate.

By Deems Taylor

Several years ago—eighteen, to be exact—we wrote the music for a musical comedy called "The Isle of Skidoo" for our senior show at college. We have managed to live it down, and up to last night had always been rather ashamed of it. But after hearing Kienzl's "Der Evangelimann" we are thinking seriously of hunting up our youthful manuscript and submitting it for immediate performance by the Wagnerian Opera Company.

There is something stupefying about anything as utterly inept as "Der Evangelimann." It is not a bad opera. Badness is at least a positive quality, and this work of Kienzl's is simply nothing at all. It is difficult to think of anything to say about it.

The music is very much like the book, which is the hardest thing one could say of it. It is by turns bombastic and childish, with never a moment of authentic drama or deeply felt emotion. The score dates from 1895, and contains a multitude of the inevitable Wagnerisms, particularly an antiphonal love duet that is a rather pathetic aping of the duet in the second act of "Tristan." Most of it is much older than that, though—more like a feeble imitation of Weber.

As a matter of record it might be here set down that the Metropolitan Opera Company gave a solitary matinee performance of "Der Evangelimann" in 1901, with Ernest Van Dyck singing the role of Matthias, and that

Heifetz Is Heard in

'Parsifal' and 'Die Meistersinger' at Opera Houses

Kienzl's opera, "Kuhreigen," was given at the Metropolitan in 1913.

The company last night sang with earnestness worthy of a better cause and sang, for the most part, badly. Even Mr. Zador could not make the part of Friedrich anything more than preposterous, and Mme. Moericke and Mr. Ritter wrestled in vain with the wooden images of Martha and Matthias. We found Mr. Schwarz, in a low comedy role, pretty hard to bear, although the audience seemed delighted with him.

The orchestration, except for a few felicitous spots, sounded generally obvious and amateurish, but Mr. Lorenz got out of it as much, doubtless, as there was to get.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Der Evangelimann."

Kienzl's opera, "Der Evangelimann," was produced by the German company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening for the first time in this city. It was not, however, New York's first experience of the talent of this Teutonic musician. We contemplated his "Der Kuhreigen" in 1913 and breathed sighs of relief when it softly faded into the past.

"Der Evangelimann," which is officially denominated a "musikalisches Schauspiel" (musical drama), has enjoyed immense success in Germany, but although it was first given there in 1895 it did not travel as far west as "Der Kuhreigen" till this season.

The story of the opera has already been published in this newspaper. It is tolerably good operatic material, albeit it is always hazardous to centralize a dramatic action around aged people. The hero of this work is falsely accused of a crime, convicted and sent to jail for twenty years. When he comes out he no longer is young and he becomes an evangelist. His labors lead him to the bedside of a dying man, the one who fastened the false accusation on him, and who now confesses his guilt. Of course you obey the French injunction and know that a woman was at the bottom of it all. Even Virgil phrased it ages ago: "Dux femina facit." But the story is much older than that. Adam tried to shift his responsibilities by a similar assertion.

Mr. Kienzl is a composer of broad outlook. Referring again to the classic authors, one might declare that nothing human is foreign to him. He is a prince of eclectics and shows no ill tempered favoritism in his adoptions. Of course he takes something from Nessler's "Trompeter von Sakkingen," for it is a jubilant and melodious opera highly admired in Deutschland.

The vision of Kienzl, however, swept still wider musical horizons. One finds a little of Mascagni and a little of Wagner cunningly stirred together and made even more piquant by the use of a thin sauce of Bach. And that the auditor may enjoy a still more generous variety of styles there are even a soupçon of Schumann and a moment of Johann Strauss. In short, the score provides something for every taste, and in its preparation the composer has shown that the perfume of any flower in the garden of German and Italian music has been sweet to his nostrils.

But an opera of prosaic preachments, moral platitudes and musical pecuniations is not to be regarded as a serious work of art, no matter how much it may be venerated in Teutonic shrines of the lyric drama. Nor can the music be taken too seriously. Its sentiment is very thin and its tragedy merely lachrymose. The performance last night was very earnest and thoroughly in the German spirit, but it was rough vocally and crude dramatically. Those scenes which might have made some effect missed their point. It was not one of the best nights of the German season.

Rudolf Ritter as *Mathias*, Desidor Zador as *Johannes*, the wicked brother; Miss Ida Moericke as *Martha* and Adolf Schoepflin as *Friedrich* were the important members of the cast, and will not be shot at, because they did the best they could. Alfred Lorentz conducted.

Nascha Heifetz, back last month from China and Japan, opened Carnegie Hall's new year yesterday afternoon with his first recital here of the season. There were the usual conditions—that is, a crowded auditorium and a thickly populated stage, while many waited without for an eleventh-hour chance to get in.

Mr. Heifetz, avoiding the heavy favorites of violin recitals, such as the Bruch B minor concerto, or Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," began with Grieg's first sonata, in C minor, a melodious, expressive work that is not often played, but had ample color and charm yesterday under Mr. Heifetz's bow and the fingers of Isidor Achron, who supplied a vigorous piano part. The Saint-Saens Rondo Capriccioso followed.

The violinist gave a typical Heifetz performance, seeming in excellent form, with the various qualities which have evoked adjectives of praise in past seasons—his practically impeccable technical skill, his smooth, canorous tone. Lower notes had richness and warmth, notably in the Bach air for the G string, while in numbers such as Ries's "Perpetuo Mobile" Mr. Heifetz tossed off his fireworks with a calm which made the piece seem deceptively easy. Two pieces by Joseph Achron—an arrangement of Rameau's "Tambourin" and "En Harmonie" in D minor, were marked "first time in America." Numbers by Sibelius and Wieniawski ended the set program, but this did not include the encores.

The opera house began the year with Wagner, the Metropolitan following its custom of giving "Parsifal" as a New Year's matinee, while the Wagnerians gave their second performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Manhattan. In "Parsifal" Mr. Laubenthal, as on Thanksgiving Day, was effective as the Guileless Fool, while Mme. Matzenauer reappeared as Kundry, Mr. Whitehill as Amfortas and Mr. Schützendorf as Klingsor, but Mr. Bender's indisposition brought a different Gurnemanz, William Gustafson, who filled the part adequately, with tone generally sonorous and (though not always) steady. Mr. Armenian took Mr. Gustafson's announced part, Titirel, with Mmes. Telva, Dabossy, Hunter, Anthony, Rosseler, DeLaunois, Robertson and Tiffany and Messrs. Bada, Schlegel, Meader and Audisio in the other parts. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

At the Manhattan, Theodor Lattermann was Hans Sachs, a part he had sung there last season, as well as stage director—a genial Sachs, it seemed, with this season's improved vocal form shown last Thursday in "Figaro." Robert Hutt and Editha Fleischer figured again as Walther and Eva, likewise Emma Bassist as Magdalena, but there was a new Beckmesser—Eduard Kandl—and new faces for Pogner and David, Messrs. Eck and Schramm. As on Christmas, Mr. Stransky conducted. There was a rather small audience—it may have been too soon after New Year's Eve.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

New Operas at Metropolitan.

Two operas hitherto unknown to the New York public were produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The first was written and composed by Raoul Laparra and is entitled "La Habanera." It was first performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, on February 26, 1908, and was at one time promised by Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Gatti-Casazza had it long in mind, but only lately determined to let it invite the kindly consideration of his patrons. The other work is new. It is called "I Compagnacci" and the libretto is by Gioacchino Forzano and the music by Nino Rizzitelli. It has had numerous hearings in Italy within the last year.

The new "double bill" combines tragedy and comedy, for Laparra's work is dark and gruesome, while

Rizzitelli's is light and cheerful. The tragedy is enacted in Spain and hinges on the love of two brothers for the same maiden. The rejected brother, maddened with jealousy, mortally stabs the fortunate one at the moment when a band is heard in the street playing the habanera, the new dance just come from this side of the Atlantic. The dying *Pedro* promises the dazed *Ramon* that he will return and that then the slayer will understand the sounds of the habanera.

In the second act *Pilar*, the disreputable maiden, has transferred her beleaved affections to *Ramon*. That person is haunted by the ghost of his brother, which enters the house with three blind musicians. They play a habanera (that's what they come for, of course) and *Pilar* forces the agonized *Ramon* to dance. The ghost warns *Ramon* to confess "all" to *Pilar* or she will join him in his tomb. In the third act the two go to strew flowers on *Pedro's* grave. *Ramon* cannot summon courage to confess and *Pilar* accordingly dies on the tomb. The choir in the church adjoining the cemetery sings a chant which strangely resembles the habanera.

This is promising material for an opera. The habanera heard at the moment of the murder becomes the voice of conscience and an instrument of fate. But the most thrilling effect is that wrought by the first act, in which the relentless rhythm of the dance, so skillfully treated as to sound not unlike a funeral march, beats its way through a vivid and excited dramatic action with a stage full of distracted people. This scene causes the other two to shrink, although it is easy to perceive that with the exercise of more cunning in stagecraft the second might have been made better to sustain the interest of the play. The third act is quite hopeless. The duet between *Ramon* and *Pilar* is puerile and the ecclesiastic version of the habanera is by no means as cleverly made as Mr. Victor Herbert's chartered transformation of his "idée fixe" in "The Serenade." But Mr. Herbert is a better musician than Mr. Laparra.

The vocal parts of the opera are fragmentary in structure. There is almost no opportunity for extended lyric expression, which is the ultimate object and the climax of operatic music. The two or three moments of lyric opportunity suggested nothing to the composer save conventional utterances which have wandered from one Italian stage to another ever since Verdi set the fashion for the theatrical fraternity. The orchestration is generally rude, crude and noisy. Indeed there is so little of genuine musical pith in the score that it baffles description. The sharp contrast of the dance off stage and the crime on it is not a new device for creating shudders and while it has been well handled by Laparra it seems to have been the end of his inspiration. When it came to utilizing the habanera as the voice of conscience the composer found himself out of his depth. He is a realist, but not a psychologist.

Three trumpeters and a herald appear before the curtain to publish a proclamation which explains the background of the action of "I Compagnacci." Two factions of friars dispute the validity of the excommunication of *Savonarola*. Each faction is to send a champion to walk unharmed through fire and thus prove his contention right. In the little comedy we find two competitors for the hand of *Anna Maria*, one the aged *Noferi*, supported by the girl's guardian, *Bernardo*, an ardent supporter of the *Savonarola* party, and the other *Baldo*, leader of the *Compagnacci*, who in history, though not in the opera, finally obtained the execution of the famous Catholic reformer.

Bernardo receives a warning from *Baldo* that the contemplated marriage may not take place. The Friars Band of Children, who constituted the anti-vice society of that day, enter the house to search for pictures, carnival costumes, flowers, masques and other implements of Satan, and in *Anna's* room they find a love letter from *Baldo*, which *Bernardo* reads and then invites attention that nothing has been done about its promise to rescue the maid. The children remove flowers from *Anna's* window, not

knowing, of course, that this was the signal for which *Baldo* was waiting.

No sooner is the room empty than *Baldo* and his evil companions come down the chimney and conceal themselves. When they appear at the right moment there is a near riot and the chief of police is summoned. In his presence and that of other witnesses *Bernardo* makes an agreement with *Baldo* that if the ordeal by fire actually takes place *Baldo* resigns his claims to the girl's hand and sacrifices his estate. But if the priests do not enter the fire *Baldo* gets the girl. Of course neither champion ventures into the flames, and a general dispute ensues, during which it begins to rain and the fire is extinguished. *Baldo* and *Anna* therefore achieve the happy ending which belongs to all comedies.

Rizzitelli has not floated into any new seas in his music, but he is a well-trained pupil of the Costanze Theater school, and he knows when to halt action in order to introduce a pleasing air, when to write a vivacious comic ensemble and when to make his score subservient to lively movement on the stage. In some of his melodies there is a clever blend of Puccini and Montemezzi, while others are poor things but his own. *Anna Maria's* letter song has a familiar but compelling charm, the comic ensemble of the relatives is infectious if verging on

the commonplace, the duet for *Baldo* and *Anna* is safe and sane opera writing of a well settled nineteenth century pattern, and the finale bustles briskly after the fashion followed by all the children of Pergolesi down to the composers of "Le Donne Curiose" and "Gianni Schichi."

All of which means that Rizzitelli is well acquainted with the profession of opera composing and that although he has nothing new to offer he makes a very palatable ragout of well chosen remains. His little opera should for a time please the public, even if it does not crown itself with immortality.

The unfailing record of new productions at the Metropolitan Opera House must be repeated. Both operas were handsomely mounted and well performed. The three scenes of "La Habanera" were perforce designed according to the older tenets of the scene painter's art, but they framed the action in surroundings of concordant mood and contributed their full share to the effort at dramatic illusion. The one scene of "I Compagnacci" had a gay carnival aspect suggesting that the *Plagnoni* had forgotten to remove from their homes all manifestations of the "passionate sensuality" of the Italian mind described by Symonds and that they might have profited by living long enough to read Pico della Mirandola on their prophet. However, the scene furnished a suitable environment for the comedy and that of course was its purpose.

The performances of the two operas were good. The spirit of each was admirably caught by the conductors and the singers. Mr. Hasselmann, who directs the French operas at the Metropolitan, naturally had "La Habanera" and he made as much as possible of its musical points and its general plan. Mme. Easton made a very earnest and intelligent essay at the role of *Pilar*, but the difficulty of projecting the reactions of the part into the auditorium with such musical means as the composer provided was more than she could overcome. Her want of complete success was no fault of hers. She did all with the part that could be done with it.

Mr. Tokatyan achieved some real dramatic effect with the brief existence and violent death of *Pedro*, but his ghostly return was not well staged. Mr. Danise was very sincere in his impersonation of *Ramon*, but the role is one calling for more than ordinary tragic power. The smaller parts were well done, as a rule, but the burden of the work fell on the three who have been mentioned. Mr. Rothler was heard and seen for five minutes as an irate father, but he signified very little.

Mr. Gigli as a comedian was perhaps the most interesting disclosure in "I Compagnacci." He acted with unwonted vivacity and sang beautifully when he had a chance. Miss Rethberg as *Anna Maria*, Mr. Schützendorf as *Bernardo*, Mr. Didur as

to and Mr. Bada as Nofeli. It excellent. Indeed "I Compagnacci" owed a great debt to its producers, including Mr. Moranzoni, conducted with spirit and understanding.

access—for success it is, whether one likes his work—is the more valuable because of the complete unselfishness of his methods. "La Habanera" is 20 years old, and, so far as its structure or orchestral technique concerned, it could be fifty years old. Obviously there was no thought of re-creator's mind as to whether his was new, old or middle period, of any or another one. He was possessed of an idea which, to a young man's blood and temperament, became obsession. He drove it home with conviction and lack of self-consciousness which achieve their end of obvious immaturities and gaudiness.atti-Casazza in staging this work confronted by certain obstacles, particularly to the fact that "La Habanera" is essentially an opera for a theatre. He solved most of his admirably. The cut at the first act increased its effectiveness. The stage setting was as embodiment of the composer's ideas. The second act, which is of little texture than the first, and intimate in intention, was less successful in its lighting and business. In the act there was a question of whether to follow faithfully the comic imagined by the composer, whose opera, and opera too, should vanish,

by means of sonorous chorus more in the nature of "grand

effect last night was less intimated Laparra intended, and more for such a theatre as the Metropolitan—and the bell that tolls on two and dissonant intervals in the concert scene is not the least inspired of the score.

opera was admirably sung. Mme. Riccitelli did not strive to be "Spanish," interpreted her rôle with simplicity and with glorious results in song. The part of Ramon, the late Victor Maurel. It is clearly for a singing actor. Mr. who expresses himself most fully in song, nevertheless gave a capable and eloquent performance. Nofeli's father might have been more senile, but he was highly comic, and Mr. Tokaty, whose is a little "white," made much of moment of the death of Pedro. was an excellent ensemble, a effective orchestra.

telli comedy is entirely a different. He is a pupil of Mascagni's work, which was awarded the bestowed by the Italian Minister of Instruction upon the winner of the annual opera competition of 1922, not necessary to speak at length. "Compagnacci" (the Boon Comedy) was performed for the first at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome, April 10. It has been very popularly. Its locality is Florence, Italy, that of Savonarola, and the which at last resulted so disastrously for that theologian, between his and the compagnacci.

prologue, describing the ordeal to take place between the Friars of Marco and the Friars Minor, delivered in a manner viewed by as an insidious approach to opera, which was declaimed in that manner in the costume of the peacock, accompanied by three trumpeters, blazons punctuated his address. After the opera was sung in the in which it was written, and all as gaily as gifted artists who periled with contagious gusto could contend with such music.

score is compounded principally of Mascagni and Puccini. In Italy, in "I Compagnacci" has been dubbed "I Mascagnacci," and that is no misnomer.

situations are well known to Italian opera buffa. Bernardo, the elderly miserly zealot, of the party of Savonarola, converses with Venanzio, the of wax candles, who looks, and sounds like the sacristan of a church. Bernardo will marry his daughter to his fellow-religionist, Nofeli, has locked her up to prevent the of young Baldo, leader of the compagnacci. A love letter is discovered in children of the Friars Minor in a room. It is resolved that she be married at once, but Baldo's companions enter the house by chimney, put the relatives and attendants of Bernardo to flight, and force a different end to the story. At a bargain is struck by Baldo and Nofeli. If the ordeal by fire does take place Baldo will relinquish his beloved and his fortune as well. Happy ending does not require narrative.

score has no melodic or harmonic action. The orchestration is either to accompany patter on the stage or the conventional modern Italian opera, or it adopts the most ordinary Puccini's instrumental schemes—the doubling the voices, supported death by commonplace harmony.

work is "good" for some solos brought applause, such as Miss Venanzio's better song, excellently done, for fooling in the Italian manner Venanzio, amusingly characterized by Mr. Didur; for a duet curving meaningless melody for tenor and soprano, and singing and romping by the Mr. Didur could not exhibit to all his beautiful and finished art in song with such music. The vocal range with which he met the demands of the part requiring principally lungs of

leather and now and then a prank or a gesture was the more creditable to him. All went merrily as a marriage bell, and for audience, if not all reviewers, the curse was taken off "La Habanera."

"I Compagnacci" is trade goods, a conventional opera buffa story, furnished with a machine-made score that is obviously built to give satisfaction to the average consumer. The book is complicated and not worth describing in detail. Its outline is that Bernardo, a fanatical follower of Savonarola, has betrothed his niece, Anna Maria, to Nofeli, another fundamentalist. She, of course, loves another, the other in this case being Baldo, who is at the head of the "Compagnacci," the modernists. An ordeal by fire is to take place between the Savonarollists and the liberal monks. Baldo bets Bernardo that the monks will never go through with the ordeal, and stakes his lands and wealth against the hand of Anna Maria. Bernardo agrees, and the ordeal does not take place. Rout of the fundamentalists, bliss of Baldo and Anna Maria.

Mr. Riccitelli hardly seems to be an inspired composer, but he is a fairly clever one. In general he is not, technically speaking, reminiscent—that is, there are few moments when one can say definitely "Somebody else wrote that theme first." The only striking exception is an aria by Anna Maria that is little more than a transcription of Svendsen's "Romance" for violin.

But what Mr. Riccitelli does do is appropriate—the tricks of orchestration, the musical idiom, the vocal mannerisms of other men. "I Compagnacci" is a potpourri of the methods of Puccini and Mascagni and Leoncavallo and Montemezzi, and if it were only a little better done it would be a sure-fire hit.

But if you are going to be sure-fire you must be nothing less. Riccitelli handicaps himself first of all with a tedious and undramatic book that tries to be funny without possessing a single comic situation. In the score he provides the traditional applause-getters, to wit: one soprano aria, one tenor aria, one soprano and tenor duet with unison climax on high B. Unfortunately he puts them too early in the action, so that the tediousness of the later scenes nullify their effect.

Mr. Gigli and Miss Rethberg took the two principal roles, which means that the two principal roles were exquisitely sung. It is long since a duet at the Metropolitan has offered two such perfectly blended voices as theirs were last night. Mr. Schuetzendorf made a real person out of Bernardo, which, it transpired, was a mistake; for Bernardo obstinately refused to blend with the other Savonarollists, who were, both in the libretto and in Mr. Wynctal's obvious and circusy staging, merely comic strip characters.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted easily and smoothly. The scenery for both offerings was conventional, neither good nor bad, and was very well lighted. The audience was large and friendly, but not particularly demonstrative. "Habanera" received a very mild reception. "I Compagnacci" went much better. A great deal of noise was furnished throughout the evening by the gentlemen

who stand downstairs on the left and upstairs on the right.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"La Habanera," opera in three acts, written and composed by Raoul Laparra. Sung in French, Louis Hasselmanns conducting; scenery by Rovescalli; staged by Samuel Thewman. First performance in New York.

THE CAST:

Ramon Giuseppe Danise
Pedro Armand Tokaty
Their Old Blind Father Leon Rothier
A Servant James Wolf
A Bridgroom Petro Audisio
A Man Vincenzo Reschiglian
Pilar Florence Weston
A Young Girl Phradie Wells
A Bride Minnie Egner
A Boy Louise Hunter
Comrades: Giordano Paltrinieri, Pietro Audisio, Arnold Gabor, William Gustafson.
Three Blind Beggars: Paolo Ananlian, Angelo Bada, Louis D'Angelo.

"I Compagnacci," comic opera in one act by Primo Riccitelli, book by Giovacchino Porzano. Scenery by Augusto Carelli; staged by Wilhelm von Wynctal. Sung in Italian, Roberto Moranzoni conducting. First performance in America.

THE CAST.

Bernardo Gustav Schuetzendorf
Baldo Beniamino Gigli
Venanzio Adamo Didur
Nofeli Anselmo Bada

His Uncle Louis D'Angelo
His Grandfather Paolo Ananlian
Ghiandala Giordano Paltrinieri
Chief of Police Vincenzo Reschiglian
Notary Pietro Audisio
A Herald Lawrence Tibbett
Anna Maria Elisabeth Rethberg
Nofeli's Aunt Grace Anthony
Nofeli's Grandmother Henriette Wakefield
Leader of the Children Louise Hunter
Bernardo's Maid Servant Nannette Gullford
Children Compagnacci, Populace

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Josef Hofmann has been known to be a composer from even his earliest years. He has made no attempt to conceal it, even though for a time he adopted a transparent disguise under which to put forth some of his more experimental works. But he has, on the other hand, never attempted to force himself as Hofmann the composer upon a public which has grown to have an unbounded admiration for Hofmann the pianist, which the security of his position might easily have enabled him to do.

So the novel undertaking of the Philadelphia Orchestra to devote its fifth New York concert entirely to the works of Josef Hofmann the composer, assisted by Josef Hofmann the pianist, gave an opportunity to his New York admirers of estimating and enjoying him in a way they have never had before.

The program comprised his second piano concerto—he has written five, of which he had played only one before in New York, the third—a group of solo pieces, "The Haunted Castle," a "symphonic narrative" for orchestra and the "Chromaticon," a "symphonic dialogue" for piano and orchestra. Two of the piano solos and the two orchestral pieces purport to be by "Michel Dvorsky," an unfortunate young Polish invalid who lived in San Sebastian, Spain, till Mr. Hofmann decided to tear off a disguise already penetrated and acknowledge that Dvorsky, which is said to be Polish for Hofmann, was none other than himself, writing under a pen name that would secure him an estimate unblasted by his great reputation as an executant.

Mr. Hofmann must have rejoiced in the superb interpretation that was given of all these compositions. He himself contributed much to the success of the concerto. Much is implied of his self-restraint by the fact that, though twenty years old, this concerto was last evening played for the first time in New York. It is a stirring composition, beginning with martial trumpet fanfares, of nine variations, in a similar way. There is a pulsing rhythmic energy throughout the whole composition; and though there is much brilliant writing for the solo instrument, it is all in its nature musical.

There is no vain striving for effect, but a natural buoyancy and lucidity; in the slow movement a warm and spontaneous flow of melody—all, of course, very "old fashioned," as warm and spontaneous melody inevitably seems today. It would indeed be too much to say that this concerto has a real profundity; that its roots strike very deep, or that it is essentially original in its essence. It is, perhaps, rather frankly not so. But it is engaging music and of course its qualities were raised to their highest powers by the extraordinarily fine performance that was given by the composer and the orchestra.

"The Haunted Castle" has more substance as music; and that substance is of a sort that makes it seem more of the present day than the concerto. A poem is printed to suggest a program for the music; a suggestion of ominous destruction wrought by demons, lightened by a vision of better days. It is a program that stimulates the imagination rather than prescribes definition and the music is consequently allowed to develop itself unhampered by anecdotic details. It is written with a quite remarkable skill in the treatment of modern orchestral resources, which are made highly effective.

The "Chromaticon" is a tour de force of sportive imagination; a piece full of a riotous and unruly Eulenspiegel spirit; not "representing" anything, but embodying the caprices of an unfettered imagination remarkably skillful in the way in which the instrumental color and the contrast between piano and orchestra are employed to express and enhance the freakish quality of the musical substance.

If the piece seems to have lost something of its first disquieting effect in the seven short years since it was first made known here, it is only necessary to remember the large amount of water that has been flowing under the traditional bridges in that time. It has, at any rate, lost little of its "amusing" quality, in the painters' sense of that term; and it is successful in the measure in which it still produces the effects upon which the composer calculated.

Among these is assuredly not the impression of something darkly important getting itself said. The brilliancy and flexibility of the orchestra, so notable throughout the program, reached its climax in this performance, in which pianist and orchestra were so precisely coordinated.

Uneven Performance of "Tristan and Isolde." With Orchestra Winning Praise.

"Tristan und Isolde" was given by the German company at the Manhattan Opera House last night. It was the initial representation of Wagner's splendid

drama given by the organization this season and two performance was attended by an audience filling the auditorium.

The artists all showed admirable sincerity and intelligent purpose. The singing varied greatly in quality. Miss Elise Alsen's *Isolde* is known here. The music is well suited to her voice and in the role last night, while her style in song and action was without great distinction, her impersonation had dignity and interest. Heinrich Knote as *Tristan* sang with little sensuous quality of tone, but his attention to details made up in large part for vocal shortcomings and led him to achieve a dramatic eloquence in his impersonation.

Mme. Metzger deserves praise for her effective work as the *Brangäne*. Hermann Weil, who made his debut at the Metropolitan as *Kurvenal* thirteen years ago, sang the part last night in a commendable manner. Adolph Schoefflin was *King Marke*.

The laurels of the evening went to the orchestra. Mr. Stransky's men played with much tonal beauty and shading and the tumultuous elements of beauty and passion in the score were admirably brought out. The ensemble went smoothly. The audience was enthusiastic and the principals, also conductor, had many curtain calls.

GIVE NOVELTY 'ECCE HOMO.'

State Symphony Plays Borowski's Work—Enesco Soloist.

Georges Enesco, the Rumanian violinist and composer, made his re-entrance at yesterday's matinee of the State Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. Franz Kneisel was among a musical audience that applauded his performance of Brahms's violin concerto, played with deep understanding, never a flamboyant phrase or tone, but a musician's reading for the elect.

Felix Borowski manuscript "Ecce Homo" was an interesting novelty, following by a few days the Chicago composer's "Youth," given by Hadley. Conductor Stransky's program described it as "a delineation in sound of the reaction which the mystical character, the tenderness, the tragedy of Christ bring about in the soul of the ordinary individual."

Themes of the Man of Sorrows, of His preaching and the mob's brazen rush are the warp and woof of the brief work; a meditation intoned with sympathy by a cellist, seated alone, among accompanying bass violis in low, hollow fifths.

For this Horace Britt was recalled to "bow." The entire orchestra stood up with Stransky when the colorful music, outlined from "Parsifal's" rich palette with a "Butterfly's" realist brush, ended in recurring mood of solemnity.

Darius Milhauds third of five little symphonies, intended to follow as an "epi-concert," was wisely put off to a later date after a long program that included Mendelssohn's "Fingals Cave" and the Fifth symphony of Beethoven.

STRANSKY PLAYS NOVELTY

Borowski's "Ecce Homo"—Georges Enesco Heard in Brahms Concert

Felix Borowski, president of the Chicago Musical College, has done what the President of the United States could not do to save his life: He has composed a symphonic fantastic, "Ecce Homo," for grand orchestra. It was admirably played by Stransky and his State Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and favorably received by the audience. It was a piece that is frankly and unashamedly melodious, in the good old-fashioned way, though not untouched by modern effects—the "dissonantal bite" which Edward MacDowell rightly said is expected today. There are solemn brass chords, glowing orchestral colors, entrancing dynamic contrasts. No programme goes with the piece, except the information that its title was originally intended to be "The Christ."

Georges Enesco was the soloist of the afternoon; he gave an interesting performance of the Brahms violin concerto—somewhat Rumanian in spots; but then, Rumania is not far from Vienna, where Brahms made his home. The purely orchestral numbers conducted by Stransky were Mendelssohn's "Fingals Cave" (which haunted Wagner when he wrote his underwater music for "Rhinegold," and Beethoven's fifth symphony, which is always in demand.

Lenox String Quartet

The Lenox String Quartet, composed of Sándor Harmati, first violin; Wolfe Wolfshon, second violin; Nicholas Goldavan, viola, and Emerson Steeber, cello, played last night at Aeolian Hall. Their part in the two-number program was the performance of Sándor Franck's Quartet in D Major in the finished manner usually characteristic of these players, and Ernest Bloch's Quintet for Piano and Strings with Harold Bauer at the piano.

This composition is dedicated to Mr. Bauer and the Lenox Quartet, and last night's performance was the second time it has been played to a New York audience, the first being at a concert of the Composers' Guild. The pianist played with fine restraint and regard for the four instruments with him, displaying his understanding of this composition and giving to the piano passages the distinctive charm characteristic of his work. The combination of this fine musician with the skilled members of the quartet proved a propitious one, which the audience appreciated with extended applause.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE MANHATTAN.

"Die Toten Augen," opera by Eugen D'Albert, book by Hanns Ewers and Marc Henry, sung in German, Eduard Moericke conducting. First performance in New York.

THE CAST:

Prologue: Rudolph Ritter
Shepherd's Boy: Joan Ruth
Harvester: Benno Ziegler
Aurelius Galba: Theodor Lattermann
Myrtocle: Robert Hutt
Ktesiphon: Hermann Schramm
Myrtocle: Elise Gantner-Fischer
Aurelius: Editha Plescher
Aurelius: Ida Moericke
Sarah: Otilie Metzger
Mary Magdalene: Millo Miloradovich
Rebecca: Emma Baseth
Ruth: Lotte Appel
The four Jews: Adolph Schoepflin, Otto Semper, Emil Staudeneyer, Paul Schwarz.

A good rough-and-ready criticism of "Die Toten Augen" would be that all it needs is to be set to music. Not that Eugen D'Albert's score is totally lacking in interest, but it is so painfully inferior to the libretto that it seems a good deal worse than it probably is.

D'Albert seems to have a knack of picking up good librettos. His "Tiefand," produced about fifteen years ago by the Metropolitan, had an effective plot to which he did less than justice. As for "Die Toten Augen," it will bear comparison, from the dramatic point of view, with the book of "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

The story concerns Myrtocle, a beautiful Corinthian woman, born blind, who is the wife of Arcesius, a special emissary from Rome, who lives in Jerusalem in the time of Christ. Arcesius, a brilliant and just man, beloved by his subordinates and adored by his wife, is hideous and deformed in appearance. His best friend, Aurelius, a handsome young Roman patrician, is madly in love with Myrtocle but loyally remains silent.

A great crowd passes, following Christ into Jerusalem. Myrtocle follows the Master and He restores her sight. Frantic with joy, Myrtocle rushes home, meets Aurelius and, thinking him to be her husband, falls passionately into his arms. Arcesius, mad with pain and jealousy, strangles his friend.

Myrtocle, out of the deep love she bears her husband, resolves that he shall never know that she saw how hideous he really is. She stares into the sun until her eyes are once more blinded.

There is drama in this and deep feeling, and both qualities are superbly present in the text and action. But D'Albert is simply incapable of living up to it. Just as in "Tiefand," he composes a prologue that has atmosphere and mood, and—again, just as in "Tiefand"—he fails lamentably as soon as his drama begins.

He writes very good descriptive music, but real emotion or drama seem to be beyond his powers. One could tell last night when an emotional moment was on the point of arriving simply by watching the brasses. As the emotions became more intense, the music became louder until the miracle of healing Myrtocle's eyes was accomplished to a din of trumpets, trombones, bass

drum and cymbals that might more fittingly have accompanied a circus parade.

"Die Toten Augen" is one of the loudest operas ever written, but all the rumpus never for a moment served to disguise the emptiness and sentimentality of most of the music nor its essentially undramatic character.

The performance was bad. Mr. Moericke kept the company and orchestra together, but rather encouraged players and singers to make all the noise they could. Mr. Zeigler, who took the small role of the Harvester in the prologue, really sang. The rest of the cast, without exception, yelled.

Mme. Gantner-Fischer, aside from her bad singing, made an impressive Myrtocle, and Mr. Hutt was a reasonably handsome Aurelius. Mr. Lattermann, in the extremely difficult role of Arcesius, did his best, which was deplorable.

The staging was conventional and the scenery, though ambitious, was disconcertingly Babylonian. The prologue scene, showing a plateau surrounded by snow-clad mountains, was rather fine during the few moments it was well lighted.

The audience, excited both by the power of the drama and by the sheer volume of sound that came from orchestra pit and stage, was riotously enthusiastic.

OTHER MUSIC.

A head of bronze—the work of Renee Vautier—has been a powerful and significant note in the recent art exhibitions; last night the original appeared before a large audience at Town Hall. He is Roland Hayes, a young Negro tenor whose voice has a haunting beauty of tone which brought him back for an encore concert after his first performance earlier in the season.

This time there were songs by Haendel, Schubert, Duparc and the Negro spirituals; he approached these varying moods with the sure simplicity of the artist. His French and German are excellent; in fact, in the spirituals there was grave danger that his English would be too excellent—"Go Down Moses" was a bit precious in style. But he broke into perfect dialect with the plaintive cadence of "Deep River" and "I Got a Robe" was a masterpiece of racial human. Into the "Convict Song" in the secular group he crowded all the African melancholy of the ages. It was a moving performance, applauded warmly by what was perhaps the most varied collection of races that Town Hall has housed for years.

Across the street at Aeolian Hall Mabel Ballou, a Canadian pianist, gave a program of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt. At the Metropolitan the second "Pagliacci" of the season was combined with "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eori, Fleta and Ruffo in the cast. In the afternoon the Beethoven cycle at Carnegie Hall was celebrated by Albert Spalding in Beethoven's solitary concerto for the violin. The fourth and fifth symphonies were also played. A. S.

By OLIN DOWNES.

"Die Toten Augen," opera in one act and a prologue, the poem by Hanns Heinz Ewers and Marc Henry, the music by Eugene d'Albert, was performed last night by the Wagnerian Opera Company for the first time in New York. It is the thirteenth opera by the prolific composer and virtuoso, whose "Tiefand" was given four performances in this city by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1908, and performances by the Century Opera Company five years later. "Die Toten Augen" first saw the stage in Dresden in 1916. Its performance last night made an excellent impression on a large and enthusiastic audience.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. First of all, the opera has a very fine libretto. It has a touching theme, with elements of the miracle play. It sustains itself as a spectacle and a drama, and is eminently suited for musical treatment.

In the prologue, of a poetic and symbolic character, shepherds watch their sheep and show tender solicitude about one which is missing. The scene then changes to Jerusalem, in wonderment and conjecture because of the miracles of Christ, Greek, Roman, Jew and Christian are personages and dramatic elements of the story, and they are admirably juxtaposed by the librettist.

Arcesius, Ambassador of the Roman Empire, a man of generous and noble character, but ugly and deformed, loves and takes to wife the beautiful Greek woman Myrtocle, who cannot see. Arcesius has a secret rival in the handsome young Roman soldier Galba. The day comes when Arcesius, the Greek maid of Myrtocle, gossiping with Jewish women at the well, hears of the miraculous physician, Jesus. Jesus, the healer, reaches Jerusalem. Myrtocle is incredulous of His powers until Mary Magdalene appears and appeals to her to go to Him. Myrtocle believes. Jesus touches her and bids her see. The news of her restored sight reaches Arcesius and Galba at the same time. Arcesius, in despair at his fate if his wife sees him, flies from the spot. The eyes of Myrtocle, beholding for the first time the beauty of the world, fall then on the handsome Galba, whom she embraces, mistaking him for her husband.

Arcesius, discovering the two in a passionate embrace, strangles Galba. Then Myrtocle knows the truth. She suffers, but hers is the spirit of mercy. Unknown to Arcesius, she walks into the street and turns her eyes to the sun. Again she is blind, and the devoted companion of her husband.

D'Albert has done everything but write original music to this drama, and he has done so well that his opera is brilliantly plausible if not fundamentally genuine. The music is of modern German and Italian blend. It is the work of a man who knows his Strauss, and also his Latin contemporaries very well, and appreciates a libretto which links together in the modern Munich art manner artistic elements of both classic and modern derivation.

While no opportunity of making musically the most of each stage situation is lost, the treatment of the whole episode is essentially and pleasingly lyrical. The composer, duly accenting and setting off stage business, conversation, the movements of groups or crowds, contrives to include these details in a score which has always life and melodic quality.

It is that the melody has so little inherent distinction and that at climaxes the best the composer can do, apparently, is to let loose his brass and percussion to work their uttermost. His music springs, flits, exfoliates from voices and orchestra, but not all the orchestration or modulation in the world make it a thing of true distinction.

Yet the score and vocal parts do provide admirable opportunity for the singers, and the orchestral coloring is usually ingenious as it is expert, from the garlands of rippling, interlacing passages for flutes and other wind instruments which weave about Myrtocle's wistful song to her husband of the beauty of the world, to the splurge and splendor, though it be bombastic and not a little reminiscent of Siegfried's Rhine journey, which accompanies the procession behind an unoccupied stage, connoting the passing of Jesus and the acclaim of the people.

There is good characterization and the occasional use of descriptive motives. Tricks of the stage are very ingeniously employed, as the novel and extremely effective passage of speech by the crowd, after hearing the plea of the Magdalene, goes to kneel before the Saviour. The Jews converse and argue, as they do in Salome, and very effectively. The voice of the Saviour is heard for a moment, and the miracle is wrought. The curtain falls, to rise again on the spectacle of Myrtocle, with seeing eyes, saluting the world. Then there is the accumulation of the musical current up to the moment of the duet with the enamored Galba.

The performance had much of the spirit that the opera demands. Mrs. Elise Gantner-Fischer sang and acted with vocal resources and with a classic dignity and nobility of manner, even when she was most ecstatic. Miss Metzger's Mary Magdalene was declaimed with conviction and dramatic power. Mr. Lattermann's Arcesius, vocally speaking, really did not detain us, but it was reasonably in place. Mr. Hutt's Galba, a trifle stilted, was nevertheless a personable fellow. The ensemble of Jewish women and Jewish men; the Ktesiphon of Mr. Schramm, who tried in vain to convince Myrtocle of the efficacy of his doctrine, these were details appropriately disposed. And Mr. Moericke made the most of a heavy, frequently noisy, but richly colored, climatic score. In a word, "Die Toten Augen" is everything but an opera of genuine and lasting inspiration. It is such good theatre, the story is so well told, it will so appeal to the public that it is likely to have at least a temporary success. It certainly ranks as one of the best productions that the Wagnerian company has given this season.

In the afternoon "Die Walküre" was performed before a small audience by a cast that included Mme. Lorenz-Hoellischer as Brünnhilde, Luise Perard as Sieglinde, Hermann Weil as Wotan, Hermann Eck as Hunding, and Otilie Metzger as Fricka. The program declared that Heinrich Knote sang Siegmund; but, although no one at the Manhattan seemed to know much about the matter, we have reason to believe that the role of the unfortunate Walsung was assumed by Mr. Rudolph Ritter. The weariless Mr. Moericke conducted.

By Lawrence Gilman

Four new operas in three days is, we fancy, a record even for this operatically inundated town. The Wagnerians began it on Tuesday at the Man-

hattan with their production of "Der Evangelimann," the Metropolitan came back with "La Habanera" and "I Compagnacci" on Wednesday, and last night the Wagnerians retorted with Eugen d'Albert's "Die Toten Augen."

This work, composed in 1912-'13, was produced at Dresden in 1918, and is said to have had more than 200 performances in Germany; which, in view of the popularity there of Kienzel's lethal "Evangelimann," is a fact about which the Wagnerian Opera Company would perhaps have been well advised to keep quiet. "Die Toten Augen," though new to New York, is not new to America, for the Wagnerians revealed it to Chicago on November 1, where it made, according to the testimony of different witnesses, "a profound impression" and was received "with no great evidence of enthusiasm": a somewhat puzzling conflict of testimony, to which we may contribute our bit by deposing that whatever impression the work may have made on last night's audience at the Manhattan (a gratifyingly large one), one must assume that it was favorable, for their enthusiasm was warmly and repeatedly expressed.

D'Albert has been spoken of as music's "Man Without a Country." His full name is Eugen Francis Charles d'Albert, and he was born in Scotland sixty years ago. His father was a Frenchman born in Germany, his mother an Englishwoman. D'Albert was educated musically at the National Training School of London. He now lives on the Continent, and regards himself, we believe, as a Teuton. In America he is better known as a pianist than as a composer—although his earlier opera, "Tiefand," was produced at the Metropolitan November 23, 1908 (it had four performances in that season, and then quietly passed out). D'Albert was one of the veritable "Liszt pupils"—of whom counterfeits are as the sands of the sea—and he has long been famous as a pianist of the first rank. He first visited this country as a virtuoso in the season of 1889-'90, and returned several times. He

now disdains the perishable bays of the virtuoso, and chooses to be regarded as a maker of his own music, rather than as an interpreter of other men's. In the list of his works are a symphony, two piano concertos, two overtures, two string quartets and a dozen operas.

We confess to having been slightly prejudiced against Herr d'Albert's opera by the fact that his title-page calls it "Eine Bühnendichtung." This appears to mean, in English, "a stage poem"—which strikes us as a foolishly affected title for a work which is, so far as the vulgar ear and eye can detect, merely an opera in one act and a prologue. The libretto is the joint product of Hanns Heinz Ewers and Marc Henry, and it is pleasant to be able to say without hesitation that it is a good one—dramatic, moving, and ideally suited to musical treatment.

It tells the tale of a blind girl named Myrtocle, who lived in Corinth, and was noted, like so many other heroines of opera, for her beauty and her purity. Arcesius, the Roman Ambassador at Jerusalem, met her, fell in love with her and married her. It happened that Arcesius, though a good Roman and an accomplished ambassador, was not pleasant to look upon; for his face was ugly, one of his legs was shorter than the other, and his shoulders were out of gear. But this made no difference at all to Myrtocle, since she could not see her husband, and no kind friend described him to her. Arcesius himself, naturally enough, avoided the subject of masculine pulchritude. But one day Myrtocle learned that a wonderful healer named Jesus was about to make his entry into Jerusalem, and it was arranged (without the knowledge of Arcesius) that Mary Magdalene should lead the blind woman to a place where the Great Physician would pass. Myrtocle was taken to the gates of Jerusalem, and there she was healed by Jesus.

Overjoyed, she sought her husband, who was on his way home from a council assembled to prosecute the Healer for blasphemy. Arcesius was accompanied by a handsome young soldier named Aurelius Galba, who had long been secretly enamored of Myrtocle. Observing him with delighted approval, and mistaking him for her husband, Myrtocle addressed him endearingly and threw herself into his arms. This was highly displeasing to Arcesius, and before Myrtocle and Galba had time to exchange many kisses, the jealous husband sprang upon Galba and choked him to death. Then Myrtocle learned that the hideous creature who had murdered Galba was the husband whom she had blindly loved; and, realizing that the light had brought her only misery, whereas in darkness she had known joy, she determined to become blind again. She had seen her husband, and she shuddered in horror at his ugliness; but she would never let him know. And so she gazed stead-

ally into the blazing eye of the sun and the benignant and healing night came again into her own.

have spoken of Herr d'Albert as a Man Without a Country." That describes him also as a music-maker. He sings in the France of Massenet and Debussy, in the Italy of Puccini, in the Germany of Wagner and Richard Strauss. His music is a highly ingenious pastiche of various contemporary styles.

He has adopted and used freely the sweeping orchestral catilena, usually over-ripe and over-sentimentalized, which is Puccini's weakest and most popular artistic trait; yet we hear also in d'Albert's orchestra choirs of the condensed and pungent characterizations of Wagner (though never with any of his marvelous certitude of touch); we hear, too, the emaciated aural writhings of Richard Strauss and (as in the Prologue) of Debussy. We hear numerous notes in this score, but never a voice which seems to be that of d'Albert himself. His music has no individuality, no personal savor, no quality of sentiment that is pointed and memorable. It is both ingenious and accomplished, it is a more expert craftsman than he was twenty years ago when he composed "Tiefeland." He has learned how to weave the various and incongruous heads of his discourse into a plausible and not wholly unimpressive kind of laboratory. There are passages in this score which quicken the pulse and, for a fashion, charm the sense. The music is all effective; it all tells: its agency of theatric speech is undeniable.

at bottom it is spurious. It has vital defects; it is only skin deep expression, and it is derivative in the more tense and crucial scenes of the play it wholly fails to render with eloquence and exactness the essential mood. The great moments of the drama—the passing of the healer, the exultation of Myrtocle for the loveliness of the world, her parting meeting with her supposed husband, her self-inflicted blindness at the end—these find no adequate reflection in the music. Not only are the themes, for the most part, commonplace and feebly sentimental when they do not glow with reflected light, but they have little character, little power of denotement. None of the music is newly minted. What beauty that is remembered, not freshly and spontaneously created. The thought of the composer is never finely mediated, deeply pondered; it is never, in Mr. Swinburne's phrase, "tipped with fire"; and that, finally, is what a kind of creative thought must be to satisfy the mind and compel the imagination.

There is no time to speak in detail last night's production of the work. The pointless Prologue, a redundant and wearisome bit of dramatic symbolism, was ineptly played; but the rest of the piece was competently performed—although Mme. Gentner-Schier as Myrtocle was better than competent, for she sang and acted with intelligence. The scenery was unpretentious, which is about the best we can say for it. Mr. Moericke conducted with fine skill and unflinching vigor, and was summoned before the curtain, together with the principals, at the end of the first act; for a break was made in the middle of the single act.

New York Symphony.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The third concert of the Beethoven cycle by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch conducted performances of the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, and the orchestral accompaniment of the violin concerto, played by Art Spalding. He also appeared as soloist, with Messrs. Barrere, flutist, Letellier, bassoonist, in the performance of the little Theme and Variations for piano, flute and bassoon. This time, and the Rondino for wind instruments, made the "Postlude" of the concert.

The most significant feature of the occasion was Mr. Spalding's performance of the violin concerto. It was a manly, straightforward, emotional reading of the music, technically substantial, and such sincere and enthusiastic that for the rapidly aging finale sounded and exciting. Mr. Spalding was recently recalled.

Damrosch, who is first a musician and conductor, read Beethoven with a conductor's regard for the traditions of the music, and in the finale of the Fifth Symphony—and in this same symphony, an enthusiasm that largely re-acted for the ragged attacks in the

first movement and roughnesses and inequalities which came later. Much can be said as to whether it is advisable to perform the works of any composer in strictly chronological order. For great composers themselves are never chronological. Genius does not work that way, and to present it by the calendar is more likely to give a wrong than a right impression of the evolution of a creative spirit. Thus the Fifth Symphony, with the wondrous slow movement, should come, so far as artistic significance is concerned, between symphonies two and three. The violin concerto, however, was a happy interpolation between the symphonies heard yesterday, and the charming, completely unpretentious little piece for the three instruments, well performed by all concerned, made a very happy impression. There was also the opportunity of hearing the Rondino, which is seldom presented. A large audience attended this concert and signified its pleasure.

Handwritten notes:
"Cavalleria" + "Pagliacci"
"Pavane"
"Sori" etc.
B.S. orch.
1924

ETHEL FRANK'S DEBUT.

Young Soprano in "Lohengrin"—
Jeritza in "Tannhauser."

Both Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were sung in local opera houses last evening, the one at the Metropolitan, where Mme. Jeritza again appeared as Elisabeth, while at the Manhattan a new Elsa was Ethel Frank, who replaced Mme. Perard. The young Boston soprano had before been heard here in concert at Carnegie Hall, with players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and she had sung last Summer in London. Miss Frank, under the ordeal of an opera debut a week earlier than had been announced for her, was sufficiently the artist to overcome evident nervousness, beyond a tightening of the throat in Elsa's first appeal for a champion. She made her voice tell in climaxes, which she developed with intelligent phrasing and sincerity of action. Mr. Knote, with Mme. Hoellischer, Messrs. Salinger and Schoepflin, led the newcomer forward at the curtain calls. Mr. Moericke, instead of Mr. Knoch, conducted.

Richard Wagner's "Tannhäuser" had its fourth performance of the season last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was heard by a large audience. The singers had all been heard before in their roles. Mr. Laubenthal was the Tannhäuser, Mr. Whitehill the Wolfram and Mr. Bender the Landgrave. Mme. Jeritza as Elisabeth and Mme. Matzenauer as Venus were the other two principals. Mme. Jeritza's portrayal of the mediæval Thuringian princess had its familiar tender graciousness of feeling and poetic beauty of vocal style. Mr. Laubenthal as the wandering knight gave an impersonation worthy of much praise, both in singing and action. Mme. Matzenauer as the ancient goddess now in the Hoerselberg was effective in song and imposing in appearance. Mr. Whitehill as the poet Wolfram interpreted the part with fine vocal eloquence, and Mr. Bender made an excellent Landgraf. The singing of the men's chorus was praiseworthy. The musical ensemble was admirable. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Cecilia Loftus Appears Again.

Cecilia Loftus gave her second program of impersonations and monologues, assisted by Beatrice Herford, at He Miller's Theatre yesterday afternoon. Both performers offered several numbers that were rapturously received. Miss Herford with her "At an En Dance" and Miss Loftus with Mrs. Campbell's rendition, in English, "Cette charbon mamam à moi."

Ignaz Friedman, Pianist.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Ignaz Friedman, the Polish pianist, who returned to New York for concert-giving yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, is one of those who hold high the banner of technical dexterity and fleetness as almost ends and objects in themselves in piano playing. His skill is amazing, unerring; his power in the production of tone is great, and he has no hesitation in exerting it. Mr. Friedman has, of course, much more than these things; but he never allows them to take a secondary place, and sometimes they obscure some other and more important, more beautiful qualities. Such qualities were particularly needed in the Chopin program he gave yesterday.

There was an abundance of poetry and tenderness in the Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1, a beautiful performance. There were exquisite passages in the Polonaise in B flat—not so often played as some of the others—and in the Ballade in F minor. The three études that he played are not of those that have the highest musical value. They exploit for the most part technical problems, and it is needless to say that Mr. Friedman made them all dazzle, especially No. 11 of Op. 25, which he took at a terrific speed. These seemed to make the deepest impression of anything upon the audience, which wanted some of them repeated; but Mr. Friedman added the one in thirds for the right hand, played with a wondrous perfection of evenness. In the B minor sonata Mr. Friedman's technique did not carry him far; not far enough. The technique was unimpeachable, but the rhythm, the sense of line and of the "composition," the larger proportions of a work that needs a good deal of help from the executant to make it "hang together," he did not supply. There was something rather disconnected or disjointed, in it, along with some beautiful cantabile melody, but the work presented itself strangely to ears accustomed to interpretations of greater repose and poise.

'Color Symphony' Played.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Arthur Bliss's "Color Symphony" was played for the first time in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Jacques Thibaud was the soloist at this concert, playing the Mozart violin concerto in E-flat. The program opened with Brahms's "Tragic" overture and came to an end with the first set of orchestral excerpts from Maurice Ravel's music for the ballet "Daphnis et Cloe," mounted by the Ballet Russe in Paris in 1912.

We have been told that when Mr. Bliss composed this symphony it had not a title. An intimate friend, however, believed that he should give a work, apparently of a highly subjective character, some name that would provide a more individual designation than symphony number this or that. Questioned, Mr. Bliss admitted that there had been strongly present in his mind, while writing the symphony, impressions, or feelings, associated with color. Hence the "Color Symphony"—and there is a good deal in a name.

It so happened that, owing to those admirable arrangements by which one cannot obtain within the auditorium of Carnegie Hall a Boston Symphony program book with the invaluable notes of Mr. Philip Hale, THE TIMES reviewer listened to the Color Symphony with as much innocence of the composer's intentions as he hopes he was without prejudice concerning his work. This was the case in spite of the fact that the reviewer had heard the Color Symphony when it was performed in Boston. On that occasion he had hastened into the concert hall without time to read about Mr. Bliss and his ideas, and had only glimpses of the descriptive titles of the four movements of the symphony as he sat down. These titles are "Purple," "Red," "Blue," "Green." Yesterday memory became confused. Lacking any program at the moment, there was the belief, amounting to conviction, that the first movement was "Red" and that the second was "Blue." About the other colors the reviewer was vague, and, besides, he is somewhat color blind!

Has he, then, any rate to record a critical estimate of this interesting symphony? Mr. Bliss might say no. Nevertheless, color blind or not, the writer never hears any piece of music without a color impression. Thus the color of the key of C major is synonymous to him with white, although the blazing C major chord at the opening of Strauss's tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," is to him of blinding gold. In these cases, why? Because (1) the key of C major on the piano has not black notes, and as a child presented to him a heaven of uncomplicated whiteness when he had to finger Czerny exercises, and (2) because the opening of Strauss's tone poem, avowed and achieved, is a superb evocation of golden sunrise. He heard as a child Rubinstein's melody in F played by a solo violin against an organ accompaniment, and that melody seemed to him gold—gold coming down through a radiant mist in the sky. Not that he feels that way today about it. Schubert's unfinished symphony seemed a thing of blues, reds and greens.

The point is that most people see color when they hear music, but there is great doubt if many see the same color, or whether, if they saw a given color, they would immediately think of a certain kind of music. Something else is important. Is not color emotionally suggestive, principally through the operation of contrasts? Is it not the relation between color and color just as it is the relation between chord and chord, rather than colors and chords in themselves, which gives the emotion of color?

If the Colour is discussed as music itself, irrespective of its title, it is a composition of considerable interest. It is, at least, the exciting expression of a temperament—youthful, nervous, vivid of today. Mr. Bliss writes brilliantly, if at too great length. Sometimes he achieves passages of exceptional beauty—though these are seldom indebted to other modern composers—and more than once he evolves a passage of counterpoint or harmonic dissonance which makes one wish to stop the orchestra and hear that over again. It is true that the color symphony would not be what it is if it were not for Igor Stravinsky. And then there is Maurice Ravel. Ravel Stravinsky are difficult, of course, for any modern to avoid. At one moment we thought we are at the fair of Petrouchka. But the double fugue at the end is a rousing

piece of music. ... in one movement—in a symphony as yet so uncharted one can be little more exact than that—passages of harmonic pungency that befall in the scherzo-like movement that we now know meant "red"—these things make the listener sit up and ask "what next." The "color symphony" now appears as the work of a young man of vigorous talent, searching, without fear, for that which is himself.

Mr. Thibaud played the Mozart concerto with a purity of a style which was never cold or merely objective, and with a feeling that lifted the hearer with the music to the skies, and Mr. Monteux collaborated admirably with the modest and distinguished master of his instrument. There was a sound and virile reading of the Brahms overture, which has indeed passages that might accompany a tragedy of Sophocles, and there was the virtuoso performance by a superb orchestra and the leader who has made it what it is, a virtuoso composition—the music to Daphnis and Cloe. A score which is to us far more of a color symphony than the work of Mr. Bliss. It seems partly music and partly a blend of music and an impressionistic pictorial art, on the borderland between that of the composer and the painter. Without the complete understanding and the authority of Mr. Monteux, this singular music might have fallen far short of intention.

Lawrence Gilman

Arthur Bliss's "Color Symphony" at the Boston Symphony Concert, for the First Time in New York

Among those "Pathetic Figures" dear to the imagination of an eminent cartoonist, we should like to find place for the concert-goer who is obliged to listen to program-music without an adequate knowledge of the "program." We are thinking particularly, at the moment, of those among the audience at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall who were invited to listen to the first New York performance of Mr. Arthur Bliss's "Color Symphony."

Now it happens that the incomparable program-notes written by Mr. Philip Hale for these concerts are not to be had in Carnegie Hall. If one does not receive them through the mail from Boston, and remember to bring them along to the concert, one must either rob or borrow from one's neighbor, or listen in despairing bewilderment to whatever unfamiliar program-music the concert may offer. In the case of Mr. Bliss's new work, for example, the house bill contained merely the following:

- Bliss.....Color Symphony
- I. Purple.
- II. Red.
- III. Blue.
- IV. Green.

Only that and nothing more. Imagine the quandary of the Pathetic Figure! Mr. Hale's notes, which would give him the key to these mysteries, are not at hand. Therefore, he can only listen.

So he listens. Purple suggests mourning. Very good. The movement of the symphony which bears this tag—the first movement—has at times a processional solemnity, a somber, slow-paced melancholy. But the second movement—"Red"—what of that? Perhaps the Pathetic Figure, still searching frantically for a stray Program-Book, may recall that Mr. Koussevitzky (who will next season be standing in Mr. Monteux's place at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) has declared that the color Red and the key of F-sharp are analogous. The Pathetic Figure brightens up. No doubt the mystery is solved. He listens for a movement in F-sharp.

But he soon discovers—possessing, of course, like all concert-goers, the useful faculty of absolute pitch—that the chief theme of Mr. Bliss's "Red" movement is not in the key of F-sharp at all—as, according to Mr. Koussevitzky, it should be—but in the key of C sharp minor; and the next tune is in B major, and the next, apparently, in D major. Clearly something is amiss here. Either Mr. Bliss or Mr. Koussevitzky is mistaken. Suddenly the Pathetic Figure remembers that what Mr. Koussevitzky was reported to have said was that F sharp is a "strawberry red." This no doubt explains the matter. Mr. Bliss's red is some other red than strawberry red. And so the P. F., heartened by this brilliant conjecture, hurriedly invents his own table of symbolic analogies for Mr. Bliss's second movement.

Perhaps he proceeds somewhat as follows: RED: The color of Bricks, of Harvard, of Titian Blondes, of Danger Signals, of Anger. To this symbolic complex he tries to fit the music of Mr. Bliss's second movement as it enters his aural porches. It should, according to these analogies, be hard, proud, imperious, belligerent music—threatening music, charged with terror and beauty and the sense of impending peril.

But, oddly enough, it doesn't sound

at all like that kind of music as the Pathetic Figure listens hopefully to its progress. It seems to him to suggest an altogether different set of emotions and ideas. Instead of the hardness of bricks, the pride of Harvard, the peril of Titian blondes, the ominousness of signals and anger, he hears music that reminds him of jewels and wine and bacchic ecstasy and scarlet flames and magic incantations. And just as he is about to give up in despair and go to a movie, the music critic in the front row drops his copy of the Program-Book, and the Pathetic Figure stealthily gathers it in. He turns hurriedly to page 24, gulps down thirstily the information that is offered there; and now at last all is made clear to him. The Redness of the movement to which he has been listening expresses an utterly different set of concepts from those he had so desperately extemporized. Mr. Bliss's Red is the red, not of Bricks but of Rubies, not of Harvard but of Wine, not of Titian blondes but of Furnaces, not of Danger Signals and Anger but of Magic and Courage.

Do you wonder that at this point the Pathetic Figure folded up his stolen copy of the Program-Book, put it away in his pocket for leisurely perusal at home and gave his undivided attention to Mr. Bliss's music, as music, and not as a set of illustrations for a color chart?

This, too, is what we did—although we had read a long article in last Sunday's Tribune about Mr. Bliss's symphony and its color scheme, and thought we knew what he was driving at. But we found that we could not remember, without looking at the Program-Book, whether the second movement was red or blue and whether green suggested Victory or Jealousy to Mr. Bliss. So we gave it up, and like the Pathetic Figure, applied ourselves to the music as a mere unfolding of sounds, innocent of symbols and analogies. And this, it appears, was what Mr. Bliss originally meant his hearers to do. He had intended to call his work merely a "symphony"; and only the tempting of a friend enamored of titles seduced him from the sternly noncommittal nomenclature absolute music.

As absolute music, then, we prefer to remember Mr. Bliss's new symphony. We shall remember it as music of singular spontaneity and gusto. We have not heard in a long time music so exuberant, so unsought, so untrammeled in thought and gesture. It is brave, gay and often beautiful music—that trumpet theme, "suggestive of loyalty," in the third movement ("Blue"), which descends by such surprising intervals through an octave and a half, is a fine and personal invention; and it is typical of other inventions in the symphony. You may mutter in your beard, if you choose, "Stravinsky," as you listen to certain pages. But that would be foolish. If the youthful Wagner could not always forget Marschner and Weber, why should we expect the youthful Bliss always to forget Stravinsky? It makes no real difference, so long as one can plainly hear Bliss talking to us persuasively, memorably, in his own way.

It remains to be said that Mr. Montoux and his orchestra played the work superbly, as they did the other music on the afternoon's program: Brahms's Tragic Overture, the first suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Mozart's violin concerto in E-flat major (K. 268)—this last with the assistance of Mr. Jacques Thibaud, who played the solo part with consummate elegance and grace of style.

By H. C. COLLES.

THE interviewer was not as other interviewers are. He was not of the breed which puts leading questions in a deprecating manner. He did not introduce himself with a telephonic request that I would spare him ten minutes of my valuable time whenever most convenient to myself. I had just laid down my pen with that mixed sense of regret and relief which comes when a piece of work is finished. It was the last of a series of Sunday articles for THE NEW YORK TIMES. The title was put on, those mysterious directions to the printer, which mean so much to him and so little to me, were added. I checked them over. "3-col. head," "min. leaded" and the rest. Yes, they were all correct, and, "there," I said to myself, "is a happy episode ended."

In that moment I was aware of a presence. He came like Mephistopheles into the study of Faust, but he did not look a bit like Mr. Challapin. No limelight surrounded him; his dress was not peculiar; there was little to remark in his person. For a moment I thought I had merely caught a reflection of myself in the mirror opposite, until he began to speak in a slightly dictatorial manner.

"Well," he said, "so you think you have finished. I suppose you prided yourself a little on that last smile—the foundations of rock, you know."

"Why do you say that?" I answered, nettled. "Does it look silly and affected? I really mean it."

"Possibly," the interviewer admitted. "No, I am not the Devil, and it is not my business to be cynical. I'll admit your sincerity, but you can't just park it there on a foundation of rock and leave it."

"What do you mean?" I said. "You Americans are always talking about parking things, and I am still a novice at the language."

"I am not an American," he replied, "and I am as much a novice as yourself, but it is a good phrase, because, like most American phrases, it goes straight to the point, and you can understand well enough what it means if you want to. Now, see here. You have been in this country for three months. You have heard no end of music and have been shown all sorts of musical institutions. You have talked with the people who do things here and you begin to know a little why they do them in their way, and not in the way of your country. You have told them in return a good many things. Yes, I'll admit you have tried to be candid as well as appreciative. The latter was not hard. You could not well be anything else; besides, it comes natural to you to enjoy music wherever you find it. But now they want something more—not another article; you have written enough of them, in all conscience. You can quit writing articles; you can quit being a 'great critic'; you can just tell me some of the things you think about it all."

"I believe you are an American," I said. "At any rate, you seem to be enough of one to know what they want. Go ahead, search me."

"Well, what were you about the other night when I saw you coming out of the Colonial Theatre at about 2 A. M.? You're a fine sort of musical critic to go straight from the divine Mozart at the Manhattan to a colored jazz show like 'Runnin' Wild.' Which did you enjoy 'more'?"

"That is hardly a fair question," I began, but he interrupted.

"It is perfectly fair. Of course, I know you think all the world of Mozart. I am not questioning about him. A tune from 'Figaro' and a bit of jazz have about the same relative values as the dollar and the paper mark. It is hardly possible to establish a currency between them. We will admit that, but, taking each show for what it is worth, which did you get the more from?"

"Well, that is easy to answer, because, as a matter of fact, I got nothing out of the performance of 'Figaro' which I had not found before in dozens of better ones. 'Runnin' Wild' was a vivid and new experience. When I have watched white people dancing to a jazz band I have always been appalled by the futile incongruity of it. But these colored folk are the real thing. The amazing agility of their movements seems part and parcel of the ridiculous inventiveness of the jazz counterpoint. There is no end to it; they pile one effect on another until you are drawn in and absorbed in it with them. That stupid song about the 'old-fashioned love,' for example; the mother croons the time, the old man roars a vociferous accompaniment, the girl howls a sort of descent, the instruments play with variants and those incessant muted

trombones interpolate absurdities. Yet from it all they extract a sort of pathos which is genuine. I thought I should be bored by ten minutes of 'Runnin' Wild,' and indeed most of the talk, with incessant jokes about insurance companies (which seem to be to modern America what mothers-in-law were to Victorian England), did bore me, but the musical turns were entrancing in their way."

"Then you really think that jazz may be the foundation of an American type of art?"

"No, I do not, if you mean the art of white America. The white man simply plays the fool, if nothing worse, when he takes to jazzing. Compare any Broadway revue, 'Artists and Models,' for instance, with 'Runnin' Wild,' and you see the difference. The former is merely a rather contemptible form of distraction; its one justification is that it means nothing

by its jiggling and gyrating. The colored show is packed with meaning. It would be too earnest if it were not so good-humored and too pathetic if it were not so ecstatic."

"Very well; that is enough about jazz. Let's get back to high-brow music."

"There is no such thing. That is the trouble with New York, and indeed with music in all big cities, but especially here in America. People will insist on dividing music into categories. There are only two kinds of music—real and artificial; the one comes from an impulse which the composer cannot resist, the other from a self-conscious desire to be clever, or uplifting, or humorous, as the case may be. You can find as many examples of both sorts among the symphonies at Carnegie Hall as in a Broadway vaudeville; only when you find the real thing in a symphony you get it intensified to a much higher power than in a music-hall song. I wish the word classical had never been invented. My wife had a cook in London whom she sent to a symphony concert on a Sunday afternoon. She had never heard a first-rate orchestra before and she came back delighted. 'Oh Madam,' she exclaimed, 'it was lovely, but it wasn't for folks like me; it was all for classical people like yourselves.'"

"Yes, but never mind your cook in London; come back to New York. Why do you think this tendency to divide music into categories is particularly strong here?"

"I believe it is encouraged by the subscription system. New York people subscribe to a set of concerts often without knowing what music they will get there. They pick their favorite orchestra or their favorite conductor, and subscribe to it or to him, and then go all through the season feeling quite certain that what they get will be good for them. They get into the habit of taking their music in bulk. It means, too, that one set of people attend the whole series, and if it is a sold-out series there must be many people who would like to hear this or that work, or who can only afford occasional music, and who cannot get what they want."

"But do you mean that there is not enough music going on in New York to satisfy you?"

"There is enough to satisfy me, or any one else in my position—that is, a person who can command a seat in Carnegie Hall or Acolian Hall whenever he wants one. But think of the thousands of people who cannot and who are just as capable of enjoying music as you or I, or any of the subscribers to symphony concerts, perhaps more capable than some of the subscribers. What music is there to be found in New York outside the area between Times Square and Fifty-seventh Street?"

"Very well, suppose that a big fund, something like the Juillard Fund, were placed in your hands, to be spent

on music in New York—what would you do with it?"

"I should mobilize local resources. Frank T. Mosch told me the other day that the Institute of Musical Art runs three students' orchestras. What happens to all those young American musicians when they pass out of the institute and the other numerous training schools, I wonder? I should get hold of the best of them and form an orchestra. I should also group them into chamber music parties. By the way, concerted chamber music seems a rather neglected art here as far as the public concert room is concerned, now that the Kniesel Quartet has ceased operations. During the past three months the Flonzaley Quartet has given one concert, and apart from them and the visit of the London String Quartet there has been very little first-rate chamber music."

"Well, this orchestra and the chamber music parties, formed from it should be paid to rehearse and polish their ensemble just as though they were about to appear at Carnegie Hall, but that should be the one place where they should never come. They should give concerts of every kind of good music anywhere and everywhere else from the Bowery to the Bronx and from Brooklyn to New Jersey. There should be no subscription and no free seats. Prices of seats should range from 50 cents to a nickel. I am told that people crowd to the free concerts given at the Metropolitan Museum. That is all very well in its way, but the test of enthusiasm really comes when people have to make a little effort themselves, and the price of the ticket would measure their keenness. I should also make these concerts a trying-out ground for new works by American composers, devoting say ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in each program to native work. These things should be played several times in different centres, and those which show any vitality should be kept in the repertory. But it should be clearly understood that this

music is made for the enjoyment of audiences and for no other object."

"That is a very fine scheme," remarked the interviewer with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "but I think you have forgotten several things. What about your colleagues of the press, for example? Are they to rush wildly from the Bowery to the Bronx in order to keep pace with your itinerant orchestra and chamber music parties and the novelties of American composers? Won't your players and composers be dissatisfied if they don't get press notices and how will the audiences be collected? I foresee empty seats and I do not much believe in back street music. Moreover, I cannot quite see why you are so desperately concerned with the education of the masses. Surely music was at its

best when it was an aristocratic art practiced by the few. Think of your beloved Mozart. Germany educated her masses in music and German music today is of not much more value than the German mark. Genius is like the wind blowing where it listeth. Education, organization, expenditure of vast sums of money will never produce it, and if it is there it will find its way out without all this paraphernalia."

"Stop," I cried, "there is an answer to every one of your gibes; in fact, they begin to answer each other, but you run on so that I hardly know whether you are interviewing me or I you."

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "you have been interviewing yourself," and with that he vanished.

Jan 7 1924

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Symphony Society's Matinee.

A flourish of novelties startled the on-keeping subscribers to the Symphony Society's Sunday matinee yesterday. There were three new compositions and a new violinist, to say nothing of Brahms's symphony in D, which declines to be old. The Friends of Music must look to their laurels, for the Symphony Society yesterday presented a novelty 156 years old. It was a violin concerto in D minor by Boccherini, which served to introduce to the local public Samuel Dushkin, a young and decidedly interesting artist, just imported.

Boccherini composed this concerto for a friend, Fillipino Manfredi, who is to have been a filler of parts. The work was recently discovered in manuscript, and was edited by Mr. Dushkin, who also wrote the cadenzas.

It proved to be a pleasant and attractive composition. Boccherini, Paderewski, once wrote a minuet. Every one persists in remembering it. They can hardly be censured, for the musician cherished a warm affection for dance rhythms and forms. He could hardly tear himself away from them when he addressed himself to the creation of a violin concerto.

Dushkin performed the work bravely. Its inclusive rhythms appealed to him and his clear cut bowing itself to them. His tone was pure in purity and transparency. His intonation was of the finest. The playing of Boccherini's exhumed work was admirable in its straightforwardness, its restraint, its repose. Its general adherence to the classical style. It showed Mr. Dushkin a violinist of sound schooling, a fine technique and laudable taste. The performance of Chausson's "Poème," which was his second effort, was less convincing. It was violin playing, but it did not get down under the skin of the music.

Mr. Saminsky, a Russian composer now living in this city, conducted his own series of three short poems, entitled "Vigils." The compositions for the music came from by Balzont, Sologoub and Bruckner. The watchers on the towers of the world had nothing to do with these which were kept by gentlemen of the sea, "at the crossways of the world" and in a valley, all famous for watching and where much was seen with good vision. Mr. Saminsky's music displayed skill in neutral effects and some success in melodic treatment. But the compositions have produced works which will claim more distinction. He might have done better to permit himself to conduct the "Vigils."

The final number on the list was Goldmark's "The Call of the Plains." This was originally written for violin and piano and was scored on the suggestion of Mr. Damrosch. It by no means a bad suggestion. The music in its new shape is a hearing. Mr. Goldmark always tunes and orchestrates with a command of sonorities and a summons from the Western world. He loves so well is no lack of fancy, nor any picture of buck-ranchos, hilarious cowboys or Indians. It sings of the much needed "great open spaces" in the music of a man who breathes deeply and contentedly in the flat solitudes, sweeping away to sharp horizons only by the loom of some distant peak. The audience liked the disposition in spite of the fact that the last number on a long program and every one wished to go.

League of Composers.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The second concert of the League of Composers, Inc., took place in the Klaviersaal last night. There was an abundant, entertaining, hair-raising music. The boys were on the program. All after to tonic, dominant seventh and augmented thirteenth chords, the hearts of those who have under the yoke of J. S. Bach or a Brahms there was unconfined a hall of a prevailing quiet gray was heard, for the first time here,

compositions red enough to undermine the foundations of the Republic. The first of these, and the least vociferous, was Arnold Bax's piano quartet in one movement, played by Clarence Adler, Sandor Harmati, Nicholas Moldevan and Emmeran Stoeber. This quartet has an energetic opening, promising much, though achieving rather little. There are the voices of other composers, there are passages of melodic distinction and harmonic beauty, but after a first hearing it is easy to believe that this is not one of Bax's most representative compositions. He has composed songs and orchestral works of a poetic and distinctive character. The quartet heard last night seemed episodic, unorganic, and a mixture of different styles.

This was followed by Bela Bartok's Second Sonata for violin and piano, played by Albert Stoessel and Yolanda Mero. The music has a harmonic pungency that intrigues the ear. It has passages of very evident force and feeling. Sometimes it is grim. Surely it is too long and after all, beauty is not completely foreign to the nature of the musical art.

The third novelty on the program was Schoenberg's string quartet with voice. The Lenox Quartet, consisting of Sandor Harmati, Wolfe Wolfsohn, Nicholas Moldevan and Emmeran Stoeber, was assisted by Ruth Rodgers, soprano, in the performance of the last two movements. In these movements the voice intones the text of two poems by Stefan George, "Litaney" and "Exaltation." In the first the poet asks rest and release from earthly pain. In the second the soul, transformed, sees new ways, new visions of the future, and at last comes the joyous realization of oneness with God.

The first movement of this quartet seemed to us by far the most spontaneous and well knit of the four. Evidently the composer, like many another modern afflicted with self-consciousness, has a very special program of his own back of his music, but he publishes no explanation of his meaning. But there are the poems, the one of death, the other of resurrection. Before they are reached, however, comes a movement of a lively and ironical kind, in which is heard a parody of "Ach, du lieber Augustin." This, of course, is very witty. When it comes in, the initiate are expected to laugh in an informed manner, while the uninitiate will incur the scorn of those with special comprehension of the composer's meaning, because they are only laughing at what they consider a ridiculous thing occurring in the midst of an extremely long and discordant piece of music.

But let that pass. Miss Rodgers, entering with the soprano part in the third movement, accomplished an extremely difficult task with intelligence and vocalism the more creditable under the circumstances. The last lines of the poem of exaltation bring a radiant climax to the composition. This work proved superior to the other serious compositions on the program, for flashes of true beauty, for technical dexterity, for a constructive scheme planned before and not after the composer put pen to paper and so felt by the audience. Yet, how labored it is, how naively pretentious, how self-conscious, self-tortured! It is true that the later Schönberg is a far more distinctive person than the composer, for example, of the early sextet, "Verklärte Nacht," but he certainly is not the half so natural and spontaneous in his manner. This later music sounds worked over and over, till the last ounce of spontaneity has departed.

In music of that kind one cannot wholeheartedly believe. With all its arresting individuality, its hobbies, and would-hobble, in all probability, after a dozen hearings instead of one.

The final number on the program was the witty waltz parodies of Lord Berners, for piano, four hands, "Valse Brillante," "Valse Caprice" and "Strauss, et Strauss." Waltzes of Strauss, of Chopin and half a dozen others are taken off in a way which amused not only the audience, but the excellent players, Clarence Adler and Joseph Adler, who performed them. It was a needed relief, and a sign that some composers of today, at least, can laugh and refrain from taking themselves too seriously.

It is excellent that there should be organizations such as the League of Composers to acquaint the public with the most recent efforts and advanced ideas of present-day composers. The concert of last night was interesting and instructive. Also, it recalled a remark made by Mr. Siloti to a friend at the previous concert given by this same organization. He said, "Did you ever hear of a young composer named Beethoven? Well—he has a future."

Samuel Dushkin, Violinist.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Symphony Society of New York gave its sixth subscription concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, when the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, introduced new compositions by Lazare Saminsky and Rubin Goldmark, and, as soloist of the occasion, Samuel Dushkin, violinist, who then made his first public appearance in America.

Mr. Dushkin in turn presented what may be termed a "novelty" to New York—namely, the violin concerto in D major of Boccherini, published from a recently discovered manuscript, edited by Mr. Dushkin and with cadenzas by him. He also played with the orchestra the Chausson "Poème." He showed himself at once as a well schooled violinist—he is a pupil of distinguished masters—serious, conscientious, with a substantial technique, and a tone of warmth and sweetness.

ness. He was at his best in the concerto of Boccherini, which is not an important or individual composition, but has the charm and the clarity of manner characteristic of its composer and its period.

The cadenzas were well written from the standpoint of composer as well as virtuoso. They were not obtrusive, they were in the frame, and consistent with the manner of the concerto. A good, honest piece of work, and a capable performance. In the Chausson "Poème" Mr. Dushkin was less fortunate. His interpretation lacked imaginative sweep, as it ignored the subtle qualities of the music. There is more in the music than was achieved either by soloist or orchestra.

Mr. Saminsky's new work, of which he personally conducted the performance, is called "Vigils." It is in three short movements, inspired by poems of Balzont, Sologoub and Brusoff. The first is a sea picture; the second a reverie, inspired, it seems, by "the bright Spirit of Dreams" and the "austere Spirit of Earthly Desire"; the third a joyous invocation to the mountains and the sunrises. There is an ingenious and felicitous effect of surging wave and wind in the first piece. It would therefore, with its facility and glibness of instrumentation, serve admirably as the accompaniment of a moving picture.

Mr. Goldmark composed his "Call of the Plains" in 1915 as a solo for violin with piano accompaniment. The orchestral version heard yesterday was made last winter. The thought back of the music is the "vague, wistful loneliness of the prairies." The opening theme does evoke that thought and that mood. Hearing the composition, however, for the first time in its new dress one wonders if the effect was not more poetic in the original arrangement, since, after all, there is scarcely enough material in Mr. Goldmark's pleasing and melancholy tune to justify its expansion and final peroration with piccolo, doubling strings in octave and enough brass and other instruments underneath for the call of the prairies to have been heard in the Grand Central Station.

Pablo Casals Plays.

Pablo Casals gave his only recital of the season yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. Reversing slightly the order of the printed program, he played the Bach G major suite for 'cello unaccompanied; the same composer's sonata in D major for 'cello and piano; Tartini's concerto in D major, and smaller pieces by Granados and Faure. It is a pity that conflicting concerns made it impossible to hear this entire program, consisting for the greater part of music as beautiful as it is significant in its workmanship, discoursed in a concert room of an intimacy and acoustical properties ideal for the occasion by one of the greatest interpreters before the public today. But it was possible to hear the essence of Mr. Casals' art as soon as he stepped on the platform.

He waited an instant, for the good of his audience and to gain the perfect poise which his task required. Then the bow touched the strings and the listener was under his spell. He treated Bach's melodies and arabesques with a technical finish which would make technical discussion impertinent, with a noble sonority, with a sense of line which was never cold, but warm and glowing with beauty. He played the entire unaccompanied suite as if he were improvising, but musicians knew the iron logic and sense of form that underlay the performance and the apparently effortless freedom which the brain of a great musician and the hand of a consummate virtuoso made possible. Bach is often proof against even indifferent performance. When Casals interprets him it is a revelation not to be forgotten.

The hall was packed with an engrossed audience.

THORNG HEARS HOFMANN.

Pianist Forced to Add Two Encores to His Chopin Group.

Josef Hofmann played to a matinee throng in Carnegie Hall yesterday at the last recital the pianist will give, aside from appearances out of town before he sails at the end of this month for England. In his audience were Rachmaninoff, Godowsky, Munz and many other pianists. Hofmann, in superb form, was forced to add two encores to his Chopin group, while at the day's end he was recalled to play a "Song Without Words" of Tchaikovsky, a symphonic waltz of Cyril Scott and the Wagner-Brassin "Wotan's Farewell and Fire Music" from "The Valkyrie."

The vigor and clarity, the uttermost mastery of dynamics, in Hofmann's playing yesterday, magnified even the least of his pieces into a gem revealed in singular purity through a magician's crystal. For his program, announced in advance, he had chosen a favorite Beethoven sonata, Op. 27, No. 2; Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," Debussy's "Evening in Granada," Chopin's A-flat Impromptu, C-minor nocturne, berceuse and G-minor ballad, followed by the "Legende" in A, "Valse Impromptu" and "Polonaise" of Liszt.

MCCORMACK'S FAREWELL.

His Concert for Charity at the Manhattan Yields \$15,000.

John McCormack's benefit recital at the Manhattan Opera House last evening, in aid of the New York Hospital Day-and-Night Nursery, attracted an overflowing audience. With seats at more than opera prices, the receipts totaled \$15,000, of which a large proportion went to the children's charity.

Mr. McCormack exercised his old charm in several groups of songs, many of them by request, receiving encore after encore. His program ranged all the way from "Pur Dilecti" to a number of Irish airs, which the tenor sang to the manner born. One of Mr. McCormack's successes was a new semi-sacred song by Hageman, entitled "Christ Went Up Into the Hills," which received its first public hearing.

Last night was Mr. McCormack's "au revoir" to New York. He will not be heard again in this city before next November.

Lauri Kennedy, the cellist, gave diversity to the program while Edwin Schneider proved a capable and sympathetic accompanist.

At the Metropolitan.

Two concerts were offered yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the afternoon, a Verdi-Puccini program was given which included selections from "Rigoletto," "Tosca," "La Bohème," "I Lombardi" and "The Girl of the Golden West." The artists who appeared were Mmes. Mario, Ponselle, Perini, Guilford and Hunter, and Messrs. Mardones, Picco, Chamlee and Tokatyan. Mr. Ramboschek conducted.

In the evening Moriz Rosenthal appeared with the Metropolitan orchestra and played the Second Piano Concerto of Saint-Saens. He also gave a group of solo numbers by Chopin and Liszt. Mr. Ramboschek offered orchestral works by Wagner, Chabrier and Tchaikowsky and opera selections were sung by Mmes. Pomaine and Peralta and Mr. Danise.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.

The third concert of the Beethoven Association took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The program was interesting, as the programs of the association usually are. Brahms's C minor trio, played by Mmes. Olga Samaroff, pianist; Thaddeus Rich, violinist, and Hans Kindler, cellist; songs by Francis Rogers with Walter Golde at the piano, pieces for viola d'amore by Mr. Rich, with Mme. Yolanda Mero as pianist, and Schumann's variations for two pianos with two cellos and horn, performed by Mmes. Samaroff and Mero. Messrs. Kindler, Emmeran Stoeber and Bruno Jaenicke made a veritable feast of chamber music, some of it quite out of the familiar experiences of concertgoers.

The Leipzig Music School was opened in April, 1841, under Mendelssohn's direction, and Schumann was engaged as a teacher of piano. A teacher he certainly was never intended to be, and doubtless Mendelssohn's idea was that the students would benefit from daily converse with a great musical mind. Schumann seems to have been in no wise affected by his pedagogic duties, but went on calmly composing. It was at this time that he wrote the variations played last evening and his delightful choral work, "Paradise and the Peri."

The conservatory seclusion came to an end in 1844, when the devoted Clara carried him off on a concert tour as far as St. Petersburg.

These variations exhibit Schumann's habitual freedom of form and his strong bent for piano idioms. When performed by competent artists, as they were last evening, they must always give pleasure to an audience of discriminating music lovers. Mr. Rich's viola d'amore contributions were a prelude, aria and corrente from a sonata by Aubert and a *fugue* from a suite by Marchand.

Comfortable and comforting old time music these excerpts proved to be and well suited to the second resonance of the sympathetic strings which Berlioz found "full of sweetness and mystery." Mr. Rich played as if he and the viola d'amore were old and close friends and Mme. Yolanda Mero furnished discreet accompaniments. But though she throttled the voice of the modern piano with skill she could not prevent the instrument from speaking too loudly at times. The viola d'amore would be heard better in company with a harpsichord. It remains only to say that the Brahms trio was admirably played and that Mr. Rogers sang with his familiar art, but was not in command of his best tone.

Beethoven Association.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Beethoven Association gave its third concert of the season last night in Aeolian Hall. The participating artists were Olga Samaroff and Yolanda Mero, pianists; Hans Kindler and Emeran Scher, cellists; Francis Rogers, tenor; Bruno Glinke, hornist, and Walter Ramey, oboist, for Mr. Rogers. The program featured the piano trio of Beethoven's C minor; compositions by Schubert and Marchand for viola d'amore and piano; old songs by Sarti, Barretti, and Carey; Samuel Webbe and Aronson; and the original version for two cellos with accompaniment of two cellos and one horn of the andante and variations in B flat of Schumann.

The most salient feature of this program was undoubtedly Brahms's great Trio, which found excellent interpreters in Mme. Samaroff and Messrs. Rich and Kindler. It has at once the classic mold and romantic feeling for which Brahms is so seldom given credit, and it is an extremely effective piece of chamber music.

"Thereafter," we are not among those who feel that music is wonderful if it is dated "1720" or "1669" and scored for a viola d'amore and a clavichord. Besides, if the viola d'amore, where is the clavichord? The tone of the viola d'amore and that of the modern piano do not blend well. Furthermore, Mr. Rich did not play as if he were playing the viola d'amore or interpreting music of the eighteenth century. He played like a sturdy fiddler of today, and the effect of this and of Mme. Mero's piano accompaniment capable as it was, was anything but conformable to the spirit of the compositions.

Louis Aubert, who wrote the "Prelude," "Aria" and "Corrente" performed last night, was the son of Jacques Aubert, "le vieux," violinist in the royal band, the Opera and the Concerts Spirituels. Only in the aria is there a hint of something more than the conventionalities of his period.

Marchand of the Fugue from a suite for clavichord and viola d'amore is the Louis Marchand who competed so disastrously in organ playing with J. S. Bach. He led a more turbulent life than shows in his music.

Mr. Rogers, apparently handicapped by untoward vocal conditions of the moment, showed his musicianship and his knowledge of the principles of good singing in music that particularly demanded these qualities, but his group lacked a sufficiency of contrast.

It was of historic interest, perhaps, to hear the original form of Schumann's well known variations. But it was not very much more. True, there is the variation originally given to horn and cello sentimentally typical of Schumann, and expressive in that form. But for the most part the other instruments than the pianos seem extraneous to the thought. The version for two pianos alone is better. And let us face the fact: this music too is ageing. Side by side with what is imitatively fanciful and Schumannesque are variations in which the composer adopts well-worn formulae and fills measures. The performance was respectable if not exciting. The concert showed that a program of music by canonized composers can be as dull as a program by ultra-moderns.

By Deems Taylor

At the Metropolitan "Marta" made its second appearance, to the obvious pleasure of the Monday nighters, the cast including Mme. Alda, Mr. Gigli, Giuseppe de Luca and Kathleen Howard. Mr. Papi conducted. "M'appari" was not, as at the first performance, encored; for the Metropolitan's "no encores" rule, which recently suffered compound fractures at the hands of Mr. Gigli and Mr. Chaliapin, has been reset with great vigor by Mr. Gatti and is now reported to be absolutely iron-clad.

It was under heavy stress last night, however, for Mr. Gigli's admirers had evidently come prepared to hear "M'appari" twice, and when the young tenor merely bowed after his aria, with an "I-would-if-I-could-but-I-can't" gesture, the house settled down to an endurance contest in long-distance applauding. Mr. Papi waited patiently, however, and finally won.

At the Manhattan the Wagnerian Opera Company rallied from the attack of receivership and gave a performance of D'Albert's "Die Toten Augen" after a delay of three-quarters of an hour. The performance would have begun on time, it was said, had not two members of the orchestra insisted, against the advice of the Musical Union, upon receiving their full pay before playing. The audience was interested and appreciative, but small.

Some music is so familiar that one whistles it for years without ever hearing it played—Mendelssohn's wedding march, for instance, which Cecile de Horvath played in Liszt's piano transcription at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. That, and the "Dance of the Elves," came almost with the shock of a novelty, so rarely does any one bother to do them.

These were almost the weightiest numbers on Mme. de Horvath's program, which was unusually light for a mid-season list; it was, however, well arranged and unhackneyed, offering, among others, MacDowell's "To the Sea," a Grieg ballade in variation form; Rudolph Ganz's transcription of the "Rosamunde" ballet music, a diverting "March of the Wooden Soldiers" by Eugene Goossens, and an alluring set of Viennese waltzes by her husband, Zoltan de Horvath.

She has a fluent technique and a rather small but pleasant tone, and as she had wisely chosen a program that lay well within her interpretative powers she was able to make her recital, for all its modest pretensions, a pleasurable one.

Metropolitan Notes.

A special matinee performance of "Thais" was given yesterday at the Metropolitan for the benefit of the New York Women's League for Animals. During the intermission Miss Elsie Janis auctioned off a souvenir program and, due to her charm and persuasiveness, \$3.50 was added to the proceeds of the afternoon.

The cast included Mmes. Jeriza Howard, Guildford and Anthony and Messrs. Danise, Tokatyan, Ananian and Picco. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted.

A third performance of "Die Toten Augen," presented for the first time last week by the Wagnerian Opera Company, took place last night at the Manhattan. The cast includes Mmes. Gentner-Fischer, Fleischer, Metzger and Moericke, and Messrs. Lattermann, Hutt, Weil and Ritter. Mr. Moericke conducted.

Last night at Carnegie Hall Walter

Damrosch gave his final lecture recital at the piano on the three periods of Beethoven. The subject was the Ninth Symphony, with the finale on Schiller's "Ode to Joy." The lecture was heard by a large audience, both in the hall and at fireside radio stations.

PRINCE CAETANI, the Italian Ambassador, heads a committee of prominent European and American society women who will patronize a song recital given by Donna Ortensia. The recital will be held this afternoon at the Aeolian Hall.

Any activity on the part of Donna Ortensia arouses a great deal of interest in many social spheres, as she has royal connections in more than one country. She is an excellent singer, and her unforgettable war record serves to add to the attention that awaits her wherever she goes.

Born in Rome thirty years ago, of a Roumanian mother of royal ancestry and an Italian father who was the late Duc de Mignano, she spent her early life in court and diplomatic circles.

Gifted with a beautiful voice she gave up her social activities for a period of study in Paris. There she attracted the notice of Delle Sedla and Jean de Rezske, who became her masters. And as a final test of the merit of her voice, Donna Ortensia made a successful debut in Bologna, which is known as the most critical art centre in the world. From there on, she visited all the great European cities, and in each, because of her family connections, her voice and her charms, she became an instant favorite.

When the war came she gave up all this to devote her entire time to the entertainment of the Roumanian soldiers in the

trenches. Day after day, for hours at a time, she would sing to them that they might forget the troubles that were besetting them.

Donna Ortensia came to this country in November to stay until March, during which time she will give benefit recitals for Roumanian charities. She has sung at the Italian Legation in Washington. Her first recital here was given in the home of Mrs. Whitney Warren, at which the Italian Ambassador was present. Donna Ortensia will be widely entertained by society this Winter.

The programme follows:

Affanuel del Pensier.....Handel
La Superbetta.....Scuriatti
Ese Un Glorno.....Respighi
Piossia.....Nebbia.

Claire de Lune.....Debussy
Fancies.....Poulenc

Litanie.....Schubert
Ich Kann's Nicht.....Schumann
Traum Durch di Dämmerung.....Strauss

Since I Flirt.....Old English Song
Two Roumanian Folk Songs.
Two Neapolitan Folk Songs.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Farrar's Concert.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, absent from the local stage long enough to make all her admirers hungry for the sight of her, gave a concert last evening in Town Hall. She had the assistance of Joseph Malkin, cellist, and Claude Gottelf-Gonviere, pianist. The audience entirely filled the hall and many persons who tried to gain admission had to be told the sad news that the house was literally sold out and that the misguided architect had made no provision for "standees." The once famous band of Gerryflappers invaded the hall in full force, and their cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold, for in honor of the return of their idol they had donned the very gladdest of their "glad rags," bestarred themselves with jewels and burdened themselves with whole gardens of flowers.

They and the rest of the audience politely listened to Mr. Malkin's introductory solo and then sat up rigidly in their seats as the door at the side of the stage opened and Miss Farrar strode out. She was a gorgeous vision in white satin and fairly radiated jewels. She was made up rather *Cio-Cip-San* fashion as to cheeks, lips and raven locks, but her smile was the familiar smile, and the audience rose to its feet to greet her, despite the fact that she had never been a prime minister and had been often absent from peace tables. The welcoming applause lasted three minutes and was backed by cheers and cries of "Bravo."

After that Miss Farrar was permitted to sing. She gave three groups of songs, one German, one French, one Slavonic, with cello playing in the intervals. The German lyrics were delivered in English. But the music made "Auftraege," "Der Nussbaum" and Strauss's "Serenade" quite recognizable. Miss Farrar sang carefully, and it was delightful to observe how charmingly her voice met the demands of the hall. It was altogether a very pleasant evening for Miss Farrar admirers, but there was nothing in her delivery calling for extended comment. It was very pretty singing, but the lovely soprano was more effective in opera.

By Deems Taylor

GERALDINE FARRAR.

The ushers in Town Hall last night were spent and breathless with the task of handling the crowd that flocked to hear Geraldine Farrar make her first New York appearance since she sang at the Metropolitan for the last time, a year ago last April. Every seat was filled and a crowd of disappointed aspirants lurked hungrily in the lobby until nearly 9.30. When Miss Farrar finally appeared on the platform, resplendent in cloth of silver and carrying an ell of black or-

trich fan, her entire audience—a good 80 per cent. of it feminine—jumped to its feet and gave an excellent two minute imitation of the rebel yell.

This was not, technically, the beginning of the recital, for Joseph Malkin, former first cellist of the Boston Orchestra, her assisting artist, had the thankless honor of opening the program. He played three times, all told, his numbers being designated, simply and frankly, "Solo for cello," "Solo for cello (unaccompanied)," and "Solo for cello." Miss Farrar's section was equally non-committal, for her three groups were announced merely as "Songs from the German," "Songs from the French" and "Songs from the Slavonic." The first and last were sung in English, the second in its original tongue.

Among her songs were Strauss's "Ständchen," Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," Hahn's "Si Mes Vers," Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Gretchaninoff's "The Wounded Birch" and "Snowdrops," and Rachmaninoff's "Lilacs." At the end of the recital the audience refused to leave until, after nearly three minutes of steady applauding Miss Farrar appeared wearing a huge Spanish comb and a white veil and sang the "Habenera" from "Carmen." After that there was more applause, and Miss Farrar reappeared twice to bow her acknowledgments.

The listener, being occupied primarily with the musical aspect of the occasion, must in honesty confess that he could discover no aesthetic reason for the excitement manifested. To him, Miss Farrar's voice sounded worn and small in volume, reedy on its top notes and at times almost toneless in its middle and lower registers. She made no apparent attempt to color her tones or to suit the character of her singing to whatever song she was interpreting. Her English diction was so nearly unintelligible that it was some time before one discovered that she was not singing her first group in German. She was, however, generous to a fault with varied facial expressions, coups d'oeil, and half gestures, and these her audience received with undeniable evidences of satisfaction.

The Philharmonic played under Henry Hadley at the Metropolitan Opera House last night to an unusually large audience, many of whom, judging by the applause, had been lured thither to hear Harold Bauer play Brahms's second piano concerto—which Mr. Bauer did with masterly breadth and poetic beauty. The purely orchestral numbers on the program included the third "Leonore" overture, the "Tristan" double bill, and Liszt's "Les Preludes." A novelty was Carl McKinley's tone-poem, "The Blue Flower," a competently scored, well structured work whose thematic material, unpretentious and frankly melodious, was handled as eloquently as its substance would permit.

OTHER MUSIC.

In its preliminary announcements, the concert of Donna Ortensia had assumed such an international character that one rather expected to find Italian and American flags entwined above the stage of Aeolian Hall yesterday. These were lacking, but the atmosphere of the entente cordiale remained. Donna Ortensia is also the Duchesse di Mignano; she was first presented to America by Mrs. Whitney Warren; her concert yesterday was under the patronage of Prince Caetani, the Italian Ambassador. Naturally this aspect of hands across the sea was apparent in the audience's greeting of the young singer, which was intimate as well as enthusiastic. Her songs were from Handel, Debussy, Schumann and Scarlatti and from old English, Roumanian and Neapolitan folk music. She sang them all in a warm and sympathetic soprano, and if she met their various demands with only one mood, it must be added that the mood was particularly appealing. There were bravos, roses, much applause and many encores.

More flowers and more friendly enthusiasm filled the same hall at night when Helma Mentha gave a

cularly spirited and ingratiating recital. The flowers were, for most part, scarlet carnations, and serve perfectly to characterize evening. For Miss Menth has a lively vivid and energetic style; dashed into the Schumann "Hingsschwank" as Nazimova to dash into her early Russian and made of it a glowing and arous carnival. Thé "Sara" and "Toccatta" of Debussy, threaded together with brightness fantasy. She ended her program a group by Godowsky, and "Alt Wien" with a bow to composer who had sat all evening patently on the entire am. A. S.

DONNA ORTENSIA'S DEBUT.

Italian Singer Applauded In Program of Contrasts.

Her debut song recital by Donna Ortensia, as a titled Italian singer, as to be known here, given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, attracted a representative audience. The singer's personality and a voice of great beauty, particularly in the lower registers, gave her a great advantage. Her program was remarkable for its contrasts, the most applauded numbers being a group by Respighi and another, words from the Chinese classics by Mignac. From Schubert, Schumann and Strauss it was a far cry to the Italian folk song, but each according to kind received a satisfactory treat-

Bauer and Philharmonic.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Brahms piano concerto in B flat, Arnold Bauer as soloist, Beethoven's overture No. 3; the Pre-Ludwig bested from "Tristan and Isolde"; Carl McKinley's tone poem, "The Blue Flower" (first performance); Liszt's "Les Preludes" made the main of the concert given by the Philharmonic Society, Henry Hadley, soloist, last night in the Metropolitan Opera House. The immense auditorium is not filled to hear any more than the eye-deceivingly sensitive acoustics—by an opera orchestra work of less than great dimensions. Even Beethoven's overture, with its overwhelming dramatic spirit, is to a listener accustomed to symphonic music in smaller places a little too much. And yet under the same circumstances, the Brahms concerto loomed as rugged and beautiful than ever. Of the cause of this lay no doubt in Bauer's unsurpassed reading of music. We know of no pianist before the public who responds to every nuance of the composition, and meets its technical demands as he does. Mr. Bauer was excellently aided by Mr. Hadley and by Leo Kiley in the cello solo of the slow movement. A performance in itself remarkable, but actually heightened in significance because set in a frame of such high quality. McKinley's tone poem, "The Blue Flower," won a second prize in the Flagship competition of 1921. It was suggested by Dr. Van Dyke's book of the same name. A young boy who has lost his father's grave sleeps, and visions, pursues the Blue Flower of his dream. He knows adventure, passion, struggle and want. At last from the petals of the Blue Flower a beautiful face smiles upon him, and he is in the morning sunlight. Mr. Kiley conceived this composition in 1910 when he was 20 years old. His music is melodic and direct, though rarely not handled to the best advantage in development, and pruning to benefit the composition. The large audience listened enthusiastically to this concert, recalled Mr. Bauer, and recognized Mr. Schultz for his playing in the performance of the concert.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"L'Amore Dei Tre Re," opera in three acts by Italo Montemezzi, book by Sem Sempino in Italian, Roberto Moranzoni lyrics. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

Adamo Adamo Didur
Millo Picco Millo Picco
Beniamino Beniamino Gigli
Angelo Bada Angelo Bada
Giordano Paltrinieri Giordano Paltrinieri
Lucrezia Bori Lucrezia Bori
Phradia Wells Phradia Wells
Grace Anthony Grace Anthony
Henriette Wakefield Henriette Wakefield
Merle Alcock Merle Alcock

Maestro Montemezzi: This is an important anniversary in the calendar of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Ten years ago this week, your great opera, "L'Amore Dei Tre Re," received its first production in this house. It is received with immediate appro-

bation and acclaim and has since held an honorable place in our annual repertoire. The performance this evening is the fortieth in this house. The dramatic power of this story of love and death that you have told with such appealing beauty and dramatic power still holds Metropolitan audiences under its spell. You have earned high rank on the roll of honor of the great masters of opera. And now, sir, the Board of Directors, and the management, and Mr. Gatti Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company ask you to accept this silver wreath as evidence of our recognition of your magnificent contribution to operatic art, and as a token of our gratitude and esteem for you as an artist and as a man."

So saying, Paul Cravath of the Metropolitan directorate, standing before the curtain after the second act of last night's "L'Amore Dei Tre Re," turned to Italo Montemezzi and gave him a large silver wreath mounted on a purple velvet plaque. The audience applauded and some of it cheered. Even the orchestra players, most of them, gave up part of their entrance rest period to stand and applaud the composer of one of the twentieth century's lyric masterpieces. Mr. Montemezzi, spare, gray haired and smiling, made the best possible reply he could have made. He took the wreath and bowed low in silence.

Altogether a memorable occasion. It would have been even more memorable if the performance had been superlatively good. Unfortunately the Metropolitan Opera Company could not render Mr. Montemezzi this service, because it could not provide the proper cast.

Miss Bori, of course, is excepted. She was in good voice and gave a graceful and appealing performance, one that more nearly recalled her incomparable Flora of former seasons than anything she has done recently. Mr. Didur, too, although his voice is not what it was, made Archibaldo a tragic and powerful figure. This, and Klingsor, are the two best roles he plays, and in them he always maintains an impressive standard of excellence.

But there are three Kings in Montemezzi's opera, and all three of them must be nearly perfectly played if his artistic aims are not to be defeated.

They were not so played last night. Mr. Gigli sang ravishly and acted with obvious sincerity, but he lacked both the romantic charm and tragic intensity that Avito must possess. Mr. Picco's appearance in the role of Manfred can be explained only by the fact that he once made an emergency debut at the Metropolitan in the part. His voice lacked expressiveness and power, and his acting was too much of the "Lucia" school to carry much conviction.

The orchestra sounded coarse upon occasion, but was generally good. Mr. Moranzoni's conducting was not inspired, although he acquitted himself creditably.

Incidentally, it is interesting to record that, despite the Metropolitan's sterling evidences of regard, "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" was performed exactly once last season and had its initial performance of this season only last night. If the Metropolitan forces think so highly of Mr. Montemezzi's masterwork, why don't they give it more and better performances?

OTHER MUSIC.

Eily Ney, trailing clouds of opalescent chiffon on a shadowy and austere stage, gave the third concert of her series in Aeolian Hall last night. As her programs go, it was an extraordinarily simple one. Those who came prepared for the "all-Brahms" announcement, which recently confronted them, were met by a series of casual fragments, snatches from Mendelssohn and Debussy, a "Poeme" of Scriabine, the "Mephisto Waltz" of Liszt. In the two novelties there was a bow to the two conductors, who composed them; a "Theme Varié," by Gabriellotti, and a soft, meandering "Barcarolle," by Mengelberg. Miss Ney played them with all the persuasive charm of an occasional, tender mood; the notes were velvet under her fingers, the pianissimo was a whisper. It was a piquant departure and obviously a welcome one. She

ended with the Beethoven "Andante Favori" and the Sonata Op. 57, 1st minor, which again showed the power and breadth of her technique, but which was not always as "appassionata" as its markings might indicate.

There was another piano recital across the street in Town Hall. Leon Sampaix, late of Paris and now of Ithaca, gave a pleasantly balanced program of Tchaikowsky, Chopin and Liszt. Ithaca may or may not presuppose Cornell, in any case Mr. Sampaix's style was quite agreeably academic, of clear tone and deft, decisive rhythm. A. S.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Montemezzi Honored.

Italo Montemezzi's opera, "L'Amore dei Tre Re," was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening in honor of the composer, who, accompanied by his wife, sat in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's box with Mme. Alda, Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack and Capt. and Mrs. Ernest A. Ingram (formerly Mrs. Enrico Caruso). The house was packed, and after the first act there were many recalls for the principal artists—Miss Bori, Mr. Gigli, Mr. Picco, Mr. Didur and Mr. Bada. But the composer did not make his appearance at this time.

The prepared celebration took place after the intensely dramatic ending of the second act, when the audience was wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Before the act the national anthems of the United States and Italy were played.

When the demonstrations after the act had lasted for many minutes, Paul D. Cravath, acting as spokesman for the Metropolitan directorate, appeared with Mr. Montemezzi, whereupon the demonstrations were renewed. Mr. Cravath presented to the composer a silver wreath, and addressed him thus:

"This is an important anniversary in the calendar of the Metropolitan. Ten years ago your great opera "L'Amore dei tre Re" received its first production in this house. It won instantaneous recognition and success and has since held an honorable place in our annual repertoire. The performance this evening is the fortieth in this house.

"The tragic story of love and death that you have told with such charm and eloquence still holds the Metropolitan audiences under its spell. You have earned high rank among the great masters of opera upon our roll of honor. The directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company ask you to accept this silver wreath as evidence of our recognition of your brilliant achievements and as a token of our gratitude and esteem."

Mr. Montemezzi merely bowed and the celebration was at an end. The inscription on the wreath reads: "To Italo Montemezzi, a token of homage and admiration from the board of directors and management of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Jan. 9."

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" was first performed at the Metropolitan on January 14, 1914. It was then a really new opera, scarcely a year old and not widely known even in Italy. Its success here was instantaneous. It was acclaimed by press and public, and while it never was regarded as a sensation, its artistic depth and breadth gave it a firm hold on general favor. That it has retained its place in the repertory for ten years is sufficient proof of the estimation in which it is held. Numerous other works have come and gone in that time, some of them received with louder and longer plaudits than those bestowed on this at its first hearing.

Of the original cast three were concerned in last evening's celebration, namely, Miss Bori as Flora, Mr. Didur as Archibaldo, and Mr. Bada as Flamingo, the companion of the blind king. It seemed hardly credible that ten years had passed over the lovely head of the prima donna. She has kept her beauty for she is still in the bloom of her young womanhood and the quality of her voice has gained in richness and emotional power. Nor have the years aged either of the men mentioned.

The opera, "L'Amore dei Tre Re,"

remains a tragedy of simply directness, eloquence and musical beauty. Montemezzi's setting of the fine tragedy of Sem Benelli shone forth again last evening as one of the most admirable achievements in Italian operatic composition in the last quarter of a century. So long as the work can be presented with the conviction brought to it by the artists engaged in it last night it will keep its place among the treasures of the opera house.

In addition to the principals already mentioned, Milo Picco sang *Manfredo*, in which role he made his debut at the Metropolitan, and Mrs. Merle Alcock as a shepherd. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Miss Hill Transcribes Bach For State Symphony Use

Friedman Plays Chopin Concerto in Brilliant Style and Orchestra Shows Progress

A local composer, Mabel Wood Hill, figured in yesterday afternoon's concert of the State Symphony Orchestra as the transcriber of two Bach preludes and five-voiced fugues from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord" to the orchestral string choir. These were Nos. 4 and 22, from Book I, which, thus translated, opened Mr. Stransky's program.

The composer has wrought her transcription skilfully and carefully, preserving to a large degree the original flavor of the numbers, without any extraneous touches from the twentieth century. The result was full and rich, although sometimes it seemed that the higher strings had undue predominance over the rest, or that the orchestral medium had a certain thickness, unlike the clarity of the original form.

Ignaz Friedman, making his first appearance of the season here with an orchestra, was the soloist in Chopin's E minor concerto—not the greatest of piano concertos, but one which holds its deserved place on the active list. Mr. Friedman played brilliantly, but this was not the only feature of his playing; it was clear-cut, but also smooth and carefully shaded, while the characteristic Friedman élan was marked in passages such as the opening of the last movement.

The Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony ended a program which showed that the State Symphony has made much progress since its first appearance. It seemed a thoroughly fused, well balanced orchestra yesterday, with a full, smooth tone which reflected credit on Mr. Stransky's powers of organization and training. Although not full, Carnegie Hall held an audience considerably larger than that of a week before.

BANKS GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Finest in Its 45 Years' History Conducted by Bruno Huhn.

Some of Wall Street's more famous patrons of art and music were congratulating the veterans of the Banks Glee Club yesterday on reports of the finest concert in its forty-five years' history, given at Carnegie Hall the night before. The club represented many financial institutions whose silent workers turn for recreation to social evenings of song. From the glees of former years, the trend now is toward ambitious music, in line with similar efforts in American colleges. New voices were heard and new members seen on Wednesday in the chorus conducted by Bruno Huhn.

The young bankers sang classics from Rossini to Cesar Cui, with American songs by Victor Herbert, Victor Harris, Dudley Buck and Stephen Foster. Miss Devora Nadworney assisted in contralto airs and Roderick White in violin solos, including his own "Spanish Serenade."

By Deems Taylor

NEW YORK STRING QUARTET.

Paul Hindemith is a young Schoenberg pupil whose second string quartet, in C major, was played with great success at the modern music festival in Salzburg last summer. It had its first American hearing at the Berkshire Festival in Pittsfield, Mass., early last fall, and was the hit of the occasion. Last night in Aeolian Hall the New York String Quartet, playing their second concert of the season, gave the local chamber music enthusiasts a chance to hear the much-admired novelty for themselves.

It is a work in which there is a good deal to admire. Hindemith's most striking attribute, the one that

distinguishes him from a host of his contemporaries, seems to be a feeling for structure. His music "arises." Its thematic material once stated, it takes on form and substance, giving the illusion of moving of its own volition without—as in so much modern music—being incessantly prodded from the rear by its anxious creator. It has beginning, and middle, and end; and the end is a conclusion, not simply a running-down.

Its form seems to be almost exclusively contrapuntal, the four strings discoursing melodic passages that are combined with a more or less complete detachment from harmonic rules. The result is dissonance, frequent and often far from mild, but it satisfies one's sense of musical logic and seems to result rather from the melodic exigencies of the moment than from any deliberate experiments with chord formation.

There are three movements: an introductory allegro of ferocity and sustained energy, a slow movement that maintains a mood of dark brooding a little too long, and a concluding scherzo—the least successful of the three—that is convulsive rather than piquant. The string writing is solid and effective, and the four players did it full justice, performing with fine vigor, sonority and—where it was wanted—beauty of tone. They continued their good playing in Eugene Goossens's sophisticated "Two Sketches" and one of the earlier Beethoven quartets, No. 6 of Opus 13, in B flat.

OTHER MUSIC.

After the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies had been conducted with due deference and authority yesterday, Walter Damrosch paused to explain Beethoven's little joke on the neighbors. It took the form of two canons for three voices: the "Abbe Stadler" and a second with the irresistible title "I pray thee write down the scale in E flat." As Wagner amused himself with his critics in "Die Meistersingers," so Mr. Damrosch explained, Beethoven dashed off these quaint measures with sly digs at his professional detractors—a subtle method which the musician has of paying off old scores and which is denied the more obvious painter or writer. Dusolina Giannini, Jeanette Vreeland and Mabel Ritch were the "three voices" singing this satire; they gave it at top volume, which at times seemed to drive the joke home rather loudly. If their interpretation was emphatic, it was, however, also well within the limits of classical humor and delighted the devout and reverent audience of the Beethoven cycle.

The martial aspirations of Clarchen from the "Egmont" music were also sung with warmth and sympathy by Miss Giannini.

At Town Hall in the evening, Socrate Barozzi, a young Roumanian violinist, gave his second concert in New York. In his native land, so the legend runs, he held the vague but agreeable post of "court artist," and enjoyed the favor of an impressive list of royalty. In spite of this reassuring practice of playing before crowned heads, Mr. Barozzi seemed excessively nervous with his first number, which was the Handel D major Sonata. It was flatted almost beyond recognition. Obviously this was entirely due to fright, for his tone improved as the program progressed and his later numbers—a group of Chopin and Wieniawsky—were true and assured.

Willem van Hoogstraten plunged into the "drowsy ecstasies" of Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" with a spirit which might go far toward encouraging more modern music on the Philharmonic programs. This smouldering series has been done before in Carnegie Hall, but never with more subtle feeling for its undertones, at once provocative and melancholy. Particularly was this true in "The Fair," where Ravel "empties his box of paints." Mr. van Hoogstraten recaptured all the colors.

A. S.

Dusolina Giannini.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Walter Damrosch continued his yoman service for Beethoven at the concert of his Beethoven cycle given by the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He conducted performances of the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies, of the overture and music for Clarchen's Death from the score of Egmont. The soloist was Dusolina Giannini, a young singer with an exceptionally fine voice, who sang the two songs of Clarchen, "Die Trommel Gerührt" and "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" from the same score which Beethoven wrote for Goethe's drama. The postlude of the concert consisted of two amusing canons, the one to the Abbe Stadler, the other of a round for three voices to this text: "I beg thee, write down the scale of E flat!"

Two symphonies—and the Sixth, or "Pastoral," is such a long symphony!—did not seem to dismay Mr. Damrosch's audience. It not only listened but applauded all of the nine movements. There was opportunity of considering the curious contrast between these two symphonies—the Sixth a groping in the direction of modern orchestral impressionism, the Seventh as truly a piece of "absolute" music as music may be. Yet Wagner called the Seventh Symphony "the apotheosis of the dance," and as if that were not enough half a hundred other musicians had other interpretations for it. It is a heavenly symphony, and that is enough for us of the day. Mr. Damrosch in reading it again showed that he had his own ideas of tempo, not always indicated in the score.

Miss Giannini's voice is of unusual freshness, beauty and timbre. It has a soprano, but it has a roundness, a richness of color usually inhering in voices of lower range. Whether she is at her best in music of Beethoven is another matter. She is still a very young woman. Maturity and individuality of style do not come even from a voice, talent and study. They arrive at last as a result of life. Miss Giannini's vocal gifts, her youthful exuberance and the excellent start she has made should carry her far.

The two canons were amusing and must be counted in with the odds and ends of Beethoven's scrapbook, as one might call them, which Mr. Damrosch has provided in his Beethoven cycle and which have often leavened the weight of long and substantial programs.

The Philharmonic Plays.

The Philharmonic Society, W. Van Hoogstraten conductor, played Brahms's 4th Symphony, Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" and Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" last night in Carnegie Hall. The program was of uncommon interest, the performances were brilliant, showing Mr. Van Hoogstraten's understanding of compositions of strongly contrasted periods and schools.

He read Brahms's symphony, one of the most beautiful pieces of pure music in the symphonic repertory, and a work which may survive all of Brahms's other compositions in this form, with the utmost care for the composer's meaning, and at the same time with an enthusiasm contagious to his audience. In certain places he erred, perhaps, in the direction of over-solicitude for detail, which as in the slow movement, detracted from continuity. But the reading as a whole was notable for its musicianship and its glowing sincerity.

An excellent foil to this was the Rhapsody of Ravel, inspired by Spain. There is no piece of music like it. Bizet's Spain, the Spain of Chabrier, witliest of Gauguin, who heard and saw the dancers, spun one of his liveliest jests about it; the poetic Spain of Debussy, the pictorial Spain of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the haunted land of Laparra—what Spain actually who shall tell? But in Ravel's music there is a grim and fantastic quality, a blackness of shadow, a flaring of light, a brutality and a dark melancholy that has not found its way into other scores. His orchestra is astonishing, even in these days of orchestral wonders, even in the light of other compositions by Ravel.

From the standpoint of sensuous beauty the "Prelude to the Night," with its whispering winds and the strange gibbering cadenzas of wind instruments is the most ingratiating. Thereafter is the rollicking Malaguena, a thing now of rude and inelegant jest and now a dance with knives drawn; the Habanera, very said, capricious, fatalistic and the hurly-burly of the Fair. There, too, Ravel's instinct of form saves him, for there is an interlude, a dialogue, melancholy, foreboding, before it is swallowed up by the crackling tumult of the conclusion. Is this music at all? It is a painting, in the manner of the tachiste done with spots and patches and blotches of color, these colors so arranged that without life there is nevertheless the sense of form, and the strongest possible filip to the imagination. This composition is not an easy task for the conductor, but Mr. Van Hoogstraten met it more than adequately, and the applause which greeted him and his orchestra at the end was fully deserved. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" after Ravel, was a joke rather and poor. There was a large and cordial audience.

At the Metropolitan.

"Feodora" was given last night at the Metropolitan with the cast which has made the revival one of the pronounced successes of the season. Mme. Jeritza appeared in the title role, Mr. Martinelli as Count Loris, Mr. Scotti, with reverberations from the recent gala still echoing in the house, as De Sirix, and Mme. Mario as Countess Olga.

Others in the cast included Mme. Dalossy and Messrs. Paltrinieri, Bada, Picchi, D'Angel Picco, Ananian, Sebesyen and Audisio. Mr. Papi conducted.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Marion Rous, a pianist from Baltimore, delivered in Aeolian Hall last evening an illustrated lecture, which she called "What Next in Music? An Anatomy of Modernism." She talked entertainingly as well as instructively and played with good technique and a very delicate sense of tone. She invited consideration of the fact that powerful agencies in the progress of man and art were the pineal and pituitary glands, thus achieving the glory of connecting music with endocrinology and that, too, without perceptible aid from Steinach, Kammerer, or Veronoff. Her prophet seemed to be Cyril Scott, and her book of the law his "Philosophy of Modernism."

She declared that the fundamentalists (as she quite properly called the old fogies) made a fatal mistake when they admitted the use of the whole tone scale. The establishment of this scale she apparently attributed to Schoenberg, not to Moussorgsky or Debussy. She explained to her audience what would happen to a piano if the scientific scale were substituted for Bach's well tempered arrangement and subsequently made a pleasant excursion into the realm of harmony, exalting Arnold Schoenberg as the master who had taught us that any two tones might be sounded simultaneously. In the modernistic music, she said, "all tones are free and equal."

In short, Miss Rous marched over the ground usually covered in the explanations of modernism in music and neatly punctuated her address with touches of humor. She neglected to inform her hearers that the pituitary gland governs physical periodicity, for periodicity is something which the genuine modernistic composer abhors. However, she told many other things worth hearing, but hardly suited to enshrinement in black type in the cold gray dawn of the morning after. Her plea in the main was the typical one of the modernist, namely, that progress can be made only by abandoning the old rules of form and especially by striking off the fetters of what is called "tonality."

Miss Rous prefaced her printed program of illustrations by playing Selim Palmgren's "Isle of Shadows" as a starting point. Some of her other illustrations, such as Leo Ornstein's "Cathedral" and Bela Bartok's "Bear Dance," proved that at times the modernists forgot their own theories and indulged in rhythmic and thematic periodicity as well as common chords. But these practices are not habitual.

Schoenberg represented the Teutonic section, Malipiero the Italian, Auric, Honegger, Milhaud and Poulenc the Parisian "Group of Six," Scriabin, Stravinsky and Prokofieff the Russians, and Goossens, Lord Berners, Scott and Percy Grainger the British. It was plainly an interesting evening to a large audience.

Biltmore Musicales.

The fifth in the series of Biltmore morning musicales took place yesterday morning in the ballroom of the hotel. The artists who appeared are Frieda Hempel, soprano; Alberto Salvi, harpist, and Frederick Gunster, tenor. The program opened with songs of Grieg and Rubenstein, sung by Mr. Gunster. The second group comprised compositions for the harp by Salvi and Debussy played by Mr. Salvi.

Miss Hempel sang Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Die Forelle" and Taubert's "Bird Song," which was composed for Jenny Lind and sung by her for the first time in 1850.

The generous program closed with an arrangement for voice of the Strauss "Blue Danube," sung by Miss Hempel.

Chaliapin Sings in 'Boris,' Fleta Heard in 'Carmen'

There was a special matinee of "Boris Godunoff," with Feodor Chaliapin in the title role, at the Metropolitan yesterday. Little remains to be said of Mr. Chaliapin's work in this role. It is sufficient to record that its power, conviction and dramatic intensity again dominated the performance and aroused the enthusiasm of a large house. It was the Russian basso's last appearance at the Metropolitan until March.

Mr. Chamlee sang well as Dimitri, and others in the cast included Miss Delaunais as Teodoro, Miss Dalossy as the daughter Xenia and Mme. Perini as the nurse. Mr. Paltrinieri contributed an excellent bit as the baited simpleton. Mr. Papi conducted.

Last night Miguel Fleta, the new Spanish tenor, made his last appearance of the season as Don Jose in "Carmen." The house was packed and many of the singer's fellow countrymen were present. He was in good voice, acted with vigor and conviction and won an ovation after the Flower Song.

Mme. Easton gave her usual artistic conception of the fiery heroine, and Miss Nina Morgana as Micaela, Miss Marie Tiffany as Frasquita and Mr. Mardones as Escamillo made important contributions to the performance. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

MAYER-PATTISON

By HENRY T. FINCH

Different from other recitals—and we want things to be different, don't we, in the monotonous music world?—are these given by Guy Mayer and Lee Pattison. Both of these gentlemen are excellent pianists, not the least afraid of difficulties; each has his own instrument and they play together with an ensemble that could not be surpassed; not as Rosenthal and Joseffy once did, playing the same notes simultaneously, but different parts. In Town Hall on Saturday afternoon they played compositions ranging from Mozart to Ravel. It was a Mozart sonata this writer heard and it was admirably played. Why not some day try a Mozart sonata with Grieg's additions on a second piano? See "Grieg and His Works" and Newman's Musical Motley on this topic.

An all-Chopin program was offered in Aeolian Hall by Carl Friedberg. It is needless to say it included the B minor sonata.

In Carnegie Hall the Hungarian pianist, no longer Erno but again Ernest von Dohnanyi, gave a Saturday recital which gave pleasure to a good sized audience. Brahms and Beethoven, for whom his style is best suited, were represented, as also were Chopin, Liszt and Debussy.

SATURDAY.
"ERNANI," Metropolitan, matinee.
Papi conducting.
"LA JUIVE," Manhattan at 1.30. Fischer, Flescher, Ritter, Eck, Samper, Braun and others. Knoch conducting.
CONCERT FOR MUSICAL WORLD, Joseph Schwartz, Lily Ney, Bronislaw Huberman and Ida Bourskaya assisting.
"DIE WALKUERE," Manhattan at 7.30. Perard, Metzger, Appel, Knoch, Eck, Moerleke conducting.
"DIE WALKUERE," Metropolitan at 7.45. Matzenauer, Rethberg, Bodanzky conducting.
Gordon, Laubenthal, Whitehill, Bender.

See p. 52
for
Dohnanyi
+
Mein +
Pattison

Lawrence Gilman

Seventeenth-Century Masterpiece: Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" Given by the Friends of Music

One day toward the end of the seventeenth century, when Oliver Cromwell had been safely dead for a generation, and Johann Sebastian Bach a little boy of four, and the English and Indians were fighting the first colonialists in America, Mr. Henry Purcell, Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty the King of England, wrote the final touches to his opera "Dido and Æneas," snuffed his candle and went unconcernedly to bed, unaware that he had composed one of the masterpieces of the world's music. Yesterday afternoon, at the Town Hall, the Society of the Friends of Music gave Purcell's opera in concert, edited and reorchestrated by Mr. Bodanzky, who conducted the performance. Five singers from the Metropolitan Opera House—Mmes. M. Matzenauer and Hunter and Messrs. Meader and Gustafson—sang the solo parts, assisted by the chorus of the Society, the Metropolitan Opera and Mr. Paul Eisler, who played on a twentieth century simulation of Purcell's harpsichord.

"Dido and Æneas" is a work of unquestionable historical importance and of the greatest intrinsic value and interest as music, and the Society performed a genuine service by introducing it to many concert-goers who probably not familiar with it before yesterday.

Purcell's opera, though it is more than two hundred years old, is very far from being one of those dusty tonal relics which are sometimes piously dug out from the tombs of the past and galvanized by worthy but misguided musical neophiles into a contemporary semblance of animation. "Dido and Æneas" is very much alive. It has been given frequently in England both as an opera and in concert—the most recent production as a piece, we believe, was at the Festival in April, 1921.

Purcell wrote the work for performance by the young gentlewomen of Mr. John Priest's boarding school at Chelsea, to a text by the famous Nathaniel Tate, who based his libretto on Virgil's "Æneid." Mr. John Priest's boarding school cannot offer a very spacious concert hall and it is easy to see why Purcell wrote his score for a little chamber orchestra of two violins, viola, bass, harpsichord, as accompaniment to solo and choral parts which Mr. Priest's young gentlewomen were to sing. It is not unlikely that Purcell himself presided at the harpsichord to play the filling-in and elaboration of the accompaniment; and there is one delicious piece of doggerel written by Tom d'Urfey which was regarded as an epilogue to the opera by the pupils at the school, Lady Mary Burke, daughter of the eighth Earl of Clanricarde; from which the poet Cummings concluded happily that "Mr. Priest's young women are of the aristocratic class."

The date of the little affair at Mr. Priest's school is highly important, for the reason that when Purcell so casually turned out this score he achieved what historians have generally agreed was the first English opera—and, it might add, the last. It was long supposed that "Dido and Æneas" was a work of Purcell's youth—of his seven or eight, or at most, of his twenty-second year. But the researches of modern scholars have pretty well established the fact that the opera dates from about 1675 or 1677 or 1680, and has long been thought—and that it is therefore a product of Purcell's maturity; for he was born in 1658 or 1659 and died November 21, 1695, in his thirty-seventh year. Like Mozart and Schubert, he was one of those unfortunates beloved of the gods.

"Dido and Æneas" remained in manuscript for a century and a half, when the score (the complete libretto had not then come to light) was published in 1841 by the Musical Antiquarian Society. A vocal score with text appeared in 1870, but it was not until 1913 that the excellent and indispensable Purcell Society issued the work in full score, "as left by the composer," edited, with a preface, by Dr. William H. Cummings.

"Dido and Æneas" is a complete and valuable opera, without spoken dialogue. There are recitatives, airs, duets, choruses, descriptive instrumental movements. Purcell had no

predecessors in England, and seems to have had no models to work upon. Lully in France had ended his career before Purcell wrote "Dido," and opera was flourishing in Italy; but none of Purcell's English predecessors—Laves, Lanier, Locke and Banister, had attempted the composition of a complete opera, and only one of his contemporaries may have followed the model given in "Dido and Æneas." This was Lewis Grahb (or Louis Grabu), an Anglicized Frenchman, who set Dryden's "Albion and Alhanius" as an opera, with recitatives instead of spoken dialogue. "Albion and Alhanius" was performed in London in 1685 or 1687, and so it is possible that Grabu anticipated Purcell instead of following him.

Several of the many plays and masques for which Purcell wrote music—sometimes only songs, dances and "curtain tunes"—were called "operas" on the title page and were once regarded as such; but "Dido and Æneas" is his only real opera. The text is short, and is no great shakes as literature. Mr. Tate was hardly a poet of blazing genius.

Our plot has took;
The Queen's forsok . . .
is among his happier inspirations; and one of Dido's recitatives is a setting of these memorable lines:

Thus, on the fatal bank of Nile,
Weeps the deceitful crocodile.
Mr. Tate has added trimmings of his own to Virgil—a chorus of witches, and a sorceress, which gave Purcell an excuse for a captivating choir of laughing devils, and a charming "echo" chorus, "In Our Deep Vaulted Cell"—evidently performed originally by two groups of singers, one behind the scenes, which echoed the words and notes of the singers on the stage.

But the play is of no consequence. The music is the thing. Purcell's score is, in the first place, extraordinary for its dramatic life, its variety, its expressiveness, its mastery of characterization. Dido lives and moves in this score, individual and distinct; so does that poor fish Æneas, whom Dido too handsomely compares to the weeping hypocritical crocodile. And how vividly actual are Purcell's witches and sailors, heroes and courtiers! His music has pace and accent and scenic quality, and an instinctive sense of climax.

Most of the work is delightful to listen to. The rollicking tunes and dances, with the influence of English folk music strong upon them; the superb choruses; the beautiful songs, with their fervor and grace of line; the declamation—that "lyrical recitative" which is handled with such perfect art and such amazing eloquence; these things are beyond praise.

But above everything else this music takes the breath by its unbelievable modernity. Remember that when Purcell composed it Bach was a child and Debussy was not to be born for two centuries. Now turn to Page 85 of the full score (Page 64 of the Novello edition for voices and piano) and look at the chord which underlies the second syllable of the second "remember" in Dido's wonderful lament, "When I am laid in earth." This chord is identical with one of the favorite suspensions used by Debussy in "Pelléas et Mélisande" two hundred years after Purcell died. You will rub your eyes, but there it is. And you will rub them again and again as you go through or listen to the score of "Dido." Here are some further instances, equally incredible: the setting of the words, "Yet would not," in Dido's first song, "Ah! Belinda, I am Prest with Torment" (vocal score, p. 6); Æneas's "The Feeble Stroke of Destiny" (p. 16); the Sorceress's "By Fate to seek Italian ground" (p. 29); the last part of the Spirit's recitative, "Stay, Prince!" (p. 47), and the middle section of the exquisite final chorus, "With Drooping Wings."

Such things are mysteries. We doubt if Annabella, Lady Howard, quite realized the significance of the lines that she caused to be inscribed on the pillar erected by her near Purcell's grave in Westminster Abbey:
"Here lies Henry Purcell, Esqr. Who left this Life And is gone to that Blessed Place Where only his Harmony can be exceeded." As Mr. Shaw is so fond of remarking, We wonder.

Yesterday's performance was from an edition of Purcell's score recently made by Mr. Bodanzky. He has entirely reorchestrated the work to make it suit the requirements of a larger hall and a larger chorus than Purcell had in view when he confided his music to the little band of strings and harpsichord as accompaniment for Mr. Josiah Priest's young gentlewomen. Mr. Bodanzky has used an orchestra comprising strings, woodwind, brass and percussion (2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 2 oboes, English horn, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 2 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, timpani, strings and an improvised harpsichord).

There are several editions of Purcell's original score, and they differ considerably. Mr. Bodanzky appears to have made use of the edition first issued by the Musical Antiquarian Society, of London, in 1841. That edition was incomplete, and various numbers that were missing from it afterward came to light and were included in the complete and authoritative edition of the full score published by the Purcell Society, of London, in 1889. This edition contains the numbers missing from Mr. Bodanzky's version—the "Triumphing Dance," the "Echo Dance of Furies," the "Ritornelle," at the beginning of Act II, the "Witches' Dance," and the "Witches' Chorus" ("Harm's Our Delight"), and most of Æneas's beautiful recitative in reply to the spirit that conveys the command of Jove, at the end of Act II. There are other differences, not of great moment. For example, Mr. Bodanzky's version follows the edition of the Antiquarian Society in calling Dido's attendant "Anna"; she is "Belinda" in the MS. used by the Purcell Society. The harmonic structure varies at several points: as in the accompaniment of the opening words of Æneas's "Behold, upon my bended spear"—D major, according to the Purcell Society, D minor according to Mr. Bodanzky; and some of the voice parts have been altered—in Æneas's part, for example, which Mr. Meader still further varied yesterday; for he did not always sing the inervals set down in Mr. Bodanzky's published score.

Mr. Bodanzky has amplified the original score by various contrapuntal elaborations, and he has written an eleven-bar orchestral postlude after the final chorus. These, and his general treatment of the instrumental texture, are of the happiest effect. Mr. Bodanzky has performed with admirable skill, taste and aesthetic tact an extremely difficult and perilous task. In adapting Purcell's score to modern requirements he has looked at it not from the point of view of an antiquarian, a pedant, a grumbling literalist, but as a brother musician, anxious only to fulfill Purcell's intentions in the light of the changed conditions of a later century. He has felt as a poet, imaginatively sympathetic toward the purposes of a poet who was among the greatest in music. He has achieved as a craftsman—sensitive, expert, resourceful. The result is a revised masterpiece which we are convinced would have filled with happiness the soul of Henry Purcell. How he would have chuckled and rubbed his hands over that admirable minor ninth for the solo cello that Mr. Bodanzky has so cunningly, and so aptly, added to the harmony in the ninth bar of Dido's incomparable Lament! It is not in Purcell's score, but it is in his vein, and in the vein of the music; it is a stroke of genius.

The performance yesterday was a carefully prepared and an effective one. The chorus, trained by Mr. Stephen Townsend, sang with a fine quality of tone and generally with precision and finesse, and made the most of Purcell's magnificent ensembles. Mmes. Matzenauer, Miss Easton, Miss Louise Hunter and the Messrs. Meader and Gustafson sang their difficult solo parts with an intelligent comprehension of Purcell's intentions. There was a large audience, warmly enthusiastic.

The International Composers' Guild

"Our policy is the result of our belief that new beauty is as precious as old beauty, and hard to recognize; that such music should be heard as opens the ears toward the future; that all such music is not of equal merit, but that it should nevertheless be heard; and that we must listen long before sitting in judgment."

We concur. But we wish that when the directorate of the International Composers' Guild, Inc., printed those true words at the head of their program for the concert they gave last night at the Vanderbilt Theater, they had taken to heart the last clause of the sentence. We must indeed "listen long before sitting in judgment"; but if we happen to be reviewers for morning newspapers we could listen longer if the Guild (as well as its seceded brother in ultra-modernism, the League of Composers) would stop turning its concerts into Old Home Week gatherings of the Friends of Schönberg, Ruggles, Casella, Varese, Szymanowski and the rest of the echinodermatous band.

We have no deep-rooted objection to affability, except when it turns an intermission of decent brevity into a protracted recess in the middle of a long and exacting program. It may seem like a quaint notion to the gentlemen of the Guild and the League, but some members of their audiences (even the reviewers) actually come to hear the music. "What do I care," remarked an outrageous male anti-suffragist upon a classic occasion, "for the time of a hen?" "What (we can hear the directorates of the Guild and the

League remarking) do we care for the time of a reviewer?" A negligible matter, no doubt; then why invite the miscreants?

Anyway, our space to-day belongs chiefly to Henry Purcell, who was a far more daring modernist in his time than even Mr. Ruggles or Mr. Varese. So let us, perforce, be content, for the moment, with a record of the fact that the International Composers' Guild (whose concerts, we may as well confess, we would not willingly miss) played an engrossing program of ultra-modern music last night at the Vanderbilt, most of it new hereabouts. It comprised these works: A sonatine for flute and piano by Vittorio Rieti, a piece for harp and chamber orchestra by Carlos Salzedo, twelve piano etudes by Karol Szymanowski, three songs for soprano and chamber orchestra by Carl Ruggles, an octet for wind and double bass by Mr. Varese, songs by Alban Berg and Anton von Webern for soprano and piano, and five pieces for string quartet by Alfredo Casella. Miss Greta Torpadie sang the songs; Mr. E. Robert Schmitz played the piano and conducted some of the chamber music, and the French-American String Quartet, with leading players from the New York Symphony Orchestra, took part in the ensembles. There was a fairly sized audience, some members of which were indecorously diverted by the activities of the performers. They were sternly rebuked by the conductor of the moment, Mr. Schmitz.

We reserve further comment upon these proceedings for a mood of Sabbath calm.

International Composers' Guild.

By OLIN DOWNES.

One of the three rival societies of cacophony which now enliven the musical season of New York—that is to say, the International Composers' Guild, Inc.—gave the second concert of its third season last night in the Klaw Theatre. It was a lively concert, full of contrast and excitement. Some of the compositions were merely ugly and fiendishly dull. But others were extremely funny. Like the dog-faced boy, the more serious they were meant to be the more they made everybody laugh. And there was some interesting music.

The program in full, made up almost entirely of music performed for the first time, consisted of Vittorio Rieti's sonatine for flute and piano (1922); Carlos Salzedo's "Preamble et Jeux" (1923); Karol Szymanowski's twelve etudes for piano (1922); Carl Ruggles's "Vox Clamans in deserto" (1923); Edgar Varese's "Octandre" (1923); songs by Alban Berg, "Spring" and "Dead Flames" (first time in American), and "Five Pieces for String Quartet," Alfredo Casella (first time in New York). At this concert E. Robert Schmitz appeared as pianist and conductor; Mr. Casella as composer, pianist and conductor; Miss Greta Torpadie, soprano, as interpreter of the songs by Ruggles and Berg. Other instrumentalists who assisted were Gustav Tintot, Reber Johnson, Saul Sharrow and Paul Kefer of the American String Quartet; Marie Miller, harp; Rex Ilson, piano; George R. Posell, flute; Pierre Mathieu, oboe; August Duquesne, clarinet; Louis Letellier, bassoon; S. Richard, horn; Vladimir Drucklet and Franz Venezia, trumpets; M. Wockenfuss, trombone; Lucien Kirsch, cello; Delmas-Boussagnol, double bass.

The pieces of Szymanowski shone brilliantly, if only by contrast with what preceded and followed, because they were clearly thought out, expertly put down, and each piece an indivisible unit. The first six of these twelve pieces made a better impression on the writer at an initial hearing than the remainder of the group. But in any event they merit further hearings.

Then was heard the creative spirit of Mr. Ruggles clamoring in the desert. It was Miss Torpadie who expressed his anguish. A contingent of earnest supporters applauded vigorously when the composer, in the audience, arose and bowed, and the third of his songs, after Whitman's text, "This is thine hour, O Soul," was repeated. Of course none of those qualified to appear as first timers on the programs of the International Composers' Guild would dream of employing the human voice in any natural or melodic manner. That is why the singers at these concerts develop such astonishing ventriloquistic ability. It is not to their credit, but to that of the composer, that the possibility of such sounds by the human voice has now been discovered and exploited.

It may here be said that a notable contrast to the inartistic and unexpressive employment of the voice just noted was shown in the admirable recitative of Alban Berg, a disciple of Schönberg, but a man who confines himself within the physical limits of the singing voice, and who knows how to intensify the meaning of text by means of musical tone which properly clothes it. These two songs, to poems of Alfred Mombert and Stephan George, are the work of a composer with knowledge and ideals. And how admirably were these difficult songs sung by Miss Torpadie!

The climax of all that was strange and excruciatingly funny came with Mr. Varese's "Octandre." "Octandrian" is the adjective applied to a flower having eight distinct stamens. The title has no bearing on the content of the work. The music was heightened to by a few as the inner revelation. These glared resentful at an audience that rocked in uncontrollable laughter at each new stroke of comic genius that the music revealed. Such new and happy sounds! Laughter, applause, some hisses followed the three pieces of Mr. Varese. Mr. Schmitz, who

conducted them, then asked the audience if they wished the music repeated. There were hot interchanges, on some sides of "Yes," on others of "No." Mr. Schmitz then asked whether, if some wanted to hear the music again, it was not fair for the others to keep silent and let them do so. The pieces were repeated and Mr. Varese appeared on the stage and bowed with entire seriousness to the audience.

The little compositions for string quartet by Casella were played in Boston last season by the Flonzaley. They are "Prelude," "Cradle Song," "Ridiculous Waltz," "Nocturne," "Fox Trot." The "Cradle Song" is a poignant and beautiful piece of music. We say "beautiful," knowing how vague and useless a word this is for descriptive purposes. In no field is the sense of beauty so relative and unmeasured as in music. The "Nocturne," much too long, is a curious and macabre thing. The satire of the "Fox Trot" is very clever, and in that sense "amusing." The "Prelude" reminds one considerably of the first of Stravinsky's "Three Pieces" for string quartet. Casella's music, after all, is made music-made by one who is past master of his materials. It was given a very competent performance.

The performances throughout the evening were of a very high standard. The composers could well feel themselves honored by such performances. Again, granting all the absurdities of the program, there was reason to be thankful for the existence of such societies and such audiences as these, who assemble to listen, disagree and promote the cause of modern music.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE VANDERBILT:

Concert of modern music given by the International Composers' Guild, Inc. First time here, first performance anywhere; No. 6, first time in America; No. 7, first time in New York.

THE PROGRAM.

1. Sonatine for flute and piano. Vittorio Rieti (1922)
2. George R. Possel, flute, and Rex Tillson, piano.
3. Preambule et Jeux. Carlos Salzedo (1923)
4. Harp, flute, oboe, bassoon, horn and strings quintet.
5. Twelve Etudes for piano. Karol Szymanowski (1922)
6. 1. Presto. 2. Andantino Soave. 3. Vivace Assai. 4. Presto. 5. Andante Espressivo. 6. Valse. 7. Allegro Molto. 8. Lento Assai. 9. Allegro. 10. Presto. 11. Andante Soave. 12. Presto.
7. Robert Schmitz.
8. Vox Clamans in Deserto. Carl Ruggles (1923)
9. a. Parting at Morning (Browning). b. Son of Mine (Charles H. Meltzer). c. A Clear Midnight (Whitman). Greta Torpade, soprano.
10. Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Carlos Salzedo.
11. Octandrie. Edgar Varese (1923)
12. Flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone, bass. Conducted by Robt Schmitz.
13. a. Dead Flames. Anton von Webern. b. Spring. Alban Berg.
14. Greta Torpade.
15. Five Pieces for String Quartet. Alfredo Casella (1922)
16. 1. Prelude. 2. Cradle Song. 3. Ridiculous Waltz. 4. Nocturne. 5. Fox Trot.
17. The French-American String Quartet. Gustave Tinlot, Reber Johnson, Saul Sharrow, Paul Kefer.

The Guild affairs are at least introducing a pleasing element of informality into New York's concert life. Last night's audience at the Vanderbilt Theatre was so well acquainted that it had to be inducted almost forcibly into its seats by a bevy of distracted ushers, and it took advantage of a fifteen-minute intermission to go visiting up and down the aisles and engage in a series of free-for-all musical debates.

And whatever else the program may have been, it was beyond doubt debatable. It began fairly innocuously with Mr. Rieti's little piece, which provided healthful exercise for Mr. Possel and harmed nobody—although Debussy's faun may have pricked up his ears resentfully once or twice. Mr. Salzedo's work was dexterously scored, presented a variety of theatrical material that combined some charming moments with certain long-drawn-out, and ended in an ingenious ostinato. Miss Miller had a curious and difficult harp accompaniment to play and did it extremely well.

The Szymanowski piano etudes seemed uneven in merit. Several of them (especially Nos. 5, 8, 10 and 12) were distinctive in structure and genuinely beautiful, some were moderately interesting, and a few were apparently little more than velocity studies, of no particular esthetic value one way or the other. They are written in a drastic modern idiom that is handled with invariable skill, and had a colorful and enthusiastic performance at Mr. Schmitz's hands.

Mr. Varese's piece began with a slow minor ninth on the oboe, which

seemed to be resented by the other instruments, which forthwith engaged in a series of simultaneous soliloquies of striking emphasis and considerable acrimony. The audience first endured, then embraced the work with enthusiasm and some hilarity.

Mr. Schmitz prepared to conduct an encore. "Which movement would you like to hear repeated?" he inquired. "All of it!" returned the faithful audience. Which was accordingly done. Just in the hush before the repetition began one irreverent voice from the balcony demanded it "half a tone higher this time;" aside from this deplorable interlude, however, the encore was safely accomplished.

The concert was a long one, so long that the worried reviewer had to leave before the final two numbers were played. There remains, therefore, only the three Ruggles works to discuss.

And discuss them is precisely what this reviewer cannot do. They are settings of three poems, wherein a voice part of merciless range and tonal difficulty is set against an always dissonantal contrapuntal accompaniment that is completely independent, even in rhythm, of the singer. There is a kind of logic discernible in this music, and evidences of undoubted sincerity.

I was able—at least to my satisfaction—to analyze both the structure and intentions of the other pieces, but of Mr. Ruggles's work I can only say, in honesty, that I do not know what he is driving at. His music may be meaningless, and it may be enormously important. Naturally, one has opinions; and mine is that it is not important. That, of course, is only an opinion.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Philharmonic's Concert.

The program of the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon comprised Weber's "Oberon" overture, the Brahms violin concerto, John Alden Carpenter's suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The violinist was Miss Erika Morini. Mr. Carpenter's composition had its first appearance in the repertoire of the Philharmonic. It is to be hoped that it will not be its last. There is cause for rejoicing in that the composer is an American, for his suite reveals fancy, humor, tenderness and pervasive charm.

Miss Morini's violin playing clings tenaciously to the characteristics it made known when it was first heard here. The young woman's tone is full blooded and virile and her technique is founded on a brilliant confidence. Her style is bold, eager, searching, even aggressive. It is not always guided by discretion. In her delivery of the Brahms concerto yesterday there was much beauty of tone in the slow movement and too little in the first and third. It is not desirable to be dashing and brilliant in this work. Much of Miss Morini's bravura was bravado. Some of her cantilena was cantillation.

However, Brahms is still a sturdy personality. He can withstand many rude and tropical blasts of temperament and, indeed, it may reasonably be doubted whether they ever reach his isolated seat upon the mountain tops. The audience, according to the habit of audiences, loudly applauded Miss Morini. Soloists are always applauded, no matter what they do. It is a pity. But Brahms can stand it. His violin concerto has been performed in many different ways but remains the same masterpiece.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY GIVES WAGNER PROGRAM

Gustave Tinlot Is Soloist at Sunday Concert.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, led by Walter Damrosch, with Concertmaster Gustave Tinlot as soloist, gave a program of music by Richard Wagner at its seventh Sunday afternoon concert yesterday in Aeolian Hall. The list comprised the "Rienzi" and "Faust" overtures, the "Bacchanale" from

"Tannhauser," Paris version; "Dreams," from "Tristan and Isolde," arranged as a violin solo; the "Spinning Song" from "The Flying Dutchman," the "Siegfried Idyll" ("Symphonic Birthday Greeting to His Cosima From Her Richard, 1870") and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

The "Dreams" number was an exquisite gem among the selections. With an accompaniment of much finish from the orchestra Mr. Tinlot gave the solo part with rare beauty of tone, color and feeling. Before playing "A Faust Overture" Mr. Damrosch in his masterly fashion spoke on the content of this work, which is seldom heard, probably "because of its austere character." The orchestra was in excellent form and performed its numbers with brilliant style. The large audience was enthusiastic.

To-day Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra will star on a ten days tour, going as far south as Washington. The society will resume its New York activities at Carnegie Hall on January 24 and 25 in the society's fifth pair of Beethoven Cycle concerts.

STATE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

All Tchaikowsky Program at the Metropolitan.

The State Symphony Orchestra, with Josef Stransky conducting, followed the fashionable trend of the season and gave an all Tchaikowsky program in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Georges Enesco, the Rumanian violinist, played the Tchaikowsky concerto.

The latter composition was not a happy choice for the best display of Mr. Enesco's peculiar gifts. Neither was the house of modest enough dimensions to bring out the finer shades of the artist's tonal resources. Inspiring brilliance, impressive technique and bigness of tone are desirable qualities in a convincing performance of this work, but these attributes did not show in Mr. Enesco's playing. His technical feats were often carelessly executed, and his intonation was not faultless. Nevertheless he is an artistic player, full of musical feeling and capable of a wide range of beauty in tone and finish. Therefore much of his work yesterday was of a high order and the lyric portions of the concerto were admirably played.

Mr. Stransky offered the overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," and the fourth symphony. The orchestra's work in the former number was sluggish and uninspired, but in the symphony they fared better. Good tone and balance and a reading both intelligent and spirited won much applause for conductor and orchestra.

Nikisch Plays at Opera Concert.

Ten Metropolitan artists out of a dozen announced, took part in last night's "opera concert," with Mitja Nikisch, the pianist, as added star. Mr. Nikisch was heard in Liszt's A major concerto No. 2 with orchestra, and alone in the "Petrarch Sonnet" and "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 12. Among the singers were the Misses Robertson, Gull, Ford, Alcock, Roessler and Delaunok, Messrs. Harold, Gustafson, Gabor and Schuetzendorf. Mr. Eliser conducted.

There is something of the "Bab Ballades" about Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator," and especially of Gilbert's sophisticated infant who at the age of three months flirted with his nurse and shocked his dear papa with his clubroom cynicism. Of course, the Carpenter baby is far more ingratiating, viewing the world at an age when William James describes it as a "big, buzzing, booming confusion." Yesterday at Carnegie Hall the Philharmonic Society gave this most captivating suite for the first time, with an earnestness and gravity which indicated that, like Daisy Ashford, they "got the idea." There was the enormous Blue March of the Policeman, the forbidden music of the hurdygurdy, the lake, the dogs ("Ach Du Lieber Augustin!"), and the softer visions of the "Dreams." "It is confusing, but it is life," Mr. Carpenter's respectful attitude toward these adventures is uncommonly refreshing; there is no touch of the cooling, gurgling treatment with which most composers approach childhood, and which must turn any self-respecting infant of three months cold with disgust. Nothing more whimsical and at the same time more profoundly touching than this suite has emerged recently in modern music. It may be added that Mr. Carpenter's scenario is also

a masterpiece and deserves a special literary review whenever it appears on the program notes.

An all-Wagner program by the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall included the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Siegfried's "Idyll" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." Gustav Tinlot played the "Dreams," woven from the garden duet of "Tristan and Isolde," as a violin solo; it drew delighted applause, which Mr. Tinlot received with the deprecating modesty characteristic of concertmasters.

GEORGES ENESCO, SOLOIST.

State Symphony Orchestra Gives an All-Tchaikowsky Program.

The Metropolitan Opera House was filled yesterday afternoon when the State Symphony Orchestra, led by Josef Stransky, played Tchaikowsky. Georges Enesco appeared as soloist in the composer's violin concerto. The Rumanian artist was recalled several times in return for a persuasive reading, particularly in the canzonetta with its instinctive emotional tenderness. The orchestral accompaniment was well modulated.

Tchaikowsky's No. 4 Symphony, whose melodious melancholy speaks so directly to the heart, received a well-balanced translation from Mr. Stransky. The four movements made a great impression on the audience, the andantino for the haunting beauty of its theme, the scherzo for its originality and the finale because of its biting and dramatic end. Mr. Stransky had to bow his acknowledgments repeatedly.

The next subscription concert at the Metropolitan Opera House will be Sunday afternoon, Jan. 27.

Mitja Nikisch, Abraham Znaida and Sandor Furedi divided the Sunday evening crowds, which incidentally seemed unusually large and enthusiastic. In fact, so rapturous was the audience at Mr. Furedi's recital that they interrupted the Vieuxtemps Concerto with excited applause. Their justification would probably be the fire and spirit which this Hungarian violinist undoubtedly possesses, though there are moments when his energy seems misdirected. At Town Hall, Mr. Znaida gave a series of tenor solos, made up for the most part of Hebrew folk songs. The usual Sunday night opera concert at the Metropolitan was dominated by Mr. Nikisch in the Liszt A major Concerto, with a familiar group of Metropolitan stars assisting. A. S.

At the Metropolitan.

The opera concert given at the Metropolitan last night presented a long and varied program performed by members of the company. In addition Mitja Nikisch appeared as soloist with the Metropolitan orchestra playing the Liszt piano concerto No. 2. For solo pieces he played the "Sonetto del Petrarca" and rhapsody No. 12 by Liszt.

Sandor Furedi.

Sandor Furedi gave a violin recital last night at Aeolian Hall. Among the numbers on his program were the Bach "Chaconne" (for violin alone), the "Grande Concerto" of Vieuxtemps, the Saint-Saens "Rondo Capriccioso," and works by Godard, Wieniawski and Auer.

By GRENA BENNETT.

TWO musical debuts were made last night. Sandor Furedi, a

violinist from Hungary, faced his first New York audience at Aeolian Hall last evening. At the same time Abraham Znaida, a Russian tenor, sang a varied programme to a considerable number of his countrymen gathered in the Town Hall.

Though Mr. Furedi played familiar compositions by Vieuxtemps, Bach, Saint-Saens and others, he marked each number with individual ideas in rhythm and phrasing. His native sense of expression made Bach's Chaconne second cousin to a Liszt Rhapsody and Wieniawski's Waltz Caprice a half brother to a gypsy dance. So far as fingering and bowing were concerned, however, he possesses capabilities.

Mr. Znaida, assisted by Mark Wornow, violinist, and L. Berdichevsky, pianist, sang groups of American and Russian songs and arias from "Boheme" and "Werther."

Jan 15 1924

Philharmonic String Quartet.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The first public concert of the Philharmonic String Quartet—S. Gaudi, first violin; A. Lichstein, second violin; Le. Barzin, viola, and A. Mazzochi, cello—took place last night in Aeolian Hall. This occasion also served to introduce to the public Piere's piano quartet, Opus 41, played for the first time in this city, with Elly Ney as pianist. The quartets performed were those of Schumann, Opus 41, No. 2, and Beethoven, Opus 18, No. 2.

Aside from the fact that Piere's composition introduced the pianist of the occasion—and the pianist is usually the chief attraction in a quartet concert, as he, or she, is frequently the most important feature of the occasion—a musical sense—it did not have a particularly enlivening effect. It is long and trivial. Ideas meagre and dry are gleamed about interminably. Once in a while there is a deceptive burst of wind, a certain bluster and bustle, but it is pretense. The music is essentially lifeless. Mme. Ney played brilliantly when she had justifiable occasion to do so, and elsewhere gave an example from which many of her colleagues might benefit, as to the manner in which a pianist should take part in ensemble performance. The Philharmonic Quartet was recently formed. It is composed of members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, though not, with the exception of Gaudi, concertmaster, of the first years of the string division of the orchestra. It is not surprising, then, that this quartet was heard to the best advantage in the early and melodious work of Beethoven, nor that, in playing the music of Schumann, a finer nuance, interpretation at once more intimate and impassioned would have been in place. Quartets are not made in a day or a few months. This one has technical finish and an individuality of its own to it.

Myrtle Claire Donnelly.

Myrtle Claire Donnelly, soprano, made her first public appearance in New York yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She sang old Italian music in French, and one air of Handel in its original Italian; German songs, in that language, by Schubert and Schumann; modern French songs by Faure, Hue, Busby, and Poldowski's *Planyne* (K talons d'or) in French; songs by Offenbach, Hageman, and La Forge, in English. Miss Donnelly has appeared in opera in Vigevano and Naples, and appeared as soloist with the Cleveland and San Francisco symphony orchestras. Her voice has not wholly worked out, so that the upper register is dryer, less full and free than the scale lower down. The lower registers the tone, admirably focussed, has a fresh and sensuous beauty that is remembered. Wisely Miss Donnelly did not attempt singing of too pretentious or profoundly emotional character. The substance of the program, which included, for example, Handel's "Parlez echos des bois," Schubert's "Die Post" and "Liebesbotschaft," Schumann's "Intermezzo" and "Frühlingsnacht," Faure's *Minuet*, Hue's *Ane Blanc*, Debussy's "Green" and a song of Poldowski, already mentioned, was interpreted with taste, style and a fine sense of proportion. Enunciation was not often clear and distinct, as in Miss Donnelly's language or other, and the art of diction is still to be thoroughly explored. As a whole her singing and her genuine enthusiasm made an impression that was pleasurable and promising for seasons to come. There was a good-sized and friendly audience. Miss Donnelly could easily have done much more than she did to her program.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Sembrich Pupil's Debut.

Miss Myrtle Claire Donnelly, soprano, made her debut in a recital of songs yesterday in Aeolian Hall. This young singer is a pupil of Mme. Sembrich, and in many of her merits resembled rather prettily the ways of the distinguished teacher. She sang to an audience of considerable size, evidently well disposed, and received abundant, though discriminating, applause. Her voice is what the Italians designate a soprano *leggiero*, but it is not so high enough to be called *sfogato*. Its quality is charming, despite its lightness. It can be made to act as a medium of emotional expression, though naturally within fairly defined limits. The tumultuous passions of tragedy are not for sopranos, but tenderness, pathos, melancholy, yearning and similar feelings are not inaccessible to

singers of airy tones. Mme. Sembrich herself, one of the greatest lieder singers the world has known, has a light soprano voice, but with remarkable warm tints in it.

Miss Donnelly disclosed a good attack, well sustained phrasing, facility in florid passages (though she sang little of this type of music), excellent intonation, and a diction which had much to commend it, though it can be improved. The singer's scale is not yet perfectly smoothed out. She did not deliver her high tones effectively at all times because some of them were held in the throat. When she got them up and forward they were delightful. The technical shortcomings of Miss Donnelly were doubtless due in part to the stress of a debut. She was palpably nervous and did not get rid of her nervousness till the recital was half over.

The singer showed temperament. Her most convincing display of it was made in Schumann's "Intermezzo," which she sang very well indeed. In fact, hearing her interpret this one number a listener could form hopes for her future. "Ungeduld" and "Frühlingsnacht" she gave with spirit and with well sustained moods. She was not at her best in the old airs at the head of her list by reason of her nervousness.

A French group and a group of lyrics with English texts completed her program which was very judicious and made no unwise demands upon her voice or budding art. Richard Hageman was at the piano, which means that Miss Donnelly had the support of a very capable accompanist.

"La Habanera" Pleases Anew

By HENRY T. FINCK

Gatti-Casazza's two operatic novelties, Laparra's "La Habanera" and Ricitelli's "I Compagnacci" were repeated at the Metropolitan last night, with the same casts as before except that Didur replaced Danise, who is still on the sick list. Fortunately, acting is more important than singing in the part of Ramon.

"La Habanera" is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating operatic scores of recent years. If the composer would take the trouble to rewrite and musically enrich the last act—why not?—his opera would undoubtedly become a permanent addition to the repertory. It is delightfully Spanish. Laparra has written a book, "La Musique Populaire en Espagne," revealing an intimate knowledge of the subject which is reflected in his music. Carl van Vechten, in his charming little book "The Music of Spain," cites him as saying "the best Spanish composer is the people." He himself is a Frenchman (from Bordeaux), but no Spaniard could be more Spanish than his opera. What about trying his other works at the Metropolitan?

Less can be said in favor of "I Compagnacci." When this was produced—not many weeks ago—in Milan, it was preceded by Strauss's "Salome," which made it seem refreshing. Guido Gatti wrote about this event to the Musical Courier:

"Ricitelli has written music which is theatrical, yet not clumsy; more successful in the bright, comical parts (which remind one of Puccini's 'Gianni Schicci') and more distantly of Verdi's 'Falstaff') than in the few lyrical pages. Here we see the survival of the short-winded Mascagnian, with all the Mascagni defects raised to the nth degree. But, for the sake of what is live and quick in Ricitelli's opera, and justifying the ancient axiom of our theatre—to let tragedy be followed by farce—the audience watched the action with sufficient amusement and approval. There was in the applause that greeted the first performance of 'I Compagnacci' not only a touch of sympathy for the elderly composer, who after a life of trouble has at last succeeded in getting a taste of celebrity, but also an expression of relief and gratefulness for a pleasant half-hour after the morbid contortions of 'Salome,' and the heavy, dreadful atmosphere of that terrible night in Jaffa."

"But we should like to give a piece of advice to all those who are interested in this opera: Don't read the score. Let Henry J. This is a work which is only pos-

sible on the stage; if one examines the music one is astounded and dismayed at its poverty and banality (to say nothing of the harmony and instrumentation, which are shockingly sans gene). But in the theatre I Compagnacci goes, and is amusing. Do not ask of Ricitelli what he would not, and perhaps could not, give us."

Jan 16 1924

By Deems Taylor

THE FLONZALEYS.

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Music for Four Stringed Instruments," which was introduced here not long ago at one of the American Music Guild concerts, led the program of the Flonzaley Quartet at Aeolian Hall last night. A second hearing of the work confirms one's previous admiration of its technical skill without materially deepening the effect of its other qualities.

It is hard to say just why this music is not more impressive in performance. Its craftsmanship is exquisite, and it is written with unerring taste and sensitiveness of feeling. Its very title testifies to the composer's sense of fitness. It is not a quartet, for it does not conform to the traditional form; nor is it quite a suite, for it does not offer the requisite contrast in mood. It is, as the composer says, simply music for strings, a three-partthrenody dedicated to the memory of a friend.

Perhaps it is over fastidious. The thematic material is appropriate and beautiful—and so is its treatment for that matter. But it is, so to speak, inhibited music. Its lyric moments are never too sentimental, but they stop much further short of sentimentality than even the strictest artistic reticence might demand; and its climaxes, while not over stressed, are sometimes checked too strictly to be entirely effective.

At its best, however, it is a fine musical feat; suave, silken music, a delight to the ear and a comfort to the intelligence. The Flonzaleys gave it a highly polished performance that suffered, if at all, from overinterpretation. The instrumental balance was almost too carefully maintained, for the subsidiary voices were often so respectfully subdued, in order to give prominence to the main themes, that one lost much of the effect of Mr. Loeffler's skilful contrapuntal writing.

In the other two numbers, Haydn's G major quartet and Tanieff's in D minor, the players were on familiar ground, and played with the wonted perfection of technique and artistry that has placed them in the honored niche they occupy.

OTHER MUSIC.

Moriz Rosenthal plunged into the Schumann "Carnaval" last night with a vigor which indicated that he had forgotten its sweetly sentimental origins. (But, then perhaps, so had Schumann before he had finished with the fete.) This was a stormy carnival, and it was savage fun for these revellers; Pantomime and Columbine were almost lost in the din. It was for the "marche contre les Philistins" that Mr. Rosenthal reserved his greatest effects. This was interrupted by spontaneous applause, and at the end sent the large Carnegie Hall audience into even louder uproar.

The Beethoven Sonata in F minor (Op. 57), a group of Chopin and the Fantasia on themes by Johannes Strauss completed the program.

At Town Hall, also in the evening, Elsa Murray-Ainsley combined a very slight voice with large and sweeping histrionic gestures. Her program was generous and varied; it ranged from Mozart to Debussy, through several Schubert numbers and much Gluck. There was much applause and enough flowers for a debut instead of the second song recital, which it was.

Briska Morini repeated the Brahms Concerto in D major with the Philharmonic orchestra at the Metropolitan. She met the hazardous complexities of this work with a broader and smoother tone than before,

through a confidence which was partly due to the sympathetic spirit of the orchestra. The Franck Symphony in D minor and Strauss "Til Eulenspiegel" were also on the program.

In the afternoon, the oft-repeated "Tosca" was given again with Mario Chamice singing the role of another "Mario" with warmth and sympathy.

A. S.

From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.
FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The Flonzaley Quartet made one of its notable contributions to the season's music when it played Charles Martin Loeffler's "Music for four-stringed instruments" at its concert last night in Aeolian Hall. This is the composition dedicated to Victor Chapin, who, an aviator in the French Army, met his death early in the war.

We know of no work by Mr. Loeffler which offers a finer blend of his highest qualities as a composer than this one. There is no moaning, no whining, no emotional hysteria. Everything is restrained, in a sense measured. There is a noble reticence that moves the hearer the more. And in the form itself, as in the sonorities which Mr. Loeffler obtains from his instruments, there is that which uplifts the spirit and purifies the passions.

It was inevitable that in writing music for such a purpose Mr. Loeffler should turn to the plain song he knows and loves so well. This is particularly evident in his slow movement, "Easter Sunday," but it is felt throughout the composition. The essential spirit and style of plain song permeates the entire composition and influences very fortunately its development. There is a complete lack of sensuousness and the suggestion of what is archaic, at the same time with a richness of musical imagery peculiar to Mr. Loeffler when he is interpreting and re-creating for this generation the essence of the plain chant of another day.

The last movement of the quartet is programmatic and by so much, for the writer, a little below what has preceded in artistic value. Following the suggestion of the calm of an Easter morning in a village, is that of a great plain; of the drum and "the old march of the soldiers of France;" of the flight of the slave, and, after a pause, an apotheosis of a theme heard before. Not that Mr. Loeffler would suggest these incidents in a slavishly literal manner, but the thought of any program takes away from that impersonality which, in this quartet, provokes the greatest beauty and the deepest feeling. The composer would have been gratified, had he been present, by the eloquent interpretation of his score.

The remainder of the Flonzaley program consisted of the charming quartet of Haydn, so masterfully scored for the instruments, and the quartet of Taney, Op. 7, with the final variations. The program was admirably contrasted, and interpreted with that technical fineness and sensitiveness of feeling and color which places the Flonzaley Quartet beyond comparison among organizations of its kind.

Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Rosenthal Plays Chopin, Schumann and Beethoven at Carnegie Hall

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Alexandre Dumas once said of Chopin's "Bereuse" that its muted music "penetrated little by little the atmosphere and enveloped one in a sensation comparable to that which follows a Turkish bath, when all the senses are confounded in a general apaisement; when the body has no longer any other wish than rest, and when the soul goes wherever it lists, but always toward the Blue, into the dreamland."

It is an odd comparison, to be sure. We should never have thought that Chopin's ravishing cradle song could remind any one of a Turkish bath. Nevertheless, Dumas's sentence came to our mind last night as we listened to Mr. Rosenthal's playing of the Ber-

ecuse at his second piano recital in Carnegie Hall, because Mr. Rosenthal made us feel the music so differently. We had no sense of "apaisement," no inclination to drift into the Blue. For there was nothing melting in Mr. Rosenthal's tone—it was as dry and earthbound as a hanquet of the Anti-Saloon League. James Huneker insisted that the infant which is rocked to sleep in Chopin's delicious lullaby is "an aristocratic child," but we do not see what difference it makes. This is music of reverie, of infinite tender-

...whether the child of Chopin's fancy had a countess or a peasant for mother. But Mr. Rosenthal appeared to feel that he gave the piece its due merely by playing it softly.

Often last night, indeed, he seemed indifferent to characterization. He played Schumann's "Carnaval" (it was the feature of his program) almost as if he agreed with Schumann's foolish remark to Moscheles that the music had "no artistic value." Schumann added that "only the different soul

states" expressed in his "scènes mimees" were interesting to him. But even these did not appear to interest Mr. Rosenthal. The introspective Eschelus, dreamer and poet, was not essentially different from the pastoral Florestan, as Mr. Rosenthal named them; and the noble Chiarina might as well have been a masked Estrella; whereas the two ladies, as we know, were as different as the Lord could make them.

It would have been hard to match the lucidity, the precision, the astounding bravura of Mr. Rosenthal's playing in this as in his other numbers—Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, a Chopin group (the Berceuse, the F minor Ballade, three Etudes, and a Waltz), and the pianist's own Fantasia on themes by Johann Strauss. The time has gone by when it is necessary to praise the marvelous technical security of Mr. Rosenthal's playing—he is still the superb master of his instrument. And there were moments last night when he was more than the superlative technician—when something suspiciously like poetic loveliness brooded for a while upon his playing. Especially in the F minor Ballade did one feel that Mr. Rosenthal, if he had chosen, might have left the outer court, the shining, sun-swept plaza, and entered those secret doors which, as Henry James said of Flaubert, would have opened to him if he had sought a little more diligently to learn the difficult password. But the moment passed

for Mr. Rosenthal, and left him still in the outer court, a master there, but perhaps not wholly content with his supremacy.

In Beethoven's Sonata, in the "Carnaval," he was almost invariably the looker-on, not the engrossed participant. As Mr. Parker so aptly wrote of him the other day in Boston, he plays this music in the character of "a reporter, sitting at the hotel window, with a minute eye, an exact pen, an ironic touch. He records the Carnival; whereas Schumann dreamt it and sang it—in spirit joining every group in the pageant, locking arms with each single figure."

Is it possible that Mr. Rosenthal the artist was not quite happy last night, not wholly content with what he was doing and attempting? He seemed listless, not completely in the vein; and often in the Sonata he did not even bother to vary the dynamic scheme of his playing in accordance with the plain requirements of Beethoven's text. There was little difference between his forte and his piano—the end of the first movement, for example, did not come to a whispered close, ppp; it merely lowered its voice to a polite mezzo-forte, and stopped talking as if it had been interrupted; and those "sempre pianissimo" arpeggios in eighth-notes in the Finale sounded like prosaic fortes.

No; Mr. Rosenthal, like poor Mélisande, was not happy last night.

Violin and piano sonatas by Germaine Tailleferre, Bela Bartok and Eugene Goossens gave lovers of modern music a plentiful repast in the morning at Aeolian Hall, where Jerome Goldstein gave the second of his three recitals of modern sonatas, aided by Rex Tillson at the piano.

The works by Tailleferre and Bartok have not been heard here before. Mme. Tailleferre's music is not influenced by the latest style in French music even though she belongs to "Les Six." It comes nearer to the "post-romantic" style represented by Ravel. At a first hearing it sounded diffuse, of a pale little changing hue. The best part was the short, melodious scherzo, which Mr. Goldstein repeated on a request from the balcony. He was on good terms with his audience, which he asked to congregate at the front, and prefaced each movement with a short explanation.

Bartok's first sonata (the League of Composers gave us the second nine days before) was colorless, having neither sweetness nor acid. Mr. Goossens's sonata was the most melodious of the three.

"Tosca" Sung at Hospital Benefit.

"Tosca" was repeated at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon as a benefit for the Fifth Avenue Hospital. The institution received between \$6,000 and \$7,000 as its share of the proceeds. A familiar cast in Puccini's opera included Jeritza, Chamlee and Scotti.

The Flonzaleys Again.

The second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The program consisted of Charles Martin Loeffler's "Music for Four Stringed Instruments" (dedicated to the memory of Victor Chapman, the gallant young son of John Jay Chapman, killed in the war while serving at a French aviator), Haydn's quartet in G major and Taniev's in D minor. The composition of Mr. Loeffler was first performed here February 15, 1919, the Flonzaleys making the introduction. The interval elapsing after that performance till it was given a few days ago at an American Music Guild concert was quite lengthy enough, for the work is worthy of repetition oftener than twice in five years.

The music is not denominated a quartet because it is confessedly a piece of "program" music and therefore free in form. The first movement publishes the composer's respect for the classic model and might be the introductory section of a sonata. But the second movement bears the title "Easter Sunday" and chiefly is a beautiful polyphonic treatment of a plain chant. The last movement was originally called "A Vol d'Oiseau," though this title did not appear last evening.

There is a song of a garden of "fleurs naives," an episode descriptive of a plain with poplars, a third theme suggesting the flight of an airplane, and after it a distant "Vieille Marche de Soldats de France." There is a hint of the aviator's fall, followed by a funeral march and an entrancing glorification given out by the cello on an old chant. All this is now hidden under a merely musical "moderato, allegro, adagio."

When the composition was first played here we said that the middle movement was a masterpiece unsurpassed in recent chamber music. The assertion does not have to be retracted. The whole work reveals splendidly Mr. Loeffler's vivid imagination, his brilliant technique, his melodic and harmonic fecundity and his unflinching aristocracy of style. The quartet—as it may be named for convenience—was most beautifully performed last evening and had its designed effect. It must have impressed every attentive listener, for it is indeed an impressive work, in which profound feeling is sung in musical accents of poignant character. Of the other two compositions on the list nothing need be said at this time. The concert was attended by a large assembly.

Miss Elsa Murray-Aynsley, an English singer who had been heard here already in the current season, gave her second recital of airs and songs in the Town Hall last evening. Her operatic contributions were an air from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," Mozart's "Voi che sapete" ("Le Nozze di Figaro") and an air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue." Songs by Russians, Germans and Englishmen were also sung.

This singer renewed the impression she created at her first hearing. She sang with a voice of serviceable quality and with strongly dramatic instinct. Her delivery of Tchaikovsky's "Was I not like a blade of grass?" was temperamental in the extreme. There were some exaggerations in it, but on the whole it was a good example of Miss Murray-Aynsley at her best. Richard Hageman at the piano provided for the soprano a well wrought background.

Jan 13 1924

Ernest von Dohnanyi, Pianist.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The program and the playing of Ernest von Dohnanyi at his piano recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall were of a kind: conventional and academic. Mr. Dohnanyi presented an old-fashioned list of compositions—this applies even to his own variations and etudes; he interpreted didactically and, excluding the two Brahms rhapsodies at the be-

ginning and the two Liszt compositions at the end of the program, which the writer did not hear, without any particular tokens of individuality or imagination.

The Brahms rhapsodies in G minor and B minor were followed by the Beethoven andante in F major and early sonata, Op. 22, in C; then by four compositions of Mr. Dohnanyi—Variations on a Hungarian Theme, Op. 29; Etudes in A minor, E major, F minor, Op. 23; and for the last group by Chopin's F sharp major Impromptu and G flat major waltz, and Liszt's "Legend of St. Francis" and the tarantella, "Venezia e Napoli."

Accepting gratefully the two well-known rhapsodies and the finest of the Chopin Impromptus—what then? It is curious that Mr. Dohnanyi should have chosen such uninspired music of his own. The Variations are full of notes which remind one of other variations by both Mendelssohn and Brahms, save for the fact that their variations were inspired and original. The three studies are empty and voluminous, requiring much dexterity from the performer, but offering little to those who listen.

The passage which makes the Beethoven sonata eloquent for this day and generation is the tender and romantic spirit of the slow movement, which is of the Beethoven of the G major piano concerto. The rest of the sonata prattles after the manner of Haydn, with an occasional interjection of the Beethoven whose later utterance was to ring down through the centuries. But this slow movement lacked its atmosphere. The exterior was there, the essence lacking. What shall be said of Mr. Dohnanyi's dynamics in the Chopin Impromptu? The march section marked "forte" where it begins was immediately fortissimo; the measures marked "fortissimo" were no louder than the "forte," and for the climax of the march there was necessarily no additional sonority available. Again, in the F major section, the "pianissimo" requested by the composer was "mezzo piano." For that matter, the flavor of Chopin was absent, nor was the performance of the waltz musically or technically of a quality to excite delighted comment. This was essentially conservative playing of a quarter century ago. It was the more disappointing, since Mr. Dohnanyi has shown long before this that he can do better by his audiences, both as virtuoso and composer.

MAIER AND PATTISON PLAY.

Pianists Earn Four Encores on Dohnanyi's Wedding Waltzes.

Mr. Dohnanyi's wedding waltzes from a pantomime, "The Vell of Pierrette," which Guy Maier put into sonorous polyphony for two grand pianos, earned a four-encore finish at the matinee of Mr. Maier and Lee Pattison yesterday in the Town Hall. Following their gesture of homage to the Hungarian composer, the players added a "Rakocsy March" arrangement by Hutcheson, who was present in a box; a fine old dance of Raff's, an original two-planes waltz of Arensky and a "fox-trot" song, said to be Pattison's "Land of Bye-and-Bye."

To all these they brought the same matched precision and musical artistry as to classic Mozart, Schumann and Saint Saens, while a noble "Pledge in B-minor" by Ropartz was similarly contrasted with children's games and fairy music by Germaine Tailleferre and Ravel.

Jan 17 1924

State Symphony Orchestra.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The State Symphony Orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor, was assisted by Cecilia Hansen, violinist, at its concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Miss Hansen played the Tchaikovsky concerto; the orchestral numbers were Brahms's D major symphony, the Wagner "Tannhäuser" overture, and, as an "epi-concert," after the manner of Mr. Damrosch's "Postludes," Darius Milhaud's little symphony No. 3, from his five symphonies for orchestra.

It would have been interesting to hear Mr. Milhaud's symphony, for, if that gentleman is audacious and often very ugly, he seldom in his later works writes without an idea and a conviction, but Mr. Stransky's tempi in the Brahms symphony were very slow or at other moments, they would be unusually fast. The slow tempi, however, predominated. The effect was not heightened by the very indifferent playing of most of the brass and wood choir of the orchestra, and by the prevailing dull color of the strings. Were Mr. Stransky a conductor of extraordinary ability such deficiencies might have been covered. It has been done. But the sunshine in Brahms's score had vanished for a dull and cloudy tone quality, and the performance was by turns sleepy and trivial.

Miss Hansen played variously in the concerto. Her tone is pure and resonant, her intonation admirable, her technical accomplishment more than adequate to the demands of a difficult work. She has a refined style. Indeed, there is no need at this date to retail her excellences to a public acquainted with her as an artist. But singularly enough her treatment of the first movement of the concerto was scholastic to a degree. Where

was the barbaric pomp and pride of the main theme of the first movement? The pace was too deliberate, the lordly spirit lacking. For a young girl who showed her temperament and abounding virtuosity in other pieces, it was passing strange, since, while it is an aphorism that every honest artist—or reviewer—will have a personal conception of every work of art, it is hard by any stretch of the imagination to think of the pale and thin-blooded Tchaikovsky of this movement as it was heard yesterday. In this movement, curiously enough, it was Mr. Stransky and his orchestra who gave the proper stride and dramatic flourish to the theme when it appeared, and the really brilliant moment for Miss Hansen was her playing of the cadenza.

In the canzonetta Miss Hansen had an expressive cantabile, a little purer in its spirit than Tchaikovsky's, but lovely and moving. She threw off the dance finale with a complete ease and security that made an effective conclusion and caused her to be warmly applauded. She is perhaps at her best in music of a classic rather than a relatively modern and Slavic character.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Galli-Curci as Rosina.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, comic opera in two acts and three scenes. Book in Italian by Sterbini, from the French of Beaumarchais. Music by Gioacchino Antonio Rossini. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Count of Almaviva.....Mario Chamlee
Dr. Bartolo.....Pomplio Malatesta
Rosina.....Amelita Galli-Curci
Figaro.....Giuseppe De Luca
Basilio.....Jose Mardones
Fiorello.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Berta.....Marie Mattfeld
An Official.....Pietro Audisio
Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

Mme. Galli-Curci made her return to the Metropolitan last night as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville." With her were Mario Chamlee, Almaviva; Pomplio Malatesta, Bartolo; Giuseppe de Luca, Figaro; José Mardones, Basilio; Marie Mattfeld, Berta, and Messrs. Reschiglian and Audisio in smaller parts. Mr. Papi conducted. In the lesson scene a furor was created by Mme. Galli-Curci's singing of "Que la voce" from "I Puritani" and "Home, Sweet Home." It would be pleasant to say that Mme. Galli-Curci equaled or surpassed her best previous performances at the Metropolitan on this occasion, but that is not the case. That her intonation was repeatedly insecure need have surprised no one, for this has often been a characteristic of her singing. But neither in passages of coloratura nor in sustained song did she excel. Her bravura was cautiously delivered, with a rather obvious solicitude for the result, her cantilena lacked the clear liquid tone-quality which has been one of her charming attributes as a singer—not to dwell upon the frequent insidious sagging of pitch.

To make up for these things the singer strove for animation, sparkle, archness in her delivery of dialogue and recitative. The results were probably labored, and, unless the stage business and the singing of Rossini's sparkle like champagne, where has gone the spirit of the one and incomparable Rossini?

His like will not be seen again. Underneath his savoir faire he was a very shrewd critic. He did not over-estimate himself, sarcastic as he could be at the expense of a colleague. He said that one of his operas, "The Barber of Seville," might live for a hundred years. The opera passed its centennial eight years ago, and it is evident that Rossini erred only on the side of modesty. "The Barber of Seville" is, for two acts at least, as amusing, as human, as unerring in its characterization, and as inspired in its treatment of old forms for dramatic purposes as the day it was written. The concerted numbers of the second act remain models of their kind. The solos come and go with no thought of formal succession, but inevitable consequences of the action. And then, there is the clear, original and ingeniously simple instrumentation.

In what spirit should this opera be performed? It seems to have become more and more the custom of late years to present it in the manner of low comedy. This was the case last night. There was a maximum of horse play, and with two exceptions in the cast, a minimum of the singing that the audiences of Rossini's period would have tolerated. The exceptions were Mr. de Luca, as the Barber, and Mr. Mardones's rich and sonorous bass in the music of Basilio.

He was inclined to deliver even his set airs in the manner of the singing actor, but the tone and the vocal mechanism were there when wanted, and his treatment of phrase had musical as well as dramatic reason. There is no need now to speak of Mr. de Luca's excellent methods. This admirable artist appeared most respectful of all to Rossinian tradition. Mr. Chamlee has, as everyone knows, a beautiful voice, but it is hardly flexible enough for the best delivery of Almaviva's airs. Mr. Pomplio clowning as much and as often as possible as Malatesta, and of course there are those who think such antics and ventriloquism funny.

By Deems Taylor

Every reviewer, probably, has some favorite review that he is going to write some time, wherein he will throw criticism to the winds and give untrammelled expression to his private emotions. Our dream, for instance, has always been to write: "The Barber of Seville" was sung last night. Who cares? But we have always lacked the courage and

have been unable, besides, to decide whether to write it about "The Barber" or "Lucia." So it will probably remain unwritten.

It would be a pity to write anything like that about last night's performance, and besides it wouldn't be true. For a very large, slightly damp and unusually demonstrative Metropolitan audience obviously cared a great deal. The applause was as widespread as it was frequent and the house's "no-encores" rule was saved from danger only by having Mme. Galli-Curci sing two songs in the lesson scene ("Qui la voce," from "I Puritani" and "Home, Sweet Home") instead of one song and an encore.

The famous diva's voice seems to have darkened perceptibly in its lower register, without gaining any corresponding degree of richness or fullness above. Her vocal agility however, appears unimpaired and her intonation last night left little to be desired. She acted Rosina with archness and industry, to the immense satisfaction of her admirers.

There was much good singing by the other members of the cast, notably Mr. Chamlee, Mr. de Luca and Mr. Mardones. Mr. Malatesta is no Swedish nightingale, but he extracted more comedy from the part of Dr. Bartola than seemed possible. Mr. Papi and the orchestra had a fairly easy evening.

Back in the late fifties, when Wagner was the Stravinsky of his day, the Philharmonic Orchestra used to avoid ructions among the subscribers by playing the "Tannhaeuser" overture and the "Lohengrin" prelude as added attractions to its concerts. The works were placed at the end of the programs, separated from the orthodox offerings by a short intermission, while a special program note implored those who didn't like Wagner to depart in peace before his terrific music began.

Mr. Stransky may have heard of this practice, for he followed his state symphony program at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon with what he termed an "epi-concert," consisting of Darius Milhaud's "Little Symphony" No. 3.

It sounded rather portentous in advance, but when the epi-concert finally took place its title proved to be the most interesting thing about it. The third little symphony—it is one of five—is at least brief; otherwise it arouses little enthusiasm in the critical breast. It is much like the bulk of Mr. Milhaud's output—a few arid themes, mostly diatonic, played in various keys simultaneously. One cannot avoid thinking that almost any literate musician with a defective ear could have written it.

The regular program was more conventional. It began with Brahms's second symphony, taken very calmly, and ended with the once revolutionary and still surprisingly vital "Tannhaeuser" overture. The soloist of the day was Cecilia Hansen, who played the Chykovsky concerto.

Leopold Auer, who has achieved additional fame by having rejected Chykovsky's dedication of the concerto because it was "impossible to play," and who probably taught Miss Hansen to play it, was in a box to hear his latest phenomenon perform. Miss Hansen had no trouble with it technically, of course, but she did seem to take it rather more seriously than was good for it. Her tempos lacked elasticity, and her tone, while always big and clear, was so uncompromisingly monumental that it made Piotr Ilch sound almost trivial, by contrast. The audience received her with rapt attention and enthusiastic applause.

OTHER MUSIC.

After several years absence, Inez Balfour reappeared at Aeolian Hall yesterday in a series of songs which wound their correct way from Gluck to Debussy. Her voice showed a certain touch of strain in the earlier numbers but was, as always, clear and intelligent. After the usual German, French and Italian numbers had been disposed of, Miss Balfour turned with evident satisfaction to a series of songs composed by her husband, Henry Hadley. They were an agreeably pensive group—all about "the time of parting" and twilight groves and unloved maidens and

Miss Balfour sang them charmingly. Mr. Hadley added the last touch of what journalists call "human interest" by playing the accompaniments himself.

"Violinists are in the habit of avoiding the Sauret Cadenza," confides a manager with some awe, "but with Sasha Culbertson it makes the most lasting impression of the evening." The Paganini Concerto was third on Mr. Culbertson's program at Carnegie Hall last night, and, while "lasting impressions" are a matter of individual mood, the young violinist undoubtedly conquered its diabolical mazes with evident delight. There is an electric quality about his playing that was communicated to the Philharmonic Orchestra which accompanied him and to the audience, which greeted each number with unusual excitement. For all his vigor, he is capable of the most subtle nuances.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening when Mme. Amelia Galli-Curci made her first appearance of the season. She was welcomed by a large audience and received abundant and at times vociferous applause. Her impersonation of Rosina is so familiar to operagoers that it might almost be permitted to pass with the mere statement that it was once more disclosed with all its "endearing young charms."

Monday evening's audience had sat intent upon an opera in which acting was the chief element. Last night's assembly enjoyed one in which acting seconded singing, the latter holding that principal place bestowed upon it by the practice of seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian composers. With no matter how much vivacity of action and gaiety of spirit "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" is given, it must fall short of its proper effect if it is not well sung.

Mme. Galli-Curci returned to the scene of her last season's triumphs in serviceable vocal condition, and she was also in happy humor as one who should say, "Glad to be back." She sang "Una voce poco fa" with unction, though it has always been confessed that this air is not one of the most advantageous for a display of her voice and her vocal accomplishments. In the lesson scene she sang "Qui la voce" and "Home sweet home," the former giving her better opportunities for the exhibition of her florid facilities and the latter for a display of that gentle afternoon glow which used to shine through her Hippodrome concerts. It is always pleasant to hear Mme. Galli-Curci albeit she elicits a calm admiration and seldom excites the nerves.

Mr. de Luca repeated his airy and infectious impersonation of Figaro and Mr. Chamlee sang *Almaviva* in a highly commendable manner. Mr. Mardones's humor in the role of Basilio might be regarded as somewhat dry, but his singing of the famous "Calumny" air was quite as robust and effective as the ancient traditions of a century could require. Mr. Malatesta was a competent Dr. Bartolo and Mr. Papi conducted accurately.

Inez Barbour (Mrs. Henry Hadley)—to reproduce the full title by which the singer wishes to be known—gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. The first group consisted of "In moto do gioia," by Mozart; "O toi qui prolonges," by Gluck, and "Mio care bene," by Handel. These songs displayed a soprano voice of unusual power, a maturity of interpretation and a sense of phrasing that place the singer well up in the category of effective artists to-day.

A few technical deficiencies were noticed—at times the breath seemed to be finished before the phrase—but so well is this singer equipped to stand on her own feet that it seems regrettable, both as woman and as musician, that she should bid for recognition, if such be the intention, as the wife of the associate conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. One need not be a rampant Lucy Stoner to disagree in this matter of taste. Perhaps Mr. Hadley will achieve a balance by inserting under his name on the next Philharmonic program, "husband of Inez Barbour."

The second group of Miss Barbour's program was sung in German, and included Wolf's "Lied von Winde" and "Du bist mein Aug." by Strauss. After French group, the afternoon concluded with four songs by Henry Hadley, Henry Hadley at the piano.

MILHAUD'S "SYMPHONY"

By HENRY T. FINCK
An Orchestral Innovation

Josef Stransky had something new at yesterday afternoon's Carnegie Hall concert of his State Symphony Orchestra—an "epi-concert." That is, at the end of the regular programme he had his men play a piece of "futuristic" music for those who cared to hear it. About one-third of the audience left while those who remained probably wished they hadn't; at any rate, there was but little applause and what little there was was out of place.

The piece was the third of five so-called "little symphonies" by Darius Milhaud. This Frenchman was at one time a diplomat; he showed diplomacy when he wrote this work, making it very brief, in the hope, no doubt, that the audience would applaud its brevity. That was its only merit; the whole thing didn't last ten minutes—minutes of dullness and dissonance in equal proportions. Of course, it wasn't a symphony in any sense of the word. How painfully hard these futurists try to be original! But why waste time commenting on such things when even the eloquent Paul Rosenfeld, prophet of the "modernists," uses such language in speaking of Milhaud and his confreres as "slap-dash impotence, an impudent disregard of the subject matter, of the dignity of the craft, and of the rights of the public!" I commend that admirable sentence to the attention of a few of my colleagues who think they ought to be "open-minded."

Mr. Stransky is going to try this earnest "epi-concert" experiment two more. The regular program yesterday included Brahms's greatest symphony, the second, of which Stransky and his men gave a performance notable for smooth mellowness and euphony, and the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, which was played at first rather crudely but soon with lovely tone, finished bowing, brilliant finger work and genuine temperament by one of Auer's latest pupils, Cecile Hansen. "Fresh every Auer," a lady exclaimed pardonably at yesterday's concert.

The Tchaikovsky concerto was also played in the evening, in the same hall, by Sasha Culbertson, with a Philharmonic accompaniment by Mr. van Hoogstraeten. In the afternoon, at Aeolian Hall, Henry Hadley played the piano part of some songs of his at the recital of Inez Barbour, an excellent singer, who should be heard more frequently and on less busy days.

Zelina Bartholomew

Zelina Bartholomew appeared in a debut recital at Town Hall last night. She sang

to a house well filled with a fashionable audience. A distinctive program, arranged in groups of four languages—each group a program by itself—was presented. Scarlatti's "Gloria dal Gange" was the only aria, otherwise this was essentially a program of songs, and thoroughly interesting from start to finish. Ravel's "La Flute enchantée" and Debussy's "Mandoline," the only modern songs, were pictorial and rendered with refined piquancy and grace of manner. Especially pleasing were "Retreat" and "Song of the Open," by Frank La Forge, the composer-pianist, who was the accompanist of the evening. Edward MacDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes," one of the many encores demanded by the audience, was sung directly to the box occupied by Mrs. MacDowell. Miss Bartholomew is gifted with a lyric soprano of velvety tone and wide range. She sings with refinement and feeling and has earned an enviable place among our singers. Her voice, her technical skill, and her striking presence will make her reappearance a pleasure for her admirers to look forward to.

M. S. S.

Lawrence Gilman

That great artist and unrivaled specialist in old music, the Parisianized Pole, Wanda Landowska, gave her first New York recital last night at Aeolian Hall. Mme. Landowska had been heard here earlier in the season with orchestras (the Philadelphia and

the New York Symphony), but last night she had the stage to herself, accompanied only by a blonde, shrinking, slender-limbed harpsichord and a hulking, black, Pfaffner-like piano. For Mme. Landowska, though she has rather a low opinion of any musical century later than the eighteenth, occasionally stoops to the modern concert grand; though she loves best the harpsichord, with its delicately torrential sweetness, its tone that is so quaint, so infantile, yet so full of charm and character.

The affair was a piano and harpsichord recital in one; but Mme. Landowska made somewhat less than a fifty-fifty division between the two contestants, for there were ten numbers for harpsichord on her program and only two for piano, though these two were sonatas, and hence of considerable extent; and so the division was probably a fair one.

But on this occasion, it must be said, the piano lost out. Mme. Landowska is an exquisite pianist, and when she plays sonatas by Mozart and Haydn as beautifully as she did last night you realize that it is not a bad thing for other pianists that Mme. Landowska devotes most of her energies to playing the harpsichord. Nevertheless, it was in her performance of harpsichord music last night that Mme. Landowska was most engrossing. She opened her program with the G minor "Passacaglia," that forms the concluding number in Handel's Seventh Suite, from the First Book of clavierin pieces—one of the finest of his clavierin works, in which the extraordinary variety of tone-color that the harpsichord yields was made much of by Mme. Landowska.

The second harpsichord number on her list was that famous piece of program-music by the nineteen-year-old Bach, the "Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother," inspired by the leaving of John Jacob in 1704 to enter the service of that dardevil monarch, Charles XII of Sweden, as an oboe player in the King's Guards. There is a odd blend of ingenuousness and subtlety in the music, with a good deal that is expressive—the nineteen-year-old Johann Sebastian was even then a master. Mme. Landowska played it with exquisite tenderness and exquisite flavor, with a true sense of its period and the accents that are proper to it.

The Haydn sonata followed the Ca-

to, and then Mme. Landowska recited to her beloved clavierin (alias the harpsichord), and played a group of pieces for the old instrument by Italian and French composers whose activities spanned the latter part of the seventeenth century and the first part of the eighteenth. There was a group by Domenico Scarlatti ("La Chasse," "La Pastorale," "Sonata"); then a Toccata by Bernardo Pasquini, who was born in Tuscany in 1637 and died at Rome in 1710. He was the greatest Italian organist of his time, and a prolific composer for the harpsichord.

He was probably one of the numerous composers who influenced Handel; for when the magnificent George Friderick visited Italy early in the eighteenth century he met many of his famous Latin contemporaries. Pasquini was a pupil of Cesti and Vittori, but his real master was Palestrina, who had died a half century before Pasquini was born. Mattheson relates that when he visited the Opera House in Rome he found Corelli playing the violin, Pasquini the harpsichord and Gattani the lute. Pasquini composed for the harpsichord, not only in the contrapuntal style, but in the homophonic. He wrote suites, toccatas and "sonatas"—some in three movements; and in the British Museum is a collection of his music in MSS., containing some remarkable sonatas for two clavierin. The "Toccata con lo scherzo del cucco" that Mme. Landowska played last night is surprising in its harmonic variety and its delicate wit.

Louis-Claude Daquin (1694-1772) was a contemporary of Rameau, and was probably the youngest clavierinist who ever played before a King, for at the age of six he entertained Louis XIV by a display of his talents at the keyboard. At twelve he became organist at Sainte-Paul. Like his contemporaries among writers for the clavierin, he was fond of composing descriptive genre pieces, and his "Le Coucou," which Mme. Landowska played, is a divertingly naive piece of this character, almost exactly in the vein of Rameau's "La Poule," with which Mme. Landowska followed it—that celebrated apotheosis of hen-music which Rameau printed in his "Pièces de Clavierin" in 1736.

Then came the greatest of the French clavierinists of his time.

might have seen him playing the clavichord at Court, or in the smart salons of Paris, stately, plump-cheeked, a little pompous, benignly cynical and most elegantly groomed, his wig and his laces in perfect trim; or giving a lesson to one of his aristocratic pupils, whom he had flattered or piqued by the prettily mysterious title of some one of his descriptive pieces. "They are, in a way, portraits," he confessed, "bestowed on the charming originals whom I wished to portray."

One can imagine the flutter over those pieces called "Mimi" or "Fleurie ou la tendre Nanette," or those bearing the nicknames of dancers, "The Devil" and "The Restless One." But these naively descriptive pieces were not always named after fair ladies. There were landscape titles, as "Charleroi"; attempts at the delineation of character, as "The Voluptuous Woman," "The Chatterbox," "A Troubled Soul"—for Couperin was, in his way, a psychologist. There were still odder titles: "Slight Mourning, or the Three Widows," "Dodo, or Love in the Cradle," and the "Folies Francaises ou les Dominoes," with their remarkable captions: "Hope in Green," "Arduous in Red," "Perseverance in Gray," "Virginity in a Color Which is Invisible," "Silent Jealousy in Purple-Gray"—a forerunner of Arthur Bliss's "Color Symphony."

Mme. Landowska has played this extraordinary composition in Paris, but not here, we believe. Last night she offered us instead two numbers from an almost equally interesting work of Conperin's: his "Pomp (or Masque) of the Great and Ancient Minstrelsy"—a kind of tonal circus in four divisions, descriptive of an ancient fair or masque. We have, first, the Entrance of the Notables; songs of Beggars and Hurdygurdy men; dances of jugglers, clowns and monkeys and bears; a duet of simpletons and the lame; and a grand finale in which all the animals break loose and the crowd stampedes.

Mme. Landowska introduced us to the Hurdygurdy, the Tumblers, the Mountebanks, the Beggars, the Bears and the Monkeys. The latter part of her program, indeed, suggested a kind of eighteenth-century foretaste of Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of Animals"—was not the slick Camille thinking of Rameau's "La Poule" when he wrote his own hen music? They are strikingly alike.

Mme. Landowska played all of this music with inimitable grace, poise, clarity and precision and with a technical wizardry that was fascinating to observe. She is an astonishing artist. Her tonal patterns are marvels of sustained and flowing line. She is a mistress of form and symmetry and design. Yet she is never academic, never glacially exact: always there is the warm glow, the subtly controlled nuance of a musical feeling instinctively sensitive and right. Her concerts are unforgettable experiences for those who are so fortunate as to hear them. One hopes that last night's recital was not her last in New York. There was an audience of uncommonly fine quality to greet her in spite of the villainous weather.

Bachaus and Philharmonic

Tschaikowsky's D minor suite, the Schumann A minor piano concerto, played by William Bachaus, and Stravinsky's second and revised suite of excerpts from the score for his "conte danse," "The Fire-Bird," made the program of the Philharmonic Society. Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall.

It is impressive to reflect how new and strange Stravinsky's score sounded when it was first heard in 1916 with the performance of the Russian Ballet. Now, in the light of the later Stravinsky and by the side of what are, for the moment, "ultra-modern" works of a Milhaud or a Schönberg, the music for the "Fire-Bird" sounds honey-laden. But this is not to infer for it the familiarity that leads to contempt. On the contrary, the music becomes constantly more beautiful and more enchanted than when first it fell on unaccustomed ears. Through it speaks—wings—the essence of that Russian folklore which first found voice in the poetry of Pushkin and the music of Glinka, to whom, in his song of the immortal Katchel, Stravinsky is very directly indebted.

When a work of such pure and authentic inspiration exists it is a pity that any condensations of the original for concert purposes have to be made. In spite of the necessary cut-

ting and dovetailing of this and that fragment taken from what was an organic whole, the excerpts retain not only the effect of the original orchestral coloring, but a fair amount of continuity and coherency. Also they prove that there is little basis for accusing Stravinsky, in this place, of having written music which can exist only through its connection with the stage. As a matter of fact, listening last night, it must have occurred to many a concertgoer that he would as soon if not rather hear this music away from the theatre, save for the fact that in the theatre there would be more of it!

What could be more redolent of magic and sorcery than the brief measures of introduction, or the slumber-music luring which the power of the evil magician shall be vanquished, or more completely convey the golden glory of the conclusion of the tale than simply Stravinsky?

The conductor's wand may weave a spell more potent than any that could be achieved by costumes, movement or lighting! The Stravinsky idolaters, in some numbers, affect to look down condescendingly on "The Fire-Bird" as a work for the neophyte and the public unfamiliar with his later and astounding inventions, but it will surely be many years before this creation of youthful glamour and fantasy will be forgotten or willingly relinquished by those who have once come under its enchantment. Mr. Hoogstraten's attentive and sympathetic reading differed in a few matters of tempo from other performances we have heard of the "Fire-Bird" music, but these differences may well have been occasioned by the exigencies of the condensed score, and they were not important, since in no case did they disturb or misrepresent the spirit of the music.

Mr. Bachaus gave a performance of Schumann's concerto of sterling musicianship and of warm sentiment which presented in the most characteristic way the composer's thought. He played simply, without obtrusion of self, without attempting to make the work greater or more dramatic than it is. He stepped aside for the composer, and gloried in his task. There was reward for him and his audience.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Lohengrin" Song.

"Lohengrin" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. The principals were Mme. Jeritza as Elsa, Mme. Matzenauer as Ortrud, Mr. Laubenthal as Lohengrin, Mr. Whitehill as Telramund, Mr. Bender as King Henry and Mr. Tibbett as the Herald. Mr. Bodanzky conducted. The new members of the cast were Mr. Laubenthal and Mr. Tibbett. The honors went to the American, not because he rose more nearly than the other to the stature of his role.

Mr. Laubenthal's Lohengrin had some excellent qualities. He made a fine, young, manly figure of the fabulous swan knight, who is sometimes represented as a stout, middle aged Bavarian with a tendency to split his phrases and to slip from the pitch. Mr. Laubenthal sang the phrases almost always as Wagner wrote them, and was just in his intonation. His pronunciation of the text was clear and intelligible. It cannot be said that this Lohengrin was shrouded in mystery. He was a professional maiden rescuer who had his orders and came down the river to carry them out with promptness and dispatch. He disposed of Telramund handily, married the lady, answered her natural question, told his little story and went back up the river.

Mr. Tibbett sang the music of the Herald with a good quality of tone, with exact phrasing, and with a clarity of diction which was wholly admirable. That is all a king's herald in "Lohengrin" has to do, and Mr. Tibbett did every bit of it. Not much need be said about the others. Mme. Jeritza's Elsa is praiseworthy, but it does not clamor for ecstatic laudation. The soprano sang the music in an uneven manner, sometimes very well and sometimes with poor tone and strained style. There is little chance in Elsa for an exhibition of that nervous energy and vigorous acting in which Mme. Jeritza is at her best.

Mme. Matzenauer is always a competent Ortrud. Mr. Whitehill's Telramund was as admirable as it has always been, and Mr. Bender was a good, kind King.

A vicious practice in the combat was revived. The Lohengrin did not fell Telramund with a mighty blow, but held up his sword and watched his foe fall. And this, too, after the Herald's special warning that neither fighter was to resort to magic. Wagner's stage directions are explicit and there is no excuse for this blunder.

By Deems Taylor

(Continued from yesterday's late editions.)

"Lohengrin" is one Metropolitan production that one can anticipate with a fair degree of certainty, for the past three years have seen three first performances of the season that were much alike. Mr. Urban's scenery always looks well, and is well lighted, the costumes are good in color, Mr. Whitehill is always Telramund, Mme. Matzenauer is always Ortrud, Mme. Jeritza is Elsa, the swan never becomes more lifelike, and there is always a new Lohengrin, and the critics always complain about him.

Mr. Laubenthal was the new Lohengrin last night. Pictorially, at least, he is the most appropriate selection that has yet been made. He is tall, he is slender, and at moments, beautiful. His singing and acting last night were considerably less close to one's ideal. The former was of the familiar tenor species that is commonly called "German"—well on the pitch, correct as to notes and tempo, smooth and hard as man-of-iron, and never within hailing distance of humanity or eloquence. Mr. Laubenthal's histrionic achievements were equally in accordance with all the traditions, good and bad, and equally unexciting. His performance is just that; a performance, something to appraise by itself, without relation to the drama or the other characters, with never a moment of dream or sudden reality to snare the emotions and numb the critical faculties.

Familiar and volubly described as is Mme. Jeritza's performance of Elsa. It seemed as lovely and persuasive as ever last night. It may be less "correct" than Mr. Laubenthal's Lohengrin, but it has truth and life and beauty. She does not always use her voice well, but she colors it with an artistry that gives a wonderful illusion of human speech, so that one forgets the faults of her singing, to remember its eloquence. Her acting has the same vividness. Elsa was not a very sensible girl nor, probably, a very interesting one; but Jeritza portrays her with such pathos and touching naturalness that, for the moment, Elsa lives, and so is forgiven.

Mr. Whitehill was his usual impressive Telramund; Mme. Matzenauer sang Ortrud well and ill, as is her wont, and Mr. Bender was an unusually dignified and regal King Henry. Mr. Tibbett sang the Herald for the first time and his fine voice suited the part perfectly. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with precision and dispatch.

The staging was familiar, too, except that the first act seemed even less convincing than usual. The fight between Lohengrin and Telramund was little more than a burlesque. After the herald had announced the rules, uttering the German equivalent for "Remember, boys, no miracles," the two combatants proceeded languidly to bump their shields together, with something of the noise and effect of two barges colliding in midstream. Tiring of this sport, Lohengrin pointed his sword in the general direction of the fly-gallery, whereupon Telramund, five yards distant, slapped his forehead in the manner of one who has remembered something, and fell prone.

Where the shield-bumping business originated we do not know. The sword-pointing is Bayreuth tradition, but it is none the less nonsense as well as a direct violation of the stage directions. Either Lohengrin can knock Telramund down without hitting him or he can't. If he can, there is no need for any pretense of combat, and Ortrud is right when she accuses him later of having felled Telramund by witchcraft. But if Lohengrin is to overcome Telramund in a fair trial by combat, why, in the name of illusion, not let the two give a decent imitation of a real fight.

OTHER MUSIC.

Schumann's "Carnival" has flourished on four piano programs in the

last fortnight, with what individual interpretations only those who heard can realize. One pianist made it a children's masked ball, another gave it all the force and din of a wild night at Coney Island. To this hearer, at least, its true substance was most satisfactorily found in the recital of Victor Wittgenstein in Aeolian Hall yesterday.

He recaptured all the lilt and spirit of its naive and sentimental origin and flooded this with bright color which gave life to its weaving arabesques. It is a work of rapidly changing moods; Mr. Wittgenstein has not only the deft technique which meets them but the imagination to sweep these changes through. This was a carnival of the mind—cerebral and subtle—if anything too subtle—for the clowns were crafty rather than grotesque, and the "marche contre les Philistins" did not come off with noisy triumph. For all that, so sensitive and imaginative a "Carnival" has significant undertones that are all its own.

A Debussy "Prelude," the "Sonatine" of Ravel and a Chopin group made up a program of unusual interest and distinction.

Victor Wittgenstein's Recital.

Victor Wittgenstein gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He had the courage to begin his program with the prelude from one of Debussy's sets of piano pieces, and follow it with the Chromatic Fantasy of Bach. We said "the courage," which does not necessarily imply the best judgment, for while Debussy's Prelude is of a style not incongruous with that of Bach it is by comparison too light to balance properly what follows. Debussy was particularly ephemeral in his effect because Mr. Wittgenstein, who made a brave and expressive beginning, was inclined to sentimentalize him, rather than give him the utmost measure of sonorous dignity and because after Bach came a large and too familiar work, the "Carnival" of Schumann.

This gave place to the charming Sonatine of Ravel, and after Ravel, Chopin, Albeniz and Rubenstein—essentially a conventional program with a soupçon of modernism for flavoring. There were moments when Mr. Wittgenstein played with feeling and a good tone but his conceptions of Debussy, Bach and Schumann seemed of a piece, without material differentiation of style, without, also, a requisite fullness of tone and adequacy of technic. He had a large and well-disposed audience.

Am By W. J. HENDERSON.
19 1924

"Romeo et Juliette" Song.

"L'Africana," to use the official Italian title, was to have been given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, but Beniamino Gigli, who is the "first string" Vasco di Gama in Meyerbeer's opera, had a cold and was unable to sing. The next in order among the Metropolitan navigators is Mario Chamlee, but he also had met with worse weather than Vasco found off the Cape of Good Hope and had a cold quite as important as Mr. Gigli's. The other "lime juicers" among the lyric mariners at Broadway and Fortieth street (excepting Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who successfully sails the most dangerous seas of all) are barytones. There was no preparation for "Der Fliegende Holländer" nor "La Gioconda," but the latter would have called for a skipper who could sing, as well as sail, the high seas. So there was nothing to be done but to change the bill and put on a dry land opera.

Now Verona is far away from the briny ocean and not even too near the deep blue Lago di Garda, whose surf breaks harmlessly on the garden wall of the Lido Palace Hotel at Riva. So "Romeo et Juliette" was picked to save the situation and release almost the entire cast of "L'Africana" to wait until Mr. Gigli had got the fog out of his bronchial tubes and was in a fit condition to sing out. "Aloft, sail loosers! Lay out and loose!"

In the circumstances the performance of Gounod's opera was commendable. Armand Tokatyan was the Romeo and he sang the music creditably and in some places with dramatic effect. Miss Bori was the same lovely Juliette as heretofore, and Mr. Schuetzendorf exhibited Mercutio as an experienced Veronese man about town. Mr. Didur as Capulet, Mr. Rothier as Frère Laurent, Mme. Delaunoy as Stephano and Mr. Bada as Tybalt were other principals. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

Jan 21 1924

SUNDAY OPERA CONCERT

Galli-Curci in "Le Coq d'Or."

LE COQ D'OR, opera-pantomime in three acts. French text by M. D. Calvocoressi, from the Russian libretto by V. Felsky, after a tale by Pouchkin. Music by Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Singers.	Dancers.
Princess Galli-Curci R. Galli	
King Didur Kosloff (debut)	
Amelfa Alcock Rudolph	
Astrologer Diaz Bonfiglio	
General d'Angelo Bartik	
Prince Andisio Swee	
A Knight Reschiglian Da Re	
Bird's Voice Robertson	
Conductor, Giuseppe Bamboschek.	

By OLIN DOWNES.

Last night at the Metropolitan Opera House signaled the very welcome return to the repertory, after two seasons' absence, of Rimsky-Korsakoff's satirical opera after Pouchkin, "Le Coq d'Or." The same admirable method of presentation originally observed by Mr. Fokine, and the Russian ballet in Paris in 1913 and by Adolph Bolm when he followed their methods in the first Metropolitan performance of this work in March, 1919, was in order: singers who were stationary, and part of the scenery, interpreting the music, while the acting was carried out by skilled dancers on the stage. This performance was also the occasion of Mme. Galli-Curci's first appearance in any theatre as the interpreter of the music of the Queen.

Again there was told, to the delightfully extravagant picture-book setting of Willy Pogany and the glittering, wheedling music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the strange tale of the fate of Dodon, greedy and foolish monarch who, reckless of the warnings of an enchanted bird, faithless to his subjects, fell the victim of a crafty astrologer and an evil woman who was called a queen.

The protests of Rimsky-Korsakoff's heirs aside, it is plain that no method less decorative and in that sense conventional than the means of stage presentation adopted last night could do justice to this singular and fascinating work. The Metropolitan production, full of color and fantasy to the eye, is genuinely Russian in its character and in its exaggeration and satire the outgrowth of the plot.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's music is neither profound nor over-original nor warmly emotional. Indeed, it is seldom in any score that this composer is strongly "notional." But it is the epitome of style. There is endless opportunity for biting humor, ingenious characterization and the oriental effects in which this master is so felicitous. The score is always plausible, and, with a striking economy of means, very effective for the theatre.

This opera enlarges auspiciously the none too large or interesting repertory of the coloratura soprano. There is the most legitimate and appropriate occasion for cadenzas in the music of the Queen. She is unreal—though the Astrologer in the epilogue of the opera claims otherwise—a creature of spangles and sawdust; but the very effect of unreality is enhanced by her florid passages that fall upon the ear as the colored bits of glass fall and assume always different but regular patterns in a kaleidoscope, and when she has certain passages of sustained song, passages of a counterfeit seduction, and she has some expressive recitative.

The part is a very difficult one, especially for the singer who encounters at times difficulty in pure intonation. The chromatic changes which waver back and forth from "naturals" to "flats" or "naturals" to "sharps" might occasion any singer trepidation. Last night Mme. Galli-Curci's performance was carefully studied, thoughtfully attempted, and her intonation was better than in a performance the previous week. She did her utmost, too, to make the music of the second act say something. This act was extended for her benefit, which was not wholly wise on the part of the management, since it was thus made too long, and since—perhaps because the singer has unaccustomed to the part—the music was not followed with the élan, the

spirit now imperious, now alluring or dazzling, that characterized the business and the dancing of Miss Galli, impersonator of the Queen.

She was indeed a figure to rejoice the eye, a woman sumptuous and elusive, a creature of the East, far more dangerous, as she herself remarks, than the soldier who sets out to take a city. Mr. Kosloff, making his debut as Dodon, was inclined to exaggeration. A previous impersonation of the King—Adolph Bolm's, if memory serves—had much more meaning. It was a malicious caricature of a gluttonous and decrepit ruler. Mr. Kosloff's King was merely an impossible fool, nothing more.

The other dancers won well-merited approval. The singing was usually of a very high order, including Miss Robertson's spirited delivery of the music of the Golden Cockerel. But it is almost invidious to dwell on details of a performance so unified, so truly an interpretation of a remarkable work.

It is hoped that "Le Coq d'Or," which had been dropped for two seasons from the Metropolitan repertory, may be retained there for many seasons to come. The audience gave every indication of enthusiasm on hearing it again. There were repeated curtain calls for the singers and impersonators. The performance of the Russian opera was preceded by one of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Florence Easton as Santuzza; Flora Perini as Lola; Mario Chamlee, Turiddu; Milo Pico Alfio; Henriette Wakefield, Lucia. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Parts of Three Works Sung Well—Fine Singing by Male Chorus

Last night at the Metropolitan was a bargain sale of three acts from three operas, "Samson et Dalila," Act I; "Carmen," Act I, and "La Forza del Destino," Act II, with full orchestra and chorus and sixteen artists. The audience was a capacity one. Giulio Setti conducted. The principal artists were Jeanne Gordon, Rosa Ponselle, Orville Harrold, Jose Mardones, James Wolf, with others of lesser magnitude.

The features of the evening were the fine male chorus singing and excellent orchestral work. The appearance of Mme. Gordon, singing the music of "Carmen" for the first time in the house, was full of delightful surprises.

She sang the seductive "Habanera" and the "Seguidilla" arias with a warmth of tone and beauty of diction that caused an immediate response in the audience. It had the effortless spontaneity and depth and breadth of tone that the part calls for and seldom gets, and she had as much trouble to refrain from acting her part as did Calve when she once sang some of the "Carmen" music at a Sunday night concert. Gordon is temperamentally and vocally equipped for enacting the role, and no one can deny that she looks the part in physical beauty. The applause was quick and demonstrative and long continued. Mention should be made of the spirited chorus by the street urchins, which also greatly pleased the audience.

Rosa Ponselle sang the difficult music of "Forza del Destino" with much charm, ease and brilliancy, and Mr. Mardones gave great pleasure with his fine voice.

C. H. DAVIS.

Jan 22 1924

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Le Coq d'Or."

Nicola Rimsky-Korsakov's whimsical pantomime opera was revived last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House in the presence of a typical Monday night audience, which was comfortably settled in the theater by the time the fabulous realm of King Dodon was disclosed to view. "Le Coq d'Or" was preceded by the tumults and shoutings of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" with which it consoled at its original production here. When it was last heard on February 23, 1921, it was associated with Henry Hadley's one act opera dealing with a certain celebrated experience of Cleopatra.

The singer who voiced the considerably spiced sentiments of the Princess at the last previous performance was Miss Mabel Garrison, who is no longer a member of the company. The revival of the work was perhaps due to the need of widening the field for the exercise of Mme. Galli-Curci's vocal accomplishments. The composers of this degenerate period do not write many roles for coloratura sopranos, who must of necessity sing scales, trills and staccato or be rudely told that their occupation is gone. Rimsky-Korsakov conceived his hymn to the sun to be decorated with chromatic arabesques, and for that reason a coloratura soprano is employed to deliver the music.

by Lawrence Gilman

Zolotoy Pyetoshok has returned to town. That simple statement of fact will assuredly give joy to all those who still have a hankering after fantasy and wit and beauty—rarest of triads—in harmonious combination.

Zolotoy Pyetoshok, as it must surely be superfluous to explain, is none other than that incomparable, gleaming Chanticleer who has been absent from our local operatic roost for three winters of discontent. It was in the Metropolitan season of 1919-20 that the Golden Cockerel last crowed to doddering old King Dodon, in our hearing, his ominous and expensive warning.

Now he is back again, with a new voice, and some new plumage; and again we are reminded that Rimsky-Korsakov was a great wit, a delectable fantasiste and, in his own way, an authentic master of beauty.

It must have been about 9:30 last night when we first heard his "Cocoric! Cocoric!" in the sunny court of King Dodon's palace, where he had been brought in a bag by the old Astrologer, who wore again his tall hat and his blue robes embroidered with golden stars. "He will always crow in that way," declared the Astrologer, "when there is any danger against which the monarch should be warned." King Dodon was delighted, of course, and offered to reward the Astrologer for the use of this inspired weather vane, but, of course, he would not put his promise in writing; the Astrologer's request for a document drawn up "in legal form" was preposterous. "Legal?" cried his majesty in astonishment. "My wishes and my

caprices are the only laws here!" Whereupon the Astrologer, knowing the virtue of silence (and possessing much other wisdom in addition), bowed low and retired. The Golden Cockerel was set on high upon his golden perch, and King Dodon stretched himself upon his ivory bed in the spring sun, while the devoted Amelfa tucked him in and the ladies of the harem waved away the flies. A deep drowsiness fell upon the palace; only the flies, indifferent to lèse majesté, were awake and occupied, buzzing above the royal couch whereon King Dodon lay and dozed, smiling fatuously in his sleep as he dreamt of lovely and indulgent queens—one of whom came to life and beckoned him brightly.

But suddenly the crowing of the Cockerel awoke him violently, and militant trumpet calls broke in upon the chromatic libido of the murmuring flutes and strings; for this was warning of the approach of the enemy, and a summons to the front. The people crowded into the square before the palace, crying out in their terror and making a great and unseemly clamor. It was all very annoying to Dodon, whose alluring dreams had been ruthlessly dispelled. But he sent his two sons to join his armies at the front, and when the Cockerel crowed a second time he buckled on his rusty armor, mounted his white horse ("as quiet," the Boyars assured him, "as a cow"), and valiantly went forth to war.

It was night when he reached the grim mountain gorge where his army had been annihilated and his two sons slain, but while he wept bitterly above their bodies in the moonlight his noon-day dream came to life before him: for out of the mists of the ravine the outlines of a tent emerged, and from it came a beautiful young woman, evidently a princess or a queen. And well might she have seemed ravishing to old Dodon, for last night she moved with the subtle grace and flexibility of Rosina Galli, and dazzled our sight with her gleaming silks beaded with pearls and gold and her feathered turban; and when she caroled to the rising sun the voice was the limpid silver of Galli-Curci's, and the song was that enticing chant whose fascination has survived its repetition by a million gramophones and restaurant orchestras, by virtue of its abiding vitality and its exotic charm.

This ravishing apparition, this embodied voice, was, of course, the Queen of Chémakha (we have never understood why the Metropolitan program degrades her so sternly to the rank of Princess). Like all her sort, she was

an enigma, cruel as well as kind, and her velvet paws were wearing thin. Old Dodon, obedient to the ancient formula, begged her to "fear him not." But he might have saved his breath, for the Virgin Queen was obviously a member of Chémakha's Younger Set, and had foreworn reticence. While her slaves brought wine and jeweled goblets and soft carpets, the Queen moved her cushion close to Dodon's (Polkan, the old general, has been ordered to his tent, though you could still see his beard protruding from behind it now and again). And then the embarrassed Dodon, confused by the proximity of so much loveliness, was regaled by the frankest of discourses from this wild young Queen upon the variety of her unveiled charms. She mocked him, then caressed him, then taunted him again, until poor Dodon was almost beside himself.

Finally she began to dance, tambourine in hand; and you need not be reminded what this dance was like, as Rosina Galli performed it. Then she told Dodon that it was his turn to dance; and though she insulted him cruelly, likening him to an ancient crab and to a camel, and though he was fat and ungainly and lazy and stiff and old, yet he danced at her bidding, bumping ludicrously about in his lumbering contortions with the grace and adroitness of a June bug.

It was an odd cortège that returned to the palace—an embodied Oriental fairy tale: first the Royal Warriors, very pompous and stiff and self-conscious; then the suite of the Queen—one-eyed giants, hunchbacked dwarfs, horned monsters, dogheaded whatnots, incredible beasts, and hundreds of treasure-burdened slaves; then poor, ineffectual old Dodon and his heartless, unpredictable enchantress in their golden chariot, borne slowly and majestically through the shouting crowds, who were so hush turning loyal somersaults that they were almost trampled under foot.

But at this moment the Astrologer, that Man of Destiny, appeared upon the scene in his high hat and star-embroidered robes. Like Salome, he believed that bargains were made to be kept, and King Dodon, he announced, must keep his. The Astrologer had furnished the Golden Cockerel, and now his reward was due. His wish was simple—as simple as Salome's; all he wanted was the Queen of Chémakha for his very own. They tried to drag him away, of course, aghast at his insolence. Had he forgotten that this was not a real bargain, but only a bargain entered into by a king? So when he tried to argue the matter King Dodon brained him with his golden scepter; whereupon the heavens darkened, hiding the sun, and there was thunder and lightning, and Dodon frightened by the omen of blood upon his wedding day, shuddered superstitiously. But the Queen of

Chémakha only laughed, and remarked that it was very droll.

They began to feel better about it all, when suddenly the Golden Cockerel flew down from his perch, darted at the King, and with a stab of his sharp beak pierced the skull of the faithless Dodon. Then there was more thunder, very terrible and awe-inspiring. When it grew light again, and quiet, the Queen of Chémakha had vanished, and the Golden Cockerel had flown back to the distant, enchanted garden where the Astrologer had found him; and only the motionless body of old Dodon, with his weeping subjects gathered about him, remained in view until the curtains shut them from our sight—to part again, for a moment, upon the Astrologer's Epilogue, with its assurance that those whom we had been watching were "only phantoms, after all"—except for himself and the Queen, of course, who were as human as we, and twice as amusing; an assertion which we should not have thought of disputing.

Rimsky's joyous and ironic tale, with its blending of sly satire and gorgeous humor and fantastic charm, is memorably set before us in the Metropolitan's revival. It was high time to restore to the active repertoire this pantomime with song into which Mabel Fokine transferred the opera. Its first performances at the Metropolitan in the season of 1917-1918 set the town agog, and Mr. Gatti's current revival of the lovable work is as welcome as it is belated. Four of the seven static singers in last night's cast were familiar participants in the original Metropolitan production. These were Messrs. Didur, Diaz, Andisio and Reschiglian, and among the mimes, Miss Galli, Mr. Bonfiglio and Mr. Bartik had their old parts.

Mme. Galli-Curci, as the voice of the Queen, and Mr. Alexis Kosloff, as the acting but non-singing Dodon, were the chief newcomers. Mr. Kosloff is an energetic and exuberant mime—too exuberant, indeed, for a good deal of his pantomime was extravagant and inexpressive, and he does not appear to have an instinctive gift of comedy. Mme. Galli-Curci was not always at her happiest in her singing of Rimsky's difficult chromatic arabesques, and she was evidently suffering from nervousness at the start, but much of the music she sang charmingly.

Mr. Bamboschek's conducting might well have been more supple, more pointed, more poetic; but it was competent, and it served. The choreography devised by Miss Galli was ingenious and generally effective.

"Le Coq d'Or" was preceded by a performance of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Florence Easton as Santuzza, Flora Perini as Lola, Mario Chamlee as Turiddu, Milo Pico Alfio as Alfio and Henriette Wakefield as Lucia. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Students' Concert.

At Carnegie Hall last night the Philharmonic Orchestra gave a Students' Concert, which included on the program the Second Symphony of Brahms, Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and a novelty by Kornuth entitled "Elegy."

Mme. Frances Alda, Mr. Beniamino Gigli and Mr. Albert Spalding were the artists at Mr. Albert Morris Bagby's musical morning yesterday at the Wallorf-Astoria. Miss Erin Ballard, Mr. Tito Carnevali and Mr. Andre Benoit were at the piano. Among Mr. Gigli's songs was "Ah, Lucid Moon," written and dedicated to him by Mrs. William L. Hirst.

Jan 23 1928

Edith Mason's Song Recital.

Three songs by Rossini, recently discovered, and novelties to audiences of this city, were sung by Edith Mason of the Chicago Civic Opera Company at her song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Their collective title is "La Regata Venezolana." They are the songs of the young girl who addresses her lover before, during and after the race. At least two of the songs, the first and the second, have more than a historic interest. There is no degeneration of saccharine melody into florid ornamentation, as was too often the case with Rossini. Simple as the melodic line is, it is truly expressive, and in the accompaniment of the second song the composer has accomplished a suggestion of flowing water nearer the manner of certain Schubert lieder than the insipid and meaningless accompaniments ordinarily encountered in Rossini's day.

In singing these songs Miss Mason was wholly in her element. The intonation of many opera singers in concert is notorious, but to this category Miss Mason, technically at least, does not belong. The naivete of the music was in her singing, and the voice was exceptionally suited to the occasion. Miss Mason was also fortunate in the title song of Scarlatti "Le Violette," which opened the program, and in the group of modern Italian songs, mostly of which were not very serious, nor, happily, commonplace in their content. It is true that the voice of Puccini's Jimi is heard—and surprisingly enough—in Respighi's "Stornellatrice," but brevity and freshness of feeling counteract this. Two songs of Castelnuovo-Tedesco, "Ninna-Nanna" and "Girotondo del colosi," the latter heard here for the first time, are well worth while, particularly for a lyric soprano, and the group ended with another well-chosen title, also a novelty, "Uno-due-tre," by Pieraccini.

These were the Italian songs. There as a German group by Strauss and rahms, familiar songs, though not always best for the singer. In the first lace, Miss Mason seldom is successful in expressing deep or intense feeling; secondly, there were passages that did not lie best for her voice. The meaning of "Schlagende Herz" of Strauss is as more completely conveyed than that of the same composer's "Adieu, Helen," which had a conventional infection. Perhaps to Miss Mason in this the song sounds conventional, and to an extent it is. Nevertheless, this is the early Strauss who was never more sincere than when he spoke with the bluntness of his musical progenitors. In its telling the poem fell short, nor did Brahms's "Immer leiser" the poignancy which poem and music should compel.

Edith Mason, here on a tour
sist from the Chicago Opera House,
sued long enough to give a song
cital at Carnegie Hall yesterday.
ere was an intimate and friendly
mosphere about her audience; a
avor of the days when "a young
merican singer" first charmed the
etropolitan with a new "Musetta"
nd a new "Cio-Cio San." Her
ice is as bright and as expressive
ever and her personality as vividly
ident, although there is always
something about the operatic manner
hich seems to be beating in vain
ainst the limitations of the con-
rt stage.

Her program had two new numbers, the first a group of Rossini songs, lost, so the legend runs, for forty years, and discovered only after patient search for unknown Venetian melodies. "La Regata Veneziana," the cycle is called; it celebrates the activities of a Venetian maiden encouraging her lover through a gondola race—"rooting," as we say at Harvard. The three songs have a lulling melody to the accompaniment of lapping waters and are pleasing and effective, though they seem hardly to justify very arduous labors in excavation.

The second group, by Castelnuovo-Oderisio, a Florentine composer, seemed more significant and the two songs by Rachmaninoff (sung for the first time in English) were utterly captivating. Kurt Schindler translated these last two, discovered the medieval songs and made himself additionally indispensable by playing the accompaniments with deftness and charm.

Mr. Schindler's activities were extended into the evening when he accompanied Lucilla de Vescovi in an uncommonly interesting and provocative program. The Italian soprano, clad in pre-Raphaelite robes, sang snatches from a later group of rebellious aesthetes the fin-de-siècle of another generation—Malpiero, Rossi, Respighi. She understands their curiously tense cadences and difficult rhythms and communicated a new emotional atmosphere to the sedate interior of Town Hall. Her voice has improved immeasurably in control and range. This was obvious in spite of the fact that she was singing above a cold. A. S.

By Deems Taylor

THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA.

About this time last year Nikolai Sokoloff and his Cleveland Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall and succeeded in convincing a slightly startled and wholly delighted audience that the great open spaces of the Middle West produce orchestras—and conductors—that have disconcertingly little to fear from the East. The visit was repeated last night and if the hearer was less startled it was only because he knew better this time what to expect.

For the Cleveland Orchestra remains a first class playing organization. It shows no deterioration from its high standard of last season and has in some respects been strengthened. The strings lack fullness somewhat, but they are pure and clear, precise in intonation, and include a viola section of exceptional smoothness and brightness of tone. The woodwinds and brass are good (the trombones particularly so) and the horns are far above the average. The general balance of the organization is excellent, and the men—thanks, probably, to their conductor's infectious energy—play with crispness and enthusiasm.

Mr. Sokoloff's program struck a happy average between the excessively novel and the hackneyed. He opened with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, which he read with splendid energy and elasticity, giving it just the touch of flamboyance that its none-too-subtle measures demand.

For his symphony he chose d'Indy's second, in B-flat major, which has been done here so seldom: that it came almost as a novelty. It is an imposing work, with a wealth of material that sounds strangely Wagnerian at moments, but has, nevertheless, emphatic merits of its own. The scoring is skillful and the technical treatment of the themes handled with enormous resource and ingenuity. Mr. Sokoloff's men gave it a fluid and brilliantly executed performance that bespoke careful and intelligent study and rehearsal.

Yet with all these assets, the d'Indy second symphony remains oddly unconvincing. There is virtually nothing that Monsieur d'Indy cannot do with an orchestra or a theme. But with that impression one receives the equally strong one that he is too sure of his skill for his own good. The B-flat symphony is anything but "Kapellmeister" music. Its ideas are authentic, and were obviously not summoned, but came of their own accord.

But once his ideas have arrived the composer takes too complete charge of them. He structures his music always with his mind, never with his intuitive faculties. It is almost as though he were so morbidly unsentimental as to be immune to the emotion that his own art evokes. Just as the progress of a theme has begun to grip the listener, in steps the composer and breaks its hold by making it do something it obviously did not intend to do.

He is like a novelist whose characters have "come alive," and threaten his plot, but who nevertheless sticks stubbornly to his plot. D'Indy the composer has ideas of viability and eloquence; but d'Indy the musical technician buries them beneath the sheer weight of his intellect. The result is logic, not magic.

After the symphony Mr. Sokoloff offered Debussy's "Iberia," which his orchestra played with sensitive rhythm and lovely color. Vaughan Williams's fantasy on a Tallis theme which was originally announced, was

shorter movement, "Le r de fete." But the essential, Debussy emerges in the middle movement, "Les parfums de la nuit," a night picture full of voluptuous and tender beauty. In this nocturne of marvelous poetry Whitman's "mystic and amorous night" breathes from an enchanted orchestra. It is Debussy at his best. Did he ever write anything lovelier, one wonders, than that passage in which the languorous song of the oboe is heard above harmonies in the muted and divided strings?—a melody of long breath and enamoring tenderness.

It would not be entirely truthful to say that Mr. Sokoloff's audience rose to "Iberia" last night as they did to d'Indy's symphony. Probably no audience is likely to lose its head over this music for some time yet. Its beauty is fantastic, curious, disdainful of the short and simple trail that leads to the popular heart and the agitated palm. No one could have played the work more lovingly, with a finer appreciation of its subtleties of color and nuance, than Mr. Sokoloff did last night. He gave it a reading of extraordinary distinction, poetry, and finesse. The music, as it passed through his imagination, had both ardor and brilliancy, both luster and warmth. And these traits were characteristic of his conducting in general.

Mr. Sokoloff revealed himself anew as a conductor who exhibits in fortunate combination certain qualities that come neither through fasting nor prayer, nor through violent and external seeking. He is first a musician of uncommon skill and uncommon intuition. As a conductor he is poetic, sensitive, a man of feeling and of power. He has fire and intensity and poise. He has a natural gift for orchestral expression, and an evident mastery of technique. Never spectacular, never Narcissistic, he loses himself in the music that for the moment holds sway over his imagination: we find him in that, through that, only. Certainly a wary eye should be kept upon this young man from Cleveland.

He has as instrument an admirably trained orchestra, which he has molded to a high degree of piancy and responsiveness. They played last night with precision and sensibility, with a surprising range of dynamics, with beauty and plangency of tone. Hearing them and their conductor and their program (despite the "Carnaval Roman" of Berlioz, with which they began, and the "Tannhäuser" Overture, with which they ended) they caused us, for the first time in our conscious existence, to envy Cleveland.

Lewis Richards, of Paris Society, and George Barrere, of N. Y. Symphony, Produce Balanced Program

A program of harpsichord and flute music was presented yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Lewis Richards, a member of the "Société des Instruments Anciens," of Paris, played the keyboard instrument while George Barrere, of the New York Symphony, was the flautist. These made a happy combination, for both are artists who have given thorough study to their instruments. (One could not help wishing that Mr. Barrere's flute were one of the old wooden one so that it might have been even more closely in sympathy with the gently plucked strings of the harpsichord, but this player knows well how to produce delicate, liquid, smooth tones and how to play low, stately processional tunes or tickle the fancy with sparkling dance melodies. If at times the flute predominated in their duets yesterday there were more times when the two parts were properly balanced.

Mr. Richards played with fine feeling for the character of his instrument and beautiful understanding of the compositions. The first number was a Sonata in B minor by Handel. Following this Mr. Richards was heard alone at the harpsichord, playing the Prelude and Fugue in C minor from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" and the Gavotte and Musette from the English Suite in G minor by the same composer and an Air with Variations by Handel.

Mr. Barrere was heard in four flute solos, by Quantz, Rameau and Leclair, and Mr. Richards played three numbers which, according to the program, exist only in manuscript in the repertoire of the Paris collection of the Société, a Rondo by Rameau, "The Brook," by Ayrton, and a "Gigue" by Desmarests. The final number of the afternoon was a Bach Sonata in E flat major for Harpsichord and Flute. A fair-sized audience heard the recital.

Miss Katherine Bacon, the young English pianist, gave her last recital before returning to England at Aeolian Hall last evening. Her program comprised the Sonata in F minor by Brahms, twenty-four preludes, opus 28, by Chopin, Debussy's "The Children's Corner" and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz." Miss Bacon has attracted considerable attention while she has been in this country and has played several engagements with string quartettes.

Lucilla de Vescevi.

Lucilla de Vescevi, Italian lyric soprano, presented an interesting program at Town Hall last evening, accompanied at the piano by Kurt Schindler. The first three parts of her recital included numbers by Respighi, Luzzi, Rossi, Pizzetti, Bossi, Majiello, Debussy, Bloch, Charpentier and Duparc. The fourth part included Spanish popular songs by La Falla and the fifth, Italian popular songs by Pieraccini and Sadoro.

Jeritza Reveals Her Best Talent in Singing 'Fedora'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

There cannot be any manner of doubt that the Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza is an impresario. When he determined to revive the dead, buried and mummified "Fedora" of Umberto Giordano there was such a shaking of heads as New York had not known since men began to build the Ninth Avenue "L." And when the opera was performed earlier in this season the whole town sang "Requiescat in pace." For the music again sounded pallid, ineffective and easily forgettable. And what is an opera without music? A painting without color or a play without situations?

But all the wise men of Gotham were at sea in a tub, for they had forgotten two important things, to wit, the theatrical cunning of Victorien Sardou and the dramatic personality of Mme. Maria Jeritza. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's generalship was never more clearly displayed than in his disclosure of the Austrian prima donna as *Fedora*. The part fits her as if it had been written for her. She is neither a Bernhardt nor a Fanny Davenport, but she is the operatic *Fedora* to the life. Her impersonation of this much troubled lady is the best thing she has done here. It is even better than her siren in Erich Korngold's lugubrious work, "Die Toten Stadt."

Mme. Jeritza was a good voice last evening and sang Giordano's music sufficiently well to give it its full dramatic value. Her composition of the character has gained in sympathy. It is more correctly proportioned. Its points are made with more certainty and its pictorial quality has been enriched by an improved sense of light and shade in action. The prima donna continued to fall down last evening as admirably as if she had been trained in Hollywood. She received much earned applause.

Mr. Martinelli was also in good condition and his virile impersonation of *Loris Ipanov* was up to its own high standard. Miss Mario repeated her charming and well balanced portrayal of the volatile *Countess Olga* and Mr. Scotti was the admirable *Do Sirina* of old. Italo Picchi deserves mention for his *Grillo* and several ladies of the chorus (not named in the program) for their good stage pictures of grande dames. Mr. Papi conducted.

Ethel Grow at Aeolian Hall.

Ethel Grow, the American contralto, last evening at Aeolian Hall gave a program of songs written expressly for string quartet accompaniment by Respighi, Toossens, Leken, Chausson and others. It was possibly the first time an entire program of this type of music had been given. Miss Grow had the cooperation of the New York String Quartet with Charles Albert Baker at the piano. To an unaccustomed listener these songs would have sounded better with piano accompaniment owing to the fact that the tone colors of the strings and the timbre of the voice, when blended, stood out in distinct relief. The numbers were uniformly of a noble hue, and the accompaniments of the latest model.

The State Symphony.

The State Symphony Orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor, was assisted by Mitja Nikisch, pianist, at its concert last night in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Nikisch played Beethoven's fifth piano concerto. The orchestral compositions were Brahms' Academic Overture and Tschalkowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique." All of these compositions are so popular and put together with such genius that they are proof against most imaginable exigencies of the concert room. The rousing overture is in every way what is not indicated by its name or the occasion for which it was written. But then, Brahms was not given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Breslau University because he had spent his life in a study with ponderous tomes. "Academic" to him meant youth, the overflowing cup of life, and that is the essence of his overture. The composer wrote with the knowledge and technical cunning of nearly fifty years, but with the energy, humor and romantic feeling of twenty. He must have startled the professors.

Playing the concerto, Mr. Nikisch laid on and spared not. A mere forte meant nothing to him. He had plenty of fingers and even more strength than the music required, and he did not intend to conceal either of these resources. He played fast and loud, in a jerky, spasmodic manner, which often distorted the musical expression. His fortissimi were hard and unpleasant, his performance as a whole uneasy and exaggerated. A jaunty and impertinent treatment of a masterpiece, for which nevertheless there was long continued applause.

Mr. Stransky achieved moments of brilliancy, but it cannot be claimed that the orchestral interpretations were distinguished by technical finish or by qualities other than those already known to his audiences, such as the sudden and not always fortunate transition from one tempo to another, the careless articulation of a musical phrase, and the apparent dread of a pause or a really slow movement. Don't keep the audience waiting! The audience was mildly appreciative of what it received, and after the march movement of the symphony the conductor had his men rise to acknowledge the applause.

MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ.

Mme. D'Alvarez's second recital last night in the Town Hall offered a program that was hardly worthy of her interpretative gifts. There were no positively bad songs on it, but neither were there any that were superlatively good—barring the air from "Iphigenie en Aulide" that began it. Among the best of the others were Bantock's "A Dream of Spring," Emerson Whitthorne's "The Babe in the Garden," Poldowski's "Effet de Neige," three Spanish songs and the "Habanera" from "Carmen."

"Surely no woman on the concert stage has a voice of like opulence and color." So ran a quoted press notice regarding her in an advertisement on the back of the Town Hall program. The statement is a little strong, but it is very close to the truth. The more pity, therefore, that Mme. D'Alvarez should abuse a magnificent instrument as mercilessly as she did last night. She seems to have contracted some bad singing faults—insufficient support and bad placement are chief among them—that are robbing her voice not only of its richness but of its purity of intonation. Many of her high notes last night were forced quite off the pitch and her sustained tones in any register were seldom free from tremolo.

Even so, handicapped by an indifferent program and poor vocalism, she made her recital an event of extraordinary interest by the sheer power of personality and artistry. Her perfect diction, unerring sense of pace and climax, and great power of conveying intense feeling combined to keep her hearers alternating between rapt attention and excited applause. Dyell Barber, at the piano, provided accompaniments of exceptional taste and musicianship.

At Aeolian Hall Ethel Grow, contralto, offered a recital of songs, accompanied in part by the New York String Quartet. The piano accompaniments were in the capable hands of Charles Albert Baker. Her program, which was well out of the common rut, included Respighi's "Il Tramonto," three settings of old English poems by Eugene Goossens, Grechaninoff's "Dead Leaves," Chausson's "Chanson Perpetuelle," and a "Nocturne" by Guillaume Lekeu.

OTHER MUSIC.

"Academic" has a very definite

meaning to Josef Stransky, especially when it emerges as "Akademische" and is affixed to an overture of Brahms. As a matter of fact, these genial echoes from the University of Breslau are about as academic (in our unfortunate sense of that ill-used word) as "Boola-Boola"—and much more exciting. Mr. Stransky made them appropriately genial, but he approached the Students' Song in a mood of exalted reverence and the hilarious climax of the "Gaudemus Igitur" did not quite come off. The "Festival" was followed by the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven, with Mitja Nikisch as soloist in one of his happiest and most ingratiating moods. The "Pathétique" of Tschalkowsky ended the program and met with its unflinching and loyal applause.

The New York Symphony.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The overture to "King Stephen," the eighth symphony, the third "Leonore overture," the Scotch folk-songs which Beethoven arranged for a patron in 1810, and the "Song of the Flea" and "The Kiss," sung by John Barclay, baritone, made the main part of the fifth concert of the Beethoven cycle given by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The postlude of the concert, for which everyone remained, was "Wellington's Victory," or the "Battle of Vittoria."

The important, perhaps the principal difference between Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria" and Richard Strauss's battle with himself in "Heidenleben" is that while Strauss, making much sound and fury, does so with complete seriousness, Beethoven writes plainly and with intention for a musical machine—the "panharmonicon" invented by Maelzel—afterward arranges the result for orchestra, and makes no bones of the fact that he is doing a mechanical job. His battle came off gloriously yesterday, with much bragadoocio of trumpets, preceding the conflict; with "God Save the Queen" and "Malbrough s'en va-t-en" guerre (known by a less respectable title to collegiate youths of the land) as musical gonfalons of the conflict; with two men on opposite sides of the orchestra working apparatuses like machine guns against each other; with a whacking of bass drums for heavy artillery, to a comically disconsolate version of "Malbrough" to indicate the defeat of the French; and with a fugue apotheosis, if you please, of the English national chant for a conclusion. All this greatly amused Mr. Damrosch's audience. It proved one of the most entertaining, if not artistically valuable, of his exhumations in forgotten corners of the Beethoven storehouse.

Mr. Damrosch's performance of the incomparable eighth symphony was enthusiastic, and it found the audience responsive. The songs interpreted by Mr. Barclay are not unfamiliar and are eminently worth the hearing, in the case of the folk-songs because of the value of the original melodies, and in the other songs because of their laughter and sentiment, whether or not Beethoven, the song writer, is to be mentioned in a breath with Beethoven the symphonist. Mr. Barclay, an interpreter of marked intelligence, was heartily applauded.

Symphony's Beethoven Concert.

"This," said the guide, "is the house in which Beethoven, the immortal composer of the ninth symphony, was born."

"Ah, yes," answered the tourist, "and did not he write a celebrated 'Battle Symphony'?"

Whersupon the guide knew that the tourist was British and devoutly believed that Waterloo was the greatest battle ever fought and Wellington the foremost General in history. This celebrated battle symphony was drawn forth from its lair to thunder as a postlude to the fifth of the Symphony Society's series of Beethoven concerts, which was heard by many persons in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Damrosch has now exhibited Beethoven at his best and his worst. Thus is the historical cycle made impartial. But the ninth symphony is yet to come.

The program, which appeared to be a prelude to the celebrated postlude, comprised the "King Stephen" overture (which is a little better than the battle symphony), the eighth symphony and the "Leonore" overture. No. 3. John Barclay, baritone, sang a group of Scotch songs with accompaniment of violin, cello and piano, and two other songs with only the piano. Mr. Barclay sang well, and

then he had a chance, as in "Der Huss," he did something quite praiseworthy in the line of interpretation. The eighth symphony always evokes debate about a conductor's tempi. Many years ago the tempi used in performance of this delightful work were much different from those heard now. But Hans Guido von Bülow came here and exploded a small bombshell with the new tempi. He was widely treated by some of the older commentators who thought that he was an erring brother. But to one who only expressed mild wonder he showed a copy of a letter from Bargheer, former concertmaster of the Basel orchestra, written to Von Bülow after he had conducted the symphony in that town. Bargheer said the tempi were the same as those used by Spohr when that famous violinist was conductor there and Bargheer was concertmaster. Spohr himself was concertmaster when the symphony was performed for the first time, which was under the baton of Beethoven.

Mr. Damrosch studied under Von Bülow. His tempi ought to be right. And yet—and yet—the first movement did sound a little dull and one missed Von Bülow's incisive accentuation of the allegretto scherzando. On the whole, though, it was a good performance. The Symphony Society's orchestra sends forth a rich and smooth body of tone and an excellent understanding exists between musicians and conductor.

But Mr. Damrosch, as they used to say in Broadway, is "going away from here." Bruno Walter is coming to conduct in his place. Every one will be sorry to see Mr. Damrosch go, even temporarily. He is the "old faithful" of local conductors, and, although he continues to direct audiences as well as his orchestra, he comes "smiling through," and, like Antonio Scotti of the Metropolitan Opera House, he has become an institution.

Willem Van Hoogstraten led the Philharmonic Orchestra for the last time this season at a Thursday evening concert of the Society in Carnegie Hall last night. The program consisted of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, Reger's variations on a theme by Hiller and Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony. The Reger variations were first played in Germany on October 15, 1907, and they came out in this country the following winter on two of the Boston Symphony programs. Of the eleven variations ending with a fugue, the sixth and eighth were omitted from last night's performance. In its playing of the score the orchestra caught with commendable success the Reger spirit. The Beethoven overture was well performed. The audience was large.

Galli-Curci as Violetta.

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci sang Violetta Valery in Verdi's "La Traviata" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before an audience which tested the capacity of the house and signified by its applause substantial pleasure, but not undue excitement. This was doubtless due to the fact that the distinguished prima donna was not in good voice and that the inequalities in her singing could not escape notice. She had trouble with the A flat in "Ah fors e lui," but the high E flat in "Sempre libera" came off fairly well.

The brocade with which she endeavored to decorate the recitative before "Ah fors e lui" as well as that in the preface to the cabaletta was unusually ragged, and there were some unexpected breaks in her phrasing in the cadenzas. But the lovely natural quality of the voice could not fail to harm every ear, and in the purely lyric passages of the acts following the first Mme. Galli-Curci did some admirable singing. But it would be futile to try to convince any dispassionate member of last evening's audience that the soprano was quite herself.

Mr. Chamlee, recovered from the indisposition which lately prevented Vasco di Ganna's projected voyage to the east side of Africa, appeared as Alfredo, the lover, in "The Bohemians." But he was also altogether free in voice, though he sang well and carried himself like an ardent admirer of the diva. Mr. de Luca once again gave an excellent representation of the stern father who ideally advertised the beauties of Provence. The other members of the cast of "La Traviata" have such in-

significant duties to perform that they must go unmentioned. Mr. Moranzoni seemed to have some difference of opinion with Mr. Chamlee about the tempo of "Libiamo," but otherwise guided his forces through Verdi's simple rhythms without trouble.

MARIE ROSANOFF PLAYS.

Miss Marie Rosanoff, a young cellist and pupil of Pablo Casals and Willem Willeke, who made her debut in this city last season, gave her first recital this season in Aeolian Hall last evening. The interesting feature of her program was Boccherini's concerto in which she had the assistance of a small orchestra of strings, horns and oboes conducted by Mr. Willeke. Among her offerings were Beethoven's seven variations on a theme by Mozart, Bach's suite in G, unaccompanied, and several brief numbers by Willeke, Faure, Granados and Popper.

Miss Rosanoff's gifts are of a high order, but they are not readily adaptable to all realms of the cello's repertoire. In Beethoven's variations the exquisite finish of her work and the delicacy of melodic outline which she sketched so skillfully deserve praise. But in Bach's suite her range of color was decidedly limited and there was little force or imagination woven with the intelligent analysis of her work. Therefore little of interest was brought forth in this excellent composition. In the concerto she was more fortunate.

Mr. Willeke conducted this charming old piece with all the sensitive regard which it merits. It proved an admirable vehicle for the expression of Miss Rosanoff's talents. Not without a few lapses of intonation, her playing was characterized by true musical feeling, vivacious rhythm and a thoroughly artistic and tasteful style. Her tone was never large, but it was always refined. Raymond Bauman at the piano gave accompaniments which added much to the evening's enjoyment.

At the Metropolitan.

A benefit performance of "Marta" was given yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Alda and Mr. Gigli headed the familiar cast, which included Mme. Howard and Messrs. Didur, Malatesta, D'Angelo and Reschiglian. Mr. Papi conducted.

In the evening Mme. Galli-Curci made her first appearance this season as Violetta in "La Traviata." Her graceful interpretation of the role, as well as vocal virtuosity, was greeted with enthusiasm by a large audience. Mr. Chamlee appeared as Alfredo and Mr. De Luca as Germont. Others in the cast were Mesdames Egner and Anthony and Messrs. Bada, Picco, Tibbett and Picchi. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

LONDON TO HEAR DEBUT OF AMERICAN SOPRANO

Blanche Scandina to Sing at Covent Garden To-morrow.

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Blanche Scandina, a young American soprano, makes her debut at Covent Garden Saturday as Queen of Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute." She has not been heard even on the concert platform before. It was at Nellie Melba's instigation that she first took lessons with Ponson, French master.

"Her pure coloratura voice," says Percy Pitt of the British National Opera Company, "is perfect in style and technique and she is expected to make a sensation at her debut."

Miss Scandina, who has come to London from Paris, is of Swedish and Danish parentage and speaks fluently the Scandinavian languages, besides English, French, Italian and Spanish.

WALSKA SANG UNKNOWN IN WAGNERIAN COMPANY

Had Role in 'Figaro' With Organization.

Ganna Walska, wife of Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, not only was the "angel" of the Wagnerian Opera Company, contributing with her husband \$106,000 to help it out of its financial troubles before the final receivership, but also was a near-star of the organization, singing incognito the role of the Countess in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" at Albany, Detroit and New London, Conn. Although the fact was known at the time and was printed, it was admitted officially for

the first time by Theodore Latterman, stage manager of the company, when he sailed yesterday with thirty of its members by the Hamburg-American liner Thuringia for Hamburg.

Mr. Latterman said Ganna Walska had sung her part in "most excellent style," but that her voice was not "big." It is, he says, a sweet voice, with a quality not unlike that of Geraldine Farrar or Mary Garden.

By Deems Taylor

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

The concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon presented the fifth program, and last, but one, in Mr. Damrosch's Beethoven cycle. There was some unfamiliar Beethoven on the list, and some—the eighth symphony and the third "Leonore" overture—that could hardly be called novel.

John Barclay, baritone, sang three of the composer's arrangements of Scotch folksongs and two others, "The Song of the Flea," and "The Kiss." Even his polished style and fine voice could not completely disguise the fact that Beethoven was not at his happiest when writing songs. The first of the Scotch songs, "Sunset," has a beautiful tune and a lovely mood, but the other two are commonplace. The "Flea" song will hardly obliterate the memory of Moussorgsky's setting.

Beside the symphony and the "Leonore" there was the "King Stephen" overture, written for a play of that name by Kotzebue and first played in 1812. Beethoven composed it to order, and it sounds like it.

Speaking of potboilers, those who did not stay for the postlude of the concert missed a treat that they could ill afford to miss. This was a performance of a piece that Beethoven wrote in 1813, entitled "Wellington's Victory; or, the Battle of Vittoria."

Maelzel, the inventor of the metronome, had concocted a thing that he called the "Panharmonicon," evidently a sort of Cro-Magnon orchestrelle, and proposed to Beethoven that he write a battle piece for it, with the idea that the two of them would thereupon journey to London and astonish the English. The scheme finally fell through, but meanwhile Beethoven had composed the music and scored it.

In accordance with the composer's directions, the orchestra split into two sections yesterday, the half on the left representing the English Army and the half on the right the French. Subsequent developments were simple and to the point. Trumpet calls and drum rolls from the English side, followed by same from French. "Rule Britannia" from the English "side; "We Won't Go"—pardon, "Malbrouck" from the French. More bugle calls from both sides.

The battle then ensued. It consisted in mutual recriminations from the opposing brasses, with the strings and woodwind working furiously but inaudibly, with accompaniment of heavy drumfire from two bass drums and a pair of carpet beaters. Finally the carnage ceased, and the French slunk off, playing "Malbrouck" in minor, with a farewell "wham!" from the British artillery. Followed an epilogue, wherein "God Save the King!" was heard in pleasing variations.

The program will be repeated to-night—and for Heaven's sake don't leave before "The Battle of Vittoria"! There is reason to believe, by the way, that Beethoven did not intend it to be funny.

OTHER MUSIC.

Marie Roemaet Rosanoff, a very young girl with a very old 'cello, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last night. Miss Rosanoff is a debutante of last season and her 'cello (according to an awed press announcement) is one of the most ancient and honorable instruments in the world; with this piquant contrast as a beginning, the recital progressed to a triumphant close. The young player's tone is not large; in fact, her slim arms and fingers were physically unequal to some passages of the "Bach Suite in G," which she played with the utmost courage. But she has taste and feel-

ing and a certain deft ability to modulate her measures so that her pianissimo and gentle crescendo are merged into happy proportions.

A small orchestra, conducted by a beaming and paternal Mr. Willeke, accompanied the young artist with almost devout sympathy and chivalry. In fact, it was partly due to their encouraging co-operation that the performance emerged with such finished charm. Moreover, while in the realm of pure acsthetics, the picture made by this girl and her 'cello, surrounded by her group of deferential musicians, added much to a polite and pleasant evening.

Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, the Beethoven Overture to "Coriolanus" and the Reger variations on a theme by Hiller made up the Philharmonic program at Carnegie Hall. At the Metropolitan, Amelita Galli-Curci again traced the sad fate of violetta in "La Traviata," with a familiar cast. A. S.

NEW YORK TRIO IN CONCERT.

Louis Edlin Appears as New Violinist. 76

The New York Trio gave a concert in Aeolian Hall last evening. The organization appeared with a new violinist, Louis Edlin, familiar on the concert stage and recently concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra. He takes the place of Mr. Guidi. The program last evening contained little to excite the music lover, but there was much to give pleasure. The offerings consisted of Brahms' C major trio, Mozart's trio, op. 15, No. 3, and the G minor trio by Smetana, played to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth.

It is difficult to smother the exuberant joy and the compelling good humor of the Brahms' trio. The players last night smothered neither. They were successful in bringing forth both characteristics in a clear and spirited reading. Technically some of their work lacked refinement. It was occasionally rough. But the sympathetic ensemble, the direct and simple style, and the thorough pleasure with which the trio caught the musical essence of their subjects insured an enjoyable performance. Mr. Edlin played with distinction and at the same time refrained from standing forth too prominently.

SERAFIN ENGAGED

Tullio Serafin, an Italian opera conductor already known in Paris, London, Lisbon and Buenos Aires, is to come to the Metropolitan next season, according to official announcement made last night by Gatti-Casazza after the news had reached Broadway in conflicting reports of his engagement for America.

Samuel Insull, in a Chicago dispatch, was quoted as saying that Mr. Serafin would join his rival company in the West.

The Metropolitan announcement is understood to mean that the newcomer has signed up definitely for New York.

Serafin, who is now leading performances of "Parsifal" at the Teatro Regio, Parma, was born in 1880 at Cavarzere, on the Venetian mainland, and at 10 years entered the Conservatory of Milan. He became first viola at La Scala and later an assistant conductor under Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini.

After the Scala's director and conductor came here in 1908 the young Serafin went for four years to Turin, returning to Milan as the Scala's chief conductor for four years more. He has since led opera in the principal Italian cities as well as in other countries and has conducted symphony concerts at the Augusteo in Rome.

He will follow here a succession of famous Italian conductors, including Mancinelli, Bevilacqua, Arturo Vigna, Toscanini and Polacco.

Roberto Moranzoni, who with Genaro Papi has shared the Italian repertory on Broadway, will retire at the end of the present season. Mr. Gatti in his announcement said that Maestro Moranzoni has served ably and loyally as a conductor of the Metropolitan and has now for personal reasons asked to be relieved of his duties, to which the General Manager has consented with regret.

Moranzoni first appeared in the Metropolitan orchestra pit in 1917, in the same year with Pierre Monteux, and has remained here seven years. He succeeded Giorgio Polacco, who has since been active in Chicago. Moranzoni has conducted among his productions here the Little Puccini "trilogy" and both "Lodoletta" and "L'Amico Fritz," by his own teacher, Mascagni.

Roberto Moranzoni is leaving the Metropolitan after ten years' service, and the opera is to have a new Italian conductor in Tullio Serafin. Mr. Gatti-Casazza announced yesterday that Moranzoni, who has served ably and loyally as conductor, for personal reasons has asked to be relieved of his duties at the end of the season, and that he had consented with regret to his retirement.

Last night's opera at the Metropolitan was "Die Walkure," with Mme. Reinhardt as Sieglinde, Mme. Oregin as Fricka, Mme. Matzenauer as Brunnhilde, Mr. Laubenthal as Siegmund, Mr. Whitehill as Wotan and Mr. Bender as Hunding. Mme. Molish replaced Mme. Roesler as Helwig; otherwise the cast was the familiar one this season. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Ernest Hutcheson's Recital.

By OLIN DOWNES.

There are two ways in which a pianist can show darink in the arrangement of a program. One is to perform compositions which have never been heard before and may not be heard again. The other is to offer a list of compositions so orthodox that no audience would come to hear an ordinary pianist who played them, and abide by the results. This latter was the proceedings of Ernest Hutcheson at his piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall.

His composers were Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin. Of Mendelssohn he played the "Scherzo a capriccio" and four Songs With Words, Nos. 25, 17, 22, 34; of Schumann the "Phantasie-Stücke," of Chopin the Ballade in F, the "Lithuanian Song," as arranged by Sganbati, and the B-flat minor Scherzo. This last composition, the climax of offense to the modernists, proved, when played, to be one of the features of the program. It was tribute alike to composer and interpreter.

The "Lithuanian Song" was a novelty to many in the audience. It is a charming piece, unworthily neglected, and a welcome relief from the everlasting wish of the Polish maiden. The reading of the Ballade could have been more dramatic and romantic in its manner, and in Schumann's pieces the pianist tended to be matter-of-fact—until he arrived at the "Ende vom Lied," which was as a dream of golden stairs. There was an appreciative audience of good size, and Mr. Hutcheson added to the program.

Neighborhood Music School.

The tenth anniversary of the founding of the Neighborhood Music School took the form of a concert yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. It is ten years since this school, which has far outgrown the capacities of the building in which it was originally housed, opened its doors. The proceeds of the concert yesterday go toward a fund for a new auditorium and other facilities needed by the school.

Not only playing, but rhythmic dancing and performances of "teamwork tunes," made the program. The Junior Orchestra, of which the first violinist is 7 years old, and the cellists were almost hidden behind their instruments, opened the concert with a gavotte of Bach and the Song of the Volga Boatmen. This was followed with rhythmic work by Estelle and Miriam Levine and Marjorie Klingler. A "Swedish Cradle Song," by Frère Jacques, were interpreted by Rhoda Martin, Jules Seidman and L. Maltz, violinists; Bernard Ginsberg, cellist, and Estelle Levy, pianist. Eva Singer played the allegro from Mozart's fourth violin concerto.

Other performers were Oliver Edwel, cellist, and Esther Arnowitz, pianist (Corelli's D minor sonata); Eva Geisinger, Echter Shair, Harris Danziger and Gertrude Berkowitz, assisted by Elsie Mandelberg (Schumann piano quintet), and Dora Zaslavsky, pianist (first movement of Grieg's concerto). The final number was the Oberon Woberon overture by the orchestra.

Two French Operas Sung in Day.

"Carmen" was sung at the Metropolitan last night at the annual French Hospital benefit, following the day's regular matinee of "Thais." The two French operas together completed the twelfth week and marked a halfway point of New York's longest season. Mme. Jeritza sang in "Thais" with Tokatyan and Danise. Easton, Sabanueva, Martinelli and Mardones were the "Carmen" cast, and Hasselmann conducted both performances.

By Deems Taylor

The children's hour in music was abundantly celebrated yesterday when two elaborate concerts were given for the especial benefit of infant music-lovers. The first was a new gesture of the Philharmonic Orchestra toward

this end and was scheduled for Carnegie Hall yesterday morning, although the actual opening for critics and the general public will be held tomorrow afternoon. Ernest Schelling has been engaged to conduct an orchestra of fifty-five men from the orchestra in behalf of the children from the public and parochial schools and the music school settlements. On the first program are Chopin's Military Polonaise, Bach's Air on the G String, Bizet's Children's Suite and the Overture to "William Tell." These numbers are diversified by Mr. Schelling's analysis at the piano of the important themes and by an explanatory talk on "Fiddles and Fiddlesticks," illustrated with lantern slides.

At Carnegie Hall also, in the afternoon, the New York Symphony gave its annual concert for young people, with Pablo Casals as soloist. The program was built around the Boccherini Concerto in B flat and included the "Thunder and Lightning" polka by Johann Strauss. Ernest Hutcheson in his recital at Aeolian Hall included the Schumann "Phantasie-Stücke" and a Mendelssohn group made up of four "Songs Without Words" and the "Prelude and Fugue in F minor." The concluding number was a Chopin group consisting of the Ballade in F, a Lithuanian song, and the Scherzo in B flat minor.

"Thais" was repeated as a matinee at the Metropolitan in a familiar cast headed by Jeritza, Tokatyan and Danise. In the evening at the Metropolitan "Carmen" was scheduled as a special performance for the benefit of the French Hospital.

Chooses Glazounoff's Fifth, With Own Verses Set to Second Movement Theme and Audience as Chorus

By F. D. Perkins

Walter Damrosch met his audience of young people yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall in the fourth concert of this series, and again added a short lecture-recital to the symphonic program in outlining the Fifth Symphony of Alexander Glazounoff. This was an appropriate choice. The B flat symphony is not long, is effectively scored and most melodious, though not marked by any notable originality. In the first movement one thought of Wagner; in the second, perhaps, of Tchaikovsky. Still, if not an epoch-making work, the symphony fell very pleasantly upon the ear, and a distinct asset in the entertainment was provided by Mr. Damrosch in the verses he had fitted to the themes of the second movement, which the audience was invited to sing. The fit was perfect.

Casals Is Soloist

Pablo Casals, the soloist of the afternoon, chose an eighteenth century work, the cello concerto of Boccherini. Introduced as the finest cellist in the world, he proceeded to prove it, with his familiar breadth and richness of tone; but the playing of Mr. Casals hardly needs to be rhapsodized on anew. The infrequently heard concerto served its purpose well, with an extensive cadenza in the first movement to display the soloist's technical skill, and a melodious slow movement, in which a cellist has every chance to produce a rich, melting tone, if he has

SYMPHONY BACKERS TO ASSEMBLE HERE

Following visits to New York by three out-of-town orchestras and a fourth soon to play here, it has become known that a first meeting of financial backers of the great symphony organizations in thirteen American cities will be held here at the invitation of Clarence H. Mackay next Saturday. The meeting is for discussion, so the invitations explained, "of all matters of interest to American orchestras at this time." It is expected that the problem of the annual deficits will be taken up and plans laid to remedy the situation.

To Discuss Rival Bidding.

Next Saturday's discussion will be wholly free as to subject, taking whatever direction those present desire or suggest. It is certain that there will be talk of rival bidding for players and conductors, such as in the past has cost Eastern orchestras many men and

\$50,000 increases in their own budgets for the faithful who remained, when some of the newer organizations were forming.

A report yesterday of \$70,000 offered to a conductor, not far afield nor unknown here, to come to New York, was denied by all concerned. The man mentioned now receives over \$40,000, which was the price the Metropolitan once paid to Toscanini, and it has been announced from his concert platform that Mr. Stokowski accepted Philadelphia's figure at a personal loss. He is at present, as are most other leaders, under binding contract for a term of years.

Mr. Mackay's guests are expected to consider how rival city orchestras may "live and let live" in future years. They will informally, in American parlance, "swap hard luck stories" and seek remedies for their difficulties in good American "big business" methods.

Mr. Mackay is the present Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society, the oldest orchestra in this country and the third oldest in the world. He has been South since issuing the call for this informal conference to both the chief officers and practical business men of the other musical groups.

Final plans await his return to town Tuesday or Wednesday and no information of the semi-public meeting has been available at either his offices in the Postal Telegraph Company, those of the Philharmonic Society or the Mackay home at 3 East Seventy-fifth Street. From outside the city it was learned that the men accepting the invitation will meet informally as guests at dinner at Mr. Mackay's home on Saturday night.

Thirteen presiding officers of symphony organizations and thirteen business managers of their orchestras have accepted, according to report from some of their home towns. They will represent, in terms of concert hall box office, \$5,000,000 annual turnover, or nearly twice the gross business of the Metropolitan Opera House. Their common bond will be that each has an average annual deficit of \$100,000 a season.

Some of Those to Attend.

Some of those who are expected or will send proxies if unable to attend are W. A. Clark Jr. of Los Angeles, who up to this year had paid \$543,000 for the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and is still "carrying on" a six-figure deficit; Elbert I. Carpenter of Minneapolis, where also one man carries the chief financial load; Charles H. Hamill of Chicago, Mr. Murphy of Detroit, Mrs. Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, John L. Severance of Cleveland and H. H. Flagler of the New York Symphony.

From Rochester, with its youngest of all the big orchestras, will come George Eastman, who has undertaken to run music with "big business" brains and experience. From Philadelphia is Alexander Van Rensselaer, acting in the absence of Edward Bok, largest donor of the recent endowment. Representing Boston is Judge Frederick P. Cabot, the successor of Major Higginson, now wrestling with \$95,000 annual difference between expenses and income of the Boston Symphony.

With their chiefs, there have been invited the business managers, who will dine in New York the same evening and will, in event of promising developments, remain to work out any plans adopted by the respective groups. The managers are: V. H. Brennan, Boston; Arthur Judson, New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia George Engles, New York Symphony; Mr. Seely of Rochester, Mrs. J. W. Darby, Cincinnati; Mrs. Adela Prentiss Hughes, Cleveland; W. E. Watter, Detroit; E. J. Wessels, Chicago; S. E. Macmillan, St. Louis; A. J. Gaines, Minneapolis; Caroline A. Smith, Los Angeles, and A. W. Widenham, San Francisco.

Four of the Middle West orchestras had been reported in the beginning of their current season as planning to "save themselves by a merger." That move, though it came to no definite action, led to much consideration of the common interests of rival touring orchestras having their home bases at Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Detroit.

In the case of the New York Symphony Orchestra the need of begging orchestra funds in grudging dribsels from a host of promising contributors led Harry Harkness, manager some years ago to assume personally the entire financial responsibility, leaving to a Board of Directors only questions of artistic policy.

The older Philharmonic Society received \$500,000 by bequest of Joseph Pulitzer, of which the free income-producing part yields \$30,000 aside from

certain specified provisions. Seven directors make up with \$10,000, and Mr. Mackay, the Chairman, is reported to give a much higher figure, to cover the hundred concerts and wide travel each year.

Mackay's Views Outlined.

At the season's first meeting of Philharmonic directors in the home of Vincent Astor last Fall, with President Frederick A. Julliard presiding, Chairman Mackay first indicated some of the problems he will now discuss with other orchestra heads. In his report then he emphasized "the great cost of maintaining a symphony orchestra, owing to the high standard demanded." Here, as well as in other cities, adequate financial returns could not be insured without an endowment fund, he said.

"Even with a full attendance at every concert," his report added, "there would still be a considerable deficit." There was a limit to what the public could be charged, he continued, and this had

about been reached. Mr. Mackay mentioned the addition of \$22,248 to this year's heavy budget through the new union schedule and a \$15,000 bonus to a retiring conductor.

The Philharmonic, on Mr. Mackay's taking its chairmanship three years ago, combined with the then National Symphony Orchestra, from which both subscribers and players were recruited to the older band. In this present season's report he announced a further joining forces with the leading interests in the City Symphony Orchestra as "an added source of strength."

An understanding was reached between the Philharmonic and the American Orchestral Society, whereby Mrs. E. H. Harriman, founder of that enterprise, is now Chairman of the Philharmonic's educational concerts.

CHICAGO OPERA GAINS.

Increase in Attendance 22 Per Cent.—\$25,000 Less Deficit.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—Twenty-two per cent. more persons attended opera in Chicago this season than last. Samuel Insull, President of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, announced last night in an address before 2,200 guarantors of opera here. Of those who attended, he said, only 5 per cent. were of the class usually termed "society," or those who occupied box seats.

The company this year will suffer a deficit of about \$325,000 as compared to one of about \$350,000 last year, he said, the deficit being made up by guarantors.

The company starts on a 10,000 mile tour tomorrow night, opening in Boston on Monday.

Das Lied von der Erde.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

One of the least happy thoughts that the Friends of Music have had in the ten years of their existence—ten years that have made a record in so many ways distinguished—has been that of driving home to the New York public Mahler's "Lied von der Erde." They have done many things that have given great delight and great instruction to those whose ears were open to them; and it would be an interesting task to recapitulate some of these remarkable successes. But "Das Lied von der Erde" is not one of them.

The fact that yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall the Friends of Music gave their fourth performance of it in two years recalls the well-worn anecdote about Carl Bergmann's determined playing of Wagnerian selections when he was conductor of the Philharmonic Society sixty or seventy years ago, and his answer when told that he should not do so, as the public did not like Wagner: "den dey must hear him till dey do."

The Friends of Music seem to be making the same answer—of course, without the German accent—about Mahler. But they have failed to realize the difference between Mahler and Wagner. The Mahler propaganda that various conductors have from time to time attempted to transplant from Germany to New York has been pretty well brought to an end here; and dissenting voices are beginning to be raised against it, even in Germany, where the public is notoriously docile under the batons of recognized and approved conductors. The audience yesterday was large, but did not fill the hall.

The conditions under which "Das Lied von der Erde" was given were the same as last year—the people who did not get into the hall before the performance began were not allowed to hear it at all. And once more the work failed to show cause why it should receive so much more consideration than the works of great composers which the public is allowed more or less to interrupt. It disclosed again a certain few passages of striking though not very original beauty, and many more passages of dull and tiresome music-making, pure manufacture.

Mme. Charles Cahier, who in a way has made the contralto part of this work peculiarly her own, again sang it with skill and obvious devotion. Kurt Taucher, the German tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang the tenor part with less skill perhaps; with excellent diction, but with that singular lack of charm and engrossing style that has wearied Metropolitan Opera audiences for two seasons. Mr. Bodanzky's conducting of the work was such as to make all its details clear and all its merits count for the utmost. The orchestral performance was excellent. Applause was scanty and hesitant; whether from lack of interest in the work or from awe at the super-seriousness of the occasion was not entirely clear.

Casals and New York Symphony.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Pablo Casals was soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The fact is mentioned at once, although the appearance of a solo-

By Deems Taylor

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

We were not present at the children's concert on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Damrosch regaled his youthful hearers with Glazunoff's fifth symphony, but after hearing him repeat it at the Symphony Society's Aedion Hall concert yesterday afternoon, we are pretty sure the children must have liked it. For in its musical material and structure it adheres faithfully to the famous policy once formulated by the editor of a highly popular American periodical. "It is my aim," he said, "to print nothing in the columns of this magazine that could not be read aloud to a little child."

Glazunoff solves no riddles, rights no wrongs, blazes no trails. The most abstruse problems he tackles are purely technical ones, aside from that of providing a good, clean afternoon's entertainment for mother and the children—with the hope even of keeping father awake part of the time.

Not that this is anything to hold against Glazunoff. If his music is essentially not important, at least he makes no pretense that it is. The first movement of the fifth symphony is reminiscent and impressive—a sort of Lamb's Tales from Wagner. The second is a delightfully scored series of Impressions of Mendelssohn, the third is a gently sentimental set of variations on "Celeste Aida," with a pleasing chromatic horn obbligato and the fourth is a jazz rhapsody on Russian tunes. It does not offend, it does not bore. It takes you there and back, and can be relied upon to arouse no more uncontrollable emotion than that of comfort. The band played it with evident relish, and every one had a good time.

Mr. Damrosch also offered a new work by Blair Fairchild, who is an American composer despite the fact that he has lived in Paris for twenty years. It is a tone-poem—or "tableau musical" as the composer entitles it—based on the legend of the Persian Shah Feridoun, aiming, one imagines, to suggest the Oriental traits and heroic exploits of the mythical hero rather than follow a detailed program. The work is a little long for its musical subject-matter, and could afford to be more specific at times, but it is handled with restraint and grace and is exceptionally well scored. The audience received it with obvious pleasure, and Mr. Damrosch prevailed upon the composer, who was present, to bow his acknowledgements from a box.

Pablo Casals was the day's soloist, playing Boccherini's 'cello concerto in B flat. His tone sounded rather dryer than one is wont to expect from the famous Spanish 'cellist, but his technical skill was as dazzling as ever, and the superb confidence and polish of his playing were sufficient to make the concerto almost interesting—and that is sincere praise. For once, a New York orchestral concert did not end with the "Fannhauser" overture. Instead, Mr. Damrosch bravely threw tradition to the winds and ended the afternoon with the "Marche Slave."

Van Hoogstraten

The Philharmonic gave its regular Sunday afternoon concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday, with Conductor Willem Van Hoogstraten ending his first regular season as the society's conductor, and his wife, Mme. Elly Ney, pianist, as the soloist, in a Brahms-Beethoven program. The works in the list were Brahms's "Tragic" overture and Second Symphony, and between these the B flat piano concerto of Beethoven.

Mme. Ney, who had not appeared here before this season with orchestra, played the great "Emperor" score with less beauty of tone and technical finesse than assurance and dash. It was on the whole a rather tempestuous reading but effective, and won for her much applause. The orchestra gave the concerto a good accompaniment, and in the Brahms overture and symphony many parts were well played and especially in the scherzo and last and first movement of the latter work.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten was warmly applauded at the start of the concert. He made his final exit in triumph. The

audience filling the house and the orchestra on its feet recalled him six times to the stage. Applause and "brava" cries finally brought a speech. "I only want to thank you," he said. "And I can only express my thanks to the artists (turning to his orchestra) who make up this great orchestra who have worked with me and helped me." A splendid gilded wreath from the orchestra was presented to Mr. Van Hoogstraten and a large laurel wreath from the Auxiliary Board of the Philharmonic.

Mr. Monzelberg, who arrived here yesterday from Holland and was in one of the boxes applauding, will take up the Philharmonic baton for the third year during the last half of the season at the society's concert to-morrow night at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Borisoff's Comedy

An evening of comedy for Russians was presented last night at the Comedy Theater by Boris Borisoff. This singing comedian has recently come from Moscow, where, according to his European press notices, he is the chief entertainer in his own theater, the Little Box, and is acclaimed the "Laugh King" by Moscow audiences.

His program, presented last night, consisted of Beranger's character songs, with music by Borisoff; a brief sketch called "Lack of Memory" and his own repertoire of songs. Mr. Borisoff has a voice powerful enough to fill a much larger theater than the one in which his performance was given and he has a first-rate gift of characterization, which is aided by his comic little figure and his expressive face and hands.

There is no doubt that he is a comedian, for the audience, composed largely of Russians, laughed uproariously, cheered and applauded, but to one unfamiliar with the Russian language the songs were not amusing and, after hearing two or three, were hardly entertaining.

The melodies were monotonously alike and, while the singer's facial expressions and gestures were funny, sly, coy, coquettish and rowdyish in turn, these same interpretations appeared in virtually all of the songs and in the Tekehoff sketch, as well.

Miss Vera Amazar, a Russian singer who appeared in the photo plays several years ago and who has sung in New York a number of times, opened the program with two Spanish songs and sang Russian and gypsy songs later in the evening. The piano accompaniments were played by M. Spialek.

A vast and genial Russian called Boris Borisoff unboomed his repertoire of songs at the Comedy Theatre in the evening. He has been identified as a protegee of Chaliapin, but here the connection between the two Russians ceases; Mr. Borisoff is not an imitation of his famous patron or of anything, in fact, recently heard in our halls—not even the Chauve-Souris performers, who seemed sophisticated and a bit precious, before him. His make-up gives him the general aspect of a Tobey jug—if Tobey jugs were Russian—and his voice, really excellent in style and tone, is spent for the most part in the shouts and guffaws with which he drives his humor home. It is the broadest possible humor, in which death and marital deception are mingled as the most uproarious joke in the world. This singer had the comic genius to bring his audience to his viewpoint, a triumph of the universality of humor when irresistibly presented. Half of this audience obviously understood Russian; the other half greeted familiar sounds from the Moscow Art Players. In any case, they all laughed.

Earle Laros in a piano recital at Aeolian Hall and Charles Boccia and Mary Krautz in a joint song recital at Town Hall completed this list of individual concerts for the evening. At the Metropolitan Renee Chemet in solos for violin and orchestra was the principal feature on an uncommonly attractive opera concert program. A. S.

"Thais" Sung Again

A gorgeous opera indeed is "Thais," and gorgeously was it given on Saturday afternoon before a capacity house. Mme. Jeritza, from her first appearance as a sparkling vision in the desert to her saintly death, was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The marvelous golden cloak which she wears in the border scene sweeps about her like a whirlwind of glittering color, in the midst of which her rose-clad form is like a tall flower. There

at an orchestral concert seldom calls for a leading position in a report of it. Yesterday, however, Mr. Casals's performance became the central feature of the occasion. He played the Boccherini concerto in B flat, which, with the able exception of the slow movement, is not more nor particularly less than the work of this composer's work for stringed instruments. But Mr. Casals glorified the music, as he would have glorified a composition much inferior. His style and consummate musicianship rose to the dignity and almost of an enduring work of art. He held something for every listener to beauty in, to learn from and to remember. After the concerto, audience and orchestra acclaimed the interpreter. It is not often that an artist reaches heights attained by Mr. Casals in his past, yet continues to grow. The novelty of the concert was the "bleau Musical," "Shah Feridoun," by the American composer, Blair Fairchild, who was present. The music has the influence of modern French music, and it is not of marked importance, since the ideas have seldom come of true individuality, and they are together in a manner that is tenuous. There was, however, cordial applause for Mr. Fairchild, who bowed acknowledgments.

The other moment of the concert stands out, with Mr. Casals's playing, and it is the finale of Glazunov's Fifth Symphony. Movement after movement this symphony goes by, the music principally in the vein, as the program notes remarked, of a "Russian Mendelssohn." There is also a fragment of a Russian Wagner, and general sum of commonplace motives and unaccountably spun out development. Suddenly the finale bursts forth, unexpectedly, inexplicably, with a barbaric war and fury that could not possibly have been foreseen from anything that had before. The old saw comes to mind: "Scratch a Russian and find a czar." The mood, the wildness of the rhythms, the tumultuous clamor as of a tread, is maintained with a magnificence, a boldness of gesture that would seem to give this finale a place itself among Glazunov's later compositions. Here Glazunov is far more composer of the early tone-poem, "Enka Razine," than the polite symphonist and writer of ballad music of his later years. For one moment, in the Fifth Symphony, he is his own man again.

The symphony is very effective for orchestra, and it was enthusiastically applauded by the audience. A noisy performance of a noisy piece, Tschalkovsky's "Marche Slav," brought the concert to an end.

Earle Laros, Pianist, Reappears.
Earle Laros, a pianist and conductor of Easton, Pa., heard here in recital last evening, reappeared in Aeolian Hall last evening. He played the "Keltic" recital of MacDowell, with a sonata by Bartok, the Bach-d'Albert "Passacaglia," a Schumann group and modern music of Ravel, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff and Busoni.

MUSIC NOTES.

One thousand persons attended the last of the Metropolitan Art Museum's free orchestra concerts on Saturday night, making a total for the January series of 88,500 who have heard the programs conducted by David Tuckwell.

Clifford Clifton led the American Orchestral Society's free concert at Cooper Union last evening. Walter Vogel sang baritone songs of Brahms, Strauss and Bruno Blum, and Leo Stringfield assisted in a piano for flute by O. T. Griffes.

Arion Hirsch, a fourteen-year-old violinist, started off first honors of the New York State Week Committee's latest contest on Saturday. His rating of 89 per cent. earned a bronze medal with 14 points to his credit.

Tenor and Soprano in Recital.
Charles Boccia, tenor, gave a song recital last evening at Town Hall, assisted by Miss Krantz, soprano. Both singers applauded and encored by a sympathetic audience. Ernesto Muratore and Gagliano were the accompanists.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Symphony Society Concert.

At the eighth Sunday afternoon at the Aeolian Hall the Symphony Society audience enjoyed the following program yesterday: Glazunov's B flat (No. 5) symphony, Blair Fairchild's musical tableau "Shah Feridoun," Boccherini's cello concerto in B flat, with Pablo Casals at the cello, and the hall with a glory of tone, Tschalkowsky's "Marche Slav." The novelty was the work of the American composer, Mr. Fairchild, born in Massachusetts and ended the world of music at Harvard under John Knowles Paine and Walter Damrosch. He served as an attaché of the Embassy in Constantinople for two years, but in 1903 went to Paris, where he continued his musical studies with Wilder and Gannoy and lived as a composer till very recently. The composition heard yesterday was from 1915. The following text is from the score: "Zohak, King of Persia, was put

to death by Zohak, King of Persia, who had made a bond with the devil, as a result of which two large black serpents grew from his shoulders. Djemschid left only one descendant, his grandson, Feridoun, who had hidden in the mountains, where shepherds cared for him and his mother. When he had reached man's estate Feridoun gathered together an army and after terrible battles, succeeded in capturing Zohak, whom he put into chains and hung alive from a rock over a bottomless abyss.

"After he had thus reconquered his empire he lived happily and unopposed, but he never forgot the rural scenes of his youth. Feridoun's love for his mother, who shared his prosperity as she had shared his misfortunes, has remained proverbial throughout Persia."

Mr. Fairchild's composition seemed to body forth many more details than this simple program contains. The first half of the work, busied with the announcement of leading themes, gave an impression of uncertainty and lack of connection. It was not till after the middle of the score, when the developments formed themselves, that the texture became closely knit, the musical utterance sustained and engaging, and the orchestration solid and sonorous. The coda proved to be almost beautiful and surely effective. There was nothing in the composition to suggest that Mr. Fairchild's long residence in Paris had infected him with the ideas of the Group of Six, or indeed any Gaul of a later birth than Vincent d'Indy. To have preserved himself in a certain antiquity of style, despite the search for Persian local color, is to the composer's credit.

Mr. Damrosch is very fond of the Glazunov symphony which he conducted yesterday. It is a cheerful work with its first movement reminding us of "Siegfried," "Il Trovatore" and the "New World," its second movement deference to the infrequently summoned ghost of Mendelssohn and its third movement wanderings in strange musical Ruritania.

One feels a grateful sense of relief when the finale lands the composer safely in Russia, where he disports himself with all the abandon of an entire Diaghileff ballet in Russian dances suggesting the old time inspiration of vodka. The symphony was well played. So was Mr. Fairchild's piece except for the shaky treatment of the entrance of the first subject by the bass clarinet. The audience welcomed the old symphony cordially and was gracious to the new work.

Grainger at Metropolitan.

State Symphony Gives Afternoon Concert.

Percy Grainger was the assisting artist at the State Symphony's concert in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Mr. Grainger played Grieg's piano concerto in A minor. He gave a performance of this familiar work which resembled spun glass in its wealth of iridescent colors, sparkling grace, and delicacy of detail, as well as some of the brittleness and fragility of that material. There was a good deal of hardness of tone, perhaps due to the brilliant regulation of Mr. Grainger's instrument. However, the clarity of his style, and a fine legato at its best in the lyric portions of the concerto contributed in no small degree to a highly artistic performance. Although wanting in emotional content Mr. Grainger's art was not without poetical imagination and beauty of tone.

Mr. Strinsky, conducting the orchestra, offered Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," and two excerpts of Wagner's, the prelude and love death from "Tristan and Isolde," and the ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure." Mr. Strinsky's versions of the colorful tales of the East were somewhat in the nature of bedtime stories. It was a quiet festival at Bagdad and a mild sea which at last summoned up sufficient energy to overwhelm Sinbad's ship.

The orchestra achieved good tonal effects, but its work as a whole revealed little life or distinction. Hans Letz discharged the duties of solo violinist in this number.

and of triumphant innocence in her face and bearing which gave a novel charm to her appearance in such a role as Thais, she wears a natural halo which makes her very seductive, though in a fresher, more simple way than might be expected. She sang her way through the opera with charm and warmth her voice discovering—especially in the middle register—a true dramatic tenor and depth of coloring.

Giuseppe Danise sang very effectively and acted with sincerity in the role of Athanor while Armand Tokatyan made an amiable and attractive flaneur of Nicolas. The ballet diversissements were exquisitely danced by Rosina Galli, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and the ample and well-trained corps de ballet. The settings—except for a desert whose vistas were bent to fit the stage—were all that could be imagined.

Concert by Negro Musicians

The Negro Folk Music and Drama Association, a society formed for the purpose of developing negro talent, gave last night the first of a series of Sunday concerts at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. It was under the direction of the famous Will Marion Cook.

Particular interest was displayed in Edmund T. Jenkins's rhapsody, which was given a spirited and moving performance by an orchestra of twenty-five players under the baton of the composer. For its principal melodies it draws on negro folk-songs, the main theme being the well-known "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," against which other tunes are used contrapuntally. This rhapsody is said to be the first orchestral work of higher form written by an American negro and the prolonged applause of the hearers was proof that further works of this nature will be welcomed.

Negro spirituals, four part songs and various selections by such famous negro composers as Harry Burleigh, excellently rendered by Abbie Mitchell, Paul Robeson and others, completed the serious side of the entertainment.

The association, however, very wisely did not neglect a field in which the negro is pre-eminent, namely, syncopation and last night's program included a liberal allotment of jazz tunes played with unequalled abandon and sensuous rhythm. In these James P. Johnson, who composed "Runnin' Wild," and Gertrude Saunders were especially well received by the large audience, which appeared to enjoy the whole performance hugely.

S. L.K.

ice Gilman

When we reach our sixth year or so, in our next incarnation, we should like to have Mr. Ernest Schelling get up on a platform in front of us, with a magic lantern screen behind him, a piano beside him and an orchestra occupying the rest of the stage, and talk to us about music.

This is what he did on Saturday morning at Aeolian Hall (and will do this afternoon at the same place). We were there only on sufferance, as a prying interloper, but we were graciously permitted to remain to the end, and may be allowed to tell a little of what happened. In order to get the full flavor and significance and impact of these remarkable concerts, however, you should go yourself; but do not fail to see to it that you are accompanied and vouched for by one of your betters: namely, by one of those young persons, of the proper age, for whom Mrs. E. H. Harriman, with her associates, Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Charles E. Mitchell and their committees, have devotedly and generously provided this extraordinary opportunity, in co-operation with the Philharmonic Society and the American Orchestral Society.

This afternoon you will find the audience-room at Aeolian Hall crowded with children, their ages ranging from six to four years. There are also some superfluous Elders about, carefully shepherded and chaperoned by the children. When we slunk into our seat on Saturday morning (the Saturday and

Monday series are identical as to program and procedure), Mr. Ernest Schelling was standing on the darkened stage completely surrounded by a pocket edition of the Philharmonic Orchestra, a reading desk, and a piano. Behind him was a screen, upon which the conductor had thrown a large diagram showing the seating plan of an orchestra. A woman's study of this would have taught you just where the bassoons sit, and where the kennel of the trombones is, and the lair of the double-basses, and all the other wild animals of the orchestral family.

Mr. Schelling was telling his quiet and obviously engrossed listeners about the most important of the animals: the family of fiddles, big and little; only Mr. Schelling, being a poet and an artist, called the assemblage that surrounded him "a garden of singing flowers—he only garden," he remarked, in which one could find no weeds. Mr. Schelling described the various instruments of the string family—the violins, violas, cellos, double-basses. He might have quoted Philip Hale's famous answer to the lady who asked him what was the difference between a first and a second violin: "About twenty dollars a week" (though that was in the old, old far-off days).

As Mr. Schelling talked, the screen behind him illustrated and elucidated his remarks. You saw pictures of fiddle-bows and violins and cellos; a picture of Paganini, the demon fiddler; of Bach and his houseful of children. And one remembered what Mr. Schelling had written concerning his purpose in using this method: "As we devote three-quarters of our knowledge through our eyes, why not use this means to interest children and impress them doubly—audibly and visibly? Bearing this in mind, I have had some 300 slides made of the various instruments in the orchestra and slides of the composers and of the principal themes and works performed. As only

the children in the first few rows would be able to see the violin, oboe or other instruments presented by the soloist, the throwing of highly magnified slides of that particular instrument on a screen will show it to all. The children will be able to see and tell at a glance the difference between the oboe and the clarinet, and at the same time bear the difference in sound. To see what the composer looks like will give an added interest and the themes on the screen will enable the children to follow the music better and so thoroughly familiarize themselves with the themes."

It worked out in just that way. For as Mr. Schelling talked—in that casual, intimate, unpatronizing and wholly charming way of his—the pictures on the screen explained to the eye. And some of the first string players of the orchestra (Mr. Guidi, Mr. Van Vliet and Mr. Buldrini) played illustrative passages on their several instruments, demonstrating tone-color, range and so forth. Then Mr. Schelling sat down at the piano, and Mr. Guidi, the Philharmonic's first violin, stood up, and together they played the famous Air of Bach from the D major Suite. After that all the strings of the orchestra took it up, and Mr. Schelling, moving from the pianist's stool to the conductor's stand, led his men through the remainder of the piece.

In this way they traversed their program, which lasted only an hour and a quarter. The purpose of the first pair of concerts was to familiarize the young people—who will be the adult Philharmonic, New York Symphony and Philadelphia concertgoers of the day after to-morrow—with the orchestral family of strings (later, it will be the turn of the woodwind, brass and percussion). So, after Bach, came other illustrative pieces—the "Pizzicati" dance from Delibes's "Sylvia"; Saint-Saens's "Swan"; a delectable solo for the double-bass, "Grandmother's Dream." Then, as a stirring finale to the concert, Mr. Schelling conducted the full orchestra through the Overture to "William Tell." They say that it was his first public appearance as a conductor; but you would never have believed it, so confident and decisive and at ease he was, and so spirited and dramatic a reading did he give. Finally, every one stood up and joined in the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the concert was over.

These affairs should not be missed by those for whom they are intended. There are to be ten in all: Five on Saturday mornings, five on Monday afternoons. The morning series is planned for the benefit of children from the public and parochial schools and the music school settlements, at 10 cents a ticket. Mr. Schelling will direct, play the piano and talk at all the five pairs. In the specially notebooks that are given away, concertgoers may file your profound answer a series of questions to the music; and at the end of the three prizes will be given

for the best of the answers. Here are the questions:

1. What are the five instruments that compose the string family of an orchestra?
2. What is a suite?
3. How many strings has the violoncello and how is it played?
4. Define "pizzicati."

Write your thoughts about the concert.

The last, to be sure, is slightly ominous in its possibilities. Have the sponsors for this admirable scheme of musical education and appreciation, considered with due gravity the risk of populating the New York of the future with music critics?

Jeritza's Octavian

By W. J. HENDERSON.

In the tireless whirligig of the lyric repertory Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" was brought back to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The performance of this familiar drama of high life above stairs was apparently much enjoyed by an audience of considerable size. The work moves securely along the path of the fleeting seasons. Its salt is smooth and steady. It has no excesses of speed, no jolts, no misadventures. It doesn't stir the populace to undue excitement, nor does it aggravate the appetite for after dinner naps. It entertains without convulsing, though it cannot be pronounced, like Mr. Tree's Hamlet, "funny without being vulgar, and it titillates the ear without taxing the intelligence."

The work owes much of its vitality to good performances. In Mmes. Jeritza and Easton the Metropolitan possesses a pair of interesting lovers who make much of the somewhat tender and even pathetic psychology of the first act. Mme. Easton has improved her impersonation both vocally and pictorially since her first performance. A sincere artist, she is never content with the merely tolerable. Mme. Jeritza can hardly create illusion in masculine garb, but her young Octavian is a pretty fellow and sings better than he used to.

Mr. Bender continues to portray the blundering Baron Ochs with unction and with a certain excellent reticence which keeps the portrait well on the safe side of caricature. Mr. Schuetzenhof again had the thankless role of Von Faninal and Mr. Diaz was nominated in the program "a singer." Mr. Bada and Mme. Howard were capable as the adventurous.

Miss Queena Mario for the second time essayed the role of Sophie, for which Mr. Strauss wrote some of the most unvoiced music ever hurled into the troubled life of a high soprano.

Miss Mario was quite charming in the role and sang the difficult music with well placed tones, decidedly agreeable to the ear, and well sustained phrasing. Her appearance added to the attractiveness of the sane of the rose presentation, in which she and Mme. Jeritza delivered the duet most commendably. Mr. Bodanzky conducted the performance with skill.

GITTA GRADOVA.

A young pianist of distinguished bearing made her bow before an audience at Town Hall yesterday afternoon. What it is that marks a person as "somebody" is not easy to describe, but whatever it is, Gitta Gradova possesses it. Her playing is more than individual. It is informed by a devotion to the beautiful which gives it, however one may differ from her interpretations, a sure proportion and a satisfying sincerity. There is all the difference in her attitude toward her playing between "Don't you think this is lovely?" and "This is so—as I see it."

Her opening number, the "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" of Cesar Franck, is one of the most tremendous in piano literature. Its searching, its elevation, its spiritual triumph all could be found in Miss Gradova's performance. Its technical difficulties were brilliantly met, and her exaggerations of tempo—notably a ponderous slowness in certain passages of the prelude and a confused rush in the exultant finale of the fugue, were cordially forgiven in the fine impression of the whole.

The program included a group of Scriabin and works by Blanchet, Goossens, Ravel and Chopin. It was no more than would be expected of an artist such as Miss Gradova to have her appear in a simple dress of black velvet, wholly appropriate to the concert platform.

Evelione Taglione.

Evelione Taglione, assisted by players

from the State Symphony Orchestra, gave a program of three piano concertos last evening in Aeolian Hall. The Beethoven in C minor was the first chosen by this youthful player, followed by the Strauss "Burleske" in D minor and the Mendelssohn in G minor. Miss Taglione showed herself an artist of deep emotional warmth and a technician of remarkable skill. A large audience received her with enthusiasm.

By GREY BENNETT.

TOO seldom do we local music patrons have an opportunity to hear so gifted and polished a singer as Marc Salzinger, who gave a recital at the Town Hall last night. Mr. Salzinger was leading baritone of the late Wagnerian Opera Company and has the precious and unusual ability to interpret gentle, graceful romances with consummate artistry and great, dramatic arias with the grand manner of the operatic stage.

His voice met all the requirements of a diverse and difficult programme. Whether it was a delicate old Italian air, a suave aria by Mozart, a robust excerpt from Verdi's "Don Carlos" or plaintive lieder by the German apostles of tender melody, Mr. Salzinger did honor to the composer and gave evident pleasure to his listeners.

The programme promised a group of cello solos by Lajos Shuk, who was indisposed, and the baritone filled the pause with an aria from "Benvenuto Cellini." Attractive piano accompaniments were presented by Walter Kiesewetter.

Jan 30 1924
Mme. Marya Freund.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mme. Marya Freund, a Polish soprano who has made a considerable name in Europe, appeared for the first time publicly in New York yesterday afternoon in a recital, in which she had the distinguished assistance of Mme. Elly Ney, the pianist, as her accompanist. Mme. Ney also contributed a solo to the program, Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor.

Mme. Freund has made a large part of her reputation as an interpreter of songs of the most modern style, and several of these appeared on her program yesterday—Malipiero's highly dramatic and picturesque setting of "La Madre Polle" and Manuel de Falla's setting of five Spanish folk songs. There were others of a style now somewhat behind the most modern, as Debussy's and Moussorgsky's. There was also a group by Schubert and Brahms.

Mme. Freund has eminent qualities as an interpreter: a strong dramatic sense, poignant intensity of utterance, a feeling for the true expression of strongly contrasted emotions. These things give her singing a value that is not possessed by the singing of many who have more abundant vocal gifts than hers. For her voice is no longer in the freshness of youth. It has little beauty of tone, little resonance and color, and lyric charm is one of the things most conspicuously absent in her singing. But it cannot be said of it that there is monotony; that everything sounds alike. Everything, as a matter of fact, sounds very different.

She made of Malipiero's remarkable song a little dramatic scene of singing power—the cry of the Italian mother, crazed by her son's death in the war, and her fleeting memory of the nursery song she used to sing him. It is harsh and dissonant in its structure; and its harshness and dissonance much contributed by the piano accompaniment, a very difficult one, which needs for a true performance a pianist of the accomplishment of Mme. Ney.

The songs of Schubert and Brahms on the other hand, need a more pure lyric expression than she could give them, though the two voices of Brahms's "Vergebliches Ständchen" were aptly expressed. Some may have thought Schubert's "Der Wanderer" inappropriate choice for a woman singing; she, at any rate, gave an interpretation that got away from the hollow reverberations of gloom that most of us put into it. Brahms's "Welle, Willst Du," seldom favored by singers, was an interesting addition to Mme. Freund's program. Interesting in a very different way were the four Spanish folk songs which de Falla has

ed without the impertinent retouch-
of the self-conscious arranger, and
allowed to be themselves quite mag-
nificently.

Ney's performance of Bee-
thoven's sonata was finely poetic and
trained. She gave as encores pieces
by Schubert and Brahms. Both artists
were much applauded by an audience
among which were several musicians of
note.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mengelberg Returns.

Willem Mengelberg, the distin-
guished Amsterdam conductor, re-
turned to the head of the forces of
the Philharmonic Society in the con-
cert given last evening in the Metro-
politan Opera House. When Mr.
Mengelberg reached Holland after his
year of duty here last season he
found that his indefatigable efforts
to extract overwhelming glories of
music from the Philharmonic perform-
ing had dislocated one of his shoul-
ders. Happily the wielder of the baton
is wholly recovered from this aston-
ishing injury, and last evening he
demonstrated convincingly his ability
to more to wave the magic wand
as to evoke torrential splendors of
sound.

His program contained Beethoven's
Fifth symphony, two overtures—Cher-
ubini's "Anacreon" and Wagner's
"Tannhäuser"—and Richard Strauss's
"Don Juan." Mr. Mengelberg made
his debut on January 11, 1922, and
conducted "Don Juan." He conducted
also on January 31, February 19,
March 30 and November 24 of the
same year and April 7, 1923. Mr.
Strauss dedicated one work to him,
and he has honorably shown his grate-
fulness. Meanwhile other conductors
have reckoned the Philharmonic play-
ers through the temperamental fields
of "Don Juan" and other orchestras
have played it to show that their con-
ductors also knew a thing or two
about this brilliant tone poem.
Many conductors also have inter-
preted Beethoven's C minor symphony
and have endeavored to show beyond
adventure that when fate knocked
the doors of life she entered through
their shattered splinters. They have
wandered upon the threshold and
tasted the pillars of the porch. But
dom indeed has the fifth symphony
been conducted with such an eager-
ness after its effects as that of Mr.
Mengelberg last evening. Every drop
of its virile blood was squeezed out.

By Deems Taylor

FRITZ KREISLER.

Fritz Kreisler came back to a royal
welcome last night. Carnegie Hall
had been sold out for his recital ever
since the middle of last week, and
he stepped upon the stage to
find it was to find upwards of 200
listeners sharing the platform
with him. His program comprised the
Franck sonata, a fugue and
various pieces by Tartini, a Porpora
et, a Schubert rondo, Godow-
itz's "Wienerisch," and his own
descriptions of Paderewski's "Mel-
ancholia" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Danse
Majestueuse." Between the sonata and
other numbers he shared the
stage with Lionel Tertis, the Eng-
lish violinist, in playing Mozart's E-flat
Violin Concertante for violin
and piano.

Much for the facts. The rest
is order to record. One would think
it would be easy to become garrulous
in a recital by a great artist like
Kreisler. Yet there is curiously lit-
tle to say. His art is so perfected
and so far transcends oril-
lary display, that its eventual
effect is to vivify the music complet-
ed almost to obliterate conscious-
ness of the artist.

It is dimly aware of the beauty
and variety of his tone, the nobility
of his phrasing, the lack of ostenta-
tion with which he conquers some-
times technical difficulty; but
it is negligible compared with
the greatness with which one be-
comes aware of the music. Kreisler's
art probably comes as near as is
humanly possible to being a direct
communication between the composer
and the listener. One "appreciates"
himself. One gets and

listens, and then rises and goes, fed,
refreshed and rather indisposed to
comment.

It would be unfair, though, not to
exclaim over the ensemble work of
Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Tertis. They
played the Mozart work like musical
Siamese twins, with perfect unanimity
of intention—and what is more, ac-
complishment—and with total blend-
ing such as providence alone could
have contrived. Carl Lamson made the
evening complete by playing accom-
paniments as good as they were defer-
ential. He was perhaps, a little too
self-effacing in the sonata, but his
work was otherwise wholly admirable.

Marya Freund, soprano, gave a re-
cital in Aeolian Hall in the afternoon
that likewise offered Elly Ney in the
unusual role of accompanist. And
Mme. Ney, be it said forthwith, is an
accompanist of such exceptional
tact and skill that one almost wishes
that she were not such a good con-
cert artist, so that there might be
some hope of drafting her perma-
nently into a branch of music that
 sorely needs accomplished recruits.

Mme. Freund's program was ex-
ceptional. It began with "La Madre
Folle," a long ballad, by Francesco
Malipiero, of much beauty and deep
feeling, included a group of Lieder,
by Schubert and Brahms; three De-
bussy songs, two by Moussorgsky
(including the great "Death's Seven-
ade"), and ended with five of de
Falla's transcriptions of Spanish folk-
songs.

Her voice is slender and ill used and
her diction is not invariably clear.
She sings, however, with notable sin-
cerity and with an intelligence and
dramatic power all too rare among
vocalists.

OTHER MUSIC.

There were musical thrills enough
in the return of Mengelberg to the
Philharmonic last night but much
of the excitement passed the con-
fines of any art into the realm of
human drama. A large orchestra is
twittering and tuning in the bored
laconic manner of waiting musicians,
a short, thickset Dutch gentleman
walks out before them, there is one
quick tap and the individuals are
transformed into one body, leaping,
eager and alive. It is the miracle
of leadership which forced Van Loon
after chapters of condemnation to
admit that he would drop everything
and follow Napoleon should he ride
down the avenue on a big white
horse.

Mengelberg has happily none of the
traits which Van Loon deplores, but
there was something of the Corsican's
resolute surge in his performance last
night.

His program was the type
known as "familiar" to the daily mu-
sical reports; the Overture to "Anac-
reon," the Beethoven Fifth Sym-
phony, Strauss's "Don Juan" and the
"Tannhäuser" overture. But it was
familiar in its listing only, for the in-
terpretation had a force of dynamic
contrast which was transforming and
sometimes startling. Cherubini's "an-
tique joyousness" took on a new spirit
of rhythmic life and the heroic mea-
sures of the Fifth Symphony were car-
ried through with urgent power. It
was dramatized to a degree which
almost touched exaggeration but
which was irresistibly compelling.
For the "Don Juan" of Strauss, how-
ever, he summoned just that blending
of the emotional and the cerebral
which gives balance and clarity to its
complicated weavings. "Tannhäuser"
crashed to its finish with an uncon-
mon triumph of horns.

After the tumult and shouting died,
the audience, which filled the Metro-
politan, added its tribute. It was a
grateful if somewhat exhausted wel-
come for the return of this "Fliegen-
der Holländer" in his most breath-
less and strenuous mood. A. S.

By Lawrence Gilman

It last night. For Mr. Mengelberg has
a curious and uncanny power. He
comes briskly upon the stage, a stocky
figure, short and sturdy—a "little"
man, in the physical sense of the
term. He seems a rather jolly, Franz-
Hals-like soul, a merry companion for
a late supper, perhaps not unduly
Calvinistic in his habits. He mounts
the podium and begins to conduct;
and then, if the music in hand is truly
great music, music of sweeping pas-

sion and heroic stature, a strange and
unaccountable thing begins to happen
before your eyes. As the music grows,
Mengelberg grows with it, until sud-
denly you are watching, listening to, a
towering figure, tornadic in energy, in
momentum, in range: a personality of
titanic strength and power. You
would swear that the man is twelve
feet tall—that he overhangs and do-
minates the orchestra, clutches it, swings
it this way and that, as a Cyclops
would crack a whip.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS SINGS.

150 Voices Take Part in Eighth An- niversary Concert.

The People's chorus of New York gave
its eighth anniversary concert last eve-
ning at Town Hall, under the direction
of L. Camilleri. The advance unit of
150 voices took part in a well diversified
program. Singing the chorus with good
volume, tone and effect, Miss Mary Mel-
lish, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera
House, sang the aria from "Louise,"
winning an encore.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, introduced by
Mr. D. Milbank, Chairman of the Peo-
ple's chorus, spoke briefly on the influ-
ence of music in the lives of the people.
There are now 300 members in the or-
ganization and new centres are being
opened in different parts of New York.

GIVES HARPSICHORD RECITAL

Frances Pelton-Jones Assisted by Grace Leslie, Contralto.

Frances Pelton-Jones gave a harpsi-
chord recital yesterday afternoon at the
Hotel Plaza, assisted by Grace Leslie,
contralto. The room was filled with
amateurs to listen to reproductions of
sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth
century music written especially for the
harpsichord. Hearing a drama on this
obsolete instrument is like stepping back
to the days of Louis XVI; it seems im-
possible to express emotion on it and
yet the air from Rinaldo had a charm
of its own. The harpsichord sounded
most characteristic in a Presto from a
Scarlatti Sonata.

In one Pelton-Jones played it with
ease of execution. She also accom-
panied the Italian and French songs of
Miss Grace Leslie, whose pleasing con-
tralto was heard in "Che farò Senza
Voi" and "Plaisir d'Amour" by

Renata Flandina Sings Farewell.

Renata Flandina, 18-year-old dramatic
soprano, gave a farewell recital last
evening at Aeolian Hall before a large
and demonstrative audience. Miss
Flandina is going to Italy to sing in
opera, for which she seems well fitted.
Her voice is tuneful and melodious
throughout its range and has all the
freshness and sparkle of youth. Her
songs, especially the Spanish ones, were
greeted with great enthusiasm. She was
accompanied by Sasa Gagliano, G. III.
Curci accompanied three of his own
compositions, which the soprano sang
with much success.

Boris Borisoff Pleases With Comedy Program

Russian Sings With Fine Feel- ing and Dickinsonian Touch Is Noted

Boris Borisoff, the Russian singing
comedian, captivated his second Amer-
ican audience yesterday afternoon at
the Comedy Theater. Assisted by
Vera Amazar, a piquant little French
soprano, he provided a distinctly
European entertainment of song and
humor that was fraught with simple,
brilliant art.

At first in the poignant ballads of
Beranger and later in a group of Rus-
sian character songs, which he sang
with fine feeling, Borisoff made ex-
cellent capital of his rare personality
and acting ability. His character in-
terpretations, notably of "The Fiddler
of Meudon" and "The Old Coat," left
the impression of something charmingly
Pickwick-like and Dickinsonian.

In a short sketch by Tchekoff he
turned the course of the program into
hilariously amusing channels. He de-
noted himself a comedian of the high-
est order both in make-up and im-
personation of a German landowner
who enters a music store to buy for
his musical daughter a rhapsody the
name of which he forgets.

Borisoff's final local performance
will be held next Sunday evening.

Mengelberg Reappears.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Willem Mengelberg reappeared as con-
ductor of the New York Philharmonic
Society last night in the Metropolitan
Opera House. His program was all of
warhorses—the Cherubini "Anacreon"
overture; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony;

Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," and
Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture. The
immense theatre was well filled with an
audience that waxed more and more
enthusiastic as the concert went on,
and at the end repeatedly recalled the
conductor.

Some might have counseled for an
orchestral concert an auditorium of
lesser and different dimensions. W
an ordinary conductor they would have
judged wisely, but we question whether
this was not the ideal setting for a
leader of Mr. Mengelberg's temperament
and methods. Is he not essentially a
musician for the theatre? His sincer-
ity need not be questioned, any more
than his kindling effect upon his or-
chestra and his audience. His methods,
however, are particularly those of the
big line; the mass effect, the climax
like a cartoon, huge and colorful. There
is the genius of the showman, just as
there is the genius of the intimate, sen-
sitive interpreter. Often there seemed
an analogy, last night, between the ef-
fects that a Rinehart presents to the
eye and a Mengelberg to the sense of
hearing.

Even in the stirring performance of
Beethoven's symphony there was a
quality markedly exterior. The passage
at the end of the scherzo—the passage
which remains one of the most mys-
terious and arresting in all symphonic
music—seemed less the gropings and
inward communings of a troubled spirit
than precisely a "pianissimo" effect
admirably established and destined to
make the more exciting and dramatic
the jubilant outburst that followed.
This, at least, was an impression of a
performance in a theatre over-large to
admit of intimacy of expression. An-
other moment, the noble and memorable
climax of the "andante," was of a
different order, but certainly Mr. Men-
gelberg is a musician of an objective
rather than a subjective nature, where-
in may be found, perhaps, the secret
of his strength, as also of his weak-
nesses, as an interpreter.

The most exciting moment of the eve-
ning was the performance of the "Don
Juan," which still glows with the sen-
suality, the electrical force and pride of
spirit that it had when first composed.
Parts of it are wearing thin, and it
was doubtless to give the music the ut-
most cohesion that Mr. Mengelberg took
his admirably conceived tempo, rather
slow compared with that of a majority
of conductors, in the development sec-
tion after the second "love scene," as
it is called by the programists. Yet
the conviction of the conductor was so
strong, his control over his orchestra so
despotic, his certainty and command of
himself so compelling that there were
few indeed who had any critical in-
clinations left as the music erupted like
lava from a volcano. Then, too, there
was the remarkable modeling of
phrases, the elasticity with which they
were sung by the strings, the ebb and
flow of the whole composition. It
might have been composed for just such
a conductor, except, perhaps, for one
thing: that even Strauss in his head-
long course hardly requires as much
over-blowing and over-driving of his
instruments as Mr. Mengelberg is fre-
quently prone to.

Similar fire and conviction character-
ized the performance of the "Tann-
häuser" overture, and faith makes
everything whole.

But if, in cool blood, away from the
overpowering rhetoric of Mr. Mengel-
berg and the seductive sonorities of
Wagner's Venusberg and of Strauss's
music, one looks back and tries to sepa-
rate reason from excitement and rescue
esthetic ideals from an evening of
riotous musical living, then one inter-
pretation emerges as the artistic achieve-
ment of the occasion. It was not Bee-
thoven, Strauss or Wagner. It was the
superb overture of Mr. Cherubini.
Therein was classic content and the
fiery temperament of the old Italian,
too, and Mr. Mengelberg gave both
qualities their full and balanced repre-
sentation. Here was a clarity of line,
a continence of proportion, at one and
the same time with the emotion and
humanity that make Cherubini outlive
his period and appeal irresistibly to
modern feeling.

The eighth anniversary concert by the
People's Chorus of New York, L. Cami-
lieri conducting, was given in the Town
Hall last night and the large, varied and
interesting program was well attended
and well received. Mary Mellish was
the soloist and Dr. Henry Van Dyke
gave an address on "The Influence of
Music in the Lives of the People."

By Deems Taylor

"ROMEO ET JULIETTE."

Edward Johnson was to have made his Metropolitan appearance of the season at last night's "Romeo et Juliette" and most of the scribes sharpened their newest pencils and rushed down to hear him, only to be greeted with the announcement that Mr. Johnson was indisposed.

Mr. Tokatyan, who seems to be specifying this year as an emergency Romeo (he substituted for Mr. Gigli a fortnight ago) was again rushed into the breach, and acquitted himself more than acceptably. The music lies well in his voice, and he makes a handsome, a bit well-nourished—young Montague.

There were several other more or less unfamiliar faces in the cast, including Mr. Schuetzendorf, who was a rather strangled Mercutio, and Mr. Gustafson, who sang Capulet with some effectiveness. There seems to be considerable difficulty, however, in persuading any one to make Capulet the right age. Mr. Didur has been known to make him look like Juliet's great-grandfather, and last night Mr. Gustafson looked strikingly like her big brother. Most Shakespearean students agree that Capulet was simply Juliet's father.

Queenie Mario made her first appearance as Juliet and with striking success. There is a childish note in her voice that exactly suits the role and she sang charmingly, handling the difficult florid passages in the first act with unexpected skill. Moreover, she managed to look amazingly like a fourteen-year-old girl and acted with grace and pathetic youthful appeal.

Mr. Diaz sang Tybalt—Mr. Bada's usual role—with animation and in excellent French. Mr. Ananian was a good Gregorio and Mr. Rothier was a properly ecclesiastical Friar Lawrence. Mme. Delaunoy, Mme. Wakefield and Messrs. Paltrinieri, Picco and d'Angelo completed the cast. The chorus looked decorative in its—practically—new costumes and, except for the prologue, sang vigorously and in tune. Mr. Haselmanns conducted.

OTHER MUSIC.

William Bachaus, with the program of his first recital last night introduced two innovations—"novelties," the announcement called them, but they were rather experiments of his own with ancient and beloved themes. One was the combination of the Prelude from the Bach B flat Partita, with the Brahms Variations on a theme by Handel. The other was his own study on the Serenade from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Of the latter Mr. Bachaus writes:

"I could not resist the temptation of making a pianoforte arrangement of this delightful song. It would never have occurred if it had not been for the occasion of a Mozart birthday celebration in Cologne. An encore was demanded and I realized that it was impossible to return to Mozart's piano style after Liszt's terrific Fantasia. But, on the other hand, Mozart it had to be. Then I suddenly remembered the Serenade, the little gem from the score of "Don Juan" which Liszt seemed to have forgotten to include, and I improvised a pianoforte version of it at the spot. Although it seemed to find favor with the audience I did not try it again for many years, because I could not be definitely sure that Mozart would have thought of it, but, growing older and bolder, I am beginning to think he might forgive me."

There is the artless and unaffected humility of the true artist in these fears of offending the long departed Mozart, but they are ungrounded. One can have no shadow of a doubt that the genial spirit of "Don Juan's" composer would trust himself to the perfect taste and sensitive feeling of Mr. Bachaus. The Serenade is indeed "a little gem" and the pianist has re-captured it in a setting of great beauty. The Bach and Brahms numbers were blended together as a per-

fect whole and were played with eloquence and majesty. But it was in the "Funeral March" Sonata of Chopin that Mr. Bachaus had his most direct and instantaneous contact with his audience; they sat in silence after the muffled drums had ceased and then broke into uproarious applause. With such a performance the wonder is that the crowds of listeners only comfortably filled the house instead of jamming it to the doors.

A high wind on the Atlantic had its effect on the students' concert of the Philharmonic last night. It delayed the arrival of Mr. Mengelberg on the S. S. Rotterdam which in turn prevented the rehearsal of John Powell's violin concerto and at the last moment, the Concerto of Beethoven was substituted. Albert Spaulding, the soloist, accepted the change with perfect poise and gave a performance of deft clarity which was further animated by the spirit of the orchestra. For the rest Mr. Mengelberg repeated his program of last night—the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven and the Overture to "Tannhauser." It was given with all the urgent surge and power of the first performance with the added advantage of being housed in Carnegie Hall; more hospitable than the Metropolitan to the swelling tones of an orchestra.

A. S.

WILHELM BACHAUS PLAYS.

Pianist Appears in His First Recital of Season.

Wilhelm Bachaus, who appeared here recently as the soloist with the Philharmonic, gave his first piano recital of the season last night in Aeolian Hall. Last season he was able to hit the high water mark of three recitals, and ones not given in a series. His program contained much solid matter, some less so, as Chopin's B flat minor sonata, and several pieces of grace, charm or dash. Among these last were Palmgren's "Bird Song" and the "Naila Waltz" of Delibes-Dohnanyi. The weighty pieces included works by Bach and the variations and fugue on a theme of Handel by Brahms.

A number in the list attracting some special attention was the pianist's own study on the serenade from "Don Giovanni." This piece was an improvised encore Mr. Bachaus had done on the spot in 1906, when he played in a 150th anniversary concert of Mozart's birthday in Germany—the "Don Juan" fantasy of Liszt.

The program served well to display Mr. Bachaus's familiar powers as a performer. His delivery had keen intelligence and his tone was clear, if not sufficiently warm and richly colored. His technique had the splendid proportions of a master. He was heard by an appreciative audience and warmly applauded.

MISS FRANCK'S RECITAL.

American Pianist Makes Debut at Rumford Hall.

Miss Sara Franck, a young American pianist, gave her debut recital last evening at Rumford Hall. Miss Franck received her musical training at the Brooklyn Music School Settlement and her talent has attracted the attention of Mme. Margaret Matzenauer and Frank La Forge, who belong to the advisory board of the school.

Her program was arranged with care and taste. Bach's "Italian" concerto was followed by works of Couperin, Rameau and Beethoven Schumann's "Papillons" served in the central group, after which came pieces by Chopin, Schutt, Rachmaninov, and in closing MacDowell's "Hungarian etude."

Miss Franck's playing evidently interested a large and friendly audience. She stood upon her own feet, however, not needing the encouragement due a young artist at a debut. The imprints of the student still bore heavily upon her, but she showed musical intelligence, a reliable technical basis and some knowledge of different styles. Further study will no doubt give more polish and variety of color to her playing.

Juliette of Queenie Mario. Mr. Johnson, being unable to appear as Romeo his role was sung by the Armenian tenor Mr. Tokatyan. This artist has sung Romeo at the Metropolitan on one previous occasion under similar circumstances, having been suddenly called upon to replace Mr. Gigli. Mr. Tokatyan's performance last evening was a creditable one, his voice improving decidedly as the evening wore on.

At first he seemed somewhat ill at ease, but in the balcony scene, especially in the duet, he sang with smoothness and fervor, and gave much pleasure; and the audience gave evidence of satisfaction by frequent applause.

Miss Mario, who has sung Juliette but once before at the opera, on a Saturday night, made her initial effort before a subscription audience. She was a youthful and fascinating daughter of the house of Capulet. She sang the music delightfully. Her voice has gained additional breadth and volume since her hearing in this role last season. Her appearance was actually a charming apparition of youth and beauty, and the audience was enthusiastic and spontaneous in its warm approval of her efforts. The Metropolitan has in years past always given its patrons charming and interesting Juliettes, some of them quite famous for beauty; and it is not too much to say that Miss Mario maintains the standard of pulchritude with ease and sings the beautiful music with distinction and brilliancy.

CHARLES H. DAVIS.

JOSCA MATINEE

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Lawrence Gilman

Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" Heard for the First Time in New York.

After one of the London performances of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" a few years ago, a reviewer declared excitedly the next morning that in another age the man who could do what Stravinsky had done to him would have been burned at the stake. "He plays upon the listener's perceptions as if they, rather than the orchestra, were his instrument. He sets your nervous system tingling with excitement, and so long as that excitement lasts you are his slave, you cannot escape the domination of the sounds he produces. He leaves you limp, exhausted, but he thrills you through all the surface of your civilization to that primitive core of you that is seldom moved."

When we read those sentences we smiled to ourselves with that pleasant sense of superiority that is sometimes aroused by the heated expression of an enthusiasm that one has not shared. We had not then heard "Le Sacre du Printemps." But we heard it last night, and now we know how our English colleague felt and what he meant. We know, too, what a much perturbed lady meant last evening when she declared as she came out of Carnegie Hall that she would never be the same again.

It is not easy to be cool in the presence of "Le Sacre du Printemps" or to appraise it afterward with the detachment that one can usually bring to the consideration of an unfamiliar work. It is the most exciting music that we have ever heard. There are ten pages of introduction that can be listened to in comfort; which are, indeed, a little dull and obviously derivative. You sit quite calmly, your score on your knees, and check off the borrowed tonal plumage as it emerges in the slow Spring dawn: Here a feather from the helmet of Strauss's Don Quixote, there a gayer one from Grieg; and the wild swans of Debussy's idyllically pagan skies have flown across the iron dawns of Stravinsky's prehistoric Slavic world.

Then something happens to Stravinsky, to his music, and to you. Here, the original ballet, the curtain rises, the action starts. The Adolescents begin their dance, performing a rite which consists of an incantatory stamping upon the earth, while the orchestra reiterates a curiously rhythmical chord that is half in A flat and half in E natural. From this point on (except for those passages in the Introduction to the second part that so inexplicably content themselves with being mere shadowgraphs of "Pelléas et Mélisande") the music seizes you with a grip of steel, and never releases you until the last chord of that delirious culmination, the sacrificial dance of the chosen victim of the Spring rite.

The music traverses scenes of progressive excitement, interrupted by moments of hieratic solemnity. The concluding pages baffle description. Here the elected victim begins her sacrificial rite; for the final act of propitiation has been demanded, and she must dance herself to death. The mystical rapture, the elemental fury of

this invocation of vernal fertility is expressed in a complex of rhythms and orchestral timbres that reach an overwhelming climax of paroxysmal frenzy. There is nothing in music that is to be compared with this terrific Finale, with its almost unbearably exciting alternations of meter—bars of 5-16, 3-16, 4-16, 2-16—and its delirious culmination as the victim falls dead and the music flares into silence.

We have already described and analyzed at length in The Tribune (of Sunday, January 6) Stravinsky's unparalleled score. There is no need now, nor is there time, for a recapitulation, but only for these hurried field notes.

The music impresses one, upon actual hearing, as surprisingly simple, surprisingly austere and indisputably the work of a master. Stravinsky's command of rhythms, of orchestral timbres, of mood and of climax is assured and complete. We have been warned by the Grand Kleagles of the Stravinsky clan that we must not discover so banal a thing as emotional utterance in this music. We are to find in it a piece of abstract music, a modern symphony, a juggling with tone-masses and planes of sound, devoid of meaning, of program. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. "Le Sacre du Printemps," in its concert form, is a two-part symphonic poem, and the episodes that are illustrated in it are indicated by the explanatory sub-titles sprinkled through the score.

The music is essentially a barbaric and stupendous spring song. The spring that is celebrated is not, as Mr. Evans has truly pointed out, the poetic conception that has lured the romantics in all ages and in all countries, but "Spring stripped of its literary associations and presented bare, with a naked directness that is the secret of the music's compelling force." He might have gone further, and said that if this music is anything, it is a glorification of spring as the supreme expression of the creative impulse—a primordial spring, savage, elemental, ruthless. Music has long been in love with death—the greatest music in the world, indeed, is music of the ecstasy of death. Here, for the first time, is music of the ecstasy of birth; music which makes audible "that conflict which is forever rending and tearing, not in order to destroy but in order to emerge. It is not the sound of death battering down and in, but of life hewing and tearing apart, that a new birth may issue out."

What Stravinsky has made of this conception is one of the marvelous things of art, and we fancy it will remain so—a thing of gigantic strength, of terrifying intensity, of overwhelming imaginative veracity. Stravinsky may transcend it, may outgrow it, may disown it; but it will remain a lonely and incomparable achievement, an authentic masterpiece.

It remains to be added that Mr. Monteux and his superb orchestra played the work with incredible virtuosity, and that the audience received it with every evidence of enthusiasm. There was other music on the program: Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and the violin concerto of Sibelius, played by Richard Burgin; but these things hardly counted. It was Stravinsky's night.

'Sacre du Printemps' Played.

By OLIN DOWNES.

To Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony Orchestra fell the task, superbly executed, of introducing to the public of this city Igor Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," as the work is most commonly known, last night in Carnegie Hall. This work, which created a riot when it was first performed by Mr. Monteux and the Russian Ballet in Paris in 1913, has been more discussed than any other composition of Stravinsky.

The audience, knowing this and fearing more through the many articles of a descriptive kind which had appeared in the daily press, came prepared for the worst, to listen to the new music. After the first part of the score had come to an end there were a few hisses—whether in indignation or to suppress premature applause was not easy to tell. After the second part had ended it was apparent that a majority had enjoyed themselves. The applause of this majority was long and loud, and to all appearances most sincere. It repeatedly acclaimed Mr. Monteux and the gentlemen of the orchestra.

Misleading things are always said about a work with such a sensational history. Two false impressions had been spread abroad, concerning this music, first, that it was unequalled in ugliness and fearfulness generally, and, secondly, that it was completely unprecedented

among Stravinsky's compositions. Both these reports, as Mark Twain would have said, seem greatly exaggerated. The music, filled as it is with a primitive and at times vertiginous energy, has pages of a rare and highly individual beauty. The score is obviously a logical evolution of the style of Stravinsky, following naturally indications contained in "The Fire-Bird" and "Petrouchka." There are a number of passages in "Sacre du Printemps" which could come straight from both these earlier works. In fact, it contains in one place a quotation, almost exact, of the music of the magician Katschei from the "Fire-Bird."

The expression, however, is greatly intensified. It is done principally by means of the force and individuality of the counterpoint, and also by rhythms that have at times a well-nigh hysterical shock and fury. There is the effect of complete abandon of mood and manner in this music. We believe that it is thought and written with the most exact precision, with enormous power and with an uncanny knowledge—prescience—of the capacities of a greatly extended orchestra.

And it is music, not mere sound to accentuate or accompany something done in the theatre. This should be emphasized, as Stravinsky has emphasized it in various statements. "Sacre du Printemps" is not an accompaniment for a ballet. It is the other way round. The ballet was the accompaniment or the representation, after the conception, of the music. Its scenario will serve as a description of the general tenor of the score, which, however, might be fully as well comprehended if it simply bore its own name, "Sacre du Printemps"—"The Rite of Spring," or, in a more exact translation of the Russian title, "Spring Consecration."

The scene on the stage, when the work is thus performed, is first of dance of youths and maidens in the Springtime, a ceremony of incantation in primitive fashion, with vigorous stamping of the ground. There follow the mock abduction of a maiden; "Spring Rounds"; "Games of Rival Towns"; an old man, a celebrant, who prostrates himself and kisses the earth. In the second part, after an orchestral introduction called "The Pagan Night" there are preparations for the ancient pagan sacrifice of a human victim to Spring; the choice of the victim; her glorification; the "Evocation of Ancestors," the sacrificial act of the victim, who must dance herself to death.

Long before the scenario of the ballet existed, as Stravinsky told Michel Georges-Michel, he had conceived the "embryo-theme" of the score. "As this theme," said the composer, "with that which followed, was conceived in a strong, brutal manner, I took as pretext for developments, for the evocation of this music, the Russian prehistoric epoch, since I am a Russian. But note well that this idea came from the music; the music did not come from the idea. My work is architectonic, not anecdotal; objective, not descriptive construction."

That is the story, and we believe the sincere story, of the musical evolution of this extremely interesting and exciting creation. As far as appraising its ultimate value is concerned, that is a responsibility fortunately visited neither upon audiences nor reviewers of the present. Their responsibility is to react honestly to what they hear, and, in the case of the newspaper man, to record it. The inspiration of this music seems to us profound and genuine. And Russian, which is another sign of its authenticity, since, when a composer speaks most truly, he is most likely to express not only himself but his native land. The Russianism in the music is not superficial. It does not depend upon the use of a Russian folk-song here and there, or some familiar idiom of popular Russian music. It is much more fundamental than that.

What stands out technically and emotionally in this work, and gives it a place significant, as it seems today, in the history of the modern development of an art, is its unprecedented energy, definiteness and power. No orchestra that we have heard throws off such heat, such sonorities, such galvanizing, rhythmic force as this orchestra of Stravinsky.

The remainder of the program consisted of the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony, given a performance different in kind but not in standard by Mr. Monteux and his now highly perfected orchestra, and the Sibelius violin concerto, which Mr. Burgin, concert master, was courageous enough to play and interpret with splendid sincerity, expression and fire. His appearance was not the least significant element of a program laden with riches.

Yesterday was one of the days—rarely rare in a New York "musical" season—when the music offered us of such admitted importance as to overshadow its performers public attention. Moreover, it was day of emphatic contrasts, for the two important works heard were nearly a century apart, and each, in its way, a musical landmark.

The first was Beethoven's Ninth symphony, at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon, the end and climax of Walter Damrosch's cycle of Beethoven concerts by the New York Symphony orchestra. Yesterday's performance, incidentally, came within a few days of celebrating just 100 years after Be-

ethoven finished the last pages of the work.

One hundred years, of course, have given the critics and commentators ample time in which to make up their minds about the Ninth Symphony, and it is hardly probable that the present reviewer, even granting him the leisure and the effrontery, could add anything important to the volume of their speculations.

It is perhaps possible to wonder whether the Ninth would be assigned quite the commanding rank it occupies among Beethoven's works if the associations surrounding it were less dramatic and sentimental. Its composer was a deaf, tragic figure when he wrote it. It was his supreme effort, the culmination of a lifetime's struggle and thought. If it is not his masterpiece, it ought to be.

Certainly it is, so far as form is concerned. It is the work of a craftsman so sure of his structure, so supremely confident in the handling of his material that, writing at times with a freedom that might reduce a lesser man to formlessness, he still contrives to be clear, coherent and eloquent.

The material itself is not always so convincing. Despite moments of surpassing greatness, some of it seems intrinsically less eloquent than the Fifth, or the Seventh. If the Ninth is the longest of the symphonies, it is so partly, perhaps, because its composer found his musical ideas not invariably easy to make persuasive. In the Seventh Symphony he is sure of his ground. In the Ninth his goal is greater, perhaps, but he sees it less clearly, and presses toward it with more noticeable effort.

Yesterday's performance was not flawless, but it was generally vigorous and well planned. The chorus, from the Oratorio Society, was a bit less numerous than an ideal performance demanded, but sang with a confidence and fine intonation that atoned for lack of volume. The solo quartet included Ruth Rodgers, soprano; Mabel Ritch, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor, and Fred Patton, bass. Mr. Crooks was excellent and Mr. Patton little less so. The others were hardly so successful.

The concert began with Beethoven's six-voiced canon, "Helpful be, O Man, Noble and Good," arranged by Mr. Damrosch for solo voices and chorus (with Nevada Van Der Veer and Frederic Baer augmenting the quartet of the symphony) and conducted by Albert Stoessel. Harold Bauer followed, playing the Opus 111 sonata.

In the evening, eleven years after it was composed, New York heard Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" for the first time, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Pierre Monteux, who conducted it last night, was the conductor of the historic first performance in Paris, when the audience behaved much as it had done, half a century before, at the first performance of "Tannhauser." In 1922 Leopold Stokowski conducted it for the first time in America at a concert in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Mr. Monteux introduced it last week to Boston.

Although "The Rites of Spring" was originally performed as a ballet, it is not, strictly speaking, program or pantomime music. It might be called a suite, for it is a series of dance movements designed to embody the mood and spirit of the springtime rites of prehistoric man. A series of dances was first invented for it by the famous Nijinsky. These were later withdrawn, and it is danced at present, when it is given in stage form, according to a scenario evolved by Massine and Nijinsky's daughter.

There is no definite program for the work. It is divided into two parts, the first being entitled "The Adoration of the Earth," the second, "The Sacrifice." The sequence of movements—they follow without a break—in the first part is as follows:

Introduction: a pastoral scene designed to express "the mystery of the physical world in spring." This is followed by "Spring Awakes," a ponderous, heavily accented measure, which alternates with a graceful "Dance of the Adolescents." This gives way to the "Game of Abduction," which is in turn succeeded by a "Springtime Round," startingly unlike its title. Now comes the "Game

of the Rival Towns," which is interrupted by a brief "Entrance of the Wise Man," who prepares the way for the closing "Dance of the Earth."

The second part opens with a prelude that Stravinsky is said to have called "The Pagan Night." This leads without a pause to "The Mystic Circle of the Adolescents," in which the village maidens move in a solemn dance preparatory to choosing the victim for the human sacrifice. Then follows "The Glorification of the Chosen One," a movement of frenetic ecstasy. A brief pause, followed by "The Evocation of the Ancestors" and "The Ritual of the Ancestors." The work comes to a close with a "Sacrificial Dance," in which the chosen victim dances herself to death.

It is foolish, of course, to attempt anything like detailed criticism of a monumental work like "The Rites of Spring" after one hearing. One can but record reactions. Briefly, then—and much too briefly, this listener can find no word short of "masterpiece"

to describe the score. It is music of almost unbelievable complexity of orchestral texture, yet essentially as stark and primitive in outline as the wall pictures of a cave-man. It is not beautiful, in any external sense of the word; but it has a power and truth that strike deep, that awaken age-old emotions and desires, almost terrifying in their unfamiliarity. This is great music.

There was other music on the program, although the newness and ugly magnificence of "Le Sacre" rather dims the memory of it. There was Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, beautifully played by the orchestra, and Sibelius's violin concerto, which somehow does not seem very important now, although Richard Burgin gave it a better performance than it deserved. The playing of "Le Sacre" by the orchestra was an amazing feat of virtuosity.

Perhaps it is well that "The Rites of Spring" reached us so late; for the audience, being more or less inured to dissonance by this time, listened with a more open mind than it might have possessed a few years ago. Certainly, if the thunderous applause that followed both parts be any evidence, most of the hearers were profoundly stirred.

OTHER MUSIC.

At the Metropolitan.

With the arrival of "L'Africaine," Vasco da Gamba resumed his wanderings through the interminable melodies of Meyerbeer and the inventions of Scribe which give this tireless hero an itinerary as varied as a Burton Holmes lecture. And in this very variety may be found the reason for last year's revival of this opera and the applause which brought it back this season. Certainly, the delighted crowd which heard it last night had its money's worth geographically; there was hardly any port which our hero had not touched at the fall of the curtain. The singer's voice rang through Portuguese palaces, in Hindu temples and tropical paradises, surrounded by glowing bits of local color which were never seen on sea or land—or anywhere in fact except the stage of the Metropolitan, which met its elaborate scenic demands nobly.

Unfortunately the moods of the music failed to respond to this riot of exotic landscape. Somehow the most exciting adventures and languorous love scenes seem to be covered by the same tones in arias or recitative. Battle, murder, romance and sudden death, they were much the same to Meyerbeer.

To the everlasting credit of the singers it may be added that they put some measure of characterization into this utterly characterless music. Queenie Mario succeeded in making a human figure out of that languishing marionette, Ine; her ballads at the close of the second act had overtones of genuine wistfulness. Rosa Ponselle spread her warm, dusky voice over the shortcomings of Selika the slave, and Gigli made Vasco da Gamba a romantic figure. It was too late to make him a heroic one, for the authors permitted this worthy to break all rules of fair play with the blithest indifference. However, Gigli sang him divinely and almost brought

down the temple with his famous aria. Danise was the menacing Nelusko. Bodanzky conducted a most spirited performance. A. S.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Igor Stravinsky's Ballet.

The third concert of the Thursday evening series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, the Sibelius violin concerto, with Richard Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, as the soloist, and Igor Stravinsky's ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps." Before this last composition, which was the novelty of the evening, the other two works must shrink into impenetrable shadow. The Stravinsky ballet (given last evening in its concert form, of course) is one of the most vehemently discussed musical creations of this time, and to it alone any consideration—and that too brief—must be accorded this morning.

The ballet is divided into two parts—first, "The Adoration of the Earth," and second, "The Sacrifice." A slow introduction leads the first part to "Omens of Spring." Then follow "Dances of the Youths and Maidens," a rite of incantation with vigorous stamping on the ground. Dance tune for flutes, while trumpets chant a harmonized theme used later. A mock abduction is part of this ritual.

Then come the "Spring Rounds," introduced by a tune for clarinet. The main portion of the dance is based on the theme already announced by the trumpets. Another ceremony: "Games of Rival Towns." An old man, wise, white haired, bearded, enters. He is the celebrant. He prostrates himself. All kiss the ground. A sacred dance follows.

The second part also begins with a slow introduction, which leads to the "Mystic Circle of the Adolescents." Girls dance and play. One must be sacrificed to Spring. The victim is chosen. "Her Glorification." "Evocation of Ancestors." "Ritual Performance of the Ancestors." The chosen victim begins her sacrificial act. She must dance herself to death.

The rhapsodists and the scoffers both have written much mystifying matter about the composition. Stravinsky himself averred that the embryonic theme of the music came to him after he had finished "L'Oiseau de Feu," a brutal theme which suggested to him as a pretext for the developments the prehistoric era of Russia, the age of the primitive man with pagan rites, partly imaginary. Two Russian folk tunes are employed. Other subjects are Russian in character but original with the composer.

The music is the last word in modernism, but in some respects reactionary. It is built upon the polytonal system, which means that melodies in different keys, each resting upon its own harmonies, are heard simultaneously. There is much of the new "dissonant" counterpoint, in which the sum total of harmonization consists of disharmonies produced by the opposition of different sets of chords.

A fact which has been noticed, but whose pregnant significance has not been recognized is that unlike some of the French composers whose different sets of chords have equal value, Stravinsky makes one set fundamental and superimposes the others upon it. This fact has a technical importance, though it does not yet sharply impress its difference upon the ear. Stravinsky makes considerable use of the old major and minor scales, but always in more than one key at a time. He also does not fear to write pure melody. Rhythmically the score is powerful and often savage. The subject demanded that kind of treatment. Indeed this work has been called a glorification of rhythm.

The ballet is scored for an orchestra such as Wagner and Strauss have employed, but the composer has shown overwhelming skill in his instrumentation. He plays upon his orchestra as a veritable virtuoso. Many of his most violent harmonies are softened and made to sound rich by his cunning in scoring.

Symphony Society Concert.

The Symphony Society reached the last of its Thursday afternoon concerts in the Beethoven cycle in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The program began with the unaccompanied canon for six voices, "Helpful Be, O Man, Noble and Good," arranged by Mr. Damrosch for solo voices and chorus, the piano sonata in C minor, opus 111, performed by Harold Bauer, and the ninth symphony. The solo singers in the choral symphony were Miss Ruth Rodgers, soprano; Miss Mabel Ritch, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor, and Frederick Patton, bass. The chorus was that of the Oratorio Society, Albert Stocssel director.

Doubtless something has been accomplished for the good of musical art by the presentation of so many works of Beethoven in succession, but it is probable that some subscribers of the Symphony Society will be glad that music offering a larger variety of styles is now to be presented. Mr. Damrosch has carried through with enthusiasm and authority his formidable plan and a retrospective view discloses plentiful matter for congratulation.

Philharmonic Plays
2d Membership Concert

Mengelberg Leads Orchestra in Program Devoted to the Two Strausses

The second membership concert of the Philharmonic Society was given last night at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, where Willim Mengelberg led the orchestra in a program devoted to "the two Strausses"—Richard and Johann. A suite from Richard Strauss's "Der Burger als Edelmann" (Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme) preceded the overture to "Die Fledermaus" and two waltzes by the "Waltz King." Admission to these membership concerts is open only to members of the society.

By HENRY T. FINCK

Critics seldom applaud—every regular concert goer can see that. I am not exception to the rule, but occasionally I do; and last night was one of the occasions when I did applaud. Not only because Pierre Monteux and his splendid Boston Orchestra gave a superlatively fine performance of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," new to New York, but because I liked the novelty immensely.

I have always liked Stravinsky. Years ago I wrote for this journal rapturously enthusiastic articles on his "Petrushka" and "Fire Bird," and ditto about all his works heard here since. I may be pardoned for calling attention to this matter, because I am so often accused in print of being unfairly hostile to the modernists in music. But there are modernists and modernists. I am most emphatically opposed to those of them who deliberately make their omelettes with rotten eggs, that being the only way they know of being "different" from the great masters, who used euphony—that is, fresh eggs—in their compositions.

Stravinsky is not that kind of a "modernist." One of the most wonderful things about his genius is his skill—in which he follows in the footsteps of Wagner and Liszt—of using orchestral colors to throw such a glamour over dissonances that instead of torturing the ears (as Schoenberg's and Milhaud's pieces do) they gratify them in new ways. In some of his other works he has shown what wonders he can work with few instruments. His "Sacre du Printemps," on the contrary, is scored for the full Wagnerian orchestra, including Bayreuth tubas, six trumpets, eight horns, and a terrific battery of percussion instruments, including big and small kettledrums, antique and modern cymbals, triangle, tam-tam and a rape guero, or scratcher.

What he does with this battery of drums and his other forces transcends belief. Even the Parisian bacchanale in "Tannhauser" seems a trifle civilized compared with the orgiastic noises made when the maiden, who has been chosen

as the victim of the rites of spring, dances herself to death.

"Le Sacre du Printemps" was originally a ballet and as such was staged in Paris on May 29, 1913, by the Ballet Russe under Pierre Monteux. There were howls of protest, and no wonder, for the music, besides being dissonant, was badly done. If it could have been done as it was last night the result would, no doubt, have been different. There were only two hisses in Carnegie Hall. The rest of the audience was tremendously enthusiastic.

What makes this the more noteworthy is that the audience heard only one side of this great work—the music. Stravinsky has reduced it to two dramatic tone-poems with the simple titles, "The Adoration of the Earth" and "The Sacrifice." If this music was so enchanting by itself, what must it be when heard in connection with the action and the dancing! To describe this action and the dancing is not necessary till we hear the whole work, which surely Mr. Gatti-Casazza cannot withhold from the Metropolitan subscribers after the tremendous Stravinsky triumph last night. The subject is too big to be exhausted at one writing; we shall come back to it.

Walter Damrosch and Oratorio Society
Unite in Performance of 9th Symphony

"How did you like it? I thought it sounded like the devil," said a beautiful young lady to another as they left Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon after the last of Walter Damrosch's Beethoven concerts.

It wasn't as bad as that, but—well, now it may be told: Mr. Damrosch is not the most inspired and inspiring Beethoven conductor in the world. Enthusiasm alone can, as Richard Wagner said, conquer the

With the lights of Aeolian Hall dimmed almost to darkness, Ernesto Berumen gave his annual concert to a hushed and expectant audience. It was a lavish program of a certain familiar charm which was admirably blended with the general atmosphere. A Liszt group included the fantasia, "After a Reading of Dante," in which the two poets are celebrated amid demon trumpets and walling of tormented souls. The "White Peacock" of Charles Griffes trailed its way through its languorous measures, and Granados's "El Pelele" gave its provocative though faint impressions from Goya. Mr. Berumen, as usual, showed an intelligent appreciation of his program; it was delivered with spirit and vigor—an interpretation which was thoroughly cerebral but without the poetical nuances which the music sometimes demanded. A large audience was obviously delighted with the return of this established artist, though they expressed their pleasure in subdued applause—the result of the darkened house and the atmospheric twilight of the musical gods.

"Pagliacci" and "Le Coq d'Or" at the Metropolitan were distinguished by the appearance of Edward Johnson in the first and a new voice for the Golden Cock lent by Marcella Roeseler in the second. Mr. Johnson had not entirely recovered from the cold which prevented his first appearance of the season in "Romeo et Juliette" on Wednesday and "Pagliacci" is hardly long enough to mark a season's debut; nevertheless it was a delight to welcome back his extraordinary voice and personality for further triumphs.

As for the voice of the Golden Cock, it was a bit tremulous and shaky at first as the result of the nervousness of Miss Roeseler; it gained fullness and confidence, however, as the performance went on and soon had all the ominous assurance of that resolute bird. For the rest, the cast remained as before with the familiar list of mimes and music-makers. A. S.

Wagner's 'Siegfried' Revived.

SIEGFRIED. Music drama in three acts and four scenes. German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Siegfried Curt Taucher
Mime George Meader
The Wanderer Clarence Whitehill
Alberich Gustav Schuetzen-dorf
Fafner William Gustafson
Erda Margaret Metzenauer
Brunnhilde Florence Easton
Voice of the Forest Bird Thalia Sabanieva
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A gratifying token of the manner in which the Metropolitan Opera Company is gradually restoring its Wagnerian repertory, after artistic ravages of the war, was the revival yesterday afternoon of Wagner's "Siegfried." The reception of the opera left no doubt of the public's enthusiasm for it, and the production merited the enthusiasm with which it was received.

It is not necessary to state that the work was given a performance with men and women of genius in all the principal parts, or that a genius directed the orchestral performance to justify these remarks. The quality of the performance was a very well rounded ensemble, with excellent interpreters of the principal roles, with a conscientious and artistic, if not boldly imaginative treatment of the score by Mr. Bodanzky. And there was an admirable scenic setting—the kind of setting for which the great stage of the Metropolitan and the general dimensions of the theatre offer special inducements.

Each act, particularly the third, had the grandeur and sweep of line appropriate to Wagner's conception and the epic tale he unfolds, and as a rule there was excellent play of lighting as well as of color. The transformation between the first and second scenes of the third act, with only a little allowance on the part of the beholder for the enormous practical difficulties of the stage, was an achievement that communicated a real sensation. As Siegfried disappears in the flames on his quest of Brunnhilde, the fire filled the stage, and cleared at last to reveal the mountain top and the goddess about to become a woman. And there was continuity of effect in the lighting of this act, in the huge outline and the dark, mysterious color of the scene between Wotan and Erda, and the gradual change of color and mood that color as well as music incites, until Brunnhilde awakened, to welcome the new day.

Mr. Taucher made a favorable Siegfried, if not one sufficiently virile and animated in the first act. He is well versed in all the stage business and he never allowed this business to become routine. He sang with a mastery of sustained melody and a generally fine quality of technique that gave his performance style as well as expressive interpretation. That a more dramatic voice would be more suitable to the role, particularly in the opening and closing scenes, is evident. But fortunately Mr. Taucher did not attempt to do more with his tone than there was in it, and in the second act his singing was particularly felicitous.

Good it was to hear Mr. Whitehill's authoritative and experienced impersonation of Wotan. How many American singers of Wagner equal him in German diction? Mr. Whitehill's interpretation was consistently dramatic and impressive, a lesson in the treatment of word and phrase. We would that tradition—if it is tradition's fault—did not encourage the appearance of Wotan in the first act in a robe of blue and gray, suggestive of a Roman toga, which would certainly have been inconvenient to the adventurous Wanderer of primeval forests. The hat which Wotan had donned by the opening of act III, and his general effect at that time was far more native to his character. But when he sang Mr. Whitehill was always in the role, and would have been, whatever the sartorial circumstances.

It is a pity that the two maleficent dwarfs of this opera usually appear to the beholder as comic characters rather than the expression of malice and evil that is the intention of the text. Mr. Meader's Mime was competently and conscientiously sung, though the role was not given by him the complete and spontaneous characterization that it has had in other hands. And Mr. Schuetzen-dorf's Alberich could have loomed more sinister.

The scene between Wotan and Erda remains one of the most remarkable in all opera. Here Mme. Matzenauer's musicianship and vital understanding of the role stood her in good, although at first she was in the best vocal form. The demands of the final act are known to be superhuman, not only as regards the vocal and histrionic capacities of the interpreters, but—as regards Richard Wagner. The awakening of Brunnhilde yesterday was truly impressive. The pantomime of the comely woman and her companion artist was such that it never became laughable, and maintained at a real height the spirit of the scene. Thereafter was the inevitable hoop-la duet, as Brunnhilde and Siegfried, at the top of their voices, and against a wildly galloping orchestra, told their passion to the world.

Traditions again and exigencies of the score make the whole passage somewhat stilted and musically anti-climactic after the blazing inspiration of the music that has preceded. It is testimony to the art of those involved that there was not the sensation of a falling off of power in the general effect and that there remained with the audience

an impressive memory after the curtain had fallen. It was an afternoon of much enjoyment and of the earnest and selfless presentation of Wagner on the part of all concerned.

Ernesto Berumen, 1924
Musical, 1924
4 1924

Lawrence Gilman

A Day of New Music, Domestic and Foreign: From Milhaud to Hanson

Third Concert of the International Composers' Guild, Vanderbilt Theater.

PROGRAM

1. Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet and Piano (first time in America) Darius Milhaud
2. Three Chinese Lyrics. Samuel Barlow
For Tenor and Instrumental Ensemble
1 Sy-che
2 Comparison
3 Revenge
(First performance)
Sung by Jose Delaquerriere.
3. "Stornelli e Ballate." Second String Quartet (first time in New York)
G. Francesco Malipiero
The French-American String Quartet.
4. (a) Three Songs (with piano accompaniment) Arnold Schoenberg
(b) Three Songs (with piano accompaniment) M. Castelnuovo-Tedesco
(c) Passeggiata (with piano accompaniment) Ildebrando Pizzetti
Sung by Marya Freund.
At the piano—Carlos Salzedo.
5. Fantasy (in one movement) for 3 Violins, 1 Viola, 2 Celli (first time in New York) Eugene Goossens
The French-American String Quartet.

We have expressed before now our conviction that the concerts of new music given by the International Composers' Guild (and by its offshoot, the League of Composers) are among the most engrossing that are to be heard in this somnolent town, where unfamiliar music is not so easy to come by as it is in London, Philadelphia, Chicago, Paris and other centers of music-making where the currents move less sluggishly than they do here. It is, therefore, with sincere regret that we record the fact that last night's concert of the Guild was the last of the present season. It was given before a sold-out house, and many avid modernists were turned away.

The program was not so provocative as that of the preceding concert. There was no music by Mr. Varese or by Mr. Ruggles, the infants terrible of the Guild; nor was there anything to agitate the orthodox breast in the offerings of Milhaud (representing contemporary Paris and "Les Six"), Pizzetti and Malipiero and Castelnuovo-Tedesco (representing the Young Italians), Schönberg (representing that Jaberwock of tonal modernism, the Viennese School) Goossens (representing contemporary England), or Barlow (representing Young America). We doubt if even the most belated of nineteenth-century romanticists, sunk in Tchaikovskian sin, would have gasped more than a dozen times in the course of the evening, though we shall not pretend that he would have been perfectly happy.

There was rather more sugar-coating on last night's program than seemed good for the modernistic waistline. Mr. Milhaud's sonata for flute, oboe and piano needed only a few little candles and the word "Jules" in pink icing to make it an appropriate birthday cake for the ghost of the blameless Massenet—we doubt if he would have minded the bitter almonds in it. As for the quartet of Malipiero, the "Fantasy" sextet of Goossens and the songs of the Young Italians, they were astonishingly innocuous—amiable, all of them, prettily lyrical and a little futile. Is it possible, though, that almost any music would seem inconsequential and tame and devitalized with the "Sacre du Printemps" of Stravinsky still ob-sessing one's memory?

It was chiefly in Mr. Samuel Barlow's "Three Chinese Lyrics" for tenor and chamber orchestra that one found relief from the prevailing sweetness of the evening's fare. Mr. Barlow is a young New Yorker, hitherto unilluminated by the fierce light that beat upon our local modernists. We believe that this was his first public appearance as a composer; but it will assuredly not be his last. His delightful settings of the three Chinese poem (imitably sung by Jose Delaquerriere) were received with unmistakable pleasure by last night's audience, and one of them ("Revenge") was repeated.

Mr. Barlow has the inestimable gift of reticence; he knows the value of understatement. He is a poet with an antiseptic wit, a fantasist who is both caustic and delicate. His use of the little instrumental ensemble that he employs (flute, oboe, clarinet, bas-

on, cello, piano, percussion), as a background for the singing voice, is froit, imaginative, humorous. His music has sheen; it is fine-fibred; it is gayety and charm and candor. Its excess last night was richly merited. The three songs by Schönberg (settings from the cycle, "The Book of the Anging Gardens," by Stefan George), e by no means top-notch Schönberg, id they have sobriety and substance. id Marya Freund sang them with innumerate sensibility and finesse.

New American Work at the Symphony Concert

The town of Wahoo, Neb., will always be pleasantly remembered by us as the birthplace of an American composer, Harold Howard Hanson, who began his life twenty-seven years ago, studied at Luther College, came to New York and was graduated from the Institute of Musical Art, went to California and became Dean of the Conservatory of the Pacific at San Jose, won a prize in composition, and was sent by the Juilliard Foundation to the American Academy in Rome. Mr. Hanson composed there a work for chorus and orchestra, a "symbolic poem," so-called, with the title: "North and West." Yesterday afternoon, at the ninth Sunday subscription concert of the Symphony Society, this opus was performed for the first time anywhere. Mr. Hanson conducted, and a small chorus from the Oratorio Society assisted.

The composer has thus described his work:

"The program of 'North and West' is entirely subjective and symbolic in character. 'North' means to me both the land of my fathers—Sweden—and that influence in art and life which we term 'Nordic': the qualities of austere stoicism and brutal vigor, mingled with the somberness, mysticism and melancholy which characterize the North. 'West' to me means the spirit of youth and romance—more specifically, California.

"The work is in three sections. The first symbolizes the 'North' and consists of an introduction (lento) leading into the first theme, in the cellos, suggestive of the melancholy of the North; an austere second theme, sung by voices in unison to a rhythmic percussion of trombones and tuba; a vigorous third theme, announced by cellos and basses, which, after considerable growth in intensity, resolves into a virile dance theme in the cellos; the first theme returns, fortissimo, developing into the second theme, in the horns, to the pulsating accompaniment of the third theme in the basses, after the climax of which a slight pause ends the section.

"The second section, 'West,' begins softly, with the fifth theme sung by two voices, accompanied by three cellos. The development of this theme is interrupted by the intrusion of the four 'Nordic' themes, which, battling for supremacy, resolve into a conflict between the principal theme of the North and that of the West.

"Another pause, a cry of voices and the 'Nordic' theme, unchanged, once more appears, sung by a barytone voice; a short coda, and the composition ends.

"The work is scored for full orchestra, with the addition of voices used as orchestral instruments."

The use of wordless voices in instrumental ensembles is an extremely effective device, as other composers before Mr. Hanson have discovered. De-

ussy in his "Sirenes," Scriabin in his "Prometheus," Vaughan Williams in his Pastoral Symphony, Milhaud in his L'Homme et Son Desir have used his effect, sometimes with many voices, sometimes with few or with a single voice only, as Vaughan Williams in his beautiful and poetic symphony. Mr. Hanson's use of the expedient is imaginative and expressive; it would doubtless have seemed more so yesterday if the Oratorio singers had fulfilled the purposes of the composer.

Mr. Hanson is no "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." His music is new, corporeal, direct. He does not, like so many young American composers, resort to vaporized Debussy or skimmed Ravel when he can think of nothing of his own to say. Mr. Hanson's Muse very evidently excelled at basketball and shotputting in her collegiate youth. No one is ever likely to call this composer a mere dreamer of man and misty fantasies. He is as firm as a north-west wind, and his composition is well named.

What one wonders is whether Mr. Hanson, for all his fervor and dynamism and forthrightness, has discovered as yet just what it is that he is to say to us. He says much that has been said before by other men—even that unambiguous lowbrow, Puccini, may be found snuggling among Mr. Hanson's cantilenas; but he says little that appears to be self-sprung. Nor has he fully realized his poetic conception. His "West" is strikingly

like his "North." There is slight differentiation of mood, of color, of temperature; so that you find yourself wondering: Is Stockholm in California after all, and does the citron bloom in Ornskoldsvik?

Mr. Hanson led his work with inspiring vigor and conviction, and his music evidently gave pleasure to the audience, for there was much applause for the composer-conductor.

Mr. Damrosch, who will not be heard again with his orchestra until the latter part of March, conducted the rest of the program—the "Theme and Variations" which constitute the Finale of Tchaikovsky's Third Suite; Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Georges Enesco as soloist, and a Strauss Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song." Mr. Enesco played with tonal beauty, with repose, with fine musicianship, though his intonation occasionally raised a question.

Mr. Damrosch prefaced the concert by a performance of Chopin's Funeral March as a tribute to President Wilson

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Symphony Society.

At the Symphony Society's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, when Walter Damrosch made his last appearance for the present, Mr. Wilson's passing was observed by the playing of Chopin's "Funeral March" before the program. The prepared list consisted of the finale of Tchaikovsky's third suite, Howard Hanson's "symbolic poem" entitled "North and East," the Beethoven violin concerto and Johann Strauss's waltz "Wein, Wein und Gesang." The violinist was Georges Enesco, the distinguished Rumanian composer.

Mr. Hanson's composition, written for orchestra and a small group of voices used purely as instruments, was heard for the first time. The composer is a fellow of the American Academy in Rome, to which he was one of the first three musicians to be sent. One evidence of the service given to music by the Academy disclosed itself in the character of the work. It was not a Leipzig conservatory composition. It was free from the scholastic formulae established by German classicists and invited no memories of Mendelssohn, Beethoven or Brahms.

Mr. Hanson's thematic materials, his harmonic scheme and his instrumental devices showed him to be a debtor to living rather than dead masters. He has heard and assimilated works of Pizzetti, Mallpiero and even Stravinsky. But he is no mere imitator. The jury which chose him for the Roman Academy (the writer was a member of it) found the youthful score then examined inchoate, diffuse, uncertain in method and quite unformed, but containing evidences of imagination, independence and skill yet in a crude condition.

The symbolic poem heard yesterday, which seeks to portray the strong Nordic race and the golden west into which so much of it was poured, showed that Mr. Hanson had made vigorous strides of progress, but that he had not yet been completely formed. Side by side with brilliant and sustained writing were passages of disjointed music and episodic instrumental phrases which seemed to have little point. But the music disclosed a healthy young talent. It had large moods and genuine atmosphere. The composer conducted it most demonstratively.

Of Mr. Enesco's performance of the Beethoven concerto it can be said that he played like a musician and a composer, and sometimes like a virtuoso. His first movement cadenza (probably his own) was admirable and the return to the second theme of the movement was done in a supremely beautiful style.

STATE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" as Tribute to Wilson.

The State Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Stransky, gave a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was the assisting artist in a performance of Schumann's concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra. He played this familiar and melodious composition with all the characteristics for which he is so well known. The outstanding quality was his beautiful tone, limpid, resonant and admirably adapted to Schumann's lovely

melodies.

Mr. Stransky's first number was a new composition by an American composer, Bernard Rogers, which was entitled a prelude to "The Faithful" and was performed from manuscript. Mr. Rogers won the Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship in 1920 and another composition of his entitled, "Dirge," was played by the Philharmonic in 1919. Mr. Rogers's prelude was a little too faithful to some well worn musical forms and modes of expression. There were some moments of melodic beauty, a touch of Tchaikovsky and some well scored or-

RUSSIAN BARYTONE SINGS.
Saslowsky Gives Recital at the Princess Theater.

Boris Saslawsky, a young Russian barytone of this city, who has given a few recitals here before, was heard in an interesting program of songs yesterday at the Princess Theater.

His numbers consist of standard Russian songs, "Folk Songs of Big and Little Russia;" standard German lieder, Sinding's dramatic lyric, "Ein Weib," French and old English songs and Saminsky's "Hebrew Lullaby." The audience was appreciative.

Mr. Saslawsky is an excellent interpreter of the songs of his race and he should be heard in them more frequently here. In his opening group of Russian songs he made, according to the printed list, omissions of lyrics by Liapunov and Gretchaninov, and inserted Rachmaninov's "I'm Not a Prophet," with which he began, "The Child's Prayer of Mousorgsky and Tchaikovsky's 'Not a Word, O Beloved.'" This group also had Rachmaninov's "Night," "In the Woods," by Gretchaninov and closed with Mousorgsky's "Hopak."

As an encore to the group the "Volga Boatman's Song" was given. The singer explained in clear English the content of each Russian song before singing it. His interpretations had power and eloquence. His voice is a good one and he showed much artistic skill in his phrasing and use of color. Edith Quail Saslawsky furnished sympathetic piano accompaniments.

PILZER GIVES RECITAL.

Former Concert Master of the Philharmonic Plays.

Maximilian Pilzer, formerly a concert master of the Philharmonic, who gave a recital here early this season after a six years' absence, offered a program of much interest in Town Hall yesterday with Harry Kaufmann at the piano. Mr. Pilzer's selections included Brahms's A major waltz, arranged by David Hochstein, the gifted young American violinist, who was killed in the war; a "Valse Caprice" by himself and the "Waves at Play," by the blind American violinist, Edwin Grasse.

Two concertos, one old and one modern, were Nardini's in E minor and Sinding's in A major. Among some other pieces, Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasy was the closing number. The many auditors, including Mr. Grasse, were enthusiastic. Mr. Pilzer is the fortunate possessor of many of the fine qualities of his art. His playing yesterday showed the foundation of admirable musicianship. His tone was generally pleasing, his technique good and his understanding of style comprehensive.

The program opened with a new composition by an American composer, Bernard Rogers, a prelude to "The Faithful." Mr. Rogers studied with Ernest Bloch, and in 1920 won the Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship in Music. The performance (from the manuscript) was received with applause, which brought the composer before the audience.

MANUEL QUIROGA RETURNS.

Spanish Violinist, Last Heard Here in Pre-War Days, Plays Again.

Manuel Quiroga, a Spanish violinist, made his bow yesterday at Carnegie Hall, after a decade's delay following pre-war appearances at the Hippodrome and the Schubert Theatre. A return in such a case is not unique and there must be others yet awaiting reappearance, whose careers were similarly interrupted at that time.

Mr. Quiroga, whose quiet stage presence stamped him a serious artist, displayed mellow tone and good technique in Tartini's sonata. He was less secure in rapid passage work. His pieces included also Wieniawski's concerto No. 2, a Mozart rondo, and a lesser group by Schubert, Leclair, Bazzini, Kreisler, with a "Romanza Andalusa" of Sarasate and "Danza Espagnola" by Granados.

Elena Gerhardt in German Songs.

Elena Gerhardt at Aeolian Hall last evening fascinated her listeners by her vocal diction in three groups of German lieder. Among the Schubert numbers, "Das Lied im Gruenen" had to be repeated, while four of the Schumann songs were duplicated. Mme. Gerhardt was also generous in the matter of encore. The quiet authority of her interpretation carried the audience away in willing subjection and created the necessary bond of sympathy for reciprocal understanding.

As a specialist in Schubert and Schumann, Mme. Gerhardt excels. She had a capable assistant in Paula Hegner at the piano.

At Madison Square Garden the Jewish Cantors' Association presented a programme of liturgical music after beginning the evening with a thrilling presentation of "The Star Spangled Banner." Josef Rosenblatt and half a hundred equally gifted members of the association were enthusiastically received by an audience that completely filled the huge auditorium.

Russian comedy, pathos and humor set to becoming music was offered by Boris Borissoff at the Comedy Theatre. Though he used only Russian texts M. Borissoff's eloquence carried the significance of each number even to those who were utterly unacquainted with the Slavic language.

SALVATORE FUCILO introduced a dozen of his advanced pupils at the Town Hall last night in a programme of operatic music.

A Galaxy of Opera Stars

At the Sunday night opera concert the crowd in Broadway and Fortieth street suggested that one of Tex Rickard's soirees might be going on within. There were hundreds who didn't gain admittance. The occasion was the appearance of Galli-Curci, Florence Easton, Rosa Ponselle, Jeanne Gordon, and Margarete Matzenauer, who were all gowned anew and fetchingly, and were all in fine voice. One especially interesting feature was a tourney of applause between the admirers of Galli-Curci and Rosa Ponselle. The first got nine recalls and the latter eleven. The house was electric in its appreciation of the many fine numbers. Mr. Totakyan added to his record for sudden substitutions by replacing Mr. Chamlee, who was ill.

Mr. Gigli quite surpassed previous efforts in "Cielo e Mar" from "La Gioconda" and Jose Mardones sang "Italia" from "L'Amore dei Tre Re" with a noble voice and fine diction.

Fred. Hoffman
my recital
Orchestra
Feb 3 1924

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN RARE DEBUSSY WORK

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which as exemplar of the exotic had so lately come bringing Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring," ended a midwinter visit at yesterday's Carnegie Hall matinee, going out in a blaze of Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." This second rarity, new as a four-part orchestral suite, had once had full concert performance here, the first anywhere and so recognized in Debussy's cable to Kurt Schindler, who gave it with Maggie Teyte, the MacDowell Chorus and the Philharmonic, in 1912, a year after the composer's premiere filmed by dancers and sung at the Paris Chatelet.

Conductor Monteux preceded it yesterday with Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, of silvery harmony at the hands of his band. He closed with Alexander Siloti in the "Dance of Death" that Liszt dreamed eighty-five years ago amid churchly frescoes of the Campo di Pisa. Mr. Siloti, gigantic among the hundred men, towered mentally as he did physically in the grim, sardonic play of piano and orchestra, conjuring the now angelic, now diabolic dancers.

Debussy's still fascinating score, as at least the first pair of his four "symphonic excerpts" may be described,

is happy in its selections from the first act: the "Court of Lilies," plangent pallor of mellow brass and plucked harpstrings, and the "Dance of Ecstasy," of mingled pain and paeon, with glowing finale. The latter "Passion" and "The Good Shepherd" are mood-music of subtle beauty, more frankly needing action as the saint portrays Christ's death to Calvary.

The "Sebastien" music was heard with interest by a matinee audience of more than usual distinction. Besides the former producer, Mr. S. Hindler there were present many of the financiers and managers of other American orchestras here to attend last night a meeting at the home of Mr. Mackay of the Philharmonic. Among those at the Boston concert were Albert L. Carpenter of Minneapolis, Messrs. Murphy, Gabrieliwitsch and Walter of Detroit and Miss Caroline E. Smith of Los Angeles.

ORCHESTRA POOLS MAY END DEFICITS

Clarence H. Mackay and prominent patrons of the leading symphony orchestras of the United States met last night at the home of Mr. Mackay, 3 East Seventy-fifth Street, to discuss plans for putting the organizations on a sound financial basis. At the meeting figures showing that the deficits of the symphony societies amounted to approximately \$1,250,000 annually were presented for the consideration of Mr. Mackay's guests.

The application of big business methods, including mergers and pools, was among the proposals the patrons of symphony were asked to consider and express an opinion on as a means of solving the financial problem.

An announcement following the meeting, among other things, said:

"During the dinner there was informal discussion of the various problems now confronting the various orchestra associations, foremost among them being the question of annual deficits and endowments. It was brought to the attention of the Presidents that the annual deficits of the thirteen orchestras in the United States approximated \$1,250,000 on an annual expenditure of not less than \$5,000,000."

Remedies to be Announced.

Mr. Mackay was unable last night to go into the details of the proposed remedies considered by his guests and himself. His spokesman said that Mr. Mackay hoped to disclose within a few days the results of the conference somewhat more in detail.

Following a dinner, there was a reception and a musical program, at which the artists were Mme. Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist.

Among those present were Alexander Van Rensselaer and William J. Turner of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, Henry Harkness Flagler of the Symphony Society of New York, Charles H. Haniff of the Orchestral Association, Chicago; William H. Murphy of the Detroit Symphony Society, Eibert L. Carpenter of the Orchestral Association, Minneapolis, Minn.; George Todd of the Rochester Symphony Society, Louis T. More of the Orchestra Association, Cincinnati, Ohio; Melville Clark of the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra, representatives of the Cleveland Orchestra and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles, Frederic A. Juilliard, Otto H. Kahn and Marshall Field of the Philharmonic Society of New York and Kenneth O'Brien.

Boston Not Represented.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was not represented among the guests of Mr. Mackay Judge Frederick P. Cahot, principal guarantor of that organization sent his declination after having looked over the agenda of the conference which was attached to the invitation sent out by the Chairman of the Philharmonic. In the agenda was included the question of dealing with unions. That question is one which was disposed of by the Boston organization in establishing the open shop.

Another proposal among those outlined for discussion was an exchange of libraries. From that phase of the contemplated reorganization of the symphony orchestras' management the Bostonians are said to have wished to keep aloof, since they possess one of the most complete libraries of musical scores in the world, which they are not lealous of distributing in one way or another among more than a dozen different organizations. The Boston Symphony backers also are said to have found it undesirable to join in the discussion from their point of view of joint engagement of soloists.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, at its matinee afternoon in Carnegie Hall was heard by several of the visiting symphony orchestra presidents and other officers invited here by Mr. Mackay.

While the presidents of the Symphony organizations were thrashing out their problems at the home of Mr. Mackay, the managers of the same orchestras were the guests of Arthur Judson,

manager of the Philharmonic, at a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria, where they considered their particular problems.

Under leadership of Clarence H. Mackay the Philharmonic Society of New York, the oldest symphony organization in the United States and said to be the third oldest in the world, was consolidated three years ago with the

National Symphony Orchestra, whose financial backers and musicians went over to the Philharmonic. At the beginning of the present season it joined forces with the City Symphony Orchestra.

Increased Cost of Production.

To the deficits of the symphony organizations the high cost of musical talent contributes no less than generally rising prices that followed the war. Conductors are paid salaries comparable to those received by the heads of large industrial organizations. The pay of musical talent has increased all along the line. In another connection the contrast between the musician of today and of two decades gone by was described in one of the announcements of the Philharmonic Orchestra last Fall. Among other things it said:

"The orchestra musician of twenty years ago would be amazed if he were to stand at the Fifty-sixth Street entrance to Carnegie Hall today and count the Philharmonic players who come to rehearsal in their own motor cars. A casual observer noticed one morning a Studebaker, Maxwell, Oakland, Chevrolet, Nash, Reo, Dort, Hudson, Essex and a Packard bringing to rehearsal a bass player, a viola, horn, another horn, trumpet, trombone, violin, cello, second violin player—until the observer had to leave an unfinished symposium in prosperity wheel, with about seventy men unaccounted for. In his count, however, about thirty were included, making the tally a motor car to every three musicians. In every case, however, the player was his own chauffeur."

Bird's-eye View of Situation.

The deficits of some of the leading symphony orchestras have been assumed in years past and still are met by single guarantors. In other cases the deficits are wiped out by groups of guarantors or public subscription. The following list gives a bird's-eye view of the situation:

Boston Symphony—In programs last month 500 subscribers to this year's deficit of \$95,000 were named.

Philharmonic—Originally organized in 1842 as a co-operative society of players, reorganized in the present century, absorbed National Symphony three years ago, absorbed City Symphony last year, also joined educational program with Mrs. E. H. Harriman's American Orchestral Society.

New York Symphony—Harry Harkness Flagler, sole guarantor last ten years of \$100,000 annual deficit. He wiped out the \$250,000 deficit the year the New York Symphony Orchestra went abroad.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Raised endowment fund two years ago when streets of its home city were placarded with, "Save the Orchestra," and when Edward Bok gave largest sum, reported to be \$100,000, to the orchestra association, of which he is now President.

Syracuse—Newest orchestra, formed by musicians, led by Professor William Berwald of Syracuse University; gives five noon-hour concerts, Keith's Theatre, largest in Syracuse, and house is always sold out.

Rochester—George Eastman, Kodak manufacturer, founder and sole guarantor.

Cleveland—Popular subscription, Cincinnati—Mrs. C. P. Taft, chief guarantor.

Detroit—Subscription by wealthy citizens.

Chicago—Founded by Theodore Thomas thirty-three years ago, and has general support.

Minneapolis—Its deficits are met almost entirely by one guarantor.

St. Louis—Raised \$300,000 last year.

Los Angeles—W. A. Clark Jr. gave \$543,000 in three years and still guarantees deficit.

San Francisco—Launched a drive last year for funds with which to make possible the continuance of the orchestra.

A survey of the United States has shown that there are approximately 100 cities of the same size as Syracuse which under proper leadership and with the financial aid of their citizens, organize symphony orchestras among the musicians of moving picture and legitimate theatre and other organizations where musicians are employed.

Feb 5 1927
By Deems Taylor

Dorothy Berliner offered a "Piano Recital of Dance Forms" at the Town Hall last night that had the merits of novelty and interest. Her program, which must have been the result of considerable research work, contained twenty pieces of dance music arranged in chronological order, no two of them being written in exactly the same rhythm.

All were characteristic, and most of them had musical value as well. Among the best were "The King's Hunting Jig," by John Bull, an English country dance tune of the fourteenth century; a minuet by Lully, a Bach passacaglia, a Chopin mazurka

and potpourri, Debussy's "Temple Dance" from an unfamiliar ballet, "Kamma," which he wrote for Maude Allen; David Guion's fascinating transcription of "Turkey in the Straw," an excellent tango by F. W. Bryan, Zee Confrey's "Kitten on the Keys," and three Spanish dances.

Miss Berliner's playing, although accurate and energetic, did not, however, reveal a strongly marked sense of rhythm, and her tone seemed to lack the variety demanded by her program. Her audience, however, which was of considerable size, gave every evidence of satisfaction.

At Carnegie Hall in the evening Henry Cowell offered a recital of his own compositions for the piano. Mr. Cowell, who, in the words of his program notes, "ranks with the foremost of the young composers, is becoming one of the most talked-of modernists of the day." He is also "a lecturer and a botanist, and is an authority on California wild flowers."

Mr. Cowell's contribution to modern music is the invention of what he calls "tone clusters," which are produced by hitting the piano keys with fist, palm or forearm. Sometimes he hits them in the bass, when the effect is that of a great many piano keys being hit in the bass; and sometimes he hits them in the treble, when the effect is that of a great many piano keys being hit in the treble.

His compositions were nineteen in number, some of their titles being: "Dynamic Motion," "Fabric," "Exultation," "Floating," "Frisking," "Fleeting," "Scooting," "What's This?" "Advertisement," "Antimony." There were also three Irish legends entitled "The Tides of Manaunaun," "The Hero Sun" and "The Voice of Lir."

MacDowell's "Sea Pieces" entirely surrounded by note clusters. A few of Mr. Cowell's works contained no note clusters. This, on the whole, was a mistake.

The day's other musical offerings included an afternoon song recital in Aeolian Hall by Frederick Southwick, a baritone whose rather good diction and phrasing were not enough to compensate for his interpretative and vocal shortcomings, and an evening recital in the same hall by Jan Pawel Wolanek, violinist. His program included Bach's third sonata, the Paganini-Wilhelmj concerto in D major, and pieces by Polish and Czechoslovak composers. The opera was "L'Africana," with Mr. Bodanzky conducting, the cast headed by Mr. Gigli, Miss Ponselle and Mr. Danise.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Introducing Tone Clusters.

Henry Cowell, pianist, gave an exhibition last evening in Carnegie Hall before an audience deeply absorbed in his demonstrations of the progress of music, technique and tone. Mr. Cowell's specialty is what he entitles "Tone Clusters." Any gentle or ungente reader who desires to create a tone cluster might proceed in the following manner. First seat yourself firmly but gracefully at the piano. Second, raise both hands with the fingers tightly closed, thus forming fists. Third, shut your eyes. Fourth, bring down both hands alternately and afterward together on the keyboard. Again, try it with flat open hand. Results, tone clusters.

When you have picked from the fruitful vine of music a sufficiency of these clusters of sour tones, permit the hands to enjoy eight or sixteen measures (uncommon time) rest and pull off tone clusters with the forearm laid along a bunch of keys. Always bear in mind, however, that Mr. Cowell's backers stand ready to come across with the good money that your tone clusters will not be even a pale imitation of the real thing. For tone cluster technique is something new. It is Mr. Cowell's own little invention, and he knows all its peculiarities.

The modernists are much interested in Mr. Cowell, who is regarded as the only living exponent of fist music. They cherish fond hopes that a way has now been opened for the production of musical dissonances undreamed of in their earlier days. It

is believed that in the course of time people may find out how to apply the new method to the Boehm system of fingering, and thus to do amazing things with flutes and clarinets.

Meanwhile let it be known that Mr. Cowell produced some extraordinary and genuinely musical effects with his tone clusters. In using the flat hand, for example, he contrived to make a melody stand out, though surrounded by a bewildering cloud of other tones and overtones. So, after all, the advocates of the new methods win, for probably only Mr. Cowell can weave these singular, monotonous webs. The elbow clusters seemed to yield uncertain results. Some were interesting; some merely noisy. But possibly pianists and composers for the piano will find some artistic use for the new technique.

Mr. Cowell composes pieces crowned with such titles as "Dynamic Motion," "Fabric," "What's This?" and "Amicable Conversation." His Irish numbers, "The Tides of Manaunaun," "The Hero Sun" and "The Voice of Lir," were almost good. But as a composer the pianist had less to offer than as a technician. He had a large audience, of which a noticeable portion appeared to be easily fed up.

YESTERDAY afternoon Frederick Southwick sang baritone songs in English, German and French. His efforts in a light and flexible voice were apparently pleasing to a friendly audience.

POLISH VIOLINIST HEARD.

Jan Pawel Wolanek, a Graceful Player, Makes His Debut.

Jan Pawel Wolanek, an upstanding young Polish violinist, made his bow in courtly fashion at Aeolian Hall last evening before an audience of many former compatriots and priests of their colloquial churches here. His debut program bristled with difficult names, from his accompanist, Tadeusz Raczynski, in classics of the old school, down to later native composers, Mieczyslaw Karłowicz, Ottokar Novacek, Ottokar Sevcik and Ludomir Rozycki, whose little pieces proved often pleasant tunes.

Mr. Wolanek is a graceful player, lacking the rugged vigor of Bach's suite in E, which was sugar-sweet, but attaining a light brilliance in the hackneyed Paganini-Wienlawski concerto in D and the familiar Tartini-Kreisler variations.

The new idea at Carnegie Hall last night is explained in part by Mr. Cowell himself as follows:

"In order to express certain musical ideas which I feel to be legitimate, I find it necessary to employ a new type of harmonies (which I call 'tone clusters'), formed by playing all or part of the contiguous tones of a scale together at the same time. In order to play clusters on the piano the fingers are not sufficient, as more than ten notes are often used at once. It is therefore absolutely necessary to use the flat of the hand and the forearm. This is, however, only of secondary importance, and I would ask that the sounds be listened to, rather than the method of performance be watched. I do not feel, of course, that clusters alone should be used, but rather that in combining them with older harmony, a new musical recourse is added."

Feb 8 1927

MARIA IVOGUN SINGS.

Soprano Enthusiastically Received at Her Recital in Aeolian Hall.

The audience which heard Maria IvoGUN at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was elated to let her go. Seldom has one listened to a soprano of greater vocal virtuosity. Her tones are lyric in their tunefulness, but the flexibility of her runs, the darting sureness of her staccato, the clear, high, bird-like notes, belong to the realm of the coloratura.

Mrs. IvoGUN began with Bishop's "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," with flute obbligato by Henri Bove; she gradually unfolded her inexhaustible resources, first in a German group, where Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," specially vocalized for the singer, challenged the violinist in his own domain. This is where the encores began. Nothing could have sounded more unaffected (yet doubly artistic) than the numbers by Tado

1866 1924

Concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conductor, at Carnegie Hall:

PROGRAM

Schelomo" ("Solomon")Bloch
ebrew Rhapsody for cello and orchestra
Hans Kindler, "cellist
ymphonies d'Instruments a' Vent a la
Memoire de Claude-Achille Debussy
Stravinsky
First time in New York
ymphonic Suite, "Scheherazade"
Rimsky-Korsakof

One had supposed that Mr. Stokowski, in introducing Stravinsky's famous score to his New York audience, was taking a rather desperate chance; for the work has a terrifying reputation abroad, particularly in England, where Mr. Ernest Newman, after hearing it performed by Koussevitzky in June, 1921 (for the first time anywhere), seemed to voice the general sentiment when he remarked that he "bad no idea Stravinsky disliked Debussy so much as this."

ished his purpose. For ourselves, we had decided that it was essential to forget all about "Le Sacre du Printemps" while hearing and considering the newer work. Mr. James Taylor, in the masterly study of "Le Sacre" that he contributed to last Sunday's "World" (the most complete and eloquent statement of its essential qualities that we have read), defined accurately the state of most of us after hearing the work at Thursday's Boston Symphony as "dazed exhilaration." But there is little to daze or exhilarate one in the "Symphonies for Wind Instruments." This music is in a different emotional world from that which is created by the terrible excitements of the "Sacre," with its elemental birth-throes and its mounting, intolerable ecstasies. This is a calmer, quieter, more melancholy world, a place of somber moods and low vibrations. The threnody is much later work; and in the seven years that elapsed between the completion of the "Sacre" (1913) and the composition of the "Symphonies," Stravinsky's æsthetic doctrine was completely reconstructed.

find a parallel in any art. Stravinsky in "Le Sacre" is the seer of elemental things, the master of great and mysterious forces, and he exhibits an unrivaled genius in his projection of them.

But we do not need to speculate concerning the composer's intentions. Stravinsky told Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Stokowski told the annotator of the Philadelphia Orchestra's programs that this work "is not a 'symphony' in the ordinary eighteenth-and-nineteenth-century sense of the term," but merely "a concordance of sounds—in the original Greek sense of the word 'symphonia'—by which the Greeks meant simply consonance or agreement." The piece is "a sounding-together of various groups of wind instruments, and the tonal masses are to be regarded objectively by the ear." Stravinsky feels toward it "as if the music were sculptured in marble."

What, then, is the effect upon the ear of this rigorously objective counterpoint of instrumental timbres, which is so austere bent upon resisting the tendency to harmonic fusion? That, of course, depends upon the particular ear into which the music falls. Mr. Newman, for example, listening to this music at the first London performance, in 1921, described it as "the most hideous and most meaningless collection of noises" he had ever heard in a concert room; and he was not alone in his opinion.

The net result of our experience in hearing this piece is a conviction that

"In Memory of Claude Debussy" certainly suggests an elegy; and it is hard to understand why Stravinsky should have implicated the dead Debussy unless he intended to compose athrenody, whatever his theories concerning the non-expressive ideal that he sought to achieve. But music, like other arts, has a way of seducing its creator into regions which he did not intend to visit; and in this work it seems to us that Stravinsky has been better than his theories. His music has coherence, and dignity, and order; and it also has (may heaven forgive us for saying so!) that "eloquence" which its author is said to despise and fear. But these things will happen in the best regulated tonal families.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Philadelphia Symphony.

This music of Bloch stirs us more deeply every time we hear it. It has an ancestral glaunder, an intense, half bitter sensuousness without a parallel in any scores that come to mind. There is well-nigh oppressive richness of color and intensity of feeling. The music is Hebraic in all that the word most profoundly and superbly implies. Now it is mournful, now wildly exultant and now it shakes with a tribal fury. If there is a defect, it is over-luxuriance of material, but that very characteristic is perhaps logical in a work wholly rhapsodic in its nature, of which the sheer force and splendor carry it over any gulfs of consciousness that may yawn in the composer's path.

This composition makes extraordinary demands on both solo cellist and orchestra. For the solo part is no only difficult in the technical sense, but it compels a great spirit on the part of the interpreter, as well as unfailing musicianship, and it requires a conductor with temperament, imagination and the soundest judgment of instrumental values. The performance undoubtedly pleased Mr. Bloch, who was present. The most serious one of Mr. Bloch and the understanding between him and the orchestra, in a rehearsal which, had it been poorly carried out, might have given the audience a very different conception of the work.

Mr. Graham explains in his program notes that the title Strawinsky has given one of his latest works, the "Symphonies for wind instruments, composed in 1929, does not mean "symphonies" in "the ordinary eighteenth or nineteenth century sense of the term," but "in the concordance of sound which, in the Greek meaning of the term, signified "simply concordance or agreement." Strawinsky's composition is, therefore, as he told Mr. Stokowski, "a sounding together of various groups of wind instruments, and the tonal masses are to be regarded objectively by the ear." The "Symphonies" is in one movement, scored for twelve wood and eleven brass instruments. Mr. Leigh Henry says that "Strawinsky is the first composer to recognize, adopt, develop and consistently postulate a direct objective treatment of the aural nature of sound in musical composition, apart from all intellectual premise or theory. He has no musical dogma, but utilizes his acute mentality to investigate, ascertain and co-ordinate the musical facts discerned by his extreme sensibility or made apparent by direct experiments with the aural nature of musical media."

short in this recent creation.

As soloists for those who had suffered enough, one way or another, with Bloch and Stravinsky. Mr. Stokowski had placed the familiar and gorgeous symphonic suite of Rimsky-Korsakov last on his program. He had only to remind his men of his intentions in a performance of extraordinary brilliancy. A conductor of flaming temperament and electrical power over his orchestra, Mr. Stokowski struck fire from orchestra and audience. It did not matter whether one agreed exactly with each detail and proportion that he established. All in all, this was a thrilling performance by a conductor who stands out among his colleagues as a compelling individuality, an artist, such as can only be born and never made. His inspiration was supplemented by the splendid orchestra, of a splendid sonority, particularly in the strings, and technical capacity needing no description at this time. From it Mr. Stokowski evoked purple and gold, and no one resisted him.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

More Stravinsky.

Boston having lately stolen the spring thunder of Stravinsky from the blond haired young Philadelphia Jupiter of the baton, he shook his mighty spear last night over another Stravinsky novelty called "Symphonies for Wind Instruments." It was at the sixth concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra given in Carnegie Hall and the program placed before Stravinsky's composition Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," a Hebrew rhapsody for cello and orchestra, with Hans Kindler as the soloist, and after it Rimsky-Korsakov's scintillating musical translation of that part of the Arabian Nights dealing with Sinbad and known to the world as "Scheherezade."

If you ask a music student "What is a symphony?" he will answer (if he knows), "a sonata for orchestra." Now, Igor Stravinsky long ago put aside childish things, among which all modernist musicians class the effete sonata form, recently illustrated at great length in Mr. Damrosch's series of Beethoven concerts. Mr. Stravinsky employs the word "symphony" in its primitive sense, meaning a sound-
ing together.

His symphonies are "a sounding together of various groups of wind instruments, and the tonal masses are to be regarded objectively by the ear," Henry Cowell, inventor of "tone clusters," in bringing before the public his good American tonal masses distributed through the keys of a piano, led the Russian by twenty-four hours. But he said nothing about subjectivity or objectivity.

Stravinsky warns us not to permit officious psychology to force itself into the presence of his sounds. You listen and enjoy them just as you would enjoy a taste or a smell. Subjective things are likely to get mixed up with "concepts"; objective things are less liable to cerebral subtleties.

This new work is written for twenty-three wind instruments and was first performed at Queen's Hall, London, June 10, 1921, under the direction of Sergei Koussevitzky, who is to come across the Roaring Forties next fall to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He tried to put expression into the work and deeply annoyed its composer.

To understand it you must think about nothing at all. It is simply a study in choral groupings of wind instrument tones. There is no continuous melodic line, no development, no beginning, no middle and no inevitable end. It is not a composition. It is not even a tone painting of externals. It is merely a shameless public exposition of a tone painter's method of settling his palette.

The work contains some extraordinarily beautiful combinations of tones and these will doubtless find their way into the works of other musicians. Other combinations are acidulous and at this moment offensive to the ear. But even in this piece itself one finds a warning against pronouncing any musical effect permanently offensive.

The acrid chords for trumpets and trombones fall upon the ear of to-day without annoyance, merely because the modernists used this type of instrumental dissonance before any of the others in their stock and we became accustomed to it long ago.

Stravinsky in his "Symphonies for Wind Instruments" has merely mixed some ingredients. He has not given us a composition any more than a kaleidoscope gives us a stained glass window. But he has presented us

with materials in the unshaped state.

It is a singular experiment, an almost swaggering piece of effrontery. You are invited to watch a modernist in his laboratory putting together minor seconds and minor ninths in two different keys and making the result sound like music. Or perhaps you may view Stravinsky as a pharmacist compounding a prescription to be taken four bars in a tablespoonful of Debussy and water after meals to make you a more youthful music lover.

The wind blowers breathed a benison on the work. Mr. Kindler played his cello solo very well and the orchestra showed its worth in the ensemble. The "Scheherazade" was a pleasing desert after the heavy courses.

STRAVINSKY AGAIN.

Mr. Stokowski's program for the Philadelphia Orchestra's sixth concert, at Carnegie Hall last night, offered an interesting set of Oriental and Slavic permutations. The concert, which was comparatively short, began with Ernest Bloch, whose music may be considered as the nearest to a complete expression of the Oriental temperament that we hear to-day. It continued with Igor Stravinsky, whose music is purely Slavic, and concluded with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," an expurgated blend of the two.

The Bloch work was his Hebrew rhapsody "Schelomo," for violinello and orchestra. It is music that ripens with repeated hearings. There is in it little of the tentative asceticism of the later Bloch. Its lyric moments are unashamedly sensuous, and the sweep of its climaxes is fettered by no reticences or second thoughts. It is utterly music of the Old Testament, barbarous and proud, amorous and cruel, tawny, full-lipped, heavy with jewels and dripping with unguents. Hans Kindler played the solo part with warmth of feeling and lovely, honeyed color, abetted eloquently by Mr. Stokowski's men.

The Stravinsky work was his "Symphonies of Instruments," a *Vent a la Memoire de Claude Debussy*, which the Russian composer wrote in 1920 and which had its first performance in London in 1921, under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky. Last night's performance was its first in New York. The work is composed for twenty-three wind instruments, brass and wood, and is in one short movement.

The word "symphonies" is important, for the composer makes it clear that his work is to be considered not as a "symphony" in the ordinary modern sense of the word but, literally, as a "concord of sounds"—not necessarily sweet. "The tonal masses," he adds, "are to be regarded objectively by the ear."

To one who had been held spell-bound by "Le Sacre du Printemps" last Thursday night the new symphony came, it must be confessed, as somewhat of a disappointment. This personal reaction is not offered as a necessarily valuable criticism, for Mr. Stravinsky has before this evidenced enough symptoms of authentic musical genius to be able to put the burden of proof upon his critics.

One can but record, therefore, the fact that at first hearing the "Symphonies" hardly seem to hint at the cosmic power and bigness of "The

Rites of Spring" or the curious beauty of "Le Rossignol." The familiar Stravinsky idiom is there, the strange harmonies of superimposed triads, the mordantly dissonant counterpoint, the rocking, iterative melodic line. The instrumentation, as always, has bewildering variety of color and displays an uncanny knowledge of acoustics.

But this listener received none of the impression of inevitability and artistic lightness that distinguishes so much of the other music. It is no more dissonant nor rhythmically restlessness than Stravinsky's other late works, but it seems to lack compactness and emotional power. Its dissonances sometimes interrupt, rather than emphasize, and its shifting rhythms seem to fall apart for the

want of a larger ground-rhythm that should thrust forward the current of his musical thought.

Stravinsky himself is quoted as saying that he feels toward this music as if it "were sculptured in marble." That sounds as though Stravinsky were beginning to have theories about his music, as though he were beginning to drive his music toward a hypothetical goal, instead of being impelled by his own creative impulses. If he actually is doing this, he is wrong, great composer though he may be.

Roland Hayes gave his third song recital of the season yesterday afternoon before an audience that crowded Carnegie Hall to the doors and overflowed, two or three hundred strong, upon the platform. It was a significant tribute to the extraordinary beauty of his voice and the sincerity and musicianly skill of his interpretations that so large a crowd should have braved the rain to hear a program that made virtually no popular concessions.

His closest approach to unbending was the closing group of Negro spirituals, but he sang them with a depth of feeling and unaffected simplicity that made them worthy to rank with the "art-songs" that preceded them. His first group, in Italian and German, included "Una Furtiva Lagrima," from "L'Elisir d'Amore," and "Dies Eildniss" (exquisitely sung), from "The Magic Flute." His other offerings included a group of Brahms and Wolf and a mixed group that included Debussy's "Les Cloches" and Fauré's "Chevauchée Cosaque." William Lawrence added much to the pleasure of the afternoon by his noteworthy accompaniments.

OTHER MUSIC.

With the "winter storms" of the "Walkure" raging outside Town Hall, Johanna Gadski within its walls sang placidly of Wagner's "Traume" and of the wooing and tender things that make up the Schubert and Schumann *lieder*. It was a reception characteristic of this singer of long traditions who returned last night for her first and only concert of the season. There will always be the faint echo surrounding her of storms, happily long passed, and yet the keynote of her charm is still a warm and restful tranquillity. She wove this spell of calm security over the audience, which was not large but which made up in loud enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. The first bars of "The Erl King" they greeted with

berts "Serenade" they sat in absolute silence for a moment and then broke into a sudden crackle of applause. Mme. Gadski was so obviously moved by her reception that her first songs showed the strain of emotion; with the next group, however, her voice returned with much of its old power and expressiveness. An occasional weakness in the lower tones and a slight falter of pianissimo are of little consequence with a voice which retains so much of its old accent and color. A deluge of flowers which banked the stage paid tribute to both the present and the past.

Arthur Shattuck, calm, deliberate and imperturbable, gave an earlier recital at Aeolian Hall. It was not an afternoon of violent emotional reactions—Mr. Shattuck does not take a marking like "molto espressivo" too literally, but his playing has style and a certain patrician purity. A test of his poise came in the first Bach number when his memory lost its grasp on the G minor Fantasy, but he recovered it with a deftness that was an art in itself. His F minor Sonata by Brahms had its moments of limpid tone and technical excellence. A group made up of Debussy, Goossens and de Severac completed his program.

A. S.

Arthur Shattuck Plays

It was hardly Arthur Shattuck's fault that the Brahms F minor sonata, which he played yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall seemed dull; Brahms too often nods in his piano pieces. There was a frail twilight piece by Debussy, "Voiles," which, like to crisp and humorous "March of the

Wooden Soldiers" by Goossens, was well played. The pianist was at his best in Liszt's E flat prelude and in Bach's G minor Fantasy and Fugue he drew a brisk delicate tracery of lovely melody against long rhythms which swelled like ocean waves.

Arthur Shattuck Plays.

Arthur Shattuck at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon proved himself a pianist of strenuous methods. He has a partiality for big effects, and needs plenty of room to express his freedom. Consequently some of the more delicate nuances do not appear in his impressions. This was particularly noticeable in the Brahms's Sonata, where the Scherzo seemed most suited to his temperament. One of his best pieces of work was the Sonatella by Reynaldo Hahn, where the pianist exercised a suitable restraint. The Liszt Tarentelle, which ended the program, was played with congenial vigor and received with much applause.

TENOR HAYES SINGS ADIEU.

Huge Audience Calls Back Negro Artist for Encores.

Recalling a most famous singer's matinee, marked years ago by "Kneisel weather and a Paderewski house," the third and farewell appearance of Roland Hayes, the remarkable negro artist, drew to Carnegie Hall in yesterday's storm an audience that packed even the stage and thronged the footlights for encores. The young tenor, with his accompanist, William Lawrence, is sailing at once for a fourth tour of Europe, where his reception has before been as extraordinary as recently it was in his own country, both north and south.

Roland Hayes's beautiful natural voice, native emotional power, developed artistry and pure enunciation of foreign texts, again enthralled hearers, white and black. He began boldly with Caruso's own "Furtiva Lagrima," from Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore." Leader of Brahms marked perhaps his highest flight, while Hugo Wolf's "Auch Kleine Dinge" was sung facing those on the stage, and Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyr" had to be repeated. He also added one of Schubert's and the air, "Would You Gain the Tender Creature" from Handel's "Acis and Galatea." H. T. Burleigh's arrangement of "I Stood on de Ribber Jordan" was noteworthy among a final group of American negro "spirituals," with Ella Kennedy's "Little Chicken" and "Lamentation." Hayes's "Hear the Lambs" and Burleigh's "Peter, Go Ring-a-dem Bells." The house would not let the singer go. He came back with the humorous "What a Boy." Finally, with hand upraised announcing "Only one more—The Crucifixion," the artist repeated in primitive simplicity "He Never Said a Mumbly Word," a favorite among all the religious songs of his people that Hayes has sung in New York.

Mme. Peppercorn in Recital.

Mme. Peppercorn, the English pianist, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening which left confused impressions. Her technique, while there was plenty of it, did not seem at all times under control, or was it merely an individual style that she had acquired. Her reading of Schumann's Fantasia was not the conventional one, nor did it strike one as being an improvement on the accepted version. The pianist took great pains to acquaint the audience with the inner meaning of her composers, and succeeded best in Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse," which had such a bacchanalian lilt, that the listeners immediately caught the idea and applauded fervently. Three Chopin numbers concluded the program.

By THEODORE STEARNS.

It is no wonder Roland Hayes is hailed as an important singer. He is slightly more than that. He is a polished artist and with his accompanist, William Lawrence, he gave a lengthy program of songs with the exquisite finish found in the work of very sincere musical people. Both the auditorium and stage of Carnegie Hall were crowded. Many encores were given. It was a highly satisfactory musical afternoon. *Feb 6 1924*

Mr. Hayes has a tenor voice that gets you. There is no sham about him. To a natural ability he has added a careful vocal training and he sings because he loves to sing. Such combinations cannot help but carry. As far as languages are concerned he sings easier than any one I have heard in years. From French to Italian, to German, back to English, it is, apparently, all the same to him. I have yet to hear a French singer who makes as little effort in producing tone with French, for instance.

The mezzo voice and pianissimos of

this artist are remarkably exquisite, but a good share of his full voice yesterday afternoon sounded hard and while he has true dramatic feeling it struck me that he did not give sufficient breath support to his dramatic phrases. Consequently they were not so vibrant—alive. If he handled his loud tones as well as he does his soft ones, Mr. Hayes would be perilously near the perfect mark. It can be done, for in the third verse to the Biblical Song No. 10, by Dvorak, his high, full register was well gauged and supported. Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyr" alone, as a piece of singing, was worth going miles to hear, and the response by the audience was a tumultuous one. "Lamentation" and "The Little Chicken" closed the program with their suggestive atmosphere from the hinterland of Africa. In a way they were croons and wails—at one time, in the mouths of those far-away savage races. Mr. Hayes's artistry made these folk songs human and yet full of distant thrill.

A fine foil for the singer was Wm. Lawrence, the pianist, whose playing matched the best of Mr. Hayes's work. True sympathy, quick response and easy technique made the accompanying portion of the program a restful one to listen to.

*Edna - Smith -
Mario Martelli
Scott
Edly - Kelly
Feb 7 1924*

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Swedish Mezzo's Debut.

Wagner's "Die Walkure" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. This simple statement conceals a considerable quantity of operatic news. This will be revealed by a catalogue of the cast. The singers were Mme. Matzenauer as *Brünnhilde*, Mme. Reinhardt as *Sieglinde*, Mme. Karin Branzell as *Fricka*, Michael Bohnen as *Wotan*, Kurt Taucher as *Siegmund* and William Gustafson as *Hunding*. All that were left of the earlier casts were the laughing *Valkyrs* and the frowning *Hunding*. Of course there were also the shrieking sisters of the air in the last act and Mr. Bodanzky as the presiding friend of the music.

About Mr. Taucher's *Siegmund* there is no need to weave the magic web of prose poetry. His impersonation is thoroughly commendable, but it does not call for the eloquence of a Macaulay to review it. This is a vigorous young Volung, well equipped physically and vocally, and able to satisfy one that he might be the father of the still younger *Siegfried* whom he impersonated last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Bohnen made his first appearance of the season. His *Wotan* is a male god of large aspect, sonorous utterance and portentous action. He sang the music very well indeed last evening and acted with significance, but also with artistic restraint. His scene with *Fricka*, the crucial scene of the entire story of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was admirably done. As for Mr. Gustafson he has always done the grumbling of *Hunding* properly and been slain competently in the second act.

Operagoers will note the presence in this cast of a new name. Mme. Karin Branzell, who made her first New York appearance last night, is a Swede and comes here from the Berlin Opera. She should prove to be a welcome addition to the company. She is a woman of fine presence and disclosed last evening a valuable knowledge of action and pose. She is the fortunate possessor of a very beautiful mezzo soprano voice which has a vein of 'contralto in its timbre. In the music of *Fricka* it was noble and fluent and reposeful.

The newcomer sang like an artist

of fine instincts and intelligence. The passage "Deiner ewigen Gattin heilige Ehre" was delivered with genuine grandeur of style. The less critical operagoer will recognize the fresh and opulent quality of this singer's voice, but last evening's brief appearance indicated that art might furnish the

ce with large resources. It remains y to note that Mme. Reinhardt reted a *Sieglinde* which has already nd favor.

By Deems Taylor

reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

here were unfamiliar faces and es in last night's performance of "The Walkure" at the Metropolitan, a mid-season recasting brought ew member of the company into role and caused two others to ap- in unfamiliar guise.

The new member is Karin Brantzell, wedish singer, who has been much rd in Berlin and who made her ropolitan debut last night as ricka. The role is brief and none grateful, but it was long enough exhibit Mme. Brantzell as a poten- ly useful member of the company. ere was nothing sensational about achievements last evening—but, the other hand, there could hardly e been, under the circumstances; what she had to do she did well. ricka is supposed to call for a tralto voice, but Mme. Brantzell dy seems to be a full-fledged con- to. Her voice is warm and full in upper register and sounded last ht like an excellent mezzo-soprano. r lower notes are agreeable, but ck both the volume and character- ic timbre of the real contralto. She ssed and acted the part in strict urdiance with tradition, and al- gh the offended goddess of matri- ny, as she impersonated her, was dly overwhelming enough to daunt y one but Wotan, at least she suc- ded in being dignified in her ath.

Della Reinhardt sang *Sieglinde*. It was her first official appearance of the year with the company and her st appearance in the role since she ide her debut in it last year. Mme. Reinhardt was in much better voice an at any of her previous per- mances and made a distinctly fa- vorable impression. Of her per- formance also, however, it must be id that, while it exhibits no glaring orcomings, it seldom rises to the ights that overshadow competence. Mr. Bohnen's Wotan is a different atter. There is nothing soothing out his work. One attends his per- formance in alternate states of annoy- ce and admiration. Certainly it has nspicious faults. Much of it is too tory, too incessantly given to flam- yant poses, grandiloquent wrap- ings of the regal mantle about the balike form, attitudes of attention at turned a slightly ostentatious ck to the audience, and a style of nging that employed declamation here the music called for something se.

On the other hand, Mr. Bohnen's performance possessed equally con- sistent merits. There were moments hen he poses and gestures possessed mpressive beauty and rightness; and he ease and flexibility of his declama- on made the narrative in the second et a scene of absorbing interest and ragie power. Mr. Bohnen seems to e the unworked material of a great agnerian singer. Under a director ho possessed the imagination and the authority to mould and curb his per- formance he might easily make oper- etic history.

The remainder of the performance as as it had been with Mr. Bo- lanzky conducting: a sometimes clo- quent and sometimes merely noisy audience. Mme. Matzenauer as Bruennhilde, hopelessly unequal "e the "Hojo-toho" scene and otherwise gving an exceptionally good perfor- mance, and Mr. Gustafson, as Hun- dink, showing immeasurable improve- ment over his first attempts at the part two seasons ago.

A Saint-Saens Concert.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A concert of the music of the French mposer, Camille Saint-Saens, was iven by Josef Stransky and the State symphony Orchestra yesterday after- noon in Carnegie Hall. The program tated that the concert was given under the patronage of his Excellency iles J. Jusserand, the French Amba- ssador. Flags and wreaths ornamented e hall, and a committee of dis- tinguished men and women decorated

by the French Government had given the occasion their co-operation. There was mention, also, of commemorating the Treaty of Alliance between France and the United States in 1776. Speeches of a political tenor by James K. Hackett and Judge L. R. Wilfley, concerning the past and present relations of France and America, were made, and the "Marseillaise" was sung by Leon Rothier of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Under these circumstances and owing to the fact that Mr. Stransky's methods of conducting are well known here, the concert does not call for extended comment. The admirable Gallic music of Saint-Saens need no explanation to bring it the rich measure of appreciation that America has always extended. The music consisted of three of Saint-Saens's symphonic poems, "Phaeton," "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" and the "Dance of Death," the cello concerto played by Horace Britt and the fresh and charming second symphony. The performances of soloists and orchestra met with reasonable degree of approval. Mr. Hackett was introduced by Franklin Paris. He spoke of the opportunity to honor France's achieve- ment in the veneration extended to her famous composer then proceeded to state France's political case, the "super- human difficulties" she was meeting with "superhuman fortitude"; her feel- ings which had been hurt by official acts of the United States; her attitude in requiring "reparation for the past, security for the future."

Judge Wilfley said that loyalty had dropped out of the vocabulary of inter- national relations since the war. Self- preservation had been a powerful motive of America's entrance into the war, and now France, for the first time in history, was left "to face the Hun alone." Her policy, said Judge Wilfley, was sound, straightforward and correct, and he urged that America give this policy her support.

By the time these speeches had been made a part of the audience had left the hall. Some applauded with enthusi- asm. Others appeared to be taken by surprise, unprepared for an event which turned out to be less a concert than an occasion for propaganda.

Karin Brantzell Makes Debut.

The high gods were restored from a position of toleration as members of the gallery of Wagner's operatic bores to personages who impressed and stirred the audience in the performance of "Die Walkure" given last night in the Met- ropolitan Opera House. This perfor- mance introduced a new, important and admirable addition to the ranks of the Metropolitan in the person of Karin Brantzell, the Swedish contralto, who took the part of Fricka. A woman of gigantic stature, she loomed over even Margaret Matzenauer on the stage. And not only that, her voice has the range, the power, and the quality required by Wagner's orchestra and his treatment of ancient Nordic legend. Miss Brant- zell made the shrewish Fricka a char- acter eloquent and human, and sang her music in the grand manner. It will be the occasion to speak more in detail of her art later in the week.

Mr. Bohnen, the Wotan, returned to the Metropolitan on this occasion. He often broke Wagner's melodic line for the purpose of generally effective decla- mation, and by this method of his own—whether it was justified in all cases is another matter—made the lines excep- tionally effective on the other side of the footlights. The remainder of "Die Walkure" this season—Art Tauscher as Siegmund; William Gustafson, Hund- ing; Della Reinhardt, Sieglinde. Artur Eouianzky conducted.

American Music Guild.

The American Music Guild gave a concert last night in the Town Hall. Participating artists were Olga Sama- roff, pianist; Ethel Hayden, soprano; Albert Stoessel, violinist; Bruce Si- monds, Walter Golde, Charles Haubel, pianists, and the Lenox String Quartet. The program consisted of Edward Mac- Dowell's "Eroica" sonata; Five Pieces for violin and piano composed and played for the first time in public by Mr. Stoessel; Three Songs for Soprano by Frederick Jacobi; Five Diversions for piano, John Alden Carpenter; Three Pieces for string quartet, flute and harp, Op. 13, Daniel Gregory Mason.

Camille Saint-Saens, whose portrait, mounted on a French flag between two American ones, adorned the rear wall of the Carnegie Hall stage, received a tribute from the State Symphony Or- chestra yesterday afternoon in a pro- gram devoted to his works. The con- cert, conducted under the patronage of the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, who was represented by the Charge d'Affaires, M. Laboulaye, served also as a commemoration of the signing of the treaty of alliance with France on February 6, 1778, and members of many Franco-American and Revolution- ary societies were present.

At the beginning Josef Stransky called the musicians and the audience to their feet and "taps" was blown twice by a trumpeter off-stage to com- memorate the funeral and burial of Woodrow Wilson. Seats were resumed in silence, and Mr. Stransky opened his program with Saint-Saens's second (or, strictly speaking, fourth) symphony in A minor—a number very seldom heard. The first cello concerto followed, with Horace Britt, the orchestra's first cel- list, as soloist.

Hackett Introduces Speaker

While the occasion was the anni- versary of the 1778 treaty, his speeches in the intermission were devoted to the present situation. W. Franklyn Paris, the chairman of the special com- mittee for this concert, introduced James K. Hackett, actor, who, having paid tribute to Saint-Saens, referred to the page which France was writing in history in spite of superhuman dif- ficulties, with superhuman strength. In explanation of France's present policy Mr. Hackett quoted Thomas Jeffer- son's phrase of 1907, "Reparation for the past and security for the future," and introduced Judge Lebbeus L. Wil- fley, of the New York Bar, who was Attorney General for the Philippines under Taft and a judge of the United States Court in China under Roose- velt.

Judge Wilfley dwelt emphatically on France's present situation and policy and the need of American co-operation and support. Loyalty, he said, had dropped out of the vocabulary of inter- national relations during and since the war, while the law of self-interest and self-preservation was still in operation. We had, he asserted, left France to face the Hun alone. Judge Wilfley spoke in place of Dr. John H. Finley, who was in Washington.

After the address Leon Rothier, the Metropolitan basso, sang "The Mar- seillaise," and the program continued with the Symphonic Poems, "Phaeton," "Rouet d'Omphale" and "Danse Mac- abre" and two ballet numbers from "Samson et Dalila." Mrs. Helen Stan- ley, who was to have sung two arias, did not appear, owing to the sudden death of her mother on Tuesday.

Program Well Played

The program was generally well played. In the concerto Mr. Britt showed skilful technique, which readily disposed of the more complicated parts of the work, and a tone usually full and smooth, although not without a wiry timbre in some of the higher notes. He was applauded at length.

So much Saint-Saens in one concert, however, began to pall some time before the end—some of the late French composer's works should remain on the active list for some time to come, but others, such as the symphony, already appear "dated."

This early work of the late French composer was tuneful, graceful and well written, but mainly on the sur- face, with little underneath—it seemed rather like the Mendelssohn "Italian" Symphony—only more so.

Music Guild Concert.

The American Music Guild gave its second concert last evening in the Town Hall. The program contained MacDowell's "Sonata Eroica," five pieces for violin by Albert Stoessel, conductor of the Oratorio Society and head of the department of music in New York University; four songs by Frederiek Jacobi, five diversions for piano by John Alden Carpenter and three pieces for flute, harp and string quartet by Daniel Gregory Mason. The performers engaged in presenting this program were Mme. Olga Samaroff and Bruce Simonds, pianist; Albert Stoessel, violinist; Miss Ethel Hayden, soprano, and the Lenox Quartet. The music of Mr. Stoessel and Mr. Car- penter was heard for the first time here.

The program presented no prob- lematic music, or, as Bunthorne might have phrased it, "there was nothing in it to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty." All the composers represented on the list are men of talent, but do not suffer from the modern "wanderings." The concert was enjoyed peaceably by an audience of moderate proportions.

In the course of their all-American program last night the American Music Guild gave two numbers new to New York—a group of violin and piano by Albert Stoessel and John Alden Carpenter's "Five Diversions for Piano." Mr. Carpenter's title does well enough as titles go, but the work itself is by no means the casual frag- ment its name might suggest. This composer has a magical gift for link- ing his music up with life until the most commonplace event it celebrates takes on light and significance. He has done it in the priceless "Perambulator Suite" and he did it again last night in his group, which is both humorous and moffably touching. This music is poignant as Barrie is poignant—which is probably why both writers will con- tinue to be called "whimsical" to the end of their days.

Bruce Simonds interpreted these "Diversions" at the piano. Mr. Stoessel

set played his own compositions and the Lenox String Quartet contributed a group by Daniel Gregory Mason. An intensely personal audience were fren- zied in their demands for encores, which were in some cases too gener- ously granted. A. S.

Elly Ney's Final Recital.

Elly Ney gave to her fourth piano re- cital, announced as her final one, at Aeolian Hall yesterday, something of the mood of the day with Chopin's "funeral march" sonata, preceded by seven of the preludes, mostly minor keys and including the B minor, once used as dirge for the composer. More congenial to the player were the rugged B flat prelude, ending its group, and the "Revolutionary" study as encore, following the sonata. The chief classic itself was heavily done, as was the "Butterfly" study among a half dozen rarer recalls. Most effective of all was a requested interpolation, Beethoven's D minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, with which, as with shorter bits from Schu- bert, Schumann, Liszt and Brahms, the pianist departed from her original "Chopin program" to reward the ex- pressed preferences of her admirers.

A PIANIST of unusual musician- ship is Nadia Reisenberg, whose evening recital at Aeolian Hall gave her a chance to dem- onstrate her gifts in the Bach- Liszt A minor prelude and fugue, Glazounow's theme and varia- tions, and shorter compositions by Mozart, Scarlatti, Chopin, Rameau-Godowsky, Medtner, Scriabine, Liszt, Debussy, and Albeniz.

Miss Reisenberg approaches her tasks in a serious, straight- forward fashion and conquers them convincingly. Her interpre- tative processes have particular interest, for her responsive tem- perament never permits her to fall into mere scholarlyness. She has, too, ample strength, agility and brilliancy of technique. She is altogether a most worth while young piano exponent.

THE student patrons of the Philharmonic Society filled Carnegie Hall last night, when the seventh concert in their special series took place. Willem Mengelberg provided a pro- gramme of music worn smooth in service—no modern problems in dissonance for his young hope- fuls. The fairy spell and romance of Weber's century-old "Oberon," Strauss's early tone-poem, "Don Juan"; the first symphony of Brahms, and an aria from Gluck's "Alceste" (a contempo- rary of the American Revolution) was the interesting fare.

Conductor Mengelberg, con- scientious, energetic and author- itative, made every measure of the Weber overture eloquent. Alma Beck, mezzo-soprano, sang the Gluck aria, "Divinites du Styx," with quality, feeling and effect, despite the somewhat over-robust accompanying notes of the horn. Generally speaking,

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By W. J. HENDERSON.

New Tenor in "Rigoletto."

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening the perennial popularity of Verdi's "Rigoletto" was demon- strated once again. Blue Beard and his wives, Flametta the Queen, little Badeleine who would not dine alone, inquisitive women "just dying" to know what their husbands did in a secret place called a club, Gianni Schichi leaving all his possessions to himself, and even Lodoletta and her pitiful love may come and go, but "Rigoletto" limps through every sea- son, singing his melancholy lays, lis- tening to the woes of his daughter and lamentably failing to avenge them. "Le Roi s'Amuse" and so does that part of the public which likes to hear the good old tunes it knows and loves.

Last evening's performance brought with it the first appearance this sea- son of Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, tenor, who of course impersonated that vol- itile Duke whose philosophy of life was summed up in the words "La donna e mobile" and a high B flat. Mr. Lauri- Volpi was received cordially when he made his entrance and had plenty of applause after his principal numbers.

He was in good voice, but those who enjoy a pure silvery tenor without any tone quality and devoid of even a suspicion of tremolo will have to attribute a taste for Mr. Lauri-Volpi's singing. Something, too, might be said in the department of style, but there is at present little consideration of such matters.

Mme. Galli-Curci, who will make her final appearance at a special matinee on February 15, sang *Gilda*, a role in which she finds one of the most favorable fields for the play of her operatic gifts. Mme. Jeanne Gordon impersonated *Gilda's* deadly rival, *Maddalena*, and gave large pictorial reasons why a rather undersized member of the Mantuan aristocracy should desert his jester's anemic daughter in spite of her trills and staccati. Mr. Mardones was the representative of the mercenary bravo, *Sparafucile*, and Mr. Piccoli of the wronged father, *Montecroce*.

Lastly, Mr. de Luca was the *Rigoletto*. It is unnecessary to comment on his delineation of the emotions of the court fool. His impersonation and admirable singing were on their familiar level. Mr. Papi conducted and the industrious chorus and ballet faithfully performed their share of the evening's labors.

Philharmonic Concert.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A concert of the most respectable kind was given by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Willem Mengelberg last night in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Mengelberg commenced with a performance of his own Prelude, originally composed for the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands in 1898. In 1923, when Queen Wilhelmina celebrated her silver jubilee, Mr. Mengelberg reinstrumentated his Prelude for full orchestra. "Her Majesty entered the great concert hall," explains the program book, "at the head of a stately procession, to the accompaniment of the music of this Prelude, as she had entered the church for the coronation ceremonies in 1898. As the orchestra finished playing the Prelude a chorus of 600 men and women sang, a capella, the three strophes of the old anthem." The old anthem was "William of Nassau." It forms the substance of Mr. Mengelberg's composition, the motive returning several successive times, always with more orchestral pomp, to the end—a piece firmly and stockily made, like its composer, and fit for an august and ceremonious occasion.

The soloist was Carl Flesch, who played the Beethoven violin concerto. His performance was an epitome of sincerity, an admirable technical equipment, unflinching musicianship and taste. Saying which one cannot forbear adding that modern ears crave a much greater variety of key-color than this concerto affords, and that one would be very happy if the finale could be relieved of some of its repetitions. Mr. Flesch was repeatedly recalled. Mr. Mengelberg's accompaniment was discretion and classicism itself.

He then interpreted the first symphony of Brahms, with so much confidence and such a lack of the intrusion of the personal element that one waited, astonished, for something else to happen in one of the later movements. But this was another Mengelberg than the man who had taken the Metropolitan Opera House by storm a few nights previous. Breadth, restraint, a nice regard for directions of the composer were the characteristics of his reading. Once in a while there was an individual touch, as the "breaths." In the very slight pauses, which felicitously punctuated the great singing theme of the finale.

Its foundations were laid deliberately, deeply, securely for what was to come. The climax was commanding, the interpretation wholly according to precedent. The feature of the performance, for this writer, was that of the third movement, as lovely and vernal as anything in the exquisite symphony in D major that came later. And, for once, the middle section had humor. It laughed and sparkled, where the majority of interpreters feel that they must read melancholy into the score, discouraging it as if they were Hamlet in the doleful dumps. Fortunately, Brahms had no such idea in this movement. It is a pity that the program had not more variety and contrast. The concert was all of one kind and color, which did not wholly recompense for the conscientious and high-minded performances by Mr. Flesch and Mr. Mengelberg of classic music.

MR. MENGELBERG PRESENTS.

Last night's Philharmonic concert was not Mr. Mengelberg's first appearance of the season at Carnegie Hall, but it might well have been, judging from the rounds of applause with which the audience greeted his arrival upon the scene of action and

the standing salute accorded him by the orchestra players. Still, it was a first appearance of sorts; for Willem Mengelberg, conductor, presented Willem Mengelberg, composer, for the first time upon the Carnegie Hall platform.

The work played was a "Prelude," originally composed for Queen Wilhelmina's coronation at Amsterdam in 1898, when it was assigned to the organ and brass instruments and rescored for full orchestra for the Queen's silver jubilee in September, 1923. It is a good, honest, occasional piece, the bulk of it nothing more than an effectively scored transcription of the Dutch anthem, "Wilhelmus van Nassouwen," beginning in the brass, digressing into the woodwinds and ending up with a rousing tutti for orchestra and organ.

Mr. Mengelberg conducted it with great relish and to his hearers' obvious satisfaction. By the way, it is reported that, yielding to the solicitations of the composer, he has agreed to repeat it at next Sunday's Philharmonic concert.

The rest of the evening was devoted to one of those typical Philharmonic programs that follow so devoutly the Rev. Charles Kingsley's justly celebrated advice. There was Beethoven's well known violin concerto, soundly played by Carl Flesch, and Brahms's not unfamiliar First Symphony. Mr. Mengelberg conducted both with his customary brilliance.

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

HARP solos in Aeolian Hall. Isn't that appropriate? However, Marcel Granjany, at his recital yesterday afternoon did much more with his harp than to produce Aeolian harmonies stirred by zephyrs. Of late years the harp has acquired added importance as a solo instrument for concert purposes—thanks to several expert players who also are thorough musicians.

Mr. Grandjany holds an honored place among the best artist exponents of the harp, and perhaps that is why he attracted a good sized audience to his recital. His programme showed his serious tendencies, as well as his versatility, for he began with a group of old classics, Bach, Rameau, Couperin, Daquin, etc., and ended with such moderns of the moment as Ravel, Debussy and Prokofieff. A "Legende," by Renie and two pieces by Grandjany himself also were down for performance.

This master of the harp easily conquers the chief difficulty of his instrument, which is to give it varied color and to make it do something more musically substantial than merely to sing sweetly. Grandjany is a resourceful interpreter and his technique in fingering and pedalling permits him to give his intentions full scope.

He made his recital interesting from every artistic aspect and deserved fully the frequent, prolonged and enthusiastic plaudits which his hearers bestowed upon the talented young player.

Dushkin and Mendelssohn.

In pondering over Mengelberg's "Prelude" I missed the Blair Fairchild violin sonata played by Samuel Dushkin at Aeolian Hall last night. Both this new piece and the one at Carnegie Hall were first numbers on the two programs and it is difficult to be in two places at once, I find. But I reached the Dushkin recital in time to hear the young man play the Mendelssohn Concerto. This violinist has power and a good deal of control. He has a quiet dignity that I liked and his tone had true talk in it. One risks a good deal, however, in hurrying Mendelssohn particularly in the last working-out portion of the Andante of the E major concerto. Mendelssohn thrives on the classical roof tree and it is the only perch that saves him. There is still a quaint purity about that composer young musicians would do well to preserve and not alter.

Karin Branzell in "Lohengrin."

The performance of "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night gave a second audience of subscribers the opportunity of hearing Karin Branzell, the contralto who has just come to this theatre in a role of major importance, and when Miss Branzell had invoked Ortrud's curse on the head of Elsa there was an outburst of applause—a departure from the rule that there shall be no interruption of a performance of Wagner except when a new artist has arrived and won the approval of the audience. This approval was, on the whole, well justified by the opulence and the range of Miss Branzell's voice and her power as an interpreter. She is a singer to be reckoned with. Ortrud may not be as much her rôle as other parts of the Wagnerian repertory, but the opera company is fortunate indeed which possesses a young singer with the stature, the vocal organ, the authority and capacity for impersonation obviously possessed by this artist.

Maria Jeritza was again the Elsa, and it is harder to imagine a more beautiful representation of the rôle. There is no need to dwell upon her consummate skill as an actress, her mastery of line and movement every instant that she is on the stage and her dramatic use of her voice. Other Elsas have doubtless possessed some or all of these qualities in good measure, but we cannot imagine an actress who gives a more poetic picture or conveys with more aristocratic art the atmosphere of the character and, indeed, of the music drama itself.

Mr. Whitehill, less significant today as a vocalist than as an interpreter of the most thorough understanding of his text and music, made much of his scenes. Mr. Bohnen was the King, Mr. Schlegel the Herald. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Siegfried Wagner, who will conduct a concert for the benefit of the Fairchild Fund tomorrow afternoon in this same theatre, was present and with his wife listened for the first time to a performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company of one of his father's works.

Ashley Pettis Plays.

Ashley Pettis gave a program of American compositions for piano last night in Aeolian Hall. It was not possible to hear his entire list, but it must be acknowledged that if pianists can find no better material than was contained in the first six compositions offered by Mr. Pettis, than American composers have as yet no right to claim more performances than they receive. The concert opened with Albert Elkus's Choral Fantasia and Fugue on a theme from Bach. It would have been better to let Bach develop his theme himself, since, though Mr. Elkus's composition is perfectly honest and not unsubstantial, it is a repetition in manner and style of certain piano transcriptions of old contrapuntal music.

The second composition was Deems Taylor's prelude, op. 5, No. 1, a smoothly written piece, but probably not taken over seriously by Mr. Taylor himself. "Dusk" and "The Jester," by Viola Katwijk, followed. "Dusk" is the better of the two. The attempted irony of the Jester hardly convinced or failed to remind one of other pieces in sardonic or burlesque vein. "A Gringo Tango," by Eastwood Lane, was commonplace. By the side of these pieces the final composition, MacDowell's "Sonata Eroica," must have seemed a colossus of inspiration and workmanship, as, indeed, in certain respects it is.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Variations in "Lohengrin."

"Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening showed some considerable variations since the last previous performance. A new King sat on the historic mound and used his power to straighten out the tangle in the affairs of Brabant. A new *Lohengrin* floated down the Scheldt in his little swan boat to rescue the maiden in distress and to bid her, as her predecessor *Euridice* had been bidden, to ask no questions. A new *Ortrud* embodied the age old traits of the political woman, played for power, and lost. There was even another *Herald* to summon the shining knight to the "Gottesgericht." But there were the same shrinking but fatally inquisitive *Elsa* and the same blustering but henpecked *Tetramund*.

Of them all, however, only one was quite new to the Metropolitan stage. Mme. Karin Branzell, the lately arrived Swedish singer, made her second appearance here, singing *Ortrud*. Mr. Bohnen's *King Henry* was revealed last year as one of the most benevolent, paternal and quickly moved sovereigns who ever tried to manage a company of petty feudal despots. Cer-

tainly no other presiding justice ever displayed a more tender interest in the prisoner at the bar than he did in *Elsa*. However, he looked like many of the medieval kings that one sees in the pictures in the histories and he sang the music with beauty of tone, clarity of diction and in many passages with great dignity of style.

Mr. Taucher's *Lohengrin* is like a great many others imported from Germany. He looked like an officer of the 10th Bavarian infantry and sang like a thoroughly well trained Bayreuth tenor. He rather vaguely conveyed the idea that *Lohengrin* had a mission about which there was no particular mystery, but which was of some importance to Brabant and much more to himself. His disappointment in *Elsa* when she insisted on knowing his real name and address was evident. He sang well; but he missed the keynote of Wagner's most subtle and elusive characterization just as scores of other tenors have before him.

There remains of the new members of the cast Mr. Schlegel, as the *Herald*, who may be dismissed with the statement that he was as he had been, and Mme. Branzell as the sinister, vindictive and impassioned *Ortrud*—all these she was and with a large limbed appearance and action well planned, vigorous and sometimes moving. Her *Ortrud* was not a revelation, but it was a broadly conceived and effectively executed impersonation. She sang all the music artistically, but without penetrating its heart. Her invocation of the old gods, however, was sung with much power and plenitude of voice.

ASHLEY PETTIS PLAYS.

American Pianist Gives Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Ashley Pettis, pianist, first heard here two years ago, gave another recital last night in Aeolian Hall. Born in California, his musical training is entirely American and, calling himself a "propagandist of American piano music," he plays American music.

His program last night, which was provided with notes from the pen of Emily Frances Bauer, began with a choral fantasy and fugue on a theme from a Bach chorale by Albert Elkus. Mr. Elkus, who studied under Max Reger, lives in San Francisco and has had his "Impressions From a Greek Tragedy" brought out there by Hertz and his orchestra.

Deems Taylor, one of the most gifted younger American composers, followed in the list with his "Prelude," No. 1. Viola Beck van Katwijk of Texas contributed her "Dusk" ("On a Texas Prairie") and "The Jester," and Eastwood Lane, a native of New York State, his "A Gringo Tango," which is one of a group of five "American Dances." Frederick Jacob, born in San Francisco but living in New York, was represented by his "Prelude" and a "Burlesque," and Rosalie Housman, born in San Francisco and living in New York, by her "Iridesences" (a Triptich). "The Tide," "Indian Pipes" and a "Prelude" in F minor, by Marion Bauer, and MacDowell's "Troica" sonata completed the list of selections. The program did justice certainly, both to California writers and to works in the prelude form.

Mr. Pettis deserves credit for his loyalty to American art, whether it be that which is in younger stages of development or of standard recognition. His "propaganda" recitals should bear fruit, as he is a good pianist. His piano touch is musical and he has intelligence. In the Elkus work there was skill in handling materials and the interested audience wanted to have the Lane "Tango" repeated. Last night Mr. Pettis finished a from coast to coast tour with his American program.

716 10 1924 London String Quartet.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Ravel Quartet; two small pieces for string quartet by McEwen, "The Flowers of the Forest are a Wede Awa," and Joseph Speaight, "Puck," and the Schumann quartet in A major, made the program of the London String Quartet at its concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The Ravel Quartet would be one of the most original as well as beautiful compositions of modern music if it had not been preceded by the wondrous creations in the same form of Debussy. It is hardly to be questioned that Ravel's composition, in spite of the certainty and coherency of it, owes much to Debussy, and when the slow movements of the two quartets are compared—where is Ravel?

But that need not trouble us overmuch who listened in 1924 to these exquisite progressions and sonorities of classical period which is already passing. His beauty may not have been Ravel's, but he understood it well and after he transformed such essence into expression precisely and significantly is own.

The performance was of the utmost sensibility, balance and understanding. It was not merely an objective reading. It was a glowing, eloquent presentation of the composer's thought.

The pieces by McEwen and by Speaight reminded one of the unfortunate state of mind of composers of this period and too often of this country. No apparently fail to realize that it is possible to write short, fanciful pieces of string quartet which have charm and good construction, and yet be considered a serious artist. An encore was played after Speaight's piece, and the A major quartet of Schumann brought the el. Few are the quartet organizations which give so much pleasure today and merit so richly the esteem of the public as this one.

By Deems Taylor

The Saturday afternoon concert audiences were divided yesterday between the London String Quartet at Aeolian Hall and Toscha Seidal at Carnegie. An extremely interesting and well-balanced program by the quartet was headed by Ravel's "Quartet for Strings in F," which they played with deft and subtle regard for its sudden and contrasting moods. Two shorter numbers from McEwen and Joseph Speaight and the Schumann "Quartet for Strings in A major," made up the program.

Toscha Seidal's recital was chiefly distinguished by the Christian Singing Suite and by the Concerto in E flat by Mozart. There was also a group made up of Bach, Schumann, Beethoven and Kreisler and the familiar "Gipsy Airs" of Sarasate.

Also at Carnegie, in the morning, the Philharmonic gave another of its newly launched series of Children's Concerts under the direction of Ernest Schelling. The Metropolitan matinee was "Marta" with a familiar cast.

In the evening, Maxmillian Rose was scheduled to give his violin recital at Aeolian Hall with a program headed by the Mozart D Minor Concerto, the "Symphonie Espagnole" by Lalo and Bach's Andante-Allegro, for violin alone. "Lucia" with Mario, Lauri-Lolpi and Danise, was announced for the Metropolitan in the evening.

TOSCHA SEIDEL PLAYS.

Violinist Warmly Welcomed at His Recital in Carnegie Hall.

Toscha Seidel, an admired violinist of meticulous and communicative enthusiasm, now no longer the last or youngest of a distinguished group, made his devoted re-entrance for the season yesterday at Carnegie Hall. A cordial house and the matinee to a late hour for encores. Arthur Loesser assisted at the piano in a Mozart concerto and Sinding's violin suite, the latter a reminiscence of Seidel's stay in Scandinavia during the Auer journey to America. Among her pieces were an arliso of Bach, her settings of Schumann's "Bird Song" and of Beethoven's "Turkish March," the Beethoven-Kreisler sonata and Sarasate's Gypsy airs.

"Marta" and "Lucia" Sung.

Two famous operas of old-time melody told out the Metropolitan yesterday, Lotow's "Marta" at the matinee and Bizet's "Lucia" at night. In the former reappeared Aida, Howard, Gigli, Gidur and Malatestao, with Papi conducting. Last evening's sextet was well sung by Mario and Anthony, Lauri-Lolpi, Danise, Patrinieri and Mardones, under Bamboschek's baton.

HELEN KELLER GETS MUSIC BY RADIO

Helen Keller has once more spoken a word of cheer to those deprived of the power of hearing. She describes in a remarkable letter her delight at "hearing" the broadcasting of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, assisted by the chorus of the Oratorio Society of New York from Carnegie Hall, Feb. 1. Deaf and blind she hardly expected to receive much of an impression of any kind when she put her hand on the receiver, but she tells how she could actually distinguish some of the instruments, the cornets, the drums, the deep-toned violas and violins and how she recognized the voices.

Her letter, received by the Symphony Society of New York, is written from her home in Forest Hills, Long Island, dated the following day (Feb. 2). She says:

"I have the joy of being able to tell you that, though deaf and blind, I spent a glorious hour last night listening over the radio to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I do not mean to say that I 'heard' the music in the sense that other people heard it; and I do not know whether I can make you understand how it was possible for me to derive pleasure from the symphony. It was a great surprise to myself. I had been reading in my magazine for the radio blind of the happiness that the radio was bringing to the sightless everywhere. I was delighted to know that the blind had gained a new source of enjoyment; but I did not dream that I could have any part in their joy. Last night, when the family was listening to your wonderful rendering of the immortal symphony, some one suggested that I put my hand on the receiver and see if I could get any of the vibrations. He unscrewed the cap, and I lightly touched the sensitive diaphragm. What was my amazement to discover that I could feel, not only the vibrations, but also the impassioned rhythm, the throb and the urge of the music! The intertwined and intermingling vibrations from different instruments enchanted me. I could actually distinguish the cornets, the roll of the drums, the deep-toned violas and violins singing in exquisite unison. How the lovely speech of the violins flowed and flowed over the deepest tones of the other instruments! When the human voices leaped up, thrilling from the surging voices. I recognized them instantly as voices. I felt the chorus grow more exultant, more ecstatic, upsurging swift and flame-like, until my heart almost stood still. The women's voices seemed an embodiment of all the angelic voices rushing in a harmonious flood of beautiful and inspiring sound. The great chorus throbbed against my fingers with instruments and voices together burst forth—an ocean of heavenly vibration—and died away like winds when the atom is spent, ending in a delicate shower of sweet notes.

"Of course, this was not 'hearing,' but I do know that the tones and harmonies conveyed to me moods of great beauty and majesty. I also sensed, or thought I did, the tender sounds of nature that sing into my hand—swaying reeds and winds and the murmur of streams. I have never been so enraptured before by a multitude of tone-vibrations.

"As I listened, with darkness and melody, shadow and sound filling all the room, I could not help remembering the great composer who poured forth such a flood of sweetness into the world as deaf like myself. I marvelled at the power of his quenchless spirit which out of his pain he wrought such joy for others—and there I sat, feeling with my hand the magnificent symphony which broke like a sea upon the silent shores of his soul and mine.

"Let me thank you warmly for all the delight which your beautiful music has brought to my household and to me. I want also to thank Station WEAF for the joy they are broadcasting in the world.

"With kindest regards and best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) HELEN KELLER."

Helen Keller, although deaf and blind since the age of 19 months, is world famous for her intellectual and educational attainments, her lectures and literary work. She is untiring in her work and activity in behalf of the deaf and blind.

Siegfried Wagner Conducts.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Long and cordial applause welcomed Siegfried Wagner when he appeared yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House as conductor of an orchestral concert of compositions by Liszt, his grandfather, Wagner, his father, and himself, and also as solicitor of funds to aid in the revival of the Bayreuth Festival next Summer.

The audience looked hard at the son of the immortal Richard as he took the conductor's stand. He bore the scrutiny reasonably well, with poise and self-possession. On beheld a man rather short and a trifle portly, dignified, unostentatious, who set himself without fuss or pretense to the task before him. In conducting, Mr. Wagner's manner is as simple as his bearing as an individual. He beats time clearly. He knows his score, and knows that the men before him and the audience behind him know it. His manner of beating is usually bilaterally symmetrical—both arms indicating the measure and an occasional cue for an entrance or an extra indication of tempo.

The program opened with the "Rienzi" overture. Then came two of Siegfried Wagner's Preludes to his operas, "An Allem ist Hutchen schuld," produced in 1917, and "Sonnenflammen," a later work. A brief intermission was followed by Liszt's "Les Preludes," "Wotan's Farewell," from "Die Walkure," the vocal part taken by Clarence Whitehill, and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

In the prelude to "An Allem ist Hutchen schuld" it was immediately apparent that Siegfried Wagner, by 1917

at last, had fought completely clear of any influence that his father's music might be expected to have had upon him as a composer. There is no Wagnerism whatever in this prelude. The spirit is that of folk-legend, and not at all of the epic realm in which Wagner the first lived. There is a very pretty, graceful opening theme in the manner of the volklieder. There is then overlengthy development, with, finally, a frugal treatment of a horn theme too reminiscent of Engelbert Humperdinck, one of Siegfried Wagner's teachers in composition. As between Humperdinck and Richard Wagner, the former model proved certainly the weaker of the two. Nor could one develop great enthusiasm for the music of prelude No. 2.

As a conductor, Mr. Wagner shows experience and routine, though it must be said that the opening of the "Rienzi" overture seemed to those who have heard it frequently and very well played here unimpressive, over-rapid in tempo and without the dramatic fire—one had almost said, of this passage, "dramatic charlatanism"—which makes the music significant, even if it is far in value and individually from what Richard Wagner accomplished in later scores.

Mr. Wagner is not without excellent qualities as a conductor. In certain places his tempi had an elasticity and an insistence on the "melos" of the theme which suggested that he probably had absorbed a measure of the vital traditions of conducting which his father was so influential in developing, and he never was guilty of bombast and self-importance as an interpreter that characterizes too many conductors, great and small, of these days. He let the music speak for itself, although, unfortunately, he did so at times to such an extent that the hearer had the undesirable sensation of "laissez faire." Mr. Whitehill sang Wotan's music with the authority and musicianship always his, often with admirable vocal resonance and with a true, searching pathos. The performance of the "Meistersinger" music was enjoyed for that music, if not as any particular revelation. At the end of the concert there was again long and cordial applause for an amiable and modest musician, who had said what he had to say without any particular enthusiasm and without illusion.

The Friends of Music.

Mozart's "Trauer-Marsch" was played in memory of the mighty departed at the concert of the Friends of Music yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, the audience remaining standing till the conclusion of the music.

The program was one of uncommon interest and value. It consisted of Saint-Saens's Septet for strings, piano and trumpet, the solo parts being played by Wilfrid Pelletier, pianist, and Giovanni Napi, trumpeter; the three songs of Ravel's "Sheherazade," "Asie," "La Pluie Enchantee," "L'Indifferent," sung by Vera Janacopoulos; "In the Night" and three orchestral "Poems" after Whitman, by Ernest Bloch; "Waves," "Chant," "At Sea," and the same composer's setting of Psalms 137 and 144, for soprano and orchestra. Mr. Bloch conducted the performances of his compositions and Mr. Bodanzky the performance of Saint-Saens's music.

This music is simple and classic, as it has a melodic vein which is pleasing if not deep, and is formal without being unduly archaic. The whole thing communicates what the celebrated Greek philosopher called "a gentlemanlike joy," particularly when it is played with the fine musicianship shown by Mr. Bodanzky and by both of his soloists.

Mme. Janacopoulos gave admirable performances of Ravel's songs. That she was less successful in the opening song, "Asie," than in those which followed is no reflection upon her ability as musician and vocalist. It is a horribly difficult song to sing, and one wonders, despite familiarity with its piano arrangement and the fascinating experience of Ravel's orchestration, whether this song, with all its color, equals in unity and eloquence the other two that followed. "Asie" seemed yesterday episodic and manufactured, though most interestingly so. But "La Pluie Enchantee" is a hunting and exquisite moment, and Debussy, with all his languors, has hardly surpassed the sensuousness and the tropical nuances of "L'Indifferent."

These, indeed, are unique songs. They might have meant much less with another singer than Mme. Janacopoulos. She has a voice of rich color, she sang with consummate intelligence and with the most subtle appreciation of the composer's melodic line and the inflection of his text. Her French diction, her imagination and ability to produce atmosphere—these were, indeed, qualifications of notable performances.

Mr. Bloch's poems of the sea are short, but expressive of poetic and elemental things, though they have not the overwhelming intensity of the music of the Psalms.

In these "Psalms" Mme. Janacopoulos rose to the most exceptional dramatic heights. She was, for the moment, the inspired singer of Israel. The music is for us one of the significant pages of the tonal art of this time, in its virility, its sweeping sincerity, in the unfamiliar and wholly original instrumental accents of barbaric triumph. It is, we believe, the work of a composer of genius—not talent, but genius. And the chant of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea is a war song to make the blood run cold. Only once in a long while does a composer with this power appear. The task of the singer is very difficult, and yet Mme. Janacopoulos was equal to it. She had the vocal resource, the wild emotion, and yet sufficient mastery of emotion for her interpretation to strike home. Mr. Bloch should have been gratified, as the audience was moved by the power and prophetic spirit of his music.

Siegfried Wagner Conducts.

Siegfried Wagner made his first appearance in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, when he conducted the opera orchestra in a concert of music by his grandfather, his father and himself. The program comprised the "Rienzi" overture, two orchestral pieces by Siegfried Wagner entitled "An allem ist Hutchen schuld" and "Sonnenflammen," "Les Preludes" by Liszt, "Wotan's Farewell" from "Die Walkure" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The singer of the Wotan music was Clarence Whitehill.

Mr. Wagner was received with long continued applause when he appeared and was compelled to turn from the desk to the audience four times after he had made ready to begin the concert. He smiled happily and seemed to be greatly pleased at the cordiality of the audience. The expression of welcome, however, would have been far more significant had it been made by a larger number of persons. The purpose of Mr. Wagner's concerts is to raise funds for the restoration of the festivals at Bayreuth, but apparently there was no profound interest in the matter among the Teutonic citizens of New York.

It was on June 25, 1870, that Wagner wrote to Frau Wille of Zurich, "There blooms for me a splendid son, strong and beautiful, whom I dare call Siegfried Richard Wagner. Now think what I must feel that this at last has fallen to my share. I am 57 years old." That son is now almost as old as his father was then. He looks enough like the great Richard to be identifiable. But his conducting yesterday evoked no desire for comparison with the genius who threw London criticism into a paroxysm of doubt and rebellion in 1855, excited an audience to demand a repetition of the "Freischuetz" overture, interpreted Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" to the amazement of British conservatism and even persuaded persons from Mayfair, Belgravia, Soho and Surrey to cheer the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

Of course no man should be expected to project a big shadow against the background of Franz Liszt as grandfather and Richard Wagner as father. Mr. Siegfried Wagner showed himself to be a well trained musician who knew his business. His two orchestral pieces demonstrated the great value of his studies with Engelbert Humperdinck. The inadequate program notes on them made it impossible to measure them as delineative compositions. But they proved to be melodious, the first especially so with its obvious folk themes, and neatly put together. One would like to hear them performed by a more elastic orchestra under a less conservative conductor in a more favorable auditorium than that of the Metropolitan.

In all the music of his father and his grandfather Mr. Wagner disclosed himself as an accomplished regulator of tempi. He permitted nothing to run riot. All was orderly, clear and comfortable. The scene of the punishment of Bruennhilde was without doubt the musical climax of this historical concert. Here indeed the traditions of the Metropolitan performances, themselves not ideal, outran some of the fine discretion of Mr. Wagner and Mr. Whitehill did not call altogether in vain upon the spirit of Loge.

The "Meistersinger" prelude laid heavy stress upon the fact that the master singers were artisans. And Liszt's symphonic poem sang the prelude to an eternal peace. But the concert was interesting. The son of Richard Wagner personally directing the music of his father and his grandfather connects this day of many small things with a mighty era when men opened golden gates leading to a promised land.

BRUNO WALTER LEADS NEW YORK SYMPHONY

Conducts at Aeolian Hall for First Time This Season.

Mr. Walter, guest conductor of the New York Symphony, made his first appearance of the season with that organization in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Walter, formerly of the Royal Opera in Munich, appeared for the first time in this country when he conducted the New York Symphony in there concerts last season. His present visit will extend over a period of five weeks.

Mr. Walter received a warm welcome yesterday and his program more than covered the scope of a conductor's activities. It consisted of Mendel's Concerto Grosso in G minor, Haydn's twelfth symphony in B flat, the last of the Salomon series, and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Thus Mr. Walter and his men were able to browse among the playful fancies and serene retreats of Handel and Haydn only to burst forth in the tremendous force and majesty of Ludwig's stirring call. The arrangement was effective. Mr. Walter conducted with repose and continence. His conducting was always restrained and some times lacking in spontaneity. But he moulded the orchestra into a richness of ensemble deserving of high praise. His fine sense of melodic curves, a gracefully sweeping regard for delicate and highly significant details were marked characteristics of his readings. The jovial fancies and elegiac sentiments of Haydn were brought forth with loving care.

In some respects certain elements of dramatic sweep might not seem to have been sufficiently stressed in the "Eroica." But Mr. Walter showed that he knew his hall and was determined to abide by its limited acoustics. His habitual repose of body and absence of flamboyant postures did not conceal the intelligence and the thorough musician-ship with which he conducted this familiar work. Some of New York's conductor's who were not busy elsewhere, including Mr. Dawrosch and Mr. Van Hoogstraten, were in the audience. Mr. Walter's reception was enthusiastic.

LEO DURAN, TENOR, GIVES FRENCH MUSIC RECITAL

Assisted at Comedy Theater by La Forge, Pianist.

Leo Duran, a lyric tenor, of New York, assisted by Maurice La Forge, pianist, gave a recital mostly of French music, including several songs written by himself, yesterday at the Comedy Theater. Mr. Duran, a pupil of Gustave Bordes and Victor Maurel, feels, it is said, that there is lack of proper appreciation or understanding of music of French origin on the part of the American concert public, and that little has been done to awaken through hearing the appeal this music makes. It is on this account that Mr. Duran has planned a series of French recitals for New York city and the New England States. The concert yesterday was given under the auspices of the Society Les Douze.

Mr. Duran's recital proved interesting. The program comprised well known selections and others less so. Two operatic excerpts were the airs "Legende d'Amadis" (opera inedit), by Massenet, and "O Paradis" from "L'Africaine"; Berlioz's "Absence" and Gustave Doret's "Les Feuilles Mortes" were among the songs. At the end of the long program were three numbers, with one, "Le Retour Au Pays" (O France, Immortal France, I Am Proud To Be Thy Son), opera inedit, by Duran, Mr. La Forge played with clarity a "Theme et Variations" of Weber, an impromptu of Chopin and Debussy's "Jardins Sous la Pluie." Mr. Duran's delivery showed good diction and an admirable expression of dramatic style.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mengelberg Again Presents His Coronation Prelude.

Willem Mengelberg made his first Sunday appearance this season at the head of the Philharmonic Orchestra in the society's regular concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. He was warmly greeted by an audience filling the auditorium.

The program opened with Mr. Mengelberg's imposing "Prelude," based on the old Dutch national anthem, "Wilhelmus van Nassouwen," which he composed in 1888 for the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, and later re-orchestrated in the form heard at the Philharmonic's pair of concerts last week.

Following the "Prelude" were the "Good Friday Spell" from Richard Wagner's festival drama, "Parsifal," Strauss's symphonic poem "Don Juan," a work Mr. Mengelberg is prone to select for his first appearance, and, after the intermission, the colorful fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky. The orchestra gave a fine rendering of the Mengelberg score.

Mr. Siegfried Wagner Makes His New York Debut as a Conductor

Mr. Siegfried Wagner, the celebrated German composer and conductor, whose father was also a musician, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of "the Bayreuth Festival Theater Restoration Fund." It was Mr. Wagner's first appearance in New York, though he had been seen and heard as a conductor in other cities since his arrival in America a fortnight ago. Yesterday at the Metropolitan Mr. Wagner conducted the Opera House orchestra in a family program, presenting music composed by himself, by his father and by his grandfather. The list comprised the Overture to "Rienzi"; the Overtures to "An Alleluia Hütchen Schuld" and "Sonnenflammen," two operas by Siegfried Wagner; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"; "Wotan's Farewell," from "Die Walküre"; and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Clarence Whitehill sang the music of Wotan.

Richard Wagner's son was greeted by an audience of moderate size but friendly disposition.

Mr. Wagner is fifty-five years old, of medium height, plump, white-haired, clean-shaven. In profile he looks like a blend of George Washington, Chauncey M. Depew and the composer of "Tristan." His general aspect is that of a lymphatic vestryman. He is almost uncannily undemonstrative. He seemed yesterday to be the least interested person in the Opera House. He conducts with astonishing casualness, with what appears to be an entire lack of concern in the proceedings. His listlessness makes the conductorial apathy of Richard Strauss seem epileptic by comparison.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Wagner seemed to us to be the most miraculous conductor we had ever heard. We did not suppose it possible to play the "Rienzi" Overture without conveying some hint of the brilliant theatricality and sonorous rhetoric that are of its essence. We did not suppose that Liszt's "Les Preludes" could be made to sound like a

cradle song. Mr. Wagner has taught us that these incredible deeds are within the scope of human achievement. He gave a performance of the "Rienzi" Overture which for tameness and insipidity and general ineptitude was almost beyond belief. We kept pinching ourselves to make sure that we were awake and really listening to the composition that we thought we knew, and not to a nightmarish parody of it. As for "Les Preludes," it was hard to believe that its tawdry eloquence, which is all that it has to make it viable, could be so completely nullified. Mr. Wagner did better with "Wotan's Farewell" and the "Meistersinger" Prelude, but one wondered how much of this improvement was due to the fact that the Metropolitan Orchestra has played these pages repeatedly during the last three months under Mr. Bodanzky—the musicians may simply have shut their eyes yesterday, remembered Mr. Bodanzky, and gone ahead regardless of Mr. Siegfried Wagner.

Mr. Wagner's own music need not be dwelt upon. According to a programmatic slip distributed in the lobby, "An Alleluia Hütchen Schuld" ("It's All Hütchen's Fault") tells the tale of Hütchen, "a mischievous little sprite that teases everybody and especially tries to separate the lovers Frider and Katherlieschen, but finally is soothed by the girl's kind heart and turned into a good spirit."

The second piece, "Sonnenflammen" ("Sun-Flames") has for its theme "the fate of a crusader, who, dazzled by the splendor of Byzantium's art and by a passionate, unfortunate love, has forgotten his vow and ends tragically."

Mr. Wagner, one conjectures, may have dreaded the accusation of being, as a composer, a mere filial echo; at all events, there is less of R. W. in the music than one looked for. Perhaps it would have been better if there had been more; for Mr. Wagner, left to himself, seems to have only the feeblest of platitudes to communicate.

Some may have looked for an authoritative disclosure of Wagnerian gospel in Mr. Siegfried Wagner's interpretation of his father's music; if so, they must have forgotten a fact which it is just as well to bear in mind: namely, that when Richard Wagner died, his son Siegfried was thirteen years of age.

Friends of Music Society.

I think Artur Bodanzky is as good a director of symphony as he is of opera. His concert at Town Hall yesterday afternoon was well attended, well played and exceedingly well conducted. Starting with the Septuor for strings, piano and trumpet, by Saint-Saens, Mr. Bodanzky then presented Maurice Ravel's "Scherzade," for voice and orchestra, Madame Janacopoulos singing the voice part with splendid diction and frequently with thrilling artistry.

This composition—divided into three "poems"—is a charming example of poetic inspiration and superlative craftsmanship. Ravel is the present leader of French modernism and is aped by many. He is not afraid to let himself go. He is not afraid to reproduce discords in picturing street sounds in Asiatic towns and villages, but he knows that "what goes up must come down," therefore he is also not afraid to allow his musical ideas to seek a safe and sane landing place from time to time.

"Scherzade" is lovely descriptive music. Also it is puzzling to the ear.

The three poems are bound together by the simple expedient of using a motif for two clarinets, in fourths, running through them all like a bazaar band, or like a strand of exotic silk.

The last part of the program was devoted to five new works by Ernest Bloch, who directed them and which he calls "In the Night," "Poems of the Sea" (for orchestra) and a "Prelude" for soprano and orchestra. This last number I was unable to hear. At least Mr. Bloch has a definite finish to the first-named composition, but it gropes a good deal before it settles down. Coming directly after Ravel, it sounded like a Greenwich Village edition of the famous modernist. The audience liked it immensely, however.

The first poem, "Waves," had considerable surge and dash to it, with a suggestion of Noah and some howling of whales. Silence greeted this offering. The second poem, "Chanty," has really lovely episodic touches to it and was well received. "At Sea," started with a vigorous syncopated rhythm and a spanking breeze to boost it along. There were one or two near-shipwrecks but Mr. Bloch reached shore safely, both as a conductor and as a composer.

John Corigliano gave his second violin recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, playing the Brahms D minor sonata, Op. 108, and the Lalo "Symphony Espagnole," Op. 21, among other selections. David Sapiro was at the piano.

Ellnor Douglas appeared at The Peace House, Fifth Avenue and 109th Street last night in a song recital, half of the proceeds of which were donated to the Artists' Clearing House.

An Italian-American concert was given at Town Hall last night, with Estella Ehrlich, coloratura, soprano, and Anna Pinto, harpist, featured. Vincenzo Gandano, tenor; Giovanni Cassiere, tenor; Giuseppina Guaianno, lyric soprano, and Philip Mugoz, baritone, also appeared.

Kipling divides the world into two folk and hill folk, and Ernest Bloch, in his notes to "Poems of the Sea," classes himself unqualifiedly with the land. "I am more a man of the mountains," he writes, "and have been preparing a mountain symphony for twenty-three years." However, he was swerved temporarily from this purpose when he left his native Matterhorn for his first glimpse of the sea. These impressions, naturally overwhelming, were vivified by Walt Whitman's "boundless blue on every side expanding;" the result was the trilogy of "Waves," "Chanty" and "At Sea," which the Friends of Music gave for the first time yesterday.

Of the two poems, the Bloch musical version seems far more impressive than his Whitman inspiration. There is no sentimentality and little of the "beautiful bounding main" about the sombre tides of these cadences. They might more easily have arisen from Swinburne's haunting picture of "the light and sound and darkness" that surround "Tristan and Isolde." Obviously, however, the composer is entitled to his own source of inspiration, particularly when it produces a thing of such genuine and moving beauty.

Mr. Bloch conducted his own compositions, but the "Scherzade" of Ravel fell under the urgent baton of Mr. Bodanzky. It has always been difficult to believe that Ravel in his "nostalgic reverie" meant quite what

Klingsor pictures in his travelogue word-poems, but the voice of Vera Janacopoulos, who sang them, was true to the enchanting musical intent. The Saint-Saens "Septuor" and Mozart's "Traner-Marsch" (in memory of Woodrow Wilson) completed the program.

By Deems Taylor

THE TWILIGHT OF A GOD.

"He was born of humble parents in a little town not far from the frontier, his father being an apothecary and his mother the daughter of the village schoolmaster." Thus begins the average biography of a great man, the biographer seldom failing to point out the terrific handicaps of birth and station that our hero was obliged to overcome. And yet, what more pathetic and exasperating fate is there than to be born the son of a genius, shackled from birth by the handicaps of paternal glory and the Mendelian hypothesis?

For musical families have a fatal propensity to dwindle, particularly when they are founded by geniuses. The genealogical line is fairly certain to run; first generation, tuba; second, trombone; third, cornet; fourth, piccolo; fifth, music critic.

Even if the genius's unfortunate offspring does manage to render a fairly creditable account of himself he gets less praise for what he has accomplished than blame for not having accomplished more. Usually he is doomed to go through life as a curiosity, a sort of walking memento of his father, ranking slightly above a lock of his progenitor's hair and considerably below a manuscript score.

Siegfried Wagner must have had a correspondingly uncomfortable career. Watching him yesterday as he conducted the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, a tall, rather heavily built man, gray haired and looking like an overretouched photograph of his immortal father, one could not help wondering what his life would have been if he had become an architect, as his parents had planned, instead of a respectable composer and Bayreuth conductor, obscured and diminished by the shadow of Wahnfried.

His concert yesterday was one of a series that he is giving in this country in order to raise funds to open the festival theatre at Bayreuth next summer. It is a pity, considering the nature of the cause, that the event was not better advertised, for the audience, while of comfortable proportions, was far from being as large as it should have been.

The program was culled from works by himself, his father and his grandfather, beginning with the "Rienzi" overture and ending with the "Meistersinger" prelude. The other number contributed by Richard Wagner was the final scene from "Die Walküre," with Clarence Whitehill's voice and presence to lend breadth and dignity to the solo part. The Liszt work was "Les Preludes;" his own contribution, extracts from two of his operas, "Huetchen" and "Sonnenflammen."

The audience listened to his music and his conducting with devout attention. To be frank, neither was particularly distinguished; but that, perhaps, was not the point. This was the son of Richard Wagner, on a pilgrimage to further the glory of his father's name; and his hearers rewarded his efforts with a frequency and genuineness of enthusiasm that must have been gratifying. At the end, amid great applause from both audience and orchestra, he received a laurel wreath.

MUSIC NOTES.

Boris Borisoff, the Russian singing comedian, gave his fourth his entertainment here last night at the Times Square Theatre.

Leo Duran, tenor, gave a matinee of French songs yesterday at the Comedy Theatre for the local musical society, Les Douze.

Estella Ehrlich, Anna Pinto and others appeared in an Italian-American program last evening at the Town Hall.

Sinal Congregation in the Bronx gave a concert for its temple fund last evening, led by Cantor Joseph Wolfe.

Gerardy Plays at Opera Concert.
Ponselle, Gordon, Wells and Mellish.
Kingson and Picco were among the stars
at last night's "opera concert," when
he Metropolitan's orchestra, itself the
lar of a third performance in one day,
repeated Ravel's "Scheherazade," with
Laymonde Delaunoy as the solo voice.
Gerardy, the cellist, as guest of
the evening, was heard in Saint Saens'
concerto and, with G. S. McManus, in
pieces by Bach, Schumann and Davidoff.

Lawrence Gilman

Paul Whiteman and the Palais Royalistes Extend Their King- dom; Jazz at Aeolian Hall

Concert by Paul Whiteman and his
Palais Royal Orchestra, offering "An Ex-
periment in Modern Music." Soloists,
George Gershwin and Zee Confrey. At
Aeolian Hall.

PROGRAM
The form of Jazz:
Ten years ago, Livery Stable
Blues.....La Rocca
(With modern embellishment), Mama
Love Papa.....Eager
Comedy selections:
Origin of "Yes, We Have No Ban-
anas".....Silver
Instrumental Comedy, "So This Is
Venice".....Thomas
(Adapted from "Carnival of Venice,"
featuring Ross Gorman)
Contrast: Legitimate Scoring vs. Jazz-
ing:
Selection in true form, "Whispering"
Schonberger
Same piece with jazz treatment.
Numbers for piano, with orchestra—
Medley of popular airs:
Kitten on the Keys, Ice Cream and
Art, Nickel in the Slot.....Confrey
Mr. Confrey
Avoicing a selection with borrowed
themes:
Russian Rose (based on Volga Boat
Song).....Grove
Symphonic arrangement of popu-
lar melodies:
Alexander's Rag-Time Band; A
Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody;
Orange Blossoms in California; Berlin
in Serenades; Spanish, Chinese,
Urban, Oriental.....Herbert
Adaptation of standard selections to
jazz rhythm:
Blue Moon.....Logan
A Wild Rose.....MacDowell
Rhapsody in Blue, for piano with
orchestra.....Gershwin
The field of classics:
March, "Pomp and Circumstance".....Elgar

It is happily chronicled, to begin
with, that Mr. Whiteman's "experi-
ment" was an uproarious success.
Everyone was there, and everyone was
captured—even those stiff-necked
types who are supposed by Mr. White-
man to be "antagonistic" to jazz.
Aeolian Hall was bursting with a crowd
which occupied every inch of floor
space and swarmed up and down the
stairs in the intermission like the mob
in "The Miracle"—doubtless they would
be overflowed onto the stage if Mr.
Whiteman had not preempted all the
space on the platform for the use of
his army of saxophones and percussion
instruments. No wonder Mr. Whiteman
announced a repetition of the af-
fair for Friday afternoon, March 7.

We need not speculate concerning Mr.

Whiteman's object in arranging this
demonstration, for he has himself set
forth his purpose. "I shall give, with
the Palais Royal Orchestra," he an-
nounced some weeks ago, "the first re-
cital of typically American music."
I intend to sketch, musically,
from the beginning of American his-
tory, the development of our emotional
sources which have led us to the
characteristic American music of to-
day; the most of which, by the way, is
Jazz. My object in giving such a
concert is with the hope that eventually
this music will become a stepping stone
which will be helpful in giving the
coming generations a much deeper ap-
preciation of better music.

The experiment is to be purely edu-
cational. I intend to point out, with
the assistance of my orchestra, the tre-
mendous strides which have been made
in popular music from the day of the
distant jazz, which sprang into ex-
istence about ten years ago from no-
where in particular, to the really
modious music of to-day, which—for
no good reason—is still called "jazz."
Most people who ridicule the present
so-called jazz and who refuse to con-
sider it or listen to it seriously are
quarreling with the name jazz and not
with what it represents. Neither our
past nor the combined protest of all
criticisms will change the name. Jazz
it is, and jazz it will remain.

If we are successful in breaking
down only a small portion of the an-
tagonism toward jazz, which is so
prevalent among lovers of opera, ora-
tory and symphony, we will feel
amply repaid for our efforts, and so
our associates. If, in addition,
we encourage creative musical talent
in one person, we shall be happy."

We suspect that Mr. Whiteman is
suffering, quite without reason, from
an inferiority complex. He seems to feel
that he and his associates (whom we
may describe for convenience as the
Palais Royalists) are regarded as a
kind of lower order of music-makers
by those presumably haughty "lovers of
Opera, Oratorio and Symphony." Noth-
ing could be further from the truth.
It is the Palais Royalists who repre-
sent the conservative, reactionary, re-
spectable elements in the music of to-
day. They are the aristocrats, the
Top Dogs, of contemporary music.
They are the Shining Ones, the com-
manders of huge salaries, the friends
of Royalty, the Conservers, the hulk-
warks of the social order—they, and
not the obscure composers and per-
formers whose habitat is Carnegie

Hall or Aeolian. Who among con-
temporary music-makers represent the lim-
ousine trade? Who are the tonal peo-
holders, the wearers of spats and bou-
tonnières? The Palais Royalists. Who
are the treasurers of precarious and
difficult ways, the straphangers of
music? Why, those who dwell in the
world of Brahms and Schonberg and
Ravel, Beethoven and Sibelius, Wagner
and Strauss and Stravinsky.

We have before expressed our con-
viction that the trouble with Jazz—the
best Jazz, according to the showing of
the Palais Royalists themselves—is its
conformity, its conventionality, its lack
of daring; its possession of just those
imaginative and spiritual qualities
which it is usually supposed to offset.
We listened yesterday to Mr. White-
man's demonstration with an anxious
and eager desire to correct our earlier
impression; but we could find no rea-
son to do so.

It would be otiose to praise the
Palais Royalists for those virtues
which their music conspicuously pos-
sesses—its superb vitality and ingenu-
ity of rhythm, first; and, secondly, its
mastery of novel and beautiful effects
of timbre. These excellences are the
brilliant and obvious triumphs of Jazz;
for Jazz is, basically, a kind of rhythm
plus a kind of instrumentation. Orig-
inally, as the engrossing program-notes
of Mr. Seldes and Mr. Ernst pointed
out, it expressed itself in crude and
violent terms; but latterly it has be-
come a thing of extraordinary subtlety,
dexterity and sophistication.

But it seems to us that this music
is only half alive. Its gorgeous vitality
of rhythm and of instrumental color is
impaired by melodic and harmonic
anaemia of the most pernicious kind.
Listen to Mr. Archer's "I Love You,"
or to Mr. Kern's "Raggy Ann," or
to Mr. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"
for Piano and Orchestra. The rhythmical
structure of these pieces, and the
manner in which they are scored for
the small orchestra of so many wind
and percussion instruments and so few
strings, cannot but delight the ob-
servant musician. Here are daring,
and imagination, and ingenuity, and
the trail of an adventurous spirit. But
ignore, for a moment, the fascinating
rhythm and the beauty and novelty
of the instrumental coloring, and
fasten your attention on the melodic
and harmonic structure of the music.
How trite and feeble and conventional
the tunes are, how sentimental and
vapid the harmonic treatment, under
its disguise of fussy and futile coun-
terpoint! Old stuff it is, melodically
and harmonically—culled from the
"Sweetheart" and "Mother" songs of
the '90s, with an occasional whetstone
scale or augmented triad thrown in
to give a flavor of "modernity." Re-
call the most ambitious piece on yes-

terday's program, the Rhapsody in
Blue" of Mr. Gershwin, and weep over
the lifelessness of its melody and har-
mony, so derivative, so stale, so in-
expressive. And then recall, for con-
trast, the rich inventiveness of the
rhythms, the saliency and vividness
of the orchestral color.

Perhaps Mr. Whiteman is right; per-
haps it is fair to speak of this as "typi-
cally American music." For have we
not here a psychologically truthful ex-
pression of the strange dualism of the
American temperament, with its para-
doxical blend of independence and
docility, care-free energy and unven-
turesome conformity? But that is for
the Palais Royalists to determine: it
is they who have called this music
typical.

What, one may wonder, has the
Palais Royal to offer Carnegie Hall in
the matter of creative suggestions?
It has, we should say, much to offer:
an expansion of Fifty-seventh Street's
conceptions of rhythm, an enrichment
of Fifty-seventh Street's conceptions of
timbre, a liberalizing and humanizing
of attitude. But the Palais Royalists
are welcome to keep their unenriching
melody and harmonic sauce for their
own consumption—unless, as we hope
and believe, they will shortly discover
brands that are richer in tonal vi-
tamins.

Lhevinne Gives His First Recital

Josef Lhevinne gave his first piano re-
cital of this season in Carnegie Hall last
evening. His program was a welcome
variation from some of the classic char-
acterones which adorn the usual concert
list. Some of his offerings were Beet-
hoven's F major andante, Tausig's ar-
rangement of Weber's "Invitation to the
Dance," Schubert's "Lindenbaum," a
group of Chopin, several of Tausig's
"Gypsy Airs" and numbers by Ravel,
Debussy and Liszt.

In accordance with popular custom
Mr. Lhevinne started playing at twenty
minutes to 9. He had a large and ap-
preciative audience. The outstanding
characteristic of his playing was a
sensitive touch, which had plenty
of opportunity to portray the delicacy
and tender sentiments in many of his
subjects. In fortissimo passages his
tone was often hard and metallic. But
fortunately the program called for few
passages of this type and, therefore, Mr.
Lhevinne proved enjoyable in most of
his work. He played with a fine singing
legato and a pianissimo, which might
have turned many a lesser artist green
with envy. Throughout his program
there was revealed a wide range of color
and a senuous appeal which proved
highly effective in those offerings marked
by repose and serenity. In short, he
gave an artistic and interesting recital.

GALLI-CURCI SINGS ROLE OF JULIETTE

Gounod's Opera With Tokat- yan as Romeo.

Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" re-
ceived its sixth hearing of the season
last evening at the Metropolitan with
Mme. Galli-Curci in the cast as a new
Juliette. The performance of the opera
gave evident pleasure to the large and
brilliant audience. The grace and charm
of Mme. Galli-Curci's impersonation of
the fair young daughter of the house of
Capulet made strong appeal. Mr. To-
katiyan was again the Romeo. Other
principals, all familiar in their parts,
were Mr. Schuetzenberg as Mercutio, Mr.
Gustafson as Capulet, Mr. Rothier as
Friar Lawrence, Mr. Diaz as Tybalt,
Miss Delaunoy as Stephano and Miss
Wakefield as the Nurse. Mr. Hassel-
mans conducted.

REPEAT CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

The Philharmonic Society and the
American Orchestral Society, under the
direction of Ernest Schelling, repeated
Saturday's program of the children's
concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday after-
noon. Most of the younger generation
were present, judging by the rows of
boys struggling under the indignities of
white collars and the necessity of being
on their best behavior. And femininity
was present in a profusion of curls and
pointed questions which put more than
one musical elder on the rack.

Mr. Schelling gave his usual brief
lecture, supplemented by lantern slides.
His program included Mozart's overture
to "The Marriage of Figaro," Haydn's
andante from the Surprise Symphony,
Ivanoff's "Caucasian Sketches" and
other well known numbers.

Beethoven Association.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Elena Gerhardt, Carl Friedberg, Carl
Flesch, Lionel Tertis and Emmeran
Stoeber were participating artists at
the concert given by the Beethoven As-
sociation last night in Aeolian Hall.
For those who prefer an undiluted pro-
gram of classic music—Hugo Wolf,
whose songs Mme. Gerhardt sang with
her wonted sincerity and feeling, is cer-
tainly a classic today—this was a salu-
tary occasion. The instrumental com-
positions were Schubert's A major so-
nata for violin and piano, played by
Messrs. Flesch and Friedberg, and
Brahms's piano quartet in G minor,
played by Messrs. Friedberg, pianist;
Flesch, violin; Tertis, viola, and
Stoeber, cellist. Mme. Gerhardt sang
"Auf einer Wanderung," "Anakreon's
Grab," "Auf dem grünen Balkon,"
"Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben
sehen," "Der Gartner," "Der Freund,"
and, as encores, "In dem schatten
meinen locken" and "Gesang Weylas."

Mme. Gerhardt was assisted by Miss
Paula Hegner, accompanist.

The fanciful, tender and romantic so-
nata of Schubert has that singularly in-
timate and genuine character which even
Schubert's poorer instrumental compo-
sitions possess: a certain inner life,
which proceeds partly from the incred-
ible melodic genius of the composer and

partly from the fact that he was utterly
sincere, and that sincerity in an artist
is certain to be creative. So that even
when a movement of a Schubert sonata
is long or diffuse, it falls gratefully
upon the ear and it has the human
touch. And this sonata found willing
and sympathetic interpreters.

It must be acknowledged that in some
songs even Hugo Wolf could be woefully
sentimental, but most of those sung by
Mme. Gerhardt are among his dis-
tinctive productions. We have heard
these songs sung with more animation
and individuality of style, but not with
more honesty or more of the spirit of a
musician and a woman with a heart
back of them.

The Brahms quartet is too long,
though full of strength and of beautiful
ideas. The performance gave the music
the maximum of vitality and expressiv-
ness. It was less a formal concert af-
fair than the enthusiastic participation
of four artists in love with their work.
Their spirit was infectious, and the fi-
nale of this quartet, "Alla Zingarese,"
as they played it, gave welcome excite-
ment to the conclusion of the concert.

Paul Whiteman's

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Modern music invaded Aeolian Hall
yesterday afternoon. It was not the
imported kind, nor the kind that takes
the imported article as its model. All
the high lights of the International
Composers' Guild would have gasped
and stared if they had heard modern
music that made the ladylike fancies
of Darius Milhaud, the polite prom-
enades of Cyril Scott, the wild men's
dances of Bela Bartok and the acri-
monious pholosophizings of Casella
pale in the gorgeous glare of the col-
ored lights from the Palais Royale,
which decorated the stage and the big
Japanese screen at the rear.

For it was Paul Whiteman's long
promised concert of modern American
music, the illustrated history of the
rise and progress of jazz, the demon-
stration of the joy riding orchestra
and the portamento technic of wind
instruments. And it furnished a total
eclipse of the other kind of moderns—
all save one. Igor Stravinsky would
have shaken hands with Irving Berlin,
Gershwin and Paul Whiteman and
shouted (in Russian, of course),
"Great is rhythm! Great is dance!
Great are wind instruments! And
we are the silver trimmed prestidigi-
tators who know how to use them
all!"

Mr. Whiteman's concert was one
of the most interesting of this busy se-
son. It began with a screaming
funny performance of "Livery Stab.
Blues," exhibiting the real jazz, mer-
vulgarity, noise and discord. The
next number showed a step of im-
provement. Then came a demonstra-
tion of how "Yes, We Have No Ban-
anas," was made from Handel's
"Hallelujah" chorus. The progress of
the entertainment led through vari-
ous types, always rising in musical
excellence and always tending to
prove the justice of the assertion
made in the program notes and from
the stage by H. C. Ernst, who acted
as Mr. Whiteman's spokesman, that
the popular dance music of to-day is
not "jazz," but is burdened with a
misleading title which it long ago out-
grew.

The entertainment furnished in its
second half compositions intended to
reveal the artistic possibilities of the
so-called jazz orchestra. Victor Her-
bert contributed an entirely new suite
of serenades, Spanish, Chinese, Cuban
and Oriental; standard tunes were
heard as adapted to dance rhythm
and George Gershwin was the soloist
in his "Rhapsody in Blue" for piano
and orchestra. The concert closed
with Elgar's "Pomp and Circum-
stance" march.

Mr. Herbert's music was delightful,
and the audience caused him to ac-
knowledge its long continued ap-
plause. Mr. Gershwin's composition
proved to be a highly ingenious work,
treating the piano in a manner call-
ing for much technical skill and fur-
nishing an orchestral background in
which the characteristic antics of sax-
ophones, trombones and clarinets were
merged in a really skillful piece of
orchestration. If this way lies the
path toward the upper development of
American modern music into a high

art form, then one can heartily congratulate Mr. Gershwin on his disclosure of some of the possibilities.

His piano playing was not the least important feature of the work. Nor must the captivating cleverness of Zez Conry, with his exhilarating "Katten on the Keys" and "Nickel in the Slot," be forgotten. And there were Ross Gorman, a supreme virtuoso in his field, who played ten reed

instruments and did more astonishing and amusing tricks with them than can be recounted, and Roy Maxon, who made his flexible trombone sob and sigh and almost weep. And there was Paul Whiteman himself, a born conductor and a musical personality of force and courage, who is to be congratulated on his adventure and the admirable results he obtained in proving the euphony of the "jazz" orchestra.

By Deems Taylor

MR. WHITEMAN EXPERIMENTS.

The audience at Aeolian Hall yesterday was as unprecedented as the concert that collected it. There was the regular musical set, from Walter Damrosch and Ernest Bloch down to the critics, assembled out of curiosity to see what queer monster a serious program of jazz might be; and then there was another audience that had come over from the neighborhood commonly known as the Great White Way to see its beloved jazz make a debut among the highbrows. In the intermission, learned musicologists debated heatedly up and down the aisles, while upstairs two ladies came to blows over the question of whether or not it was good form to smoke at an afternoon concert.

The occasion was a concert by Paul Whiteman and his Palais Royal Orchestra. Mr. Whiteman, whose achievements in organizing and conducting contemporary dance orchestras have made him famous even in Europe, has theories regarding the so-called jazz band. He feels that the rhythms, melodies and instrumentation of our modern popular music contain the germ of a school of genuine American composition and his concert yesterday was designed not only to exhibit jazz as it is to-day, but jazz as it was and may become.

One could have told that something unusual was afoot even before the playing began. For the staid rows of organ pipes that form the usual background of the Acolian Hall platform were concealed behind a picturesque and elaborately decorated screen, and the orchestra, consisting mainly of wind and percussion instruments, with two grand pianos and a celesta thrown in, performed to an accompaniment of shifting colored lights.

First a jazz band of the now obsolete pre-war type—piano, cornet, trombone and clarinet—played the "Livery Stable Blues" as a sort of horrible example, with the acrobatic and tonal contortions that have done so much to make "jazz" a synonym for vulgarity among the musical elect. This was immediately followed by an ancient jazz tune, "Mama Loves Papa," scored and played in the modern and subtler style.

A comedy group that followed revealed the Handelian origin of a certain famous fruit song and later permitted Mr. Ross Gorman to give an astounding exhibition of virtuosity upon the saxophone, oboe and clarinet. This was followed by a demonstration of good and bad jazz scoring, and a group of three modern pieces, including the famous "Jimehouse Blues," written and scored for a modern jazz orchestra.

After Z. Z. Confrey had displayed the possibilities of jazz playing on the piano, the first half of the program ended with a piece called "Russian Rose" that illustrated the modern arranger's skill in working with borrowed material, the material in this instance being Rachmaninoff's C-sharp minor prelude, Tchaikowsky's "Marche Slave," and the "Volga" Boat Song.

The second half of the concert, equally entertaining, contained more solid material for the serious musician. After playing a symphonie

rausedy upon three acts by Irving Berlin. Mr. Whiteman introduced a suite of four sercnades by Victor Herbert that were not only charming in thematic material but demonstrated the fact that Mr. Herbert's skill in orchestration extends to handling the unusual instrumental combinations that a jazz band presents.

This was followed by three jazz orchestrations of what Broadway calls "standard selections," the best being a delightful and irreverent transcription of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose."

Just before the closing number, a brilliant adaptation of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," George Gershwin played a "Rhapsody in Blue" of his own composition for piano and jazz orchestra. In a way this was the most interesting offering of the afternoon, for it was an experiment in treating the jazz instrumental and thematic idiom seriously, and it was by no means an unsuccessful one. Despite its shortcomings—chief of which were an occasional sacrifice of appropriate scoring to momentary effect, and a lack of continuity in the musical structure—Mr. Gershwin's piece possessed at least two themes of genuine musical worth and displayed a latent ability on the part of this young composer to say something of considerable interest in his chosen idiom.

In a hurried and necessarily brief chronicle such as this there is no chance to attempt detailed criticism or even to formulate conclusions. These must come later. Certainly the experiment was worth the trouble; and if noise be any criterion, yesterday's audience—all of it—had a good time.

A Concert of Jazz.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A concert of popular American music was given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra of the Palais Royal. The stage setting was unconventional as the program. Planos in various stages of deshabille stood about, amid a litter of every imaginable contraption of wind and percussion instruments. Two Chinese mandarins, surmounting pillars, looked down upon a scene that would have curdled the blood of a Stokowski or a Mengelberg. The golden sheen of brass instruments of lesser and greater dimensions was caught up by a gleaming gong and carried out by bright patches of an Oriental back-drop. There were also lying or hanging about frying pans, large tin utensils and a speaking trumpet, later stuck into the end of a trombone—and what a silky, silky tone came from that accommodating instrument! This singular assemblage of things was more than once, in some strange way, to combine to evoke uncommon and fascinating sonorities.

There were verbal as well as programmatic explanations. The concert was referred to as "educational," to show the development of this type of music. Thus the "Livery Stable Blues" was introduced apologetically as an example of the depraved past from which modern jazz has risen. The apology is herewith indignantly rejected, for this is a gorgeous piece of impudenc, much better in its unbuttoned jocosity and Rabelasian laughter than other and more poltte compositions that came later.

The pianist gathered about him some five fellow-performers. The man with the clarinet wore a battered top hat that had ostensibly seen better days. Sometimes he wore it, and sometimes played into it. The man with the trombone played it as is, but also, on occasion, picked up a bath tub or something of the kind from the floor and blew into that. The instruments made odd, unseemly, bushman sounds. The instrumentalists rocked about. Jest permissible in musical terms but otherwise not printable were passed between these friends of music. The laughter of the music and its interpreters was tornadic. It was—should be blush to say it?—a phase of America. It reminded the writer of some one's remark that an Englishman entered a place as if he were its master, whereas an American entered as if he didn't care who in blazes the master might be. Something like that was in this music.

There were later remarkably beautiful examples of scoring for a few instruments; scoring of singular economy, balance, color and effectiveness; music at times vulgar, cheap, in poor taste, elsewhere of irresistible swing and insouciance and recklessness and life; music played as only such players as these may play it. They have a technic

or their own. They play with an abandon equalled only by that race of born musicians—the American negro, who has surely contributed fundamentally to this art which can neither be frowned nor sneered away. They did not play like an army going through ordered manoeuvres, but like the melomaniacs they are, bitten by rhythms that would have twiddled the toes of St. Anthony. They beat time with their feet—less majeste in a symphony orchestra. They fdgeted uncomfortably when for a moment they had to stop playing. And there were the incredible gyrations of that virtuoso and lmp of the perverses, Russ Gorman. And then there was Mr. Whitenian. He does not conduct. He trembles, wabbles, quivers a piece of jazz jelly, conducting the orchestra with the back of the trouser of the right leg, and the face of a mandarin the while.

There was an ovation for Victor Herbert, that master of instrumentation, when his four Serenades* composed for this occasion were played, and Mr. Herbert acknowledged the applause from the gallery. Then stepped upon the stage, sheepishly, a lank and dark young man—George Gershwin. He was to play the piano part in the first public performance of his "Rhapsody in Blue" for piano and orchestra. This composition shows extraordinary talent, just as it also shows a young composer with aims that go far beyond those of his ilk, struggling with a form of which he is far from being master. It is important to bear both these facts in mind in estimating the composition. Often Mr. Gershwin's purpose is defeated by technical immaturity, but in spite of that technical immaturity, a lack of knowledge of how to write effectively for piano alone or in combination with orchestra, an unconscious attempt to rhapsodize in the manner of Franz Liszt, a naïveté which at times stresses something unimportant while something of value and effectiveness goes by so quickly that it is lost in spite of all this he has expressed himself in a significant, and on the whole, highly original manner.

highly original theme alone, with its caprice, humor and exotic outline, would show a talent to be reckoned with. It starts with an outrageous cadenza of the clarinet. It has subsidiary phrases, logically growing out of it, and integral to the thought. The original phrase and its subsidiaries are often ingeniously metamorphosed by devices of rhythm and instrumentation. There is an Oriental twist to the whole business that is not hackneyed or superficial. And—what is important—this is no mere dance-tune set for piano and other instruments. It is an idea, or several ideas correlated and combined, in varying and well contrasted rhythms that immediately intrigue the hearer. This, in essence, is fresh and new, and full of future promise.

The second theme, with a lovely sentimental line, is more after the manner of some of Mr. Gershwin's colleagues. Tutti are too long, cadenzas are too long, the peroration at the end loses a large measure of wildness and magnificence it could easily have if it were more broadly prepared, and, for all that, the audience was stirred, and many a hardened concertgoer excited with the sensation of a new talent finding its voice, and likely to say something personally and racially important to the world. A talent and an idiom, also rich in possibilities for that generally exhausted and outworn form of the classic piano concerto.

Mr. Gershwin's rhapsody also stands out as counter-acting, quite unconsciously, a weakness of the program, that is, a tendency to sameness of rhythm and sentiment in the music. When a program consists almost entirely of modern dance music, that is naturally a danger, since American dances of today do not boast great variety of step or character, but it should be possible for Mr. Whiteman to remedy this in a second program, which he will give later in the season. There was tumultuous applause for Mr. Gershwin's composition. There was realization of the irresistible vitality and genuineness of much of the music heard on this occasion, as opposed to the pitiful imitation of the average production of the "serious" American composer. The audience packed a house that could have been sold out twice over.

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Tokatyan of Opera
Finds His Future
Bride in New York

Armand Tokatyan, one of the new and younger tenors of the Metropolitan Opera, attained to more than one phase of a laudable ambition when he came to New York to extend his operatic career. He has found a future American bride. Yesterday his engagement to Miss Marie Antoinette Abbey was announced by her mother, Mrs. Clarice Abbey of 150 West Seventy-second street. They will be married here in April, when the Metropolitan singers have finished their supplementary season at Atlanta after the season here.

Miss Abbey's father, the late Meyer Abbey, was a Russian who practiced law in New York. She studied for the voice with the hope of finding a career upon either the concert or operatic stage, but this ambition she set aside for a business career. She perfected herself as an artist artisan and now is a designer of gowns for a dress-making concern.

Mr. Tokatyan was born in Bulgaria of Armenian parents. He studied under Nino Calzone in Italy and made a number of successful operatic appearances there before coming to the United States to join Antonio Scotti's touring opera company.

company. His next step was to the Metropolitan last year. He is a lyric tenor and twice within two weeks has sung the role of *Romeo*, first to the *Juliet* of Miss Queena Mario and second, last Monday night, to that of Mme. Amelita Galli-Curel. He has, however, a wide range of roles aside from that part.

REINALD WERREN RATH SINGS.

Gives Rather Somber Program in Aeolian Hall.

Reinald Werrenrath, barytone, attracted a large Lincoln's Birthday audience yesterday to his second song recital in Carnegie Hall. The program, in part of a less cheerful selection, had novelty and interest and it was interpreted with eloquent measure of finest vocal art.

There were five groups of selections, the first containing old English airs. A set of five songs by Paul Graene followed and then, for the backbone of the list, the "Wahn! Wahn!" monologue from Wagner's "Meistersinger." Three Kipling songs, "Boots," "Brookland Road" and "The Looking Glass," with music, respectively, by Hazel Felman, Martin Shaw and Damrosch, made up a group and, in closing, came a set of American lyrics. These were "The Admirals," written for Mr. Werrenrath, by Chadwick, Craxton's "Bless My Brooms," Hagaman's "Happiness," Wilfred Sanderson's "Drumadood" and Loeb's "The Ringers."

Paul Graener, whose five songs the singer introduced here yesterday, is well known in Germany as an opera composer. Two of the songs, "Das Knie" and "Philanthropisch," have texts by Christian Morgenstern, the so-called Paul Verlaine of his country. The songs for the most part are of a somber character and of conservative form. They are interesting songs and save a little lack in certain ones of a vagabondia spirit they were finely delivered. Mr. Werrenrath had to add an encore to the group and gave a Sinding song. The Wagner excerpt was admirably given.

Mr. Werrenrath's beautiful voice was at its best yesterday. His fluent cantilena, polished phrasing and diction in the old English airs, including Richard Leveridge's "Who Is Sylvia," gave delight. To this set he added the old Irish air, "Little Mary Cassidy." Herbert Carrick played good accompaniments. The many auditors, according to the statement of the singer's managers, were more than half men, which is an unusual masculine showing for a song recital.

Frieda Hempel in Recital.

Frieda Hempel was greeted by a sold-out house recital in Carnegie Hall last night, announced as her only performance here of her Jennie Lind program. The audience was gratified last evening for her singing of a picture in a Jennie Lind costume, charmed them with the old favorites, "They Healed 'Rose Softly Blooming," and "Vorwärts Sapete"; the first encore being the "Norwegian echo" song, -Miss Hempel accompanying herself on the piano. The feat of the evening "Umbra Leggulo" with all its cadences and floriture and with flute obbligato by Louis Fritze led to the singing of two of Jennie Lind's favorites, "Dixie" and "Swanee River". Both received with great enthusiasm. Miss Hempel had the able accompaniment of Conrad V. Bos, who was heard and appreciated in two solo groups.

Greeks Applaud Tenor Lappas.

Ulysses Lappas, tenor, sang to the applause and evident pleasure of many former compatriots at his recital of songs and opera airs last evening in Aeolian Hall. He is a young Greek artist, of vigorous stage presence, who had been heard some years ago with Mary Garden in the Chicago Opera Company's last visit to New York. Two Greek composers, Samara and Lotos, were in his list, with Italian airs from Scarlatti's "O Cessate" to Mascagni's "Iris," a French air from Reyers' "Surgard," and others by Duparc, Mariotti and Curran. Horace Britt assisted in cello solos by Lalo, Debussy, Granados and Henry Hadley.

Mrs. Freid Welcomed as Pianist.

Mrs. Fried welcomed Sara Sokolsky Fried, who has before appeared here and elsewhere, both as organist and pianist, gave a recital for piano alone at the Town Hall last night, as the new organ there is yet to be dedicated on Washington's Birthday. Her concert was attended by a friendly house. She was heard in Schumann's Fantasic, Op. 17, preceded by short classics of Haydn and Paradies, and further rearrangements of Tausig and Friedman, and followed by Chopin, Liszt and the moderns, Albeniz, Granados, Klugewetter and Rozycki.

Reinald Werrenrath's audience applauded the Graencher songs politely, but they broke into spontaneous joy at "Boots." There was something in this rapturous outbreak that recalled an evening long ago at "Getting Married," when an audience that had been laughing dutifully and quietly at George Bernard Shaw burst into a sudden uproar when Charles Cherry's

chair accidentally fell apart, precipitating this suave and excellent actor to the floor. This one touch of slapstick had no relation to the play except as it made the whole house din, but the reaction at the concert was legitimate and unconscious criticism. For, while Mr. Werrenratz sings Paul Graener's songs with all the finesse and careful coloring of his resonant voice, the vagabond eccentricity which inspired them is somehow lacking. Whereas there is probably no singer in any language to-day who so perfectly recaptures the gallant, unquenchable spirit of Kipling, as expressed in Felman's "Boots," Shaw's "Brookland Road" and "The Looking Glass" by Walter Damrosch.

L'Après-midi
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By Deems Taylor
AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Anima Allegra. lyric comedy in three acts by Franco Vittiadini, book by Giuseppe Ami. Sung in Italian, Roberto Moranzoni conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

Lucresia Bori	Lucresia Bori
Kathleen Howard	Kathleen Howard
Nannette Gullford	Nannette Gullford
Grace Anthony	Grace Anthony
Marion Telva	Marion Telva
Louise Hunter	Louise Hunter
Giacomo Lauri-Volpi	Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Adam Didur	Adam Didur
Armand Tokatyan	Armand Tokatyan
Angelo Bada	Angelo Bada
Millo Picco	Millo Picco
Italo Picchi	Italo Picchi
Rafael Diaz	Rafael Diaz
Paolo Ananjan	Paolo Ananjan

Our idea of an ideally balanced operatic evening would be a double bill commencing with "La Habanera" and concluding with "Anima Allegra." For between the unmitigated gloom of the former and the incorrigible cheerfulness of the latter one would be reasonably sure of getting to bed in a state of comparative calmness.

Last night's performance of "Anima Allegra" was the first of the season, and a large audience seemed to derive much contentment from its soothing and wholly imponderable score. By 10 there was only one wrinkled brow in the house, and that belonged to a music critic who was wrestling with the problem of how to discuss the inescapable.

Not that "Anima Allegra" is a bad opera. It is, on the contrary, a wholly virtuous little work, affording several excellent singers a harmless and untiring method of whiling away a long winter's evening. But even in theological circles, virtue is held to involve something beyond a simple absence of turpitude; and it must be confessed that slumber is one handmaid of an opera whose most thrilling plot situation reveals a young woman catching flies during evening prayers.

The cast did much for "Anima Allegra" last night. Miss Bori was fresh in exuberant spirits and fresh place, and her sense of humor and good singing made the overcharming ensue more nearly endurable than he might have been. Mr. Lauri-Volpi as well as Pedro, although his singing, while it evoked uproarious auditions, was not uniformly perfect.

The cast was unusually lavish with good tenors, for Mr. Tokatyan, as Paolo, caught flies with gusto and sang gracefully, while Mr. Diaz made much of his moment of song. The other comedy roles were in the capable hands of Miss Howard and Mr. Didur, and Mr. Moranzoni occasionally made the score sound almost important.

OTHER MUSIC.

A mild, square, white-haired man ascended Josef Stransky's platform at the State Symphony last night in the midst of much hand-clapping and tapping of fiddlebows. It was Siegfried Wagner, the guest of honor at his concert, which was dedicated to

the magic name on the anniversary of his father's death.

He conducted "A Siegfried Idyl," with what memories of Triebtschen and that gay Christmas morning years ago the audience could only conjecture. But something in his gentleness and simplicity and the overtones of the occasion gave a new beauty to the music-poem which bears his name and to the serenity of the score was added the infinite "pathos of distance."

It was a genuine and deeply touching performance, which brought first silence from the large audience and then a burst of spontaneous applause.

Siegfried Wagner bowed, as it awakened from a dream, came back for more bewildered encores, and then was replaced by Mr. Stransky, who with the "Meistersinger" completed his all-Wagner program.

Because of the sudden illness of Marguerite Volnay, her concert at Aeolian Hall, scheduled for last night, was postponed. The only solo performance was the song recital of Robert Naylor at Town Hall. Mr. Naylor is an American lyric tenor whose program was made up of, izetti, Flotow, Irish love songs, numbers of kindred quality and tent.

ROBERT NAYLOR, a native lyric tenor, with good style, taste and musicianliness, was heard in a programme of songs and operatic arias last night at the Town Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.
Symphony Society Concert.

Bruno Walter, the guest conductor of the Symphony Society, gave his audience in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the whole of Schubert's "heavenly length" symphony. It was Schumann who thus spoke of the symphony in C major which Schubert never heard and which Schumann found among old manuscripts and sent to Mendelssohn. That master produced it in 1838 at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. Usually when this long symphony is performed it is cut; but Mr. Walter omitted nothing and the large audience listened to Schubert's outpour of melody for over an hour. The other works on the program were Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy overture and Richard Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Mr. Walter is an interesting conductor, especially to those who value orchestral perspective. He lays perhaps too much stress on his brass, particularly the trombones, but he does not insistently sacrifice clarity to his fortes. He has a keen sense of rhythm and an eager recognition of melodic phrasing, so that one gets both the sharp outline and the characteristic color of Schubert. He had evidently rehearsed the symphony thoroughly and the orchestra gave him what he desired.

Furthermore the concert served once again to emphasize the fact that the Symphony Society orchestra is composed of excellent material, which a good technician wielding the baton can direct to admirable musical purpose. There need be no talk of a "reading" of the Schubert C major symphony. It is not a work of profound or subtle psychology. It publishes eloquently Schubert's love for military and dance rhythms and the lyric enchantment of song. Played with perspicuity and enthusiasm, as it was yesterday, it is always a joy to hear.

"Tannhaeuser" Again.

"Tannhaeuser" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There was an unusually large audience. This fact might be traced to a number of sources. Mme. Jeritza, who was the representative of the excessively salubrious Elizabeth, is rapidly nearing her final appearance of the season and perhaps some of her admirers may have taken that into their consideration; even though the character of the chateleine of the Wartburg is not one that brings into refulgence the most seductive qualities of the Viennese soprano's art. Many people may have gone for the sake of the promise offered by the originally advertised ensemble, which was al-

tered by the substitution of Mme. Gordon for Mme. Branzell in the role of Venus. And perhaps some went to hear "Tannhaeuser."

Even at this late day it is well to harp upon an old string. "Tannhaeuser" is one of the most profoundly human and moving of Wagner's works. It has been called a man's opera, and doubtless it is, if there is such a thing. But without question women can penetrate all the meanings of the tragic battle for a man's soul, a battle which is waged between the two great feminine classes named by Weininger, but not to be named here. The drama is an absorbing one, but it is set to great music, and it contains all those spectacular elements with which Meyerbeer juggled and Wagner molded his "art work of the future."

Last evening's performance, having been robbed of its promised Venus, was at any rate fortunate in its unpromised Wolfram. Mr. Whitehill was to have sung the part, but he was indisposed and Friedrich Schorr, who was to have made his debut next week, was disclosed to a Metropolitan audience before his time. It was an evidence of Mr. Schorr's artistic sincerity and willingness to sacrifice himself to the general good. Those who heard him last winter with the Wagnerian company were not astonished at his Metropolitan engagement, and those who heard him last evening must have been gratified at his addition to the company.

Mr. Schorr is what the Germans call a "helden baryton," a heroic barytone, but he proved last evening that he could sing lyrically, with a quality of tone not only musically excellent but warm and temperamental, with repose and character, with intelligent reading and good diction. His Wolfram had clearly defined quality and it commanded the interest and sympathy of the audience.

Mme. Jeritza repeated her impersonation of Elizabeth, which has great sincerity, much beauty of voice and much dramatic significance. Mr. Taubert's Tannhaeuser is not a thrilling impersonation and there was room for wonder at the state of mind of both Venus and Elizabeth; but it was better vocally than it was last winter. Mme. Gordon was a very handsome Venus, but her singing was indifferent. Mr. Gustafson as the Landgrave and Mr. Meader as Walther were other principals. Mr. Bodansky conducted.

MISS LOW IN RECITAL.
Young Soprano Sings at Aeolian Hall.

Miss Rosa Low, a young soprano, gave her first song recital of the season in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It was not her first appearance, however, for the young lady had the role of Micaela in a performance of "Carmen" by the San Carlo company last fall.

Miss Low's program was conventional in arrangement, but it possessed some attractive compositions. It consisted of Caecili's "Amavilli" (sixteenth century), seventeenth century airs, by Durante and Lully, a group of lieder by Schumann and Brahms, seven Hungarian folk songs by Balazs Arpad, Szuc's "Claire de Lune" and many other offerings.

Miss Low sang well. She was not gifted with extraordinary powers and the flexibility and range of her upper register were decidedly limited. In displays of dramatic qualities her voice was unequal to the demands made upon it. Nevertheless she sang many of her lyric numbers with much charm. Her performance was musical and her voice possessed to a high degree capacities for tenderness, shading and sensitive coloring. Her tone was not large, but it revealed many artistic assets which rendered it enjoyable to a large audience. Cocnraad V. Bos was at the piano.

Bruno Walter Conducts.
By OLIN DOWNES.

The performance of Schubert's C major symphony given yesterday afternoon by Bruno Walter at the head of the New York Symphony Orchestra was one in which the conductor completely submerged himself in his task and created an atmosphere of ideality and of wondrous beauty. Such performances

are extremely rare. The symphony is very familiar, and it will never lose the tag of "heavenly length" attached to it by Schumann. Mr. Walter's interpretation was such a triumph of musicianship and sincerity that one would not willingly have sacrificed a measure.

This performance served to impress another consideration on the listeners, namely, how much depends, even with the greatest masterworks, on interpretation. Young people listen to a symphony by Schubert or even Beethoven, and say that it is dull, that it is a pity these composers had not the temperament and color in their music of the moderns, when the fault is so frequently that of an inefficient or lackadaisical interpretation on the part of the conductor. Good performances of Schubert symphonies are not, as many people suppose, matters of course, or things that any conductor can do if he pleases. They are much more seldom heard, for example, than good performances of Strauss or even Debussy. We are constrained in cold blood to remark that as a whole this was the finest reading of the incomparable C major symphony that it has been our fortune to attend.

How, after years of routine and in this place of taxis, elevated trains and steam drills, could Mr. Walton have achieved such depth and freshness of feeling? It was as if one listened to the first performance of a wonder-work, as though orchestra as well as conductor were breathless with its beauty. Now the music was Dionysiac—it is this symphony, and not Beethoven's seventh, which is the apotheosis of the dance—now deeply melancholy, with, ever and again, some sudden hush like the mystery of nature. The music came to the hearer completely unobstructed by the conductor's personality or the beat of a drill-master. As a rule the tempi were slower than those favored by conductors of the prima donna tribe, and more, not less eloquence resulted from it. One felt what can only be called the natural and unhurried respiration of the instruments. It would be hard to imagine a more dramatic climax than that of the slow movement.

This was conducting. By the side of that experience certain wildly applauded interpretations appear now as if the music had been dragged by the hair across the stage and cajoled and beaten into outcries to attract an astonished crowd. When Mr. Walter raised his baton nothing existed except music and the pure soul of Franz Peter Schubert. The other compositions of the program were Tchaikowsky's glowing tone poem after Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and Richard Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel." Tchaikowsky's music was given a highly dramatic interpretation, though certain colors could have been laid on with richer and more splendid effect. It had also this surpassing merit, that Mr. Walter did not go out of his way to emphasize vulgarities and banalities that are interspersed among much higher characteristics of this glowing music. He was eloquent with the love theme which is one of the finest inspirations in all Tchaikowsky, and juxtaposed its fervors impressively with the tragic bomb of the final lamentation.

"Til Eulenspiegel" was conducted with the blend of the fox-spirit, and the characteristic fire and satirical expression that give this work its unique position in modern music. There was a large audience. There was hearty applause. There would have been more, no doubt, had Mr. Walter cut his hair strangely, flourished cuffs, or executed an occasional pirouette on the platform. We fear that his ear and his artistic conscience are too delicate for the age of advertisement. But the concert was a joy to those who love music for its own sake, and who cannot hear such a composition as Schubert's symphony, thus interpreted, without carrying away treasure and inspiration.

By Deems Taylor
WALTER CONDUCTS.

Bruno Walter found, a largo and cordial audience awaiting him when he made his first appearance in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and he largely justified the warmth of his welcome, for the Munich conductor brings to his work gifts and a personality that are strikingly defined.

Chief of these is his sure orchestral technique. There is no sense of the haphazard or fortuitous in anything he does. His readings are obviously the result of careful planning, and he keeps the orchestra under perfect control with a minimum expenditure of energy and with no superfluous gesture. He does not conduct for the audience, making no attempt to interpret the music with his arms as well as his brain. But he does know what he wants and how to get it from the players.

It is not possible, however, to wax unreservedly enthusiastic about the uses he makes of his technique. His program yesterday was one that taxed neither the slight reading skill of the players nor the receptivity of the audience, for it comprised three well-thumbed favorites: Schubert's symphony in C, Chykovsky's "Romeo

and Juliet" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel." But the latter familiarity of the music threw into high relief the idiosyncracies of Mr. Walter's conducting.

They were curiously the opposite of the traits he displayed when he conducted the orchestra last season. Then he seemed constantly to be keeping the orchestra down, giving readings that were exquisite in detail but that had no great dynamic range. Yesterday, on the contrary, he seemed to have no trace of mezzo-forte in his cosmos; most of the music was even soundless or deafening.

This is known as "dramatic" playing, and in the rather theatrical measures of Chykovsky and Strauss it was effective and exciting. Schubert, however, fared less well. The symphony had so many climaxes that it inevitably seemed to have none at all, and sounded even longer than its none too brief fifty-five minutes.

The quiet passages went best, for Mr. Walter can coax a very beautiful pianissimo from his orchestra. His fortes were less fortunate, for he spurred the brasses so vigorously that they detached themselves completely from the rest of the band and went sailing off into the domain of sheer noise. If Mr. Walter would only strike an average between last year's and this year's styles he ought to produce impressive results.

In the evening Mr. Mengelberg conducted the Philharmonic in a well played and badly arranged program. He devoted the first half to an hour and five minutes of early eighteenth century music—which was enchanting for thirty minutes and thereafter rather maddening in its harmonic monotony—and finished a pedestrian evening with Strauss's early Serenade for Wind Instruments and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

Two composers furnished the eighteenth century music, Corelli coming first with his Concerto Grosso No. 8, played by the whole string section of the orchestra, with Mr. Mengelberg at the harpsichord and Messrs Guidi, Loblov and Van Vliet playing the solo violins and cello.

The second was a dance suite for small orchestra, arranged and scored by Richard Strauss, from pieces that appear in Couperin's four books of clavecin music. He has used eight altogether, and their number includes a pavane, a courante, an engaging carillon, a sarabande and a gavotte. The suite is pleasant enough and perfectly harmless, but one doubts whether it would attain much fame if Strauss had not arranged it.

Its position on the program may have had something to do with its lack of striking effectiveness—but not everything. The music is rather light in texture, and Strauss has not managed to increase its weight appreciably. The score calls for thirty players (Mr. Mengelberg augmented last night's combination to forty) and does not make up in ingenuity what it lacks in volume. There are some characteristically Straussian passages for harp and celesta, but otherwise the instrumentation might have been done by almost any competent musician.

OTHER MUSIC.

Friedrich Schorr, who left us such endearing memories of Hans Sachs and Wotan with the late Wagnerians, made his debut at the Metropolitan last night. He appeared as the Wolfram of "Tannhauser," a part not without its pitfalls, for it is a deplorable fact that the role of the alchemist-lover is often a thankless one in this cruel world; Wolfram in particular is sometimes sentimentalized to the point of smugness.

It is to the everlasting credit of Mr. Schorr's genuine artistry, that he brought this figure back to its noble and human proportions. His voices which was always rich with color and significance, has gained a certain breadth of style, an ease which left him free for this simple and eloquent characterization. Moreover, he is that rare type of actor who casts his spell of illusion over the entire scene about him—the "Valley near the Wartburg" came to life before your eyes.

The last scene was his alone—quite apart from the tender designation of

the "Evening Star," to which he gave a new wistfulness—and even the final woe of Tannhauser and Elizabeth were tinged by the memory of this "very perfect, gentle Knight."

Jeanne Gordon added to the performance a vivid and magnetic Venus—a bit jeunne fille at moments but none the less effective for this detail. Otherwise the cast was a familiar one, headed by the Tannhauser of Curt Taubner and the Elizabeth of Marie Jerkka.

A. S.

Marica Palesti, Soprano, Applauded

Marica Palesti, prima donna soprano of Moscow Opera House, gave her first song recital at Town Hall yesterday evening: Michael Feveysky, conductor of the same establishment, accompanied.

Mme. Palesti sang three operatic numbers, including the air from Salome to the enjoyment of the audience. Her linguistic ability was quite remarkable, she drew upon Italian, French, English and Russian sources and as an encore gave the air from Tosca in Greek; this scored a great success.

The last group consisted entirely of Chaykovsky compositions, which were sung with appropriate pathos and melancholy. The soprano was recalled and warmly applauded.

AMHERST CLUBS IN CONCERT.

Mrs. Coolidge Patroness of College Musical Event.

Jeffrey John Archer Amherst, Viscount Holmesdale, a direct descendant of Lord Jeffrey Amherst, who founded the college, heard the Amherst College musical clubs in their annual concert at the Ritz-Carlton last night. "Lord Jeffrey Amherst," one of the famous songs, was the first number. Other numbers presented by the Glee Club included "Deep River," by Burleigh, and "Morning Hymn," by Henschel. A new song, "Jolly Good Ale," was sung to a New York audience for the first time. The club is under the leadership of H. W. Rogers of Minneapolis.

The Mandolin Club, led by J. T. Royce of Terre Haute, played numbers of a semi-classical, humorous and collegiate nature. Among its selections were the "Kashmiri Love Song," "Marcheta," by Schertzeiner; "Peter Gink," adapted from the Peer Gynt Suite, and the college melody.

By HENRY T. FINCK

Willem Mengelberg is, as we all know, one of the most ardent admirers and apostles of Richard Strauss, and Strauss, in turn, has shown his admiration for the great Dutch conductor, as well as his gratitude, by dedicating to him his autobiographic tone poem "A Hero's Life." It is therefore not surprising that Mengelberg was able to secure the privilege of being the first to present his latest opus to the American public. It was done last night's Philharmonic concert; and, be it said at once, the novelty made a decidedly agreeable impression.

Richard Strauss has often tried to remove the impression that he can think of music only in terms of mammoth orchestras and labyrinthian counterpoint in twenty-seven colors. He has always paraded his love of the simple Mozart music antipodal to his own. In the new work heard last night he pays a tribute to French simplicity and melodic charm—the charm which his own works so often lack.

"Dance Suite for Orchestra," by Couperin is the title of the novelty. The suite consists of eight numbers: Entrance and Courtly Bows (Pavane), Courante, Carillon, Sarabande, Gavotte, Whirling Dance, Allemande, March.

The pieces are selected at random from Couperin's copious collections for harpsichord or clavecin—collections which pianists of our time have not overlooked, for modern audiences like these quaint old-fashioned dances. Strauss scored them for small orchestra and the suite was first played in Dresden last month. Seldom has a novelty crossed the ocean so suddenly.

Perhaps Strauss feels jealous of Stravinsky, who is noted for his skill in getting dazzling new colors out of small orchestras. On his Couperin suite he has lavished all the skill in orchestrating he has shown ever since he began his career as a composer. The combination of French saltatorial melody and rhythm with modern German tinting is decidedly enjoyable.

Like a Music Box With a Soul

The most delicious number was the "Carillon." Lawrence Gilman thus de-

scribes it in his copious and felicitous program notes (a marvel of cultivated scholarship):

"This is the piece which Couperin calls 'Le Carillon de Cithere,' from Book III (the second movement in the fourteenth 'Ordre'). The first six notes of the tune, minus Couperin's embellishments (announced by the celesta) are identical with the beginning of 'Yankee Doodle'—a fact which one must leave to the all-wise Mr. Sonneck to explain. The opening section of this captivating piece is scored only for celesta, glockenspiel, harp, and cembalo. The strings enter at the change of key to A major, and Strauss afterwards adds flutes, oboes, and horns."

Surely, Couperin would have shouted for joy could he have heard this sublimated tinkle of celesta, glockenspiel, harp, and cembalo. It sounded like a huge music box miraculously endowed with a soul. There is nothing like it in all music. If Paul Whiteman, apostle of new-sounding things, is wise, he will add this Carillon to his programs.

A Liszt Triumph

It was a mistake on Mr. Mengelberg's part to have the Strauss novelty follow a similar collection of eighteenth century pieces as embodied in Corelli's Concerto Grosso No. 8, for two solo violins and a solo cello. It was very charming, too, but likely to create a sense of too much of one thing. The conductor made liberal use of the composer's permission to "radoppiare" the instruments by using half a hundred or so strings—and what an overwhelming tonal aggregation these Philharmonic strings are!

Another Philharmonic group was exhibited to similar advantage in Strauss's early work, the "Serenade for Wind Instruments." And then came the grand climax, the full orchestra in Liszt's glorious "Les Preludes," which Mengelberg conducts in a truly inspired manner. The audience rose, wild with enthusiasm. Oh, for a chance to hear Mengelberg conduct Liszt's "Tasso," an even greater work than the "Preludes"!

Mengelberg Makes Old Music Flash.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The feature of the concert given by Willem Mengelberg and the New York Philharmonic Society last night in Carnegie Hall was not a new set of old pieces by Couperin, orchestrated and amplified by Richard Strauss, nor yet the eighth "concerto grosso" of Corelli, which, through poor judgment in program music, was placed by the side of the Couperin-Strauss contraption; nor yet Richard Strauss's melodious Serenade for wind instruments. It was the extraordinary interpretation, not unfamiliar to Mr. Mengelberg's audiences, of Liszt's "Les Preludes."

We speak of this first because it is, after all, the "news" of the concert. The news is what people are talking about. When the audience left the hall last night, although many had heard Mr. Mengelberg do the same thing before, it was talking of one thing—what he had accomplished with Liszt's semi-antiquated music. Who believes in it today? Answer: Mr. Mengelberg! And sincerity is inevitably creative.

Mr. Mengelberg makes this music flash and flare with all its one-time fervors. He accomplishes with it—poor and trashy as it is—what Mr. Walter had accomplished in the afternoon with an incomparably superior work of art, the C major symphony of Schubert. Just as the performance of even that glorious work demonstrated how utterly essential is the act of re-creation when a musical composition is performed—given the only real life it can possess through performance—just so did Mr. Mengelberg re-create with the dazzling Hungarian genius of the romantic era his clanking, swaggering tone-poem. One was taken back to a younger day. In place of balderdash the introduction sounded mystical, profound, stupendous, as certain pages of a much later work, Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," still sound today. The battle music stirred the blood. Early and late in the piece the trombones blared out with the impressiveness of revelation. It is the custom to say that only time determines the value of a musical composition. Listening last night to Mr. Mengelberg one began to wonder whether this is not a

misleading fallacy, since, in the past, of time and generations, those who interpret a given composition under the light of the less as their period draws them away in point of impressionability from the time of its inspiration. Anyhow, the climax of the concert was this astonishing recrudescence of Liszt through Mengelberg. Is not this the best, the best, the best, the best of Mr. Mengelberg's war horses? If he has more of such mettle, let them canter forth, and briskly.

Hearing the first performance in city of the pieces that Strauss has made for orchestra with harpsichord without trombones from various of harpsichord pieces Couperin of the century wrote in such profusion with such delightful fancy, we are bound to say that we not only greatly prefer Couperin in his original form, but we also prefer Strauss's composition of the Serenade for wind instruments, Strauss the disarranger of charm and delicate music. That he has treated Couperin's melodies with dexterity and mastery of his material goes without saying, and of course there are a number of pleasing and ingenious effects, but this is another of the many stances in modern art of the painter of the life. There is much gingerbread work. There is an intrusion of Straussian sentimentality in the Allemande and in certain other places which is anything but appropriate to the subject-matter or the occasion. One must be discontented: Strauss came right after an over long though rich composition, of a similar character, by Corelli. What caused Mr. Mengelberg to make this extraordinary program? Human ears and critical acumen, in such quantity as originally available, had been thoroughly wearied by the time Strauss began his haberdashery of the music of an older century. This music, none too highly colored, in any case, of great artistic value. More become a weariness. Corelli's suite is full of superb musical phrases and periods of the finest and most plastic beauty. Elsewhere it is diffuse and repetitious and another thing, the number of strings employed last night in its performance made too heavy a tone-quality, thinner and more elegant sonority would have been better for the composition. In the performance of Corelli's "Concerto" Mr. Mengelberg played with admirable authority the harpsichord, the modern grand piano adaptation of that instrument. In the performance of Strauss-Couperin this part was taken with musicianship and ample technique Bernard Wagenaar. The Serenade Strauss, expressively played, was a relief to the ears. It is fashioned, the world now knows, more after Mozart than after Liszt or Wagner. It is not as has a naive melodic vein which is pleasing, but it has the flavor of sincerity. The youthful Strauss does not seem to be aping a style, but to be writing with spontaneity and pleasure in his performance. That was before he, like Mr. Mengelberg, had come under the spell of the Liszt of "Les Preludes"!

FLORA ADLER PLAYS.

Harpist Assisted in Her Recital by Louis Chartier, Baritone.

Flora Adler, harpist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall assisted by Louis Chartier, baritone. Miss Adler showed her mastery in execution in a number of pieces specially suited to the instrument, securing effective gradations of tone coloring. The "Impromptu Caprice," by Pleyel and the "Marche Funèbre," by Henri Renié, in widely different moods, seemed nearest to the temperament of the player, who was warmly applauded by the audience.

Louis Chartier in his "Monologue," from André Chenier, displayed a baritone of beautiful quality, which he used with artistic emotion and intensity. He declaimed in French and English with equally good and he won the sympathy and interest of his hearers. A charming song by Hahn, "La Barchetta," had to be repeated.

GALLI-CURCI IN FAREWELL.

Sings in "Le Coq d'Or" Matinee for Caruso Memorial Fund.

Mme. Galli-Curci sang her farewell and Miss Rosina Galli danced, despite a recent operation on her foot, at yesterday's Metropolitan matinee for the Caruso Memorial Fund. The usual double cast assisted in "Le Coq d'Or," preceded by Fosselle, Lauri-Volpi and Picco in "Cavalleria." In the evening "L'Amore del Tre Re" was repeated in honor of Montemezzi, who was later guest at supper at the Hotel Pennsylvania before sailing for Italy today.

r. y. Sym. repeat.

Louis Stillman
prima recital

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Plays.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The things that impress themselves on the memory in a crowded musical season are not always performances of novelties, exciting as these may be. They are sometimes such performances as the one of Mozart's A minor Rondo with which Ossip Gabrilowitsch opened his piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Beauty was then revealed with a mastery that left nothing to be desired, and the experience of it gave a hardened concert-goer pause. Nor was this merely a rendering of classic "life" and "proportion" and all the other shibboleths of a certain school. Underneath the clear mirror of the glorious music was felt a deep emotion, an inward trouble which Mozart so often and so strangely—despite his formalism—expressed, and which leaves behind it a haunting memory. This was an engrossing performance, a lesson for any music lover, and particularly for those interested in fine piano playing. Equally fortunate was Mr. Gabrilowitsch in his playing of the short, intimate and joyous sonata of Beethoven in E minor, Op. 90, with the finale of the charming sing-song refrain. Here, too, form and mood were balanced with as much proportion on the part of the interpreter as the composer, and it was remarkable how that unpretentious and unforced masterpiece made itself felt in the present day concert hall.

The impression of the performance of the Brahms-Handel Variations was twofold—first, that the pianist conveyed the music with equal mastery and love of it, whether it was rugged and fiery, or the more poetic vein; secondly, that the set could have been played with more places, more subtle coloring and modern feeling. Brahms was certainly a modern and a romantic, especially in these and in the Paganini variations.

For one individual, at least, Mr. Gabrilowitsch's reading was a little too simple and classic.

In singing passages his legato was thing to wonder at, and the reading of the fugue was superb in its coherency, color and effect.

A rather weak Chopin group, consisting of the early Rondo, Op. 10; the étude of 25 No. 7, and the Tarantelle completed the printed program. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, applauded to the echo, an audience which packed the hall, played encores.

the instruments to sing instead of jostle them. He and his orchestra rose to acknowledge the applause. It was a concert of many excellences. It lacked principally the thing that every orchestral program given yesterday lacked—novelty or noteworthy innovation.

THIBAUD PLAYS BACH.

Philharmonic Soloist Also Performs Chausson's "Poeme."

The Philharmonic Orchestra played under the direction of Willem Mengelberg yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, the assisting artist being Jacques Thibaud. The French violinist was heard in Bach's E-major concerto, in which he displayed his well-known qualities of polish and delicacy. His lovely tone was specially marked in the adagio. The orchestra collaborated with fine intuition and impeccable exactitude. The "Poeme" by Chausson later brought out M. Thibaud's fire and romanticism and resulted in prolonged applause.

Mr. Mengelberg and the orchestra gave a reading of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 which impressed the audience by its clearness of detail and the wealth of its expression. The applause which greeted its climax was shared, at a signal from the conductor, by the instrumentalists. The program concluded with two much enjoyed numbers by Johann Strauss, the overture to the "Fledermaus" and the "Vienna Woods" waltz.

Zlatko Balokovic Welcomed.

Zlatko Balokovic, the Croatian violinist, at his first American appearance last evening at the National Theatre scored a decided success. In a program taken from the best violin literature he proved an artist of talent and resources. The Handel sonata was played with mastery while the ease with which he overcame the technical difficulties of the Paganini concerto won him applause at every pause.

His tone is strong and full of the most tenuous softness, but always of the truest intonation. Also he has freedom and breadth in the larger moments. The audience waxed enthusiastic. Rex Tillson did good service at the piano. Mr. Balokovic will repeat the same program next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday and will change his repertoire the following Sunday evening.

Leon Cortilli In Recital.

Leon Cortilli, the Polish tenor, who has made many appearances in leading roles in opera and concert in his native land, and who received his musical training in Italy, France, Austria and Germany, was successful in a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. He sang an aria from "Halka" with dramatic fire, and showed to even better advantage in "Le Reve" from "Manon." His voice is well suited to the concert platform and he was warmly applauded throughout the evening.

Mieczyslaw Munz, the pianist, was heard at last night's "opera concert" in Liszt's A-major concerto with the orchestra under Bambochek. Singers in the same program were Mmes. Mario Sabanieva, Guilford and Gordon, Messrs. Diaz, Mardones and Wolf.

HUBERMAN IS APPLAUDED.

Heard With Stransky's Players at Opera House Matinee.

A matinee audience at the Metropolitan yesterday heard the last but one of the State Symphony Orchestra's series there. It will close March 2, when Mme. Jeritza, now starting her own concert tour, returns from a local field day with Mr. Stransky's players. No soloists assisted yesterday. Bronislaw Huberman in Mendelssohn's violin concerto and Anton Bilotti in the "Dance of Death" by Liszt. The orchestra gave also Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, Smetana's "The Moldau" and the "Rakocsy" march of Berlioz.

Mr. Huberman was long applauded after the concerto, which, with the brief symphony that preceded it, might well share honors among the most popular of musical classics. Mr. Bilotti also made a graceful appearance, if less fortunate, in the noisy piano declamation of the "Dies Irae." Indeed, Liszt's bombast made the brass of Berlioz after it shine like gold. Mr. Stransky's interlude from Smetana, anticipating the Czech composer's centenary, was a joyful celebration of his native river in melodies of Bohemia's own.

Leon Brahms, Tenor, Appears.

Singing one song from a famous namesake composer, Leon Brahms made his debut at the Town Hall last night in a program topheavy with grand opera tenor airs, adding another, that of the last act from "Tosca," among three encores at the evening's close. He is a Russian. It was said, of remote—if any—kinship to the Viennese Johannes. Mr. Brahms gave account of himself in old Italian airs, romantic German Lieder, an interesting group of Russian composers and excerpts from "Onegin," "Manon" and "La Juive." His voice, light but pleasing, was at

best in its lightest flights of "hair-voice," fondly dwelt on and too frequently carried over into the high falsetto that Eastern Europe borrows from the further Orient, a style yet exotic to the stage of New York.

Thibaud, Huberman, Zimbalist

Three famous violinists were heard at three orchestral concerts yesterday. Jacques Thibaud played with Mengelberg the tuneful and adorable Bach concerto in E major and Chausson's "Poeme"; he was in his best form and got much applause. Mengelberg also conducted the third "Leonore" overture, with rather too much of the sforzando jerkiness in accent that has been growing on him.

At the State Symphony Orchestra's last but one concert at the Metropolitan there were two soloists; Bronislaw Huberman played the Mendelssohn concerto in his usual finished style, while Anton Bilotti gave a rousing performance of Liszt's gruesome "Danse Macabre." The orchestra, under Stransky, played Schubert's "Unfinished," besides Smetana's "Vetava" and the "Rakoczy" march attributed to

Berlioz but really stolen from Liszt.

Efrem Zimbalist played a concerto by Glazunoff at the New York Symphony Orchestra's Aeolian Hall concert yesterday to the satisfaction of the audience. Bruno Walter's orchestral numbers were a Mozart symphony and the "Tristan" prelude and finale.

Other musical events were a second recital by Henry Cowell, specialist in "tone clusters" the debuts of two singers, Leon Cortilli and Leon Brahms, both tenors; and the first of sixteen recitals to be given at the National Theatre by the Croatian violinist, Zlatko Balokovic. At the Metropolitan's Sunday concert the extra soloist was the Polish pianist, Mieczyslaw Munz, who played pieces by Liszt, Chopin, and Dohnanyi.

Cowell Gives Second Recital at Town Hall

Familiar Program, With Irish Legends, Reminiscent of MacDowell's Sea Pieces

Henry Cowell, who has attracted considerable attention in concerts in this country, as well as Europe, because of his "tone cluster" piano playing, gave his second recital of the season in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Cowell's program was not a new one to those who have heard him play before, for it was made up of his own compositions, beginning with three Irish legends, "The Hero Sun," "The Voice of Lir" and "The Tides of Mananauan." These last two are both suggestive of MacDowell's sea pieces, in spite of Mr. Cowell's vigorous use of his elbows, forearms and fists to produce the more ponderous effects.

He also played his "Dynamic Motion," with its four listed encores, "What's This?" "Amiable Conversation," "Advertisement" and "Antinomy." A third group contained his "Piece for Piano, with Strings," two dances, two episodes and "Exultation." The concert closed with an Irish legend, "The Vision of Oma."

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Interest in yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic centered rather more upon the soloist of the day than upon the orchestra; for Jacques Thibaud was entrusted with the two least familiar works upon the program, while Mr. Mengelberg contented himself with piloting his men through the third "Leonore" overture and Johann Strauss's overture to "Die Fledermaus," and "Tales from the Vienna Woods" waltzes.

Mr. Thibaud's two numbers were widely contrasted, both in age and style. He played first Bach's E major concerto, accompanied by the strings and organ, and reappeared after the intermission in Chausson's "Poeme," for violin and orchestra, and was superbly equal to both. Like Fritz Kreis-

ler, Mr. Thibaud approaches the effortless perfection of style and technique that transforms the virtuosos into an instrument. During his playing of the concerto one was content to forget Thibaud and think about Bach, admiring the Gothic strength and grace of the music, the grave beauty of the solo voice soaring above the pinnacles and buttresses below. In the Chausson work, centuries apart in its melancholy lyricism, he was equally eloquent, equally master of the music and himself.

Mr. Mengelberg conducted beautifully modulated and polished accompaniments for both works, and gave an intensely dramatic reading of the overture that roused his hearers to a pitch of enthusiasm not often encountered so early in a concert.

Max von Schillings's Thrilling 'Mona Lisa' Starts Its Second Season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Max von Schillings's opera "Mona Lisa" had its first performance of the current season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The work was produced here on March 2 of last year, when Mme. Barbara Kemp, prima donna Tentonica, made her initial bow before an American audience. Since that time she has become the wife of the composer of the opera and has brought him over to see how he likes America. He was present last evening and therefore able to appear in person to receive the public expressions of gratitude for his contribution to the glory of the Metropolitan stage.

"Mona Lisa" found favor with opera goers last season because it was one of the most thrilling of all those acting operas which have won their way into the foreground of lyric art. The purely vocal opera, in which singers stood still and voiced their emotions in eloquent music is now relegated to a secondary position. The divas of the bel canto period do not satisfy the appetite of this time for excitement while the singing actress who can magnificently roll down a flight of steps or tear passions to tatters and scatter them all over the stage, is the queen of the musical drama.

Opera's Musical Merit.

"Mona Lisa" has one great musical merit. The score does not interfere with the action. The play is one "with a punch," as dear old Broadway used to say, and no Donizetti or Bellini water weakens its force. It moves with directness and certainty. Its dramatic situations, which are tense, are not hampered by melodic requirements. For all this of course Max von Schillings is to be thanked. He has modestly held himself in check and not permitted an unwelcome ambition to compose important music to spoil a good play.

The cast last evening was that of last season, but possibly because the composer had been present at rehearsals there was more attention to the details of the music, while the action lost none of the sinister power which vitalized the work when it was revealed here. Mme. Kemp's *Mona Lisa* was her most striking impersonation last winter, and it will remain noteworthy for its singular combination of ice and fire. The wife of *Francisco*, frozen in the arctic regions of marital slavery, and the beloved of *Giovanni*, melted in the blazing sun of tropical passion, are two different beings. Mme. Kemp wore the mask of *Leonardo's* feminine sphinx and exposed the naked soul of the tortured woman with splendid dramatic skill as she did last year. There have been few such thrilling impersonations as this on the operatic stage.

Bohnen as Francisco.

Mr. Bohnen's *Francisco* is a masterly portrayal of a man of splendid power and intellect torn and conquered by his love for an unattainable woman. It is a more powerful

Phil. M. Balokovic
Chas. Courboin
my. W. W. W. W.
T. J. Sym. W. W. W. W.
C. J. A.

Tosca.

Habanera +
Compagnie +

Feb 18, 1924

The New York Symphony.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, with Bruno Walter guest conductor, and Efrem Zimbalist, soloist, played Mozart's E flat symphony; Glazunoff's violin concerto; the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," and Beethoven's 3d "Leonore" overture yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The technical qualities of the performances were not invariably as high as those of the program given previously by this conductor and orchestra in Carnegie Hall, but always the sincerity, the feeling, the high musicianship of Mr. Walter were evident, and the overwhelmingly dramatic performance of Beethoven's familiar overture was one of several features of a notable concert. Mr. Zimbalist's performance of the Glazunoff concerto was worthy of the best better material. Seldom has he played with such warmth, brilliancy and individuality of style to add to his sterling qualities as a musician and a player. The concerto itself is sugary, and, in spite of certain modern characteristics of its form, out-moded. The art of the violinist, however, more than compensated the audience for the quality of the composition. Again and again Mr. Zimbalist recalled.

Mozart's symphony was played with a sympathy throughout, particularly in the slow movement and the just and emotion of the finale. In the *Tristan* music the "Liebestod" had for once a real solemnity and exaltation of its beginning, as also a real pianissimo. But other conductors hurry the rising romantic progressions of the violins. Mr. Walter gave these passages the meaning and passion by allowing

and patent characterization than that of Mme. Kemp but can only match hers in subtlety. It cannot excel it. The two actors make an almost blood curdling effect of the closing scene of the first act, when the husband has trapped the lover in the jewel cabinet and forces the despairing mistress to accept the caresses of her liege lord, which her heart is dying in the closet. All that can be done with the climax of the second act these two fine singing actors do, but it is not in human power of the husband beside the body of the lover is horrifying, but after all it is an anti-climax.

Mr. Taucher as Giovanni plays a comparatively unimportant part in the opera. The role might perhaps acquire greater distinction, but in Mr. Taucher's hands at any rate it fits well into the general scheme and helps the general illusion. Mme. Peralta is very happy as *Ginevra*, a slightly Florentine lady with a past, a present and a future. The singer looks the part and acts it with intelligence. There are several minor roles in the opera. None are of importance, but with such experienced performers as Messrs. Meader, Schlegel, D'Angelo and Gustafson in them they have their due value. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with good judgment and the orchestra played with more than usual care.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Mona Lisa," opera in two acts, with prologue and epilogue by Max Schillings, libretto by Beatrice Dovsky, sung by Max Bohnen, Arthur Bodanzky, conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

IN PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE:
A Tourist.....Michael Bohnen
His Young Wife.....Barbara Kemp
A Young Monk.....Curt Taucher
IN THE OTHER SCENES:
Francesco.....Michael Bohnen
Giovanni.....Curt Taucher
Sandro.....William Gustafson
Pietro.....Carl Schlegel
Arlegio.....George Meader
Alessio.....Max Bohnen
Masolino.....Louis D'Angelo
Mona Fior da Lisa.....Barbara Kemp
Ginevra.....Frances Peralta
Dionora.....Ellen Dalossy
Piccardia.....Marion Telva
Citizens of Florence, Nuns, Carnival Procession, Monks, Servants.

Metropolitan patrons are getting so accustomed to composers and their descendants that the sudden appearance of Mr. Verdi before the curtain after a performance of "Aida" would probably occasion little commotion below the family circle. They have seen Slegfried Wagner and Italo Montemezzi within a month, and last night they were given a glimpse of Max Schillings, composer of "Mona Lisa." Mr. Schillings came out after the first act of his opera, shared two curtain calls with Michael Bohnen and Barbara Kemp, and took a third by himself. There was no wreath.

Outside of the composer's appearance, the most exciting thing about last night's presentation was, as it had been last year, the thrilling performance of Mr. Bohnen as the sinister Francesco. It is a characterization abounding in telling detail, full of plastic beauty and superbly sustained mood—altogether one of the best examples of melodramatic acting to be seen on the stage to-day.

No one, outside of Feodor Chaliapin, surpasses Mr. Bohnen's vocal flexibility and mastery of graceful and telling gesture. He does not know, yet, however, what Chaliapin does know—that pantomime can be overdone. Parts of his performance last night seemed overstudied, overdetached, passing by one gesture, one pose too many, over the borderline between eloquence and spellbinding. Mr. Bohnen needs a stage director.

The performance marked Mme. Kemp's first appearance of the season. She looked just as uncannily like Leonardo's La Gioconda as she did last year, acted with the same painstaking earnestness and sang with the same general lack of impressiveness. The cast was otherwise as it had been, every one doing well what little there was to do, with Mr. Bodanzky laboring devotedly over Mr. Schillings's not altogether inspired score.

A matinee performance of "Thais" served as Maria Jeritz's farewell appearance of the season. The blonde

Viennoise threw herself wholeheartedly into the role and received a vociferous "Auf wiedersehen" from a house full of devoted listeners. Mr. Diaz was Nicolas and Mr. Danise sang Athanael. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

At Aeolian Hall in the afternoon there was a violin recital by Carmine Fabrizio, who played a rather lightweight program that was headed by Lazzari's gently Franckian sonata. Mr. Fabrizio's tone is true and pleasant, and he played with taste and technical command that were easily sufficient to the demands of the program.

The day's second violinist, Thelma Given, played at Carnegie Hall in the evening, offering, among others, the Vitali chaconne, the Franck sonata and two groups of shorter pieces. Her tone suffered occasionally from her desire to enlarge it beyond its natural size, but it possessed considerable beauty, particularly in the upper register, and her playing generally showed musicianship and good style. She was assisted by Charles Albert Baker at the organ and Richard Hageman at the piano. Mr. Hageman played especially well in the sonata.

Isiah Seligman, a pianist from the Pacific Coast, gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall in the evening, playing a more or less conventional program that included the Bach-Busoni chaconne, three Chopin pieces, three by Scriabin and Liszt's twelfth rhapsody.

Max Schilling's opera, "Mona Lisa," the libretto by Beatrice Dovsky, was performed last night for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House, with the composer present. After the first act Mr. Schilling appeared before the curtain with his wife, Barbara Kempf, who had appeared in the title role, and these two, with Messrs. Bohnen and Taucher, acknowledged many recalls.

The performance was virtually a repetition in cast of the initial presentation of the opera in New York in the same theatre on the 1st of March of last year. The libretto affords the composer opportunities of characterization, atmosphere, and dramatic emphasis of which he has not taken advantage. Yet the opera is effective for the stage. The tale, commenced by a monk who tells it to a lady visiting with her elderly and wealthy husband the palace of Glorioso in Florence—time, the present—is the 1001st explanation of the strange smile on the face of Leonardo da Vinci's famous portrait. It unfolds before the eyes of the audience. Francesco discovers his wife's passion for Giovanni, whom he locks alive in a vault, soon becomes his tomb. Mona Fioralisa revenges herself by enticing Francesco, in his turn, into the same fatal vault, shrieking her hatred and despair the while. Again the stage darkens, and it is hinted that the monk, Mona Fioralisa, and the wealthy tourist are reincarnations of the characters of the tragic drama which has just been enacted.

Much could have been made of such a libretto by a poet like Montemezzi on the one hand, or a realist like Giacomo Puccini on the other. But the emptiness of the score lays the burden on the principal performers. Miss Kempf sang very intelligently, resembled strikingly the famous portrait, and showed that she understood the emphasis of understatement. She moved through the drama as the figure of a dream. Mr. Taucher was competent in a sturdy, workmanlike, unromantic manner. Mr. Bohnen sang, usually in a dynamic scale demanded, apparently, by the music that ranged from forte to fortissimo. As always, his diction commended itself while his action was principally that of roaring melodrama. The ensemble was smooth enough, though the festival of wine, mirth and song of the opening act had an anachronistic flavor. It was dignified enough for the embodiment of prohibition, notwithstanding Mr. Meader's song, delivered with animation and other individual excellences. There is a colorful stage setting. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with all possible care and solicitude for the intention of the composer.

Jeritz's Late "Thais."

Marie Jeritz made her last appearance of the season as Thais yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House, but not her last appearance in this theatre before sailing for Europe. She will sing again in an extra performance of "Fedora" the 14th of next month. With Mme. Jeritz yesterday afternoon were Giuseppe Danise as Athanael, Rafael Diaz as Nicolas, and Paolo Ananin, Nannette Gullford, Grace Anthony, Merle Alcock and Millo Pico in other parts. Mr. Hasselmans conducted. The house was packed for this extra performance, the eighth Mme. Jeritz has given of this rôle. The fervid applause after each act and at the end testified to her extraordinary hold upon her public.

THELMA GIVEN RETURNS.

Violinist in Commanding Form at Her Carnegie Recital.

Thelma Given, violinist of force and fire, matched by magnificent physique, returned to Carnegie Hall last night, after a season's absence, to compel again the admiration of intuitive musicianship in heroic mold. She towered over tall Richard Hageman at the piano and Charles Baker at the organ in Vitali's chaconne, a reminiscence of her former debut, as indeed was the beautiful sonata of Franck that followed. A broad sweep of powerful bow, the brittle ending of each finished phrase, the tone often so full but commanding were remembered traits of a gifted player, now one of several among the American group of Auer, and one who plays most like a man.

To her shorter pieces by Auer, Tor Aulin, Gluck and Popper, she added two native bits, Grasse's "Waves at Play" and an arrangement of Schubert's "Hark, the Lark," by Spalding.

Fabrizio Plays French Masters.

Carmine Fabrizio, in his debut as violinist at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, gave a singularly ingratiating tribute not only to his masters, Loeffler and Ysaye, but also, despite his apparently Italian lineage, to the French violin repertoire represented by the Alsatian-American and the great Belgian. A short, vigorous youth, he showed flexibility of style in his few non-Gallic works from Sarasate, Arensky and from Kreisler, whose setting of Pugnani's minuet was re-demanded. Besides his rarer pieces by Ysaye and Loeffler, he gave a more formal "Concert Piece" by Saint Saens, and, with Alfred DeVoto, the sonata of Sylvio Lazzari, once heard here when the Paris composer visited New York for the Chicago company's production of his opera, "Le Sauteriot."

Isiah Seligman Plays.

Isiah Seligman, who played at Aeolian Hall last evening is a young pianist of parts. He indulged in a somewhat thunderous forte, but he was in full control of his technique and knew when to consider effects of light and shade and emotion. This cleanness of mind and of will was graphically expressed in a Bach-Busoni "Chaconne." There was much to recommend his ideas on Chopin; they were not in the least sentimental, but earnest and thoughtful. The value in particular had a brisk and fresh quality. The rest of his program carried his audience through Glazounow, Scriabine, Debussy and Liszt. He was warmly applauded throughout the evening.

NOTES

Feb 20 1924

Gertrude Peppercorn Plays.

Mme. Gertrude Peppercorn, the English pianist, recently heard here after an absence of some years, gave a second recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. She played two favorite sonatas, the C-sharp minor of Beethoven and B-flat minor of Chopin, adding shorter works of Liszt and Brahms, a march by Dohnanyi and Mme. Poldowski's "Blossoms Waltz." It was noteworthy that a numerous audience turned out for the English artist in the finest storm of New York's belated Winter.

Margarita Melrose Appears.

Margarita Melrose, appearing as pianist at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, made a fresh and Spring-like start with light, lyric music such as the sonata of Grieg and three of his "Sketches of Norwegian Life." In lyric vein also were three Spaniards, Manzanares, Gomez and even Albeniz, whose graceful "Nocheclita" was a trifle not for the concert hall. Miss Melrose was applauded in Beethoven's sonata Op. 54 and other serious works of Chopin. Gliere and Dohnanyi.

Miss Melrose in Recital

Grieg was well represented on the program of Margarita Melrose, a young American pianist who gave her first New York recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. In the Norwegian composer's sonata, Op. 7, which has not seen the light in piano recitals here for some time, Miss Melrose's playing was marked by distinct energy, sometimes approaching heaviness, and accentuated contrasts, both of pace and of volume. While the sonata is a work in which a varied, flexible tempo is of advantage—rather, imperative—she seemed to overdo it, the sudden alternation of fast and slow giving a rather abrupt effect.

With less marked contrasts Miss Melrose played the "Three Sketches of Norwegian Life," while her vigorous playing was effective in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 54, though the performance did not seem of the clearest. The later groups included unfamiliar numbers by Ruiz Manzanares and Ricardo Gomez, with Albeniz, Chopin and others.

Frederic Fradkin in Recital.

Frederic Fradkin was heard in a violin recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. He was much applauded for his reading of the Tartini sonata where his invariably sweet tone and his smooth, correct mechanism stood him in good stead. He was still more successful in Mendelssohn's Concerto. There his technical ease and flowing periods exactly suited the character of the music. The audience showed their appreciation by recalling Mr. Fradkin several times. Harry Kaufman gave him valuable assistance at the piano. The remainder of the program consisted of favorite pieces and a group of Hungarian folk airs.

Philharmonic Plays "New World."

Mr. Mengelberg conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra in the series at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, repeating from a Carnegie Hall program of last Sunday both Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture and Bach's E-major concerto, in which last the soloist was again the French violinist, Jacques Thibaud. An audience of good size applauded orchestra and star, as it also did the final number of the evening, Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." In his four American seasons, it was the first time the Dutch conductor had given this locally popular symphony.

SCHUBERT ENGAGES VIOLINIST.

Odette Myrtil, pantomimic violinist and international revue star, has been engaged by Lee Schubert for the new Century Roof revue. Miss Myrtil, who was born in Paris, has played in musical productions in London and recently has been a headliner in vaudeville. In the new roof revue she will appear in several violin pantomimes surrounded by her own company. In addition she will play principal roles.

Miss Myrtil's musical education includes grand opera and the violin. It was begun when she was four years old under her father, Charles Belza and her mother, Marguerite Belza, tenor and soprano, in French grand opera.

Feb 21 1924

THE mark may be low in Germany, but the stock of Teutonic opera singers stands high at the Metropolitan.

Last evening we had four "Lohengrin" principals from the lyrical theatres of the Fatherland. The importation was a successful one, for the quartet covered itself with glory.

First in importance came Michael Bohnen, who made a highly successful reappearance the other evening as Francesco in "Mona Lisa." His "Lohengrin" role was that of King Henry. Mr. Bohnen is the fortunate possessor of a powerful baritone voice, flexible and well controlled, which he is able to put through all the operatic paces, from lyrical expressiveness to intense dramatic outbursts. His acting is intelligent and convincing in the heroic Wagnerian manner. He made his King Henry impersonation a striking achievement.

Another skillful operatic artist is Clarence Whitehill, and he put robust proclamations and histrionic force into his enactment of the malevolent Teitramund.

Curt Taucher, the Lohengrin, made a more comfortable than romantic figure of the mysterious Knight of the Grail, but at least he was sincere, and he sang his music with fine, full tones, and in becomingly broad style.

Enter the ladies. Elizabeth Rothberg's vocal equipment is not surpassed by that of any soprano at the Metropolitan, and her contributions always are a joy to the ear. She lacks mobility and warmth as an actress when she undertakes Italian roles, but the Elsa of "Lohengrin" does not suffer when portrayed with a touch of the icyly virginal.

Karl Branzell, the fourth of the Germans, who registered triumphantly as Fricka in "Walkure" on a former occasion, repeated the strong impression then made.



LEONARD LIEBLING

in true Amazonian mould, is an ideal Wagner heroine. Herr Ortlund last evening had immense majesty and right. Her contralto voice is of noble quality and she uses the organ with impressive dramatic effect. "Lohengrin" as an opera begins to appear slow-paced in these restless days. Its music still attracts but no longer excites. One might think that Liszt wept when he first heard the harmonies of the "Wedding March." He never married, therefore his emotion was strictly non-partisan. Arthur Bodanzky's baton induced such notable and spirited orchestral playing.

DISTRESSINGLY small audience swam and paddled through the seas of afternoon to listen to Leah Epstein in a violin recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday. The listeners saw a young woman handle her instrument with confidence, repose, and a sturdy, almost masculine attack. They heard her reveal a tone of power and volume but not of the most appealing quality or smooth texture.

In bowing and finger manipulation Miss Epstein seemed to be expert enough. In strictly musical respects she lacked individuality and freedom of expression. The best thing she did was the Franck A major sonata, with its Svendsen-Grieg coloring. Time as when Bach's "Chaconne" seemed to overawe any but the most mature violinists. For Miss Epstein it had no terrors. She treated it like an equal.

MAX BARNETT, pianist—nearly a hundred keyboard recitals have been given this season—made his first local appearance in Carnegie Hall last evening. He possesses good talent, and, although nervous energy played havoc with his opening number, he is evidently a musician whose standard of taste was exemplified by his well chosen and constructed programme.

He began with Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata. Its performance was marked by certain passages of tonal charm and an ability to manipulate showy passages with breathless speed. But the noble structure of the work and its poetic import were not noticeably revealed.

ABRAHAM SOKIN gave his second violin recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. His usual ability at securing a warm and ingratiating quality and his fluent technique were the outstanding features of his reading of Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata. Tchaikovsky's D major Concerto was the other important number on the programme.

Feb 22 1924
Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

John Powell's violin concerto was given the place of honor on last night's Philharmonic program. Mr. Powell wrote it between 1908 and 1910, while he was still in Europe, during as a piano virtuoso, and Rem Zimbalist played it first in this country in December, 1912, at an orchestral concert in New York.

Albert Spalding played it last night in a revised and somewhat reorchestrated form. The concerto is in three movements: An allegro, an andante, and a final rondo—and is based on themes that with one exception are Mr. Powell's own, although they are, in his own words, "conceived in the spirit of the folk-song." Last night's performance revealed a work in which the balance between the solo instrument and the accompanying body of players is admirably maintained, and whose score contains more than a few passages of novel and felicitous tone color.

Aside from the scoring, the con-

certo still seems debatable. The second movement has a charming lyric mood that is most persuasive, and the other two have much in them that is well worth hearing. It is all worth hearing, as a matter of fact, except that some of it ought to be excised for the good of the whole. In general, the themes are developed just a shade longer than their contents warrant.

Some careful cutting, particularly in the first movements, and more rhythmic variety in the last, would make the concerto a decided contribution to violin literature. Mr. Spalding seemed to have trouble with the intonation of some tricky passages for the G string, but his performance as a whole was distinguished for its big, healthy tone and broad style.

Mr. Mengelberg began the evening with Schumann's fourth symphony. Parts of it—where he let Schumann alone—were eloquent and beautiful, but the scherzo was heavy and the romanza a little too sugary for comfort. The applause was terrific.

The audience was extremely cordial, by the way, to both Mr. Spalding and the concerto. After the second movement the applause was so persistent that Mr. Powell, who sat in a stage box, had to rise and bow before the soloist could continue. There were only three numbers on the program. For the third and concluding offering the daring Mr. Mengelberg chose the "Tannhauser" overture.

OTHER MUSIC.

Andre de Prang has been a bright young legend for weeks through his appearances at various private and exclusive violin recitals. His first public concert in New York, however, was given yesterday at Aeolian Hall. A debut arranged with much mysterious heralding as to social background is not always the wisest preparation for a young performer, but M. de Prang disarmed all such prejudices almost with his first bow.

He is a slim, eager, dark-haired youth, with a deprecating charm, which is most engaging and the sort of genuine and irresistible talent that instantly catches the audience up into something of its own enthusiasm.

He played the Cesar Franck sonata, which has introduced so many recitals this season, though not always with such fortunate results. The work sang with such ardent spirit that certain extravagances in phrasing were perceptible only as an afterthought. He was handicapped occasionally by an accompaniment so loud that it threatened to turn the piece into a piano solo with violin undertone. This was happily subdued in the shorter numbers of Haendel, Chopin and Saint-Saens.

The performance lacked the qualities of cool perfection but it had that which is more certain to endear the performer to his audience—the magic of artistic fire, personality and that elusive thing called temperament.

At the Metropolitan, Lucrezia Bori was added to the list of the suddenly indisposed and Queena Mario replaced her in the second "Anima Allegra" of the season. Her Consuelo was a little girl on a holiday—naïve and irrepressible, and her fresh voice and obvious joy in the role gave a new charm to this melodious but not exhilarating opera of a pastboard Spain. Didur, Tokatyan and Lauri-Volpi had their roles of the opening night and Mr. Moranzoni again conducted.

At Aeolian Hall in the evening, Clara and Maurice Brown gave a voice and cello recital in which the songs of Verdi and the dances of Granados were agreeably mingled. Nick Cambourakis, a violinist, aged fourteen, made what was presumably his debut at Town Hall.

He had the poise and self-possession of a patriarch, which in itself is definite and remarkable, but such details as tone, style and interpretation must be left under the vague classification of "promising." An enthusiastic audience, made up partly of infant Paganinis, applauded the young performer.

A. S.

Spalding Plays Powell.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The most novel feature of the program given by the Philharmonic Society, Willem Mengelberg conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall was the violin concerto of John Powell, revised by him since its first performance in New York in 1912, and played last night by Albert Spalding. Mr. Powell has stated that his themes "are for the most part original, but are conceived in a spirit of folk-song. A slight use has been made of English and American folk-themes. The principal theme of the Rondo is the old folk-song, 'Seventeen Come Sunday.' There are beautiful ideas in this concerto. The opening is poetic, with the calls of wind-instruments and the response of the solo violin. There are passages in which the instrumentation seems as the one fitting dress of the musical thought, and in the finale, particularly, interesting combinations of the violin and various groups of orchestral instruments. This latter movement is dance music of a peculiarly vigorous and healthy kind, and shuffling is heard in the orchestra.

Of the three movements the "Andante Con Moto" is probably the best—the movement which includes the beautiful sustained passage for the English horn.

Mr. Powell is particularly interested in the preservation in American life of Anglo-Saxon standards and characteristics. The folk element in this concerto is Anglo-Saxon, and its melody and harmony are preeminently simple and diatonic. This is important—the clear proof that from such folk melody a symphonic fabric may logically be woven.

The faults of the concerto are too great in length and overdevelopment, sometimes in a conventional, long-winded post-Wagnerian manner. There are, also, passages not only ungrateful, but apparently not particularly valuable to the symphonic structure, for the violin. Their are places of needless pother for the orchestra.

If the concerto were two-thirds as long, and a goodly number of the notes in it were shovelled out so that the whole structure would be clearer, more meaty and stripped of everything superfluous and not germane to the nature of the themes themselves, there would be another useful violin concerto, and heaven knows that one is needed. Mr. Spalding played the music with a superb warmth and sonority of tone, with a technique upon which a frequently very difficult violin part made extensive demands and with a fire and conviction which must have delighted the composer. For Mr. Powell was present, and acknowledged the applause from his seat in the balcony.

The first movement of the Schumann symphony under Mr. Mengelberg was heavily footed. The music, even when it is melancholy and agitated, is more youthful, more blithe, and too slow a tempo is as bad as one too fast. On the other hand, the exquisite romanza was beautifully sung, and the finale had a truly Schumannish spirit—the gradual transition from the longing calls that connect the scherzo and the last movement, while a version of an earlier theme sweeps through the strings; the hesitation of tempo and mood; the hesitating approaches to the joyous melody that leads, in turn, to the exultant conclusion. This was on the whole a romantic and intimate interpretation, appropriately elastic in treatment of phrase and rhythm, but not exaggerated and not swollen in the presentation of the short, lyric ideas of the composer.

Schumann's D minor symphony is not a symphony like those of Beethoven, of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, or Brahms. It conforms less than any of these composers' symphonies to traditional form. It is modestly and in some places rather poorly scored, and yet it remains one of the beautiful and lasting elements of the orchestral repertory. This in spite of authorities who have pointed out that Schumann could not write symphonies, that his ideas were short-breathed, that he did not know the orchestra. In spite of them Schumann remains in his symphonies rare and winning loveliness of melody and frequently of orchestral speech that will keep him youthful when many a better workman has passed from the stage. May it be long before his day, even as a symphonist, has passed.

The "Tannhäuser" overture brought an end to the program.

TWO ambitious musicians shared the evening programme in Aeolian Hall. Maurice Brown is a cellist who played Corelli's gentle sonata skillfully and with appeal. Clara Brown is a soprano whose quality changed with nearly every note in Verdi's "D'amor sull' al Rose's from "Trovatore"; nor did her unceasing grimacing add to the interest of her interpretation. Mr. Brown, by far the better musician, was also pleasantly listened to in works by Davidoff, Granados and others.

NICK CAMBOURAKIS is a sturdy Greek lad of fourteen whose violin skills were disclosed at the Town Hall last night—his second successful recital this season.

Feb 23 1924
By W. J. HENDERSON.

Referendum Concert.

The second International Referendum concert took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. These concerts are given by the Franco-American Musical Society and the programs are suggested by its international advisory board. The works performed last evening were Mr. Loeffler's "Music for String Instruments," three songs from Richard Hammond's "Flute of Jade," three children's songs of Stravinsky, an excerpt from Manuel Infante's "Dances Andalouses," two dances for two pianos by Louis Vulliamin, a trio for harp, violin and cello by Rameau, Milhaud's set of songs "Catalogue de Fleurs" and Arthur Bliss's storm music from "The Tempest."

Several of the compositions were heard for the first time, and more matter seemed to be delivered to a musical chronicler than the exigencies of morning journalism would permit to be properly discussed. On the other hand, since only the admirable work of Mr. Loeffler in memory of Victor Chapman, which is well known to local concertgoers and was of important dimensions, the unexciting contributions of the other talents may for the moment be briefly summarized.

As frequently happens, it was Igor Stravinsky who proved that he, best of all, knew just how to accomplish what he set out to do. His little songs for children, sung rather childishly by Miss Greta Torpadie, were simple, direct and amusing. Mr. Hammond, an American, had been inoculated with the pallid serum of Reynaldo Hahn, and had listened too affectionately to the strumming of Debussy's mandolin. The audience received his songs with prolonged demonstrations of delight as if it recognized true friends.

Senor Infante had firmly resolved to be early Andalusian ere it was too late and he was Spanish to the last rhythm. The Vulliamin dances might have been French before they contracted the two piano habit, but as it was they were chiefly confusion of sound. All the pieces for two different makes of piano were performed without rivalry by Claudio Arrau and E. Robert Schmitz. Carlos Salzedo, harp; Gustave Tiniot, violin, and Paul Kefer, cello, played the Rameau "deuxieme concert" to give its old title. The first spring violet opened M. Milhaud's flower catalogue, which was published by Miss Torpadie. Messrs. Jose-Delaquerriere and Richard Hale sang the voice parts in the Bliss music.

It was not an evening of important revelations in spite of the promise of results which should be attained by an international referendum.

"MME. BUTTERFLY" AGAIN.

Packed Houses See It in Afternoon and "Rigoletto" in Evening.

"Mme. Butterfly" was the opera for the matinee of Washington's Birthday yesterday in the Metropolitan Opera House. Edward Johnson being indisposed, the part of Pinkerton was taken by Mario Chamlee, who delivered himself with his customary sentiment and beauty of tone. Elizabeth Retberg's Cio-Cio-San proved one of the best parts she has taken here. Seldom has the music been sung with such vocalism and eloquent interpretation of dramatic song. Antonio Scotti's Sharpless, as always, was a lesson in every phase of dramatic interpretation. The Suzuki was Flora Perini; Goro, Palgrinieri, and other parts as at previous performances of this work. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

In the evening, as in the afternoon, there was a packed house. "Rigoletto" was the opera, with Lauri Volpi, the Duke; Giuseppe Danise, Rigoletto; Jeanne Gordon, Maddalena, and Queena Mario, Gilda—the latter two, young American singers who admirably sustained their roles. Mr. Danise expresses himself as a singer rather than an actor. The Duke is evidently one of Mr. Lauri-Volpe's favorite parts, found him in the vein and brought him much applause. Smaller roles were taken creditably and Mr. Papi conducted.

Speyer Formally Presents Organ to Town Hall

The formal presentation of Town Hall's new pipe organ, the gift of James Speyer, in memory of his wife, Ellen Marie Speyer, was made yesterday morning with music and speeches in the presence of a large audience of distinguished citizens.

Mr. Henry W. Taft, chairman of the board of trustees of the League for Political Education, read a short letter from Mr. Speyer, who, he said, modestly kept in the background.

Following Mr. Taft's remarks Artur Bodanzky and the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra played Mrs. Speyer's favorite, the "Parsifal" prelude of Wagner.

The City Chamberlain, Philipp Berolzheim, himself an organist and promoter of civic musical welfare, spoke for Mayor Hylan.

Robert Erskine Ely, director of the hall, called Mr. Speyer's gift "the best organ in the country," and among the many who have aided Mr. Speyer in carrying out his purpose of giving it he thanked, first of all, Mr. Bodanzky, who selected the instrument, and Mrs. Charles Lanier, who first suggested having an organ in the hall.

The organ as then heard for the first time. It was made by the Skinner Organ Company. The player was Lynnwood Farnum, organist of the Church of the Holy Communion.

The first speaker was Lieut. Gov. Lunn.

The program began with the "Star Spangled Banner," given by orchestra and audience, and closed with "America," sung by the audience.

The organists playing in the afternoon were Willard Irving Nevins, Carolyn M. Cramp, Dr. William C. Carl, director of the Guilford Organ School and organist of the Old First; Dr. Melchiorre Mauro-Cottone of the Capital Theater, Dr. Samuel L. Baldwin of City College and W. A. Goldsworthy of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church.

The concert in the evening was given by Frank Stewart Adams of the Rivoli Theater, Frank F. Seibert of the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Gottfried H. Federlein of Temple Beth-El, Dr. T. Tertius Noble of St. Thomas's Church, John Doane of the Church of the Incarnation and Richard Keys Biggs of the Brooklyn Cathedral.

During the late afternoon in the hall the American Legion held special ceremonies in honor of Washington's Birthday, to which the public was invited.

Mr. Ziegler Tells of Success of Native Singers.

Denying the charge of William A. Brady that the Metropolitan Opera Company is pervaded with a spirit of adulation of foreigners and indifference toward American talent, Edward Ziegler, business manager of the Metropolitan, yesterday stressed the fact that an American girl, American trained, had sung the leading female role in Thursday night's opera and was to sing the leading part again last night.

She is on the program as Queena Mario, but her real name is Queena Marion Tillotson, and she was born near Akron, Ohio. Because of the illness of Miss Bori, she was called upon to sing the role of *Consuelo* in "Anima Allegra" Thursday and she earned much favorable comment.

"Mr. Brady might say that was an accident because of the illness of a foreign singer, but Miss Mario sings the leading role in 'Rigoletto' to-night. Her training, I believe, is wholly American. She has been with us two years."

"It is not true that the Metropolitan discriminates in favor of foreign singers. Forty per cent. of the present company are Americans. The chorus is almost entirely American. The orchestra is, in accordance with union rules, composed exclusively of American citizens."

Mr. Ziegler denied that the fact that Miss Tillotson called herself Mario indicated that she agreed with Mr. Brady and thought that American audiences were prejudiced in favor of Italian singers and against American singers. He would not permit the singer herself to be questioned on this point because of the necessity of conserving her vocal strength.

"Queena Marion Tillotson is rather difficult and she probably chose something shorter and more musical," said Mr. Ziegler. "She retained the first name Queena, which could be nothing

but English. Miss Farrar, Miss Garden and many other American singers have achieved supreme positions without changing their names. It is very unusual for American singers to take a foreign name, and I do not believe that any do it because they think American names a handicap."

Mr. Ziegler added that another Metropolitan star is an American girl who had been taken into opera from a New Haven cabaret, Rosa Ponselle. She is an American citizen, born in this country of Italian parents, whose name was Ponzilio. Here was a case of a singer who partially Americanized her name by changing it from Ponzilio to Ponselle. Emma Eames is an American singer who stuck to her original name. Nordica, another American, elaborated her family name, which was North.

Mr. Powell's concerto is not, strictly speaking, a new work. It was composed in its original form about fourteen years ago, and Efrem Zimbalist introduced it to New York December 14, 1912. But the manuscript disappeared and Mr. Powell was obliged to rewrite it, revising and reorchestrating it in the process. Its performance last night was the first in its new form.

It is in three movements, "The themes," as Mr. Powell confided to the program-annotator, "are for the most part original, but are conceived in the spirit of folksong. A slight use has been made of English and American folk-themes. The principal theme of the Rondo is the old folksong 'Seventeen Come Sunday,' one of the most piquant and characteristic in the Anglo-Saxon field."

Mr. Powell is said to have rewritten his concerto from memory after the score was lost. It is a pity that he remembered so much of it. The concerto is far too long and too repetitious, so that one is wearied even before the first movement is over. This movement, unfortunately for the work, is the least valuable of the three. If Mr.

Musical Sculpturing.

By OLIN DOWNES.

An audience of proportions customary when Sergei Rachmaninoff plays, greeted him at his piano recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The pianist came in as quietly as usual, and proceeded with a certain breath-taking self-possession to interpret, quite in his own manner, pieces of Chopin. The fantasy was presented more nearly in accordance with the composers' indications than the sonata, in which Mr. Rachmaninoff, without being either imperfect or illogical, often provided dynamics, phrasings, and fluctuations of tempo that were his own. He was soon working his familiar spell. With a characteristic disdain of anything approaching sensuousness or virtuosity for his own sake, he carved as a sculptor might carve out of rock, the shapes of Chopin's musical thoughts. He gave them, in places, a sterner outline than they naturally possess, and as he played it was as if a great edifice were growing, detail by detail, before one's eyes. The sonata was played without a pause between the movements, and there was a trifle of editing in the connecting of the funeral march with the finale. The performance was the interpretation by a musician of a depth of nature and creative capacity which gave him a right to his own conception of a great work, and he impressed this conception deeply on his audience.

The entirely Russian character of the remainder of the program was of a refreshingly unhackneyed character. Tchaikovsky was represented by his variations op. 19, which have many fine pages, and his charming "Invitation to the Trepak." Mr. Rachmaninoff was present as a composer in the instance of his prelude in B Minor and Scriabin by eight preludes and an étude. Need it be said that these works were played with special insight and with the remarkable pianistic equipment which has steadily grown since Mr. Rachmaninoff decided, seasons ago, to devote himself for some years to the work of a virtuoso in America?

Paul Kochanski Plays.

Paul Kochanski, a violinist of brilliant acquirements, was assisted by Josef Kochanski, pianist, at his recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Kochanski played with color and sonority of tone and with musicianly style, his "Danse Sauvage," which found much favor with the audience, the Scotch fantasy of Bruch, and smaller pieces by H. Villa-Lobos, Paganini, Mozart-Saint-Saëns, Saint-Saëns, Wagner, Sarasate and Weinlawsky.

SINGER FAINTS ON STAGE.

Applause Greets Delia Reinhardt When She Resumes Role in Opera.

Delia Reinhardt, the opera soprano, fainted on the Metropolitan stage midway in act three of "Die Meistersinger" yesterday, just as the curtains were about to close on the famous quintet. Her companions for the moment gathered around her and she recovered in time to resume the heroine's slight remaining share in the final scene. The audience broke in with a round of applause on her re-entrance in the procession of master singers and she bestowed the wrath upon the hero after the prize song.

Two newcomers in the cast were Miss Telva, who successfully made her first essay here as Maddalena, which she had sung once in Philadelphia, and Mr. Schorr, familiar elsewhere as Hans Sachs. He sang Wagner's great baritone rôle as beautifully as was expected of him, in view of his recent Wolfram and Telramund, while his acting of Sachs was filled with a fine detail of a ripe and robust characterization. Others were Taucher Meader, Schuetzen-dorf, Rother and Schlegel, and Bodanzky conducted.

The Metropolitan season passed its two-thirds point last evening when the sixteenth week ended with "Marta," sung again by Alda; Howard, Gligli, De Luca and Malatesta, under Papi's baton.

At the Metropolitan yesterday, the house was packed to the doors with a hushed and eager audience awaiting the matinee of "Die Meistersinger."

They were rewarded by one of the most stirring and noble performances that has echoed to those walls for years, and this was due largely to the superb interpretation of Friedrich Schorr as Hans Sachs. It was one of his greatest achievements while he was with the Wagnerians and its repetition yesterday gave the Metropolitan production new eloquence and beauty. This benign figure set the keynote for the entire cast which provided a tender-voiced Eva in Delia Reinhardt and, in Curt Taucher, a Walter who was earnest if not inspired. Schuetzen-dorf as Beckmesser sang delightfully and overacted irritatingly though he showed more restraint than on previous occasions. Under the baton of Mr. Bodanzky, the glorious work swept on to its triumphant finish which more than justified the burst of rapturous applause from the crowded house.

At Carnegie Hall, Rachmaninoff gave his second recital of the season with a program made up of Chopin, Chykowski and his own compositions. Paul Kochanski at Aeolian Hall also gave his second violin concert. In the evening, "Marta" was scheduled for performance at the Metropolitan.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Philharmonic Concert.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon had items of unusual artistic value. The program consisted of Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, Bach's concerto in G minor for harpsichord and strings, Mozart's in D minor for piano and orchestra and the first symphony of Brahms. The solo performer was Mme. Wanda Landowska, the distinguished harpsichordist and pianist. The Bach concerto suffered from its position immediately following the trumpeting and brilliancy of the Cherubini music, as well as from the unsuitability of a large auditorium to the gentle tone of a harpsichord.

Bach probably wrote the concerto (or at any rate the clavier version) for the concerts of the Telemann Society, which could never have been given in a large place. Indeed the circumstances surrounding the performances of both the concertos heard yesterday were similar. Even when the "Grand Concert" was founded in Leipzig by sixteen patrons and with sixteen players its entertainments were first given in the house of Herr Bergrath Schwaben and later in that of Herr Gledizsch because the other was too small. Some years later these concerts were removed to the Three Swans, a public house, but certainly no rival of Carnegie Hall. And the Mozart concerto was prepared for a Viennese series which had a subscription list of 159 persons.

However, the contemporaneous piano has a resonance quite equal to the

capacity of our large auditoriums at which discretion is used as it was yesterday, in the orchestral part a Mozart concerto can be communicated eloquently even to 2,500 persons. Mme. Landowska is a great harpsichord virtuoso and her playing of the Bach music was very skillful. But without doubt the music would sound better in the house of some local Herr Bergrath Schwaben.

Mme. Landowska is quite as much at home before the keyboard of the piano as before that of the harpsichord. Furthermore her scholarly study of the early music (she has written an admirable book on the "Musique Ancienne") has made her a mistress of the style. Her performance of the Mozart concerto yesterday was a lesson in purity, propriety and elegance. The exquisite delicacy of the performance held the attention of the audience.

It was a reading worked out with most fastidious refinement and creating such a complete tonal picture of clarity and beauty that it can be justly called ravishing. Indeed the present writer cannot recall any performance of a Mozart concerto, not even Mme. Landowska's previous one, that could surpass this. The tender sensibility of Mozart and his extreme exactions in the matter of taste seemed to be constantly before the player's mind.

The cadenzas used in the concerto were her own, and here again she revealed not only sound musicianship but a remarkable ability in absorbing the spirit of Mozart's piano music. The cadenzas were perfectly in keeping with the work. Much of the success of the two concertos was due to the admirable use of the orchestra.

Mr. Mengelberg is himself a Bach and Mozart enthusiast and a harpsichordist. He furnished accompaniments of very high artistic quality. About the interpretation of the Brahms symphony nothing need be said. One auditor did not remain to hear it. Of course Mr. Mengelberg has a reading. So have all the other conductors. "Chacun a son gout." As Mulvaney remarked, "Tis like makin' love; every man has his own way av doin' ut."

MISS GIANNINI SINGS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Young Soprano Heard at Aeolian Hall.

Miss Dusolina Ciannini and an attractive program afforded an enjoyable afternoon at the New York Symphony's concert, conducted by Bruno Walter in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The gifted young soprano, who won much attention last year, sang Mozart's aria, "Non più di Fiori," from "Clemenza di Tito," and four gypsy songs by Dvorak. The latter group were accompanied by Mr. Walter at the piano.

It would be a pleasure to record that Miss Ciannini sang flawlessly yesterday and maintained consistent excellence in tone and expression. But her vocal performance, although generally impressive, was far from satisfactory in some respects. Metallic tints and other characteristics lent a suspicion that Miss Ciannini has been a devotee of volume and dramatic effect to the detriment of artistic restraint. Her gypsy songs were sung with effective rhythm and intelligence. She won great applause, as all orchestral soloists do.

Mr. Walter's musical menu consisted of Schöenberg's "Rapturous Night," Tchaikovsky's fantasy-overture, "Romeo and Juliet," and Weber's overture, "Der Freischütz." Schöenberg's score, composed in 1899, would probably be disclaimed as a legitimate child of the composer of "The Moonstruck Pierrot" by members of various modern music guilds. Nevertheless, its tender modulations and delicate pathos, as well as Tchaikovsky's familiar work, provided rich fields in which Mr. Walter took evident delight in culling orchestral flavors. The house was crowded.

By Deems Taylor

NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

The string section of the New York Symphony Orchestra had a chance to shine yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Walter began his Aeolian Hall program with Schöenberg's "Verklärte Nacht." And shine it did, playing the work with dynamic flexibility and

uty and variety of tone that space volumes, both for the skill of the players and the care with which their conductor had rehearsed them. Their superlative playing was needed, too, for "Verklarte Nacht" is beginning to show a few signs of wear. It is too long, for one thing. A string orchestra, however skillful, can make thirty uninterrupted minutes of music entirely interesting unless the work is one of genius; and "Verklarte Nacht" is not quite that. Written in 1899, long before its composer had decided to rely exclusively upon his intellect for inspiration, it is perhaps better appraised less upon its intrinsic merits than in contrast with the dogged cacaphony of Schoenberg's later output. The work has indisputable beauties. Its string writing is remarkable. Its structure displays a fine, solid sense of form, and it is pervaded by a mood of dark, brooding passion that is tremendously moving at times. But its lack of conciseness, much of it is conceived in terms of the full orchestra, and its impassioned moments tend to slip into sentimentality with disconcerting abruptness. A work of great merit, big with promise of accomplishment in a field of music that its composer has abandoned. Dusollina Giannini was the soloist, singing a recitative and aria from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" with the orchestra and, later, four gypsy songs, with Mr. Walter at the piano. Her upper notes seemed a trifle veiled at times, but in general her voice had a familiar creamy beauty and expressiveness, and the smoothness and simplicity of her singing delighted her audience. Mr. Walter's other orchestral numbers were Chykovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy, brilliant in conception and often ragged in execution (the woodwind players seemed to find his at hard to follow) and the "Freischuetz" overture, with which he concluded the program.

EFREM ZIMBALIST PLAYS.

Violinist Is Heard by Packed House at the Metropolitan.

Efrem Zimbalist played to a packed house at the Metropolitan last night, when the Russian violinist was heard in Tchaikovsky's concerto. The orchestra was led by Paul Eisler, instead of Bambochek, named in the lists, but indisposed. The star later with piano gave a Spanish dance and tarantella of Sarasata. Four of the evening stars were from the 40 per cent. American wing of the opera, to which the Metropolitan pointed with pride in late exchange of views with W. A. Brady. They were Miss Mario, in an air from "Travata"; Miss Brock, from "Samson and Delilah"; Miss Anthony, "Forza del Destino," and Miss Meader, Caruso's song "Elisir d'Amore." Others were Mr. Schuetzenberg, singing from "Romeo and Juliet," and Mr. and Mrs. Schorr, from "The Mikado."

THE Friends of Music entertained their subscribers at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon when Mme. Charles Cahier sang four songs by Zemlinsky, inspired by Maeterlinck's verses. A group of Mahler's romances formed her later contributions in a list comprising orchestral numbers by Smetana and Haydn-Brahms.

Young Tenor Is Introduced.

Emanuele di Sant Elmo, a young tenor, was introduced in a concert of many singers, headed by the baritone, Alberto Terrasi, at Aeolian Hall last night. It was a "young Italian" opera evening, in which the newcomer's share comprised a serenade by Toselli and airs from "Tosca" and "La Boheme." To these several more seasoned singers added familiar battlehorses from "Trovatore" and the old Italian repertoire.

The Philharmonic Society.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was an exceptional distinction not only in a magnificent performance of Beethoven's first symphony, but also by the appearance as soloist of Mme. Landowska. At the beginning of the overture to Cherubini's "Anacrisis" it was the first time that Mr. Mengelberg had conducted this symphony by Beethoven in New York. The significance of the performance was due not only to the profound conviction of it by the conductor—a con-

ception that plumbed its depths and penetrated into its spirit in a way that has not often been surpassed here and that was one of the finest achievements that the Dutch conductor has put to his credit since he has been at the head of the Philharmonic Society. It was not less due to the superb playing of the orchestra in an ensemble of nobly beautiful tone, plastic freedom and technical perfection that showed it at the very summit of its powers.

Mme. Landowska played two concertos, Bach's in G minor for the harpsichord and Mozart's in D minor for the piano. She showed in these a mastery of the style of the music of the two composers that sets her apart. This remarkable artist has undertaken something more than to be a "specialist" in the older music for the keyboard instruments. She aspires to restore to the general knowledge and appreciation an art that has become lost and submerged under the strong tide of the nineteenth century influences.

The power of Beethoven and his successors of the romantic school and later brought into complete oblivion some of the most salient characteristics of the music of the eighteenth century and swept entirely from the memories and knowledge of men the style in which its creators conceived it and in which they expected it to be performed.

Not only has the instrument for which so much of this music was written, the harpsichord, become almost obsolete, and with it the characteristic technique required for it, but the style and manner of performing much of the music written for it have been forgotten. Even Mozart, who has never lost his place in the affections of modern listeners and players, meant by much of his instrumental music often something different from what now occurs to many performers of it.

This was suggested by some of the features of Mme. Landowski's playing of Mozart's concerto that may have escaped all but the most attentive listeners. She presented the work in the delicate urbane brilliancy, its tender gaiety and animation, its warm but self-contained grave beauty; and in so doing she made the true Mozart live once more in his music. It was a performance of intense vitality, of rhythmic pulse, of delicately chiseled phrasing. There was fascinating details in her playing, especially of the slow movement; in her use of the ornamentation of the period into which Mozart was a late comer, and which soon after his day fell into oblivion.

Mozart wrote the broad outlines of his slow movement and expected, in his own performance, to improvise the ornamentation according to the principle that then prevailed, and expected others to do the same. It was not a matter of chance, however, much was left to the fancy and taste of the player. There were definite rules for this ornamentation, a definite character to which it was expected to conform. What these were may be seen in the treatises of the

eighteenth century theorists, who gave much space and paid much attention to them—Mozart's own father, Bodl's own son and others with less enduring names, Quantz, Türk, Marburg.

Mme. Landowska put such ornamentation into her performance with distinguished grace and skill; and if it did not obtrude itself upon even the attentive listener, this was because it was so justly in the style of the music and fitted its purpose so aptly that it seemed to be a part of Mozart's own utterances. The cadenza which she introduced into the first and last movements were admirable examples of what such things should be; no patches upon the fabric of the concerto, but conceived entirely in its style. The second cadenza, indeed, is based upon an unpublished theme which Mozart intended for the finale of the work, but laid aside, employed with much ingenuity and fine feeling.

Quite as noteworthy was Mme. Landowska's playing of Bach's concerto, a work that is as good as unknown in the concert hall. Like so many of his harpsichord concertos, it is a transcription of one for the violin. In all these transcriptions he followed his own curious and invariable custom of putting it in a key a whole tone lower than that of the original—for what reason nobody has offered any explanation, nor did the composer give any. This G minor concerto thus appears for the violin in A minor.

Written throughout in two parts only, it has a muscular vigor in the first movements; a decorative efflorescence in the second movement, above a curious and frequently recurring figure in the bass; and the cast is in the character of the rapid "rigue," of which Bach was fond, becoming more floridly figured near the end. The solo part, which for the violin stands out clearly from the orchestral accompaniment, in the silvery tone of the harpsichord seems almost merged with the orchestra and closely identified with it.

Mme. Landowska's performance was one of great skill and musical insight; beautifully clear in its articulation, skillfully varied in tone by the use of the different stops and registers of the

instrument, explicit in its beauty of line and, most of all, in the first and last movements, vividly rhythmic.

In both these concertos Mr. Mengelberg had the good sense and the right feeling to reduce the orchestral accompaniment to a few instruments, and resorted to no forced repression of the players to keep the true proportion of the body of tone. Yet in both, and in Bach's concerto especially, the impression was unavoidable that the hall was too large for the effect and that they would have sounded better in a smaller place. The accompaniments were played with admirable skill and feeling for ensemble. Mme. Landowska's playing was much appreciated and much applauded.

The Friends of Music Present Some Novel Music From Europe

A generation ago Alexander von Zemlinsky, Viennese pedagogue and composer, gave Artur Bodanzky some lessons in composition. Mr. Bodanzky does not seem to have turned those lessons to account; for so far as we know he has not contributed to the list of compositions written by conductors, which are usually pretty bad. Instead, he has contented himself with being an accomplished conductor. But perhaps Mr. Bodanzky is grateful to Mr. Zemlinsky, nevertheless. At all events, he repaid his debt to his teacher by introducing to America at yesterday's concert of the Society of the Friends of Music in the Town Hall, some music composed by Zemlinsky. This was a group of songs with orchestral accompaniment to words by Maurice Maeterlinck, sung by Mme. Charles Cahier.

These songs, in the German version used by Zemlinsky, were (1) "Die Mädchen mit den Verbunden Augen," (2) "Und Kehrt er einst Heim," (3) "Lied der Jungfrau," and (4) "Die Drei Schwestern." They were exhibited on yesterday's program in English translations made, as to three of the poems, by Bernard Miall, with an admirable version of "Und Kehrt er einst Heim" by Mr. H. O. Osgood. Maeterlinck's original French versions were not given. No doubt these poems are derived from the lyrics entitled "Serres Chauds" with which Maeterlinck began his career as a man of letters.

These remarkable poems were the outcome, as Una Taylor has shrewdly pointed out, of an incurable melancholy of the spirit—of a grief as drowsy and stifled as that of Coleridge's "Dejection." From the first stanzas to the close of the last page, the poet's imagination dwells in "a world of drifting hallucinations, tinged and dyed with the iridescent colors, the dim translucencies, of dream-dusks, of veiled dawns and sultry noons. It is a world in which the strings of sensation are muted, where the pulses of life are numbed, its fbers outworn; a world of windless waters; of marshes where swans hatch a raven brood; plains where gray flocks browse the waste grass. The circle of sadness is complete. 'Toujours les memes heures sonnent.' Expectancy scarcely lifts its eyes. The sense of silence is insistent, the impression of remoteness absolute. Man is forever the diver imprisoned within his bell. Between the soul and the universe, wherein the soul has her being, there rises eternally the semi-transparency of that crystal dome."

Zemlinsky has done an extraordinary thing in his settings of this poetry. He has entered Maeterlinck's world of indolent, static, vague disquietude, with its shadowy trances and its stricken, cataleptic melancholy, and has given it intensity and a subtle inward life. These "maidens with bound eyes," these dying lovers, these three sisters, with their crowns of gold, seeking the sea, might have stimulated in a different kind of composer a music as phantasmal and lethargic as the verse itself. But this vaporous, spectral poetry has had a curious effect upon Zemlinsky. It has moved him to see these moods and images in relation to an intenser imaginative life than the poems themselves denote, and he has set them to music of perturbing emotional power; music full of a taut ecstasy, a muted passion, a subtlety of implication for which we can think of no precise analogues.

Moreover, much of this music is hauntingly beautiful, as well as moving and intense. It is long since we have heard any contemporary writing for voice and orchestra that seemed to us more deeply and truly expressive than the second of these four songs of Zemlinsky—his setting of "Und Kehrt er einst Heim." The poem itself is first cousin to Rossetti's "An Old Song Ended," which in its turn is a set of poignant variations on Ophelia's song in the fourth act of "Hamlet." Zemlinsky's music for it is thrice-admirable. With every temptation to sentimentalize the mood, to italicize and overstress it, he has contented himself with an expression that is almost an understatement—and, as is often the way with understatement, the musical word goes home unforgettably, magically. The three other songs are a bit less costly; but they are all remarkable, and we wish that the Friends of Music might see their way to repeat them.

Zemlinsky's music is little known here. We ourselves had heard none of it before yesterday. He is known chiefly as the teacher of famous pu-

pils—Schönberg, Korngold, Bodanzky. There is something of Schönberg in his style—the Schönberg of a decade ago. There is also a touch of Debussy.

But in the main these songs are astonishingly original. Their blend of subtlety and sincerity and a kind of tense, grave, reticent ecstasy is their own. This music is not Wagnerian, nor Straussian, nor Mahlerian, nor Schönbergian in any important degree. For a wonder, it seems to be chiefly Zemlinskyan.

Mme. Cahier found for these songs precisely the right utterance. She sang them with rare depth of understanding, with a full comprehension of their style and significance, with irresistible eloquence—an eloquence as quiet and measured and intense as the music itself. She has done nothing finer in New York than her communication of these songs; and she was equally happy in her singing of Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," her second number on the program. This is Mahler at his best. Here he is simple and touching, almost lovable. Forgetting his call to be apocalyptic, to compress the Cosmos within a symphony, he doffs his singing robes embroidered with suns, moons and comets, and succeeds in being individually and persuasively himself.

Mr. Bodanzky and his orchestra acquitted themselves admirably throughout the afternoon, not only in their heedful accompaniments for the two song cycles but in their performance of the Brahms-Haydn Variations and of Smetana's not very important Overture to his opera, "Libussa." The audience was heartily appreciative.

It is difficult to reconcile "Die Drei Schwestern" with the three sisters of Maeterlinck who glide, languishing and unalterably Latin, through so many of his poems. Yesterday, at the concert of the Friends of Music, they emerged in this unfamiliar setting as the inspiration of a group of Zemlinsky's songs.

Alexander von Zemlinsky was the teacher of Schoenberg and the origins of his pupil's phrases echo through these fragments with an effect which is arresting and suggestive. Nevertheless, the combination of this music with the Maeterlinck atmosphere—his "starry depths" and "maidens with bound eyes"—is somehow incongruous. It is as if Rosetti's Blessed Damsel leaned out from the gold bar of some fantastic piece of modern Austrian architecture. It is hard to dismiss the conviction that the final, haunting note on the Maeterlinck tradition has been uttered forever by Debussy.

Mme. Charles Cahier sang this group and also the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" of Mahler. "Mahler always thought of the voice and orchestra as inseparable," confides the program notes, and this happy aspiration was realized under the baton of Arthur Bodanzky, who swept the adventures of the restless journeyman into a blended hole. Smetana's overture to "Libussa" introduced the program and Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Haydn" was given between the songs.

At the Philharmonic Concert, William Mengelberg turned the greater part of his program over to Wanda Landowska with the Bach Concerto for Harpsichord and Strings and the Mozart Concerto for piano and orchestra. To the familiar magic of this soloist in bridging the centuries with her ancient instrument, Mr. Mengelberg added an orchestral accompaniment at once faint and sharply etched like a well-remembered dream. It is a noble gesture designed to recapture the echoes of other times and other manners through the barriers of a new world atmosphere in a vast and modern concert hall.

In the evening at the Princess Nyota Inyoka gave a series of ancient and modern dances drawn from India and Egypt. The little theatre was filled with incense, darkness and the throbbing of drums and against this exotic background the golden figure of the tiny dancer completed her tribute to the native gods. She was introduced by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, a Brahmin priest, whose laconic comments were a distinctive part of the performance.

The knowledge, for instance, that "the Ethiopians combine chance and combat" and that "not one would shoot an arrow without first taking threatening attitudes to intimidate his antagonist with a dance" has a util-

an as well as an artistic value. Ita Inyoka failed to intimidate but undoubtedly charmed her audience.

Efrem Zimbalist was the soloist at the Metropolitan Opera Concert. At the National Theatre Balokovic, the Jugo-Slav violinist, gave a program grouped about Mozart's Concerto in D. It was the second in his ambitious series of sixteen concerts under the auspices of Robert de Bruce. A. S.

Two Orchestra Programs.

By OLIN DOWNS.

The programs of two different orchestral organizations which gave performances yesterday afternoon in this city offered a curious continuity of impression to a reviewer who went from one concert the other. The New York Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, opened in Aeolian Hall with the version for string orchestra of Arnold Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht." After this the talented and richly endowed Miss Glanlin sang the big aria from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito." As the concluding strain of Tchaikovsky's "Romero and Juliet" overture echoed in his ears the writer hurried to Town Hall, entering it just as Mrs. Charles Cahier commenced the third of the group of "Four Songs with Orchestra," by Alexander von Zemlinsky, Schönberg's teacher.

The musical idiom of the Zemlinsky songs was somewhat more modern. If anything, than that of Schönberg's orchestral music—later Zemlinsky as compared with relatively youthful Schönberg. But both compositions were so obviously tarred with the same brush, there appeared to be such a similarity of temperament as well as expression between the composers, that listening to the second work was almost as a continuation of the experience of the first.

Nor did a certain broad unity of impression on the part of at least one auditor cease there. At the end of the program of the Friends of Music, Mme. Cahier sang with the mature musicianship and the rich emotional expression which is hers, Gustav Mahler's "Lays of a Traveling Journeyman." Here, also, was a relation, in spite of Mahler's simpler and much more folk-like style, with the rather sophisticated music which has been mentioned.

It was all music of a period and of a certain tendency on the part of musicians of a certain school and period, and a tendency that we believe to have been misdirected and futile. The early music of the two most famous of these men gives them away. It is evident that once upon a time Mahler wrote simply, with a certain naïveté, in a melodious if sentimental manner that not only pleases the ear but impresses the hearer as genuine, and that once Schönberg was a romantic and sentimental soul, who wrote untortured, poetically colored music. Instead of growing naturally as artists, both men appear to have taken poses with themselves. They must be "modern" at any cost. As a result Mahler became grandiose and bombastic, while Schönberg is becoming constantly more involved and unhealthily introspective in his manner. It was a pleasure to feel reality in the music heard yesterday.

As concerns performance, while "Verklärte Nacht" was not a bad departure from the inexcusably conventional texture of Sunday orchestral concerts of recent weeks, it may not have been the best piece to display the capacities of the New York Symphony Orchestra. There was poor intonation and at times careless phrasing. Nor was the intonation of certain of the wind instruments good in Tchaikovsky's overture. On the other hand Mr. Walter showed his sound musicianship and his fine feeling for nuance in the Schönberg music, which is too long, and he interpreted the orchestral part of the aria from "Titus" with fine feeling.

Miss Glanlin attacked courageously and on the whole very successfully the music of Mozart, which requires almost every phase of fine vocal and interpretative ability from the singer. The rare texture of the voice, its capacity for dramatic as well as lyrical expression and the youth and enthusiasm of the interpreter were warmly welcomed by the audience. Later Miss Glanlin sang the Dvorak Gypsy songs, and by all accounts fared equally well with her listeners.

The orchestral pieces played by Mr. Bodanzky and his men were the overture to "Libussa," by a great composer, Smetana, who has been until recently—this is the time of his centenary—rather unduly passed over by conductors and chamber music organizations, and the Brahms-Haydn variations. These variations were played by Mr. Bodanzky with excellent shading, and a fine precision of attack and balance of tone on the part of the orchestra. At both concerts there were large and applause audiences.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mme. Alda's Final Appearance.

"La Bohème" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night.

Mme. Alda made her final appearance of the season as *Mimi*. She will now go on a concert tour for five weeks. Mme. Alda, who was at her best, received abundant applause for her singing of the familiar and melodious music of Puccini. The pert and ill tempered but remarkable good hearted *Musetta* was outlined by Miss Hunter.

Beniamino Gigli was the representative of *Rodolfo*, the impoverished poet immortalized by his racconto. Mr. Gigli's delivery of this tale was naturally one of the chief delights of the evening, and it evoked loud and long demonstrations of pleasure. Mr. Scotti, the popular barytone institution of the establishment, was seen and heard once more as the improvident *Marcello*, a role in which his unflagging vivacity and skill in character delineation are advantageously displayed. The other members of the cast were Mr. Didur and Mr. Picco. Papi was in the conductor's chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Paulo Gruppe, assisted by Mme. Isabelle Vengerova at the piano, gave a matinee of music for violin and cello yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Gruppe had not been heard in recital in this city for five years and Mrs. Gruppe, daughter of Henri Plasschaert, a Belgian sculptor, was a newcomer among local violinists. The program was liberal and varied, but in no way exacting to the hearer. Lalo's D major cello concerto and Saint-Saens' introduction and rondo capriccioso were the longer pieces, while Locatelli, Corelli, Kreisler, Granados and Sinding furnished shorter ones.

Mr. Gruppe performed on the cello in a robust manner, especially in quick movements, when his bow seemed hard upon the strings. But in some of the slow movements he showed not only a good quality of tone but some approach to finish. His intonation was generally accurate, which unfortunately could not be said of Mrs. Gruppe's. Her violin performances were of modest merit.

Carl Flesch Plays.

Carl Flesch, the distinguished German violinist, gave a recital last evening in Town Hall. His program, without containing many numbers, and avoiding the fragmentary and inconsequential groups affected by too many soloists, was one embracing a refreshing variety of moods and a wide range of styles. It consisted of a chamber sonata by Nardini, Bach's D minor partita, four pieces of Josef Suk constituting his opus 17, and Paganini's D major concerto with a cadenza by Mr. Flesch. His arrangement of works gave the violinist opportunity to display his art in the classic violin style of Nardini, in the unaccompanied polyphony of Bach, in the fancies of a modern violinist and in the wizardry of the most famous of all virtuosos.

Mr. Flesch again showed himself to be an artist of dignified attitude toward his art, of great sincerity and of sound knowledge. He has a good tone, which sometimes becomes a little cloudy, but is generally of penetrating quality and full resonance. His intonation last evening was not always impeccable, and some of the rapid passages were blurred and uncertain. But his fine comprehension of the works he was playing was always made clear to his audience, and he sustained the interest of his recital throughout.

Renee Thornton, soprano, offered an interesting program at her debut recital in Aeolian Hall last night, her list including a cavatina by Weber; Berlioz's unfamiliar "Le Jeune Berger," with horn obligato (played by Bruno Jacnecke); songs by Erich Wolf and Strauss, a French group that contained Chausson's too seldom sung "Chanson Perpetuelle" and an English group by Taylor, Hadley and Hageman. She has a natural voice of considerable sweetness and flexibility, to which faulty production kept her from doing full justice, and her interpretations were marked by good taste and sincerity. Her husband, Richard Hageman, played his usual skilful accompaniments and shared the applause of a cordial audience.

Another violinist, Evelyn Levin, played at Carnegie Hall, displaying good finger technique, a large but somewhat dry tone, and an undeveloped style in a program that included the Mendelssohn concerto, Paganini's "Il Palpite," the Vitali chaconne and a group of shorter pieces.

Renee Thornton makes her Debut.

The first New York recital of Renee Thornton at the Aeolian Hall last night, was a blend of personal interest, choice songs and flawless accompaniments. "Le Jeune Berger," by Berlioz, had the advantage of a French horn obligato by Mr. Bruno Jacnecke. The German group ended with Richard Strauss's "Cecile," which brought a recall. The French songs were among the best of the evening. "Mai," by Saint-Saens, could easily have been repeated. The final group introduced songs by Deems Taylor, Henry Hadley and Richard Hageman.

Evelyn Levin in Recital.

Evelyn Levin, violinist, who appeared with the City Symphony Orchestra last year, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall last evening, assisted at the piano by Josef Adler. In her program were Vitali's chaconne, Mendelssohn's concerto, Paganini's "Il Palpite," Popper's "La Fileuse," and arrangement by Sarasate and Auer. Miss Levin was most happy in her sure, strong, mellow tone in Vitali's melodious classic. There was facility if not utmost delicacy in her playing also of Mendelssohn's beautiful work, which was much applauded.

Paulo and Camille Gruppe Play.

Paulo Gruppe, cellist, and Camille Gruppe, violinist, gave a joint recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. The program included Lalo's concerto, a sonata by Corelli and one by Locatelli; these were played by Paulo Gruppe. His best contribution was the Corelli number, both in the matter of execution and interpretation. The audience recalled the instrumentalist after his solos. Camille Gruppe, the young violinist, in spite of immaturities of style had many moments of attraction and managed to surmount the difficulties of Saint-Saens' introduction to his "Rondo Capriccioso." The accompaniments were played by Mme. Isabelle Vengerova.

Anna Harris Makes Bow Here.

Anna Graham Harris, who has sung as far afield as Atlanta and as near as Haekensack, her home town, gave her first New York recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Her voice, low and musical, lacked as yet a sustained style in old English and Italian airs. In a Brahms group, "Wir Wendelton" it was heavy-footed, while the contrasting "Sonntag" brought brightness to the brightness to the tone and vivacity to the interpretation. Walter Golde assisted at the piano, also in lyrics of Plerne and Faure, MacDowell, Josten, Hueter and Milligan.

By Deems Taylor

THE FOKINE BALLET.

After all, there is something to be said for Medusa. She did not particularly enjoy her fatal gift of turning people into stone with her gaze, and one can hardly blame her for petrifying an entire company of Greek warriors whose intentions toward her were obviously implacable. Moreover, the single false step with Poseidon that won her the unwelcome headress from the enraged Pallas, while deplorable enough to be sure, seemed hardly sufficiently heinous to warrant such drastic punishment, particularly in the easy-going age that did not so much as wag an admonitory finger at such hoydens as Danae, Psyche, Leda and Europa.

Thus, broadmindedly, did one muse during Michel Fokine's ballet-tragedy, "Medusa," at the Metropolitan last night. Using the music of Chykovsky's "Pathétique" symphony (with occasional cuts and a few transpositions of order), Mr. Fokine has devised a mimed presentation of the Greek tragedy that enlists some fifty of his American ballet company as well as Mme. Fokina and himself.

It was the most ambitious offering of a long program that began with a ballet, "Elves," to the music of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and violin concerto, and that was doubtless entertaining a packed house with "Ole, Toro!" arranged from Rimsky-Korsakoff, long after the voracious linotypes had

swallowed the morning paper reviews. There were other numbers: Saint-Saens's perennial "Swan," delightfully danced by Mme. Vera Fokina; a suite of dances from "Le Reve de la Marquise," to Mozart's music, and "Antique Frieze," arranged from Glazunoff—all devised by Mr. Fokine and danced by himself, Madame and his company.

It is not for music reviewers, even though they are supposed to speak with assurance concerning almost anything, to discourse learned-expertly on the subtler phases of ballet technique. But even our untutored eye was able to admire the skill and grace of Mr. Fokine's young dancers, the ease and confidence of their work and the smoothness of their ensemble.

The dances were carefully costumed, and the stage settings were excellently lighted and effective enough to disarm even those Metropolitan Opera-goers who were sufficiently inveterate to recognize synthesized reminiscences from "Thais" and "Mefistofele" among the trappings. The orchestra, under Alexander Aslanoff, was large and competent. Its origin was unannounced, but judging from the air of habituation with which the players attacked the "Pathétique" one suspected them of Philharmonic affiliations.

OTHER MUSIC.

Three song recitals completed yesterday's list of solo concerts, and of these the performance of John Bendix was by far the most interesting; interesting enough, in fact, to draw out Giulio Gatti-Casazza, smiling and inscrutable in an upper box. Mr. Bendix is a great and genial Dane, who has lent his robust voice to promenade concerts in London, San Carlos opera in Lisbon and various other geographical ventures, including, as the translators say, the Scandinavian. His voice has a booming and resonant quality which occasionally gets out of control as in a Schumann group demanding more tenderness than the sound and fury of the operatic style. But his "Flying Dutchman" aria was truly exhilarating, and the Scandinavian group had real feeling and racial color, especially one Danish number, called (inexplicably) "Kormodsglansen," which somehow recalled the eerie undertones of that most ominous of first curtains, arising with "Act I: A Scene in Elsinore."

It was an evening fortunate in its baritones, for the concert of George Morgan across the street was equally stirring and eloquent, though a marked contrast in style and character. Indeed, it is difficult to classify two voices, both so excellent and both so unlike, under the same head, and "baritone" in this case covers a multitude of virtues. Mr. Morgan's voice is as light and supple as Mr. Bendix's is dark and robust, and he uses it with a finesse in diction that is a joy to the ears. A new American singer (of St. Paul and the United States Army) has made an impression of genuine distinction in this his first New York appearance.

Anna Graham Harris of Haversack gave an afternoon recital of Handel, Haydn and Brahms and a modern French series. She seemed more at home with the German group but the audience apparently preferred the French, especially the Plerhe tale of "trois petit chats blancs," which was vigorously encored. A. S.

His former compatriots filled most of the crowded metropolitan last evening at Michel Fokine's first public appearance after some three years spent in developing an American ballet. Society, too, was in the boxes for once on opera's off night. It was apparently a spontaneous popular greeting to the one-time Czar's dance creator "the brains of the Russian ballet," and his beautiful wife, infrequently seen since they first came to America in 1919. There was interest for Russians in an orchestra of their own nationals, led by Alexander Aslanoff, formerly of the Imperial Theatre, Petrograd, while for Americans at any rate, curiosity ran high as to a new and native ballet.

They made their debut—sixty young American dancers—at the evening's start, in a fantastic piece called "Elves," in costumes still more fantastic on the line of futuristic art, though danced to

h classic music as had been arranged in Mendelssohn's violin concerto and "Midsummer Night's Dream." A list of printed names were mentioned: Beatrice Balava, Inga Bredahl, Len Denison, Desha Podgorska, Lora el, Doris Niles, Barbara Clough, deleine Parker, Jeanette Wilde, Janet tie, Tania Smirnova, Terry Bauer, lly Savage, Dorsha Denmead, Allee nne and Constance Keller, Vitale onoff, Raymond Guerrard and Jack tt. me of those who appeared later were nces Mahan, Renee Wilde and Katia elska, as Greek maidens; Polly ts, Dorothy Harris, Hebe Halpin, a Boudin, among the "waves," and mond Grenewitch among the "war- s," with others as "morning les," in Fokine's "Medusa," anced as a world-premiere. In in- tant minor roles were Scott as Posei- and Nelly Savage as Pallas ene. he "Medusa" was danced to music in Tchaikovsky's symphony "Path- ue," just as the first Russian ballet r seen here, that of "Scheherazade," en in 1910 by Morris Gest, at the ater Garden, and later by Diaghileff, s done as a "tragedy of the harem," s arranged by Fokine, and not as the ck of Sinbad's ship originally ded by Rimsky-Korsakoff. new Rimsky-Korsakoff dance last ht was "Ole, Tors," to that com- er's popular "Caprice Espagnole," h the Fokines as a gypsy and a eador and Jack Scott as "the rival," Jesloso, unknown to "Carmen," ch is chiefly recalled. Charming Ed- assisted the pair in "Le Rêve de la rquise" and Mme. Fokine revived nt Saens's "The Swan," prime favor- of Pavlova. percentage of the receipts will be en to the Russian Relief Fund ough the Monday Opera Supper Club. Along the members of the Supper Club o took boxes and seats were Mrs. hard Mortimer, Mrs. Henry P. omis, Miss Lucile Thornton, Mrs. n Aspegren, Mrs. Ethan Allen, Mrs. hur Ryle, Mrs. H. Edward Man- e, Miss Elizabeth Achelis, Mrs. E. and Harriman, Mrs. W. S. Moore, s Hoffman Miller, Mrs. Monroe nson, Mrs. W. D. Orvis, Mrs. dgon K. Thorne and Mrs. Alfred

Feb 24 1924

A Croatian Violinist

It is a pity that Zlatko Balokovic should have made his first New York appearance under somewhat unfortunate circumstances. After several afternoon concerts critics do not like Sunday evening performances, and, while they may feel it necessary for the sake of their column to go to such concerts if they are given by well known artists, a new arrival may well be overlooked in this town of so abundant musical events. So Mr. Balokovic did not receive the attention that his undoubted gifts will command ultimately, no doubt. This young man plays with great beauty of tone, faultless intonation and genuine musical feeling, the latter having been best displayed yesterday afternoon at the National Theatre in a beautiful Irish air for G string by Herbert Hughes. The finale of Mozart's concerto in D called for the exhibition of feeling and elegance of style, and Mr. Balokovic (it Americanized into Balokovich) displayed both. There are many violinists of much ability now appearing in this country, and Mr. Balokovic will soon be recognized as worthy of a place among the real artists. He is to be heard several times more in New York, one of his recitals being made up of works by Franck and Kreisler. Yesterday he played John Ireland's first rhapsody, evidently a favorite of his, for he plays it fervently and makes the most of it, but it proved to be a work which, while it is effective, has not much real musical value. Kreisler's well-known "Tombourl Chinois" was played delightfully, and among the encores the violinist played the charming Schubert waltz written by Brahms, also delightfully.

Feb 25 1924

By Deems Taylor

Continued from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Samson et Dalila," opera in three acts in four tableaux, by Camille Saint-Saens. Sung in French, Louis Hasselmans conducting. THE CAST: Samson.....Giovanni Martinelli Dalila.....Giuseppa de Luca High Priest.....Paolo Ananiah High Priest.....Leon Rothier Old Hebrew.....Giordano Patrillieri Istene Messenger.....Pietro Audisio Philistine.....Vincenzo Reschiglian Philistine.....Julia Clauson One wonders sometimes whether of Einstein hit upon his theory of relativity while attending an operatic

performance. For at the opera, as nowhere else—except possibly at the dentist's—one realizes that time is only relative, that the actual duration of an event has little to do with its apparent length. The second act of "Lohengrin," for instance, seems hours longer to the consciousness than it actually is, and one totters forth from "Ernani" surprised to find that New York has altered so little with the passage of the years.

"Samson et Dalila" too seems endless unless it is performed under perfect auspices. Even at its best, "Samson" takes very, very long to pass a given point, for the melodiousness of its score, while undeniable, is more or less innocent of dramatic implications, while the action up to the very last scene is mostly confined to the arms and thoraxes of the singers.

Last night's performance seemed a trifle long, it must be confessed; less by reason of any individual lapse than because of a general atmosphere of dolce far niente that hovered in the languid air. Orchestra and singers settled back comfortably, serenely assured that, after all, it was only good old "Samson et Dalila," with nothing to do but sing a bit and then get home to a good night's rest.

And so, as William Winter remarked of "Brown of Harvard," there was no acting. Mr. Martinelli and Mme. Clauson performed the usual brachial rites prescribed by tradition, and ventured no further. The others had less to do, and did it competently.

Vocally, the honors rather went to Mr. Martinelli, who was in sonorous voice, and to Messrs. de Luca and Ananias. Mme. Clauson's lower notes were good, but her upper register was more noticeable than impressive, while her singing as a whole seemed to lack variety.

The audience, a large one, was far from languid. After Mr. Martinelli's concluding B-flat in "Mon Coeur S'ouvre" (the only happening of importance, outside the thunderstorm, in the second act), a tumult and shouting arose from the standees that died only after Samson had interrupted his passionate embrace of Dalila long enough to bow to his admirers.

OTHER MUSIC.

Ravel was the bright, particular star of the concert of Vera Janacopulos yesterday; an afterglow of the flaming "Scheherazade," which she sang for the Friends of Music. Not that the French modernist formed the greater part of her program which developed by the most conventional and prescribed stages. But the earlier fragments from Martini, Mozart and Schubert had an air of being rushed through to arrive at all costs at that part of the program for which the concert had been designed.

Naturally, the older giants suffered. "Erlkönig" in particular cannot be treated in this casual fashion and a certain breathlessness in the singer's higher tones made the "voices" too faint even for the phantom sisters. But, with the arrival of the modern group, Mme. Janacopulos awoke to vivid and ardent interest. Moussorgsky Stravinsky and de Falla, she sang and the "Kaddish" of Ravel which, brief as it was, seemed to dominate the program. At any rate it was unforgettable. Something of the smouldering intensity of the music seemed to have become a part of this singer's personality, and the personality of Mme. Janacopulos is vivid enough to make a living and significant thing of such spirit recaptured.

At the Philharmonic concert in the evening, Willem Mengelberg repeated the Good Friday spell, repeated the Chykovsky Fifth Symphony and his own "Prelude." He added the "Serenade for Wind Instruments" with its wistful echoes of an earlier Richard Strauss. A large audience received the familiar program with rapturous applause.

The second concert of Wilhelm Bachans was grouped about the Regel Variations on a theme by Bach; a scholarly achievement with erudite excursions into academic sentiment and frivolity. Beethoven, Chopin and the Schumann "Carnaval" completed the program. A violin recital by Josef Borissoff ended the evening's concert list.

When the Greek-Brazilian artist, Vera Janacopulos, first appeared in New York some years ago her voice, as well as her beauty and her dramatic feeling, was very favorably commented on. Yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall the two first gifts made an equally favorable impression, but the voice showed sad signs of wear. Too much temperament in the modern songs Mme. Janacopulos has sung so much, without a sufficient foundation of sound technical work! This young and lovely singer seems to have come to the parting of the ways. Either she will be a modernist pure and simple or she may develop her genuine qualities into something rich and rare. She has made a considerable reputation with the songs of today, but is it worth the sacrifice of her voice? Yesterday her recital was cut into two sharp halves, the first disappointing, the second more satisfactory after a fashion. Mozart, Martini, and Schubert call for vocal beauty as well as expressiveness. Harsh accents, strident tones, violent accents are out of place in their works. Euphony must be there. And yet in spite of these defects the singer gave one a thrill with the first part of "Death and the Maiden." The second part was sung much too fast, as was Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour"; by the way, this is a man's song, but women have been singing it a great deal lately.

"The Erlking" also was too fast. Does not Mme. Janacopulos's dramatic feeling teach her these things? It should. And, oh, the accompaniments! Sewing machine playing, great dexterity, great rapidity, and no feeling! In the second half Miss Schlepianoff was better, for she, too, evidently knows the modern school far better than the famous and beautiful songs of the past.

In most of the second part, singing, as such, was unnecessary. Declamation to piano accompaniment—with an occasional bit of melody—was the general characteristic. Were the singer less genuinely gifted one would not grieve at the havoc which this type of work is creating in her lovely voice. Moussorgsky's "Hopak" is not a song. There are whoops in it which would wreck the voice of a Comanche Indian. Let us hope that the young singer will choose the straight and narrow path of vocal righteousness while there is yet time, and become the artist she promised to be.

JOSEF BORISSOFF appeared in the double capacity of violinist and composer at the Town Hall last night. His skill with fiddle and bow had already made many admirers for him. His ability with the pen added to the number.

Feb 29 1924

Lawrence Gilman

Mahler and Heifetz at the Symphony Concert; With a Note on "Siegfried"

Gustav Mahler's First Symphony is becoming almost as fashionable this season as the music of Stravinsky or the singing of Roland Hayes. Mr. Monteux performed the work at a Boston Symphony concert in December, and Mr. Bruno Walter is playing it twice this week with the New York Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mengelberg has not announced it yet, nor has Mr. Stransky; but we would not put it by either of those purposeful Mahlerians to inflict his symphony on us before the daffodils begin to dance in the spring winds. We realize, of course, that conductors live in a world of their own, austere and unaware of the activities of other conductors and other orchestras. They dwell apart, alone with the Muse. We would not expect Mr. Walter to know that Mr. Monteux played this symphony a few months ago in Carnegie Hall. But some one might have whispered the fact to him, suggesting at the same time that it might be a brilliant idea to perform one of the symphonies of Mahler that have not recently been played here—for example, the Fifth which we recall as among the more

vivid and puissant of the Bohemian Nine. But no—Mr. Walter must play the relatively familiar Symphony in D, which Mr. Mengelberg and Mr. Strassky rediscovered for us three or four seasons ago.

If Mahler's First Symphony were a masterpiece, three performances within three months would not, perhaps, seem excessive. But we doubt if even the Mahlerians consider this work a masterpiece (though it would not be wise to feel too sure of that). Its great quality is its genuineness. The sincerity, the complete and staggering earnestness of this music, is beyond dispute. That is the trait that softens one's exasperation over the colossal boredom, the merciless insipidity, of the score.

There is a kind of portentous futility about Mahler's music that is characteristic of none other that we know. You are aware of laboring mountains and stillborn mice; of an immense and solemn preparation for stupendous issues that never eventuate. Recall those seven horns in the last movement of the First Symphony, which "must be heard above everything, even trumpets," according to Mahler's perfect disciple, Paul Stefan. "They sound like a chorale from Paradise after the waves of hell!" cries Mr. Stefan. Alas, they do not sound that way to us. They sound like the kind of blatant commonplace that a composer of incurable imaginative sterility is able to produce when an orchestral Board of Directors is willing to hire some extra horns for the performance.

And how poor a psychologist Mahler was! This Finale, after storming most vehemently in the beginning, expires in the middle of the movement, and the audience passes out with the music—spiritually, of course, for they are too polite to do anything else. Mr. Walter in his program-note for yesterday's performance observed that "during the pause between the second and third

movements, we must imagine that a tragedy has occurred." Mr. Walter's watch was slow. The tragedy occurred a little later in the evening, when the music died. To be sure, it revived at the end; but it was too late then—for all save the Mahlerians, who were out in force yesterday, and were obviously lost in wonder, love and praise over the proceedings.

And then at about this point in one's meditations upon Mahler the enormous pathos of the man and his music sweeps over you and fills you with a kind of tenderness for the composer and his vast, laborious, six-volume musical novels. He believed so utterly, so unquestioningly, in the momentousness of what he had to say to us; he felt it all with so ferocious an intensity, so unsuspecting a conviction; he was so perfectly, in his own sight, the Man with a Message, that to say frankly what so many of us really feel about his actual achievement seems as brutal and wanton as spoiling a child's first raptures over Santa Claus in the interests of scientific truth.

Also, there are the Mahlerians. Perhaps, after all, the rest of us are wrong; perhaps this is genuinely great music, the music of a seer, a prophet, a poet of splendid and golden dreams. And yet—

Mr. Walter and his orchestra played much of the symphony beautifully—but not the first movement of it, which sounded ragged and insufficiently rehearsed.

The only other number on the program was Karl Goldmark's Violin Concerto in A minor, with Mr. Heifetz playing the solo part. Goldmark's concerto is poor stuff, vapid and tedious, and scarcely worth the pains that Mr. Heifetz must have taken with it. He played it with enamoring loveliness of tone, with poise and authority and ease, with that unflawed dignity and distinction of style which set him in a place apart among virtuosi of the fiddle. A lesser artist might have squeezed a certain spurious sentiment out of this music, but Mr. Heifetz played it "straight"—simply and honestly and for what it was worth, and being a great artist and an exquisite master of style, he almost persuaded us that we were hearing fine music—as, indeed, we were, but it must not be credited to Goldmark.

At the Opera, in the evening, Wagner's "Siegfried" was repeated, with Michael Bohnen instead of Clarence Whitehill as The Wanderer. Mr. Bohnen was a very playful Wanderer, jovial and mellow. Perhaps it is a mistake to feel that The Wanderer should be a majestic and rather awful person; but if this really is an error, then Wagner's music lies—which is not a thing it often does about the character it sets out to express. But Mr. Bohnen sang imposingly, and poked Mime in the ribs with his spear, and was a regular cut-up; and doubtless

most of the principals were those of the first performance of "Siegfried" (Mr. Taucher as Siegfried, as Brunnhilde, Mr. Mcader as Mr. Schuetzenhof as Alberic, except that Mme. Karin Branzell placed Mme. Matzenauer as Erda, and made much of the brief but tremendous scene in which she figures. Mr. Gustafson was the Dragon and Miss Ryan the Bird, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted. A great audience listened to the marvelous fairy tale.

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

There is no way of knowing—short of asking him, perhaps—whether Mr. George M. Cohan had ever heard Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" before he wrote "Over There;" at all events he has ruined part of the Strauss work for this hearer with singular completeness. For there is a theme in the "Domestica" that is not only "Over There," note for note, but obstinately remains "Over There" from the beginning to the end.

This because while Strauss has always been in the habit of alternating his more elaborate thematic material with tunes of an almost childish simplicity, he has never, except in the "Symphonia Domestica," seemed quite so—one is tempted to say lazy—about developing them. There is much that is eloquent in the work, and the structure and instrumentation, of course, are masterly as always; but there is likewise a disquieting amount of sheer trash—banal tunes and threadbare harmonic progressions that no amount of orchestral color can make sound less trivial than they are.

Mr. Mengelberg's reading of the work last night in Carnegie Hall was brilliant and superbly proportioned—he is a matchless Strauss exponent—and the Philharmonic, despite a few technical slips and what sounded like some false entrances in the fugue, responded to his baton with enthusiasm and effectiveness. He and the orchestra were equally happy in a beautiful performance of the "Midsummer's Night's Dream" overture.

Felix Salmond was the soloist, playing Dvorak's concerto. Most cello concertos are too long, and the Dvorak work is safely with the majority; but its length was almost justified by the poetic and nobly proportioned performance that Mr. Salmond gave it last night. His style is as broad as it is unaffected, and he has a tone that recalls the color of old Cathedral windows. The enthusiasm of his hearers was a tribute only too richly deserved.

The afternoon program of the New York Symphony Orchestra was to have included the "Little Suite" of Volkmann and Schumann, but Mr. Walter dropped it—for reasons probably connected with the fifty-five-minute duration of Mahler's first symphony. His amended list offered, besides the symphony, only the Goldmark violin concerto, which Jascha Heifetz played to the vigorous applause of a large audience.

OTHER MUSIC.

After yesterday's matinee it was difficult to remember that "Le Coq d'Or" was once regarded as a caviar for the sophisticated; a bit precious, a bit mysterious, the fantastic product of that so quaint Rimsky-Korsakov. Time and the seasons have changed all that; yesterday's audience might have come for "Hansel and Gretel" for all the rows of small bobbed heads and the delighted squeals of the infant operator. Indeed the final stamp of popular approval was added by the rumor that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were present in a box, though it is not recorded that they were there in any official search for screen material. In any case, they saw a glowing performance. Thalia Sabanieva sang the Princess with velvety sweetness, though her voice has certain spasmodic leaps in its pursuit of that agile and capricious young dancer. For the rest, the cast had a familiar group of mimes and music makers with Mr. Bamboschek guiding the orchestra through the multi-colored mazes of the bright yet

wistful fairy tale.

Four poems by Tagore have been woven by Ethel Leginska into a new suite which the New York String Quartet played last night. They are the restless musings of "The Gardener" which the composer has swept into her bitter-sweet cadences, merged with the strained and tortured rhythms of the East. Tagore himself might deplore their philosophy, but the composer has recaptured her own reactions to the poems with vivid and startling reality. To the four poems the four players brought the utmost sympathy and understanding.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Concert.

The fifteenth concert in the Thursday evening series of the Philharmonic Society took place last evening in Carnegie Hall, Willem Mengelberg conducting. The program consisted of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, the cello concerto in E minor of Antonin Dvorak, and Richard Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." The cellist was Felix Salmond, the English artist who passes most of his time here. The Strauss composition was given for the first time at a Philharmonic concert. It has been heard before, however, and usually produces the same impression that it did last evening.

Ernest Newman, the noted English commentator, who early became one of the enthusiastic admirers of the distinguished German master, was deeply grieved when he heard this musical portrayal of the home life of the composer. He declared that the work was the creation of a clever man who had once been a genius. Mr. Strauss's incorrigible realism led him into the musical representation of details more fit for a comedy opera than a pretentious tone poem. The exclamatory laudations of the relatives who discover that the infant looks like papa and the administration of a thematic spanking to the youngster are indeed fancies of a clever musician, but perhaps not in the most exquisite taste.

There is some fine writing in the "Symphonia Domestica." When the baby has been put to bed and the house settles down to the peace of a lamp lit evening we are presented with a tonal picture of the truly great papa in the act of composing some of his immortal music and here we get very good music indeed, music that has real beauty of character and warmth of imagination. Mr. Strauss is always eloquent when he is writing about himself whether it be in this bed time story of a genius or in that more imposing composition which bodies forth in glowing polyphony the combat of the hero with the world, the flesh and the critics.

But of this proud work enough has been said. That it would be well performed was a certainty. Mr. Mengelberg and Strauss always go well together. Possibly something should be said for the old fashioned Mendelssohn, whose overture sounded still fresh and youthful, rich in romantic spirit, full of verve and delightful as ever in its lucid and opulent orchestration. But it has been better played than it was last evening. Mr. Mengelberg drove his men through it as if the end were something to be sought with great ardor.

Mr. Salmond covered himself with glory in the long and complicated Dvorak concerto. The cello does not submit itself graciously to polyphonic intricacies, but rises supreme when it gets opportunity to sing. Mr. Salmond, who possesses a very fine instrument and knows well how to extract its best tone from it, made much of all the cantabile passages in the concerto and executed the virtuoso portions with a resourceful and assured technique. He was warmly applauded.

Roe Eaton's Concert.

With the assistance of Leo Schulz, cellist, and J. Henri Bove, flutist, Miss Roe Eaton, soprano, gave a concert in Acolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Schulz played four solo numbers

and Mr. Bove performed an andante and scherzo by Gounod. Mr. Schulz also furnished the obligato to Tschai-kovsky's song, "None but the Lonely Heart." Miss Eaton sang songs in French and English and three operatic airs, David's "Charmant Oiseau," Mozart's "Deh vieni" and Nedda's song from "Pagliacci."

The singer, who had been heard here before, though infrequently, displayed a high soprano voice of good, though not extraordinary, quality. The character of the voice seemed cold and easily falling into acidity, which prevented any approach to warmth or variety of color. There was a great deal too much unsteadiness of tone, sometimes indeed exaggerating itself into a vicious tremolo. The breath control appeared to be uncertain and not to have the singer's perfect confidence.

There was a tendency to false intonation in several of the numbers and the natural merit of the voice was often obscured by bad placing. The florid passages were mostly sung in an unfinished manner and scales seemed to thrust difficulties into the soprano's path. She was at her best in the David air, which she sang with much deliberation, but generally in correct style. Michael Baucheisen played good accompaniments.

Strauss and Mengelberg.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" was the principal orchestral work on the program of the Philharmonic Society conducted by Willem Mengelberg last night in Carnegie Hall. The performance as a whole was very eloquent, and this in spite of shakiness in the middle part, when Strauss's counterpoint was more complicated than it need have been. Elsewhere the orchestra played brilliantly. We speak now of interpretation; we think this the best reading of Strauss we have heard from Mr. Mengelberg. He has long been praised here for his "Don Juan." Brilliant as that is, the reading of the "Domestica" was the warmest in sentiment, the richest in humor and in homely feeling that we have known. It was not only Bavarian, it was Dutch, in the hands of this Mengelberg of Amsterdam—appropriately Dutch. As homespun as a Dutch interior, at times absolutely pathetic with healthiness and vigor, coarse-grained, yet poetic and full of the stuff of life. Never before, for this reviewer, has this work of Strauss

his greatest-sounded so well-knit, so glowing, so vital, as last night, in spite of a first performance and concomitants. The lyric themes were gloriously sung. Humor and joy rioted through the score. Strauss's "Heldenleben," if memory serves, was dedicated to Mr. Mengelberg. Well, the "Symphonia Domestica" should have been!

The soloist at this concert was Felix Salmond, cellist. He played the very difficult and usually boring cello concerto of Dvorak. But on this occasion the listener was not bored, thanks to Mr. Salmond's thrice admirable performance. He not only mastered intricate technical problems and matters of double stopping and the like with complete fluency and accuracy of intonation, but he flung them off with the spirit and the flair of a born virtuoso. It is even possible to believe that he himself enjoyed all of this weak and diffuse composition. He sang the melodies with a noble sonority and breadth of style, and with a sensuousness of quality which would have made yet poorer music worth the listening. After all, a concerto, so played, even if inferior in artistic value to a symphony, is a welcome feature of an orchestral concert, when the personality of a performer of knowledge and temperament is legitimately to the fore, when the listener feels like shouting, as the orchestra seems to shout when it crashes into the tutti, "Bravo! Bravo!"

The other orchestral work, which opened the concert, was Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," played with a simplicity, a complete lack of extravagance or sensationalism, which did musicianly justice to Mendelssohn's delightful music, and showed a Mengelberg who submerged his personality completely in his task.

Mahler and Music.

By OLIN DOWNES.

It is a pity that creative genius in music does not always go hand in hand with noble aspiration. This was pathetically borne upon the hearer of Mahler's First Symphony, performed very sympathetically by Bruno Walter and the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Of the symphonies of Mahler this is surely one of the most genuine in expression and "inspired" in its material. Yet what comes out? What comes out are some delightful sentimental airs, after the pattern of German "landler," an old

canon, "Frère Jacques," to be conceived, according to the composer's information, a la Callot, and some pleasing but not arresting themes in the folk manner. These are principal musical characteristics, save in the finale, in which there is a strenuous attempt at tragic expression, which fails. Again and again the composer hauls at his bootstraps and remains on the ground.

It is sad, because Mahler's idealism as a man and artist was so true and so profound. Often it is felt in this symphony, behind the notes. Sometimes it finds a passing just expression, in a chance phrase, or because of a felicitous patch of orchestral color. The first movement is particularly affecting, because of its mood of nature and reverie, the horn calls that come from afar, the sensation of glowing life and buoyancy of spirit. The second movement sustains this mood. One thinks inevitably of a young German poet who hums a folksong or sings aloud as he wanders through a forest or frolics with village folk. There is a gentle melancholy, naive, but honest, from the heart. It is the music of a dreamer, without great inherent force or distinction; but the hearer, too, can dream. In his use of the canon, "Frère Jacques" the composer perhaps intended to strike a more sardonic note, but is not very convincing. It is only in the finale that the texture of the music really changes, and here, unfortunately, and in spite of the grandiose conclusion, the symphony falls flat. One wonders, hearing this, whether, if Mahler had continued in the direction of the first three movements of this work, and such compositions as the "Lays of Traveling Journeyman," one of the themes of which finds its way into it, he might not at last have achieved a style which would have been original and of lasting value. But that is not a highly profitable speculation. The symphony ends in noisy futility. It is of undesirable and inexcusable length. If it were half as long it would be much stronger, and the laborious pother of the finale would then be curtailed!

The performance was extremely eloquent. The sincerity of the conductor matched that of the composer. Mr. Walter wrapped his heart about every note and the men gave him all the response of which they were capable. But neither this nor the prolonged applause which Mr. Walter's rendering amply merited made a convincing symphony.

Jascha Heifetz was soloist at this concert, playing the Goldmark concerto, a jaunty succession of commonplaces if there ever was one. Mr. Heifetz, of course, made this the vehicle of his abundant and brilliant virtuosity. And he did more, particularly in the opening movement, where his poise and certainty were set off by the fire and tonal warmth of his playing. Since the slow movement is so syrupy, why not have made it so in performance? But Mr. Heifetz did not choose to do that, and perhaps helped the composer in so deciding. The finale gave the violinist still further opportunities to display fleetness and accuracy of finger technique,

and the wonderful wrist and bow arm which are his. The performances of the afternoon, commendable as they were, left an unfilled vacuum in the listener. Everything had been heard but great music. A kingdom is worth less than an idea.

GEORGE S. MADDEN, American

can baritone and an annualist in the recital field, sang an interesting list of songs at the Town Hall last night. Being fired with patriotism, at any rate at the beginning of the evening, he began his programme with six selections of American composers.

After the "flag-waving" group, he was heard with evident pleasure on the part of the audience in works by German, English, Norwegian, Italian and Russian composers.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Le Roi de Lahore," opera in five acts and six tableaux, the book made by Louis Gallet from a Hindu legend and the music by Jules Massenet, was produced at the Metropolitan last evening for the first time in this city. The work falls easily into the catalogue of distinguished resurrections performed by the magic of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's directorial wand. The opera was first heard in Paris in 1877. It has been long in making its little journey to the seventy-fifth meridian. The production of last evening was one of much pictorial brilliancy.

The action of the opera takes place in India, and Boris Ainsfeld in the several settings provided for the revelation filled the stage with such a splendor of vermillion and gold as the

olemn old edifice has not known in many moons. The evening was one of Indian red scenes and multicolored costumes, proud processions and stately dances, a hand made elephant and venerable horses, beautiful Miss Galli and agile Bonfiglio caracolling in the midst and also some plangent music. But of the last mention may be made later.

The story of "Le Roi de Lahore" is another of those dealing with the reprehensible loves of men for the priestesses of a temple. In this case it is Scindia, a royal Minister, who has conceived a passion for his niece, Sita. So has the king, Alim, who has visited her secretly. Hence, when she repulses Scindia, that undesirable citizen (a barytone, of course) denounces her and "peaches" about the visits of the King (tenor). The King cannot be punished for profaning the temple, but it is suggested to him that a political situation of such delicacy may be ended by his going out to battle with the Moslems.

Is Wounded in Battle.

In the battle Scindia takes care that Alim is mortally wounded, but graciously accorded a lingering death so that he may sing a duet with Sita. Scindia succeeds Alim as king and annexes Sita to be his queen. Alim ascends to Buddhistic paradise, where Indra after refreshment by the dances of the sacredly seductive hours and their formerly ascetic companions (Galli, Bonfiglio and corps de ballet) takes pity on Alim and permits him to return to life, the condition being that he must die when Sita dies.

Alim returns to Lahore and meets Sita just as she is about to commit suicide rather than dwell in the house of Scindia. Duet of course. Scindia surprises the enraptured pair, and Sita, perceiving that Scindia holds them in his power, stabs herself. Thereupon Alim also dies and the two are wafted to the gardens of Indra, who might easily have spoiled the opera by sending for Sita to go up there and join Alim after his first death.

This score was written when Massenet was young and was one of the works which served to gain for him the soubriquet of "Mlle. Wagner." Its general musical character it resembles the same composer's "Le Cid," which even Jean de Reszke could not preserve. It is replete in pompous and often stilted declamation accompanied by orchestral glories, and some resounding choruses, but it seldom rises to a level of captivating melody or eloquent lyric expression.

The book is marred by literary affectations and hyperbole. It abounds in violent contrasts and dramatic sequences without logical connection. Doubtless these traits influenced Massenet to overload his orchestration, while they failed to inspire him with noble utterances. His score is ill balanced. The pedestal is on the stage and the statue in the orchestra, as was charged groundlessly against another master long ago. The French have esteemed the overture and pronounced it full of verve and character. Perhaps it will be played at a Sunday evening concert.

Scene in the Garden.

Probably most local operagoers will obtain their greatest pleasure from the scene in the garden of Indra, and not without reason. Here we have a celestial march, the ballet movements one containing a saxophone solo (without jazz) and a valse lente, as well as the dignified Invocation of Indra, with its admirable chorus.

But the "gem" of the opera has for years been Scindia's solo in the fourth act, "Promesse de mon avenir," heard sometimes in song recitals. France complained that the music of the last act was wholly subordinated to the drama, after a fashion imported from the other side of the Rhine. One discovers in this delectable Oriental dream of adventurous youth still another resemblance to the Titan of Bayreuth, to wit, the repetition here and there of phrases allotted to certain parts of the drama. Here indeed lingers the maiden Innocence of the true Mlle. Wagner, for the composer employs typical themes with the ingenious irresponsibility of a child building cathedrals with alphabet blocks.

In contradiction to the views herein given may be quoted a passage from a letter written in 1879 by no less a

personage than Tchaikowsky: "His opera has captivated me by its rare beauty of form, its simplicity and freshness of ideas and style, as well as by its wealth of melody and distinction of harmony." If Tchaikowsky had waited till "Manon" had been composed he would perhaps have admitted that Massenet was yet in his artistic infancy when he composed "Le Roi de Lahore."

From Across the Rhine.

In "Manon" the representative theme imported from beyond the Rhine is used with directness and conviction, if not with subtlety, and there is a clear cut characterization in the music which is conspicuously absent from that of the Indian opera. In the latter, indeed, the music is all of a piece, and any lyric passage might issue from any one of the several mouths occupied with the publication of the stereotyped Oriental passions. That wealth of melody which Tchaikowsky discerned may possibly strike contemporaneous music lovers as resembling a stack of silver dollars, more notable for equal-

ity of dimensions and brightness than for individuality.

In fine one is persuaded to adopt as his faith in regard to the composer of this work the terse comment of M. George Jean-Aubry: "Massenet produced some Massenet that was too bad for us to need more of it. As for good Massenet, he alone knew how to write it."

Large Audience Hears Opera.

Having quoted this, we may repeat the declaration that the opera is sumptuously mounted at the Metropolitan, and well performed. It was heard last evening by a large audience, and was applauded vigorously. The expressions of public opinion at the opera, however, are often modified after first nights and the possibility of permanent favor for this work cannot be discussed till more performances have been given.

In addition to the lavish scenic garb Mr. Gatti-Casazza furnished a generally competent and interesting cast. Mme. Della Reinhardt, who had hardly recovered fully from her recent indisposition, sang the music of Sita tastefully, and in some passages with evident feeling, but without sufficiently powerful tone in the ensembles. Vigor could hardly be expected of her in the circumstances. Mr. Lauri-Volpi as Alim was a gorgeously jeweled king and he made the air gleam with the diamonds of his high register. He was quite commendable in the part and aroused some of the greatest enthusiasm of the evening.

Mr. de Luca had excellent opportunities as Scindia and he lost none of them. His declamation was admirable in style and his cantilena equally good. He got all there was in it from "Promesse de mon avenir" and evoked plaudits loud and long. His costume and makeup were models. Mr. Rothier as Timur the high priest poured forth great volumes of tone and made a splendid figure of the guardian of the temple morals. Mr. Mardones chanted the lines of Indra bravely and Mme. Alcock appeared as the unimportant Kalad.

Miss Galli's heavenly ballet was brilliant and indeed dazzling to the eye, albeit there seemed to cluster around the hours some of the time honored traditions of the classic Franco-Italian school. The blessed do not flame with terpsichorean originality. But the spectacle was splendid. The chorus, trained by the ever competent Giulio Setti, sang most effectively and the orchestra was satisfactory. Louis Hasselmanns deserves credit for a generally well balanced and well sustained musical performance.

PAUL REIMERS SINGS.

Paul Reimers gave the first of a series of drawing room recitals yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. M. Orme Wilson. His first group of songs were seventeenth and eighteenth century compositions, which were sung to the accompaniment of harpsichord and viola d'amour. Brahms songs and modern French songs made up the other part of the program. Frank Bibb was at the piano and harpsichord and his brother, Eugene Bibb, played the viola d'amour.

by Lawrence Gilman

"Le Roi de Lahore" French opera in five acts; music by Jules Massenet, book by Louis Gallet. Produced last night at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time in New York.

THE CAST

Alim, King of Lahore, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Scindia, Prime Minister, Giuseppe De Luca
Timour, High Priest, Leon Rothier
Indra, Jose Mardones
Sita, Della Reinhardt
Kalad, Meme Alcock

Scenery and costumes designed by Boris Anisfeld. Incidental dances by Rosina Galli (premiere danseuse), Giuseppe Bonfiglio and corps de ballet. Stage director, Wilhelm von Wymetal.

Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

It was a summer day in the Forest of Fontainebleau, almost fifty years ago. Monsieur Jules Massenet, then in his early thirties, had returned from Paris, where he had attended the funeral of Bizet. The weather was hot and enervating; the forecast in the Fontainebleau "Evening Male and Female" read: "Forest swelters. No relief in sight." Monsieur Massenet, deeply depressed, put on the thinnest of his lilac silk pajamas and lay down to take a nap. "I felt annihilated," he tells us, "and let myself fall asleep." But though his body was "lulled to sleep," his "mind," as he described it, "remained active."

Thereupon he dreamed a marvelous dream. He found himself in the Hindu Paradise, the Gardens of the Blest on Mount Merou, surrounded by nouris and divinities and sub-divinities and the joyous souls of dead monarchs and virtuous commoners. Gigantic and gorgeous flowers swayed gently in the perfumed airs; Indra, the God, was seated aloft on a gleaming golden throne; the hours sported amorously among the daisies, and the chorus (words by that inspired immortal, Louis Gallet) sang as follows in Monsieur Massenet's ear:

"Ere is dimmed the radiant morn
Whose splendors on our foreheads lie,
A thousand centuries must be born,
Another thousand centuries die!"

But at this point Monsieur Massenet, who, perhaps, had not packed for so long a week end, roused himself and went back to Fontainebleau, his body refreshed, his mind filled with sweet sounds and gleaming pictures. "I had heard in my dream," he tells us, "my third act, the Hindu Paradise, played on the stage of the Opera. The intangible performance had, as it were, filled my mind. I never would have dared to hope for it. I began to write the rough draft of the instrumental music for that scene in Paradise. A year later, at Fontainebleau, in the summer of 1876, I finished the whole of the orchestral score for 'Le Roi de Lahore,' on which I had now spent several years." In April of the following year "Le Roi de Lahore" was produced at the Opera in Paris; and last night, only forty-seven years later, it reached New York in a resplendent and imposing version proffered by Mr. Gatti-Casazza to his Metropolitan public.

There is every reason in the world why opera-lovers should go in groves to visit this operatic paradise devised by Massenet and Mr. Gatti-Casazza. There is, first of all, the chromatic delirium evoked by Mr. Boris Anisfeld—a scenic hashish-dream comprising every color that has ever ravished the eye of man. There are the dances arranged by Miss Rosina Galli and danced by the ballet of the Hindu Paradise in the third act. There is a continuity of brilliant and engrossing spectacle. There is the complete paraphernalia of the five-act Meyerbeerian "grand opera" of French tradition, with its pomp and blare, its imposing choruses and ensembles; its pathetic and dra-

matic arias, duets, finales; its processions and troops and coronations. It is replete with what Richard Wagner, when he cynically set out to beat Meyerbeer at his own game in "Rienzi," called "sensational and massive vehemence, scenic and musical display." For Massenet, like Wagner, was aiming at the Paris Opera.

All of this the delighted visitor to the Metropolitan will get from a visit to "Le Roi de Lahore" (the story of which we told in detail in last Sunday's Tribune). He will also get lusty trumpet-tones from the throat of Miss Della Reinhardt, the rich baritonality of Mr. de Luca, the fine art of Leon Rothier. Mr. Gatti even throws in an elephant for good measure in the scene of the coronation procession.

In short, there is nothing that you are likely to ask of opera that Mr. Gatti's production of "Le Roi de Lahore" will not give you. The music, to be sure, is worthless. But since "Ernani" draws better than "Die Meistersinger," of what consequence is that fact?

It is one of the mysteries of musi-

cal history that a man could set down the notes of twenty-three operas (there are 1,100 pages in the orchestral score of "Le Roi de Lahore" alone) and never once achieve a measure which the breath of a truly creative spirit seems to have fanned into flame. Surely this is the most epical, the most automaton, of all music. There is no denying the prettiness of the imitation skin; and the puppet walks and makes gestures grandiose and dramatic. But it is as dead as wood and steel—deader, indeed; for wood can grow and steel can sing and flame.

Last night's audience received the work with cordiality, especially after the third act with its celestial splendors and its spirited ballet, and the chief participants were summoned repeatedly before the curtain—including, finally, the heavenly architect himself, Mr. Boris Anisfeld.

Miss Reinhardt, who had recovered from the indisposition that caused her to faint during last Saturday's performance of "Die Meistersinger," sang the rôle of the unlucky Sita, the passionate priestess who attained her heart's desire only in Paradise. She made the papier-maché heroine of Massenet and Gallet credibly human and sympathetic (no small achievement), and she sang the music with taste and discretion and often with beauty. Mr. Lauri-Volpi sang his tones into space with reckless prodigality, and was sufficiently ardent and personable as the kingly lover. Mr. De Luca drew every ounce of sentiment from the celebrated aria of Scindia in the fourth act, "Promesse de mon avenir," which Tchaikowsky liked so much when he bought the score of "Le Roi de Lahore" in 1879 that he remembered the tune affectionately a decade later when he came to write his Fifth Symphony—the first five notes of the famous horn theme in the slow movement are identical with the first five of Massenet's tune; though Tchaikowsky, being a genius, turned the idea to much better account than Massenet did.

Mr. Rothier as the High Priest, Mme. Alcock as Kalad and Mr. Mardones as Indra, lord of the Hindu heaven, delivered themselves of carefully prepared impersonations. The paradisiacal dances were picturesquely devised, and the stage management was flexible and resourceful. Mr. Hasselmanns discovered neither subtleties nor sublimities in the music, which was scarcely strange, since there were none there to be revealed. But he conducted with skill and authority, and made what he could of the amorphous score.

FLORA NEGRI IN SONGS.

Miss Flora Negri, a young soprano of attractive personality and promising vocal material, gave her first recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Her program consisted of airs by Donaudy, Leoncavallo, Massenet, Hahn, a conventional group of German lieder, an English group, including songs by Pearl Curran, Ruth Rappaport and several Russian airs.

Miss Negri's deficiencies were those of immaturity and training. Her voice was not placed to best advantage in its lower ranges, and she often had slight difficulties with her breath control. But the natural qualities of her voice were admirable. Richness, warmth, a wide range of color and a fine fullness of tone in the upper register were some of the characteristics which lent enjoyment to her offerings. Even that ancient war horse, Signor Luzzi's "Ave Maria" was revived with renewed freshness and beauty of tone. In short Miss Negri revealed many vocal assets which deserve encouragement and further development. She was not greatly aided last evening by the accompaniments of Mme. Nina Massell.

AMERICAN TENOR HEARD.

John Valentine, American tenor of Buffalo, who has studied in New York and Rome, gave his first song recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. He is one of the small company of tenors in possession of beautiful voices. His art is still in the making. His voice is light in quality, but sufficiently large for the purpose of lyric song. His tone production was somewhat restricted in the upper register and not entirely free in the lower. This defect was partly due to nervousness and to the traces of a recent cold. His middle tones were admirable.

He sang airs and songs, beginning with Handel and Mozart and ranging on down to Tirindelli's lyric entitled "Unclaimed," which is dedicated to himself, and Castelnuovo-Tedesco's "Springtime," and exhibited musical intelligence, sentiment and taste. Walter Golde played excellent accompaniments.

The Early Massenet.

LE ROI DE LAHORE. Opera in five acts and six scenes. Book in French by Louis Gallet. Music by Jules Massenet. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Alim, King of Lahore, Glacomo Lauri-Volpi
Scindia, Prime Minister, Giuseppe de Luca
Timour, High Priest, Leon Botlier
Indra, Jose Mardones
Sita, Delia Reinhardt
Kalad, Monte Alcock
Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The most amusing experience of opera the writer has had this season in New York was the production for the first time in this city, and for the first time on an adequate scale in this country, last night in the Metropolitan Opera House, of Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore." (A performance of this work, with limited resources, was given in New Orleans in the season of 1893-94.) It is the old-style Meyerbeerian grand opera, written in the days of Massenet's youth, his third work performed on the stage, his first effort in the grand opera form. The music is written with extraordinary freshness, enthusiasm and complete lack of originality. There is not a measure of revolutionary genius in it. But it is composed with unmistakable gusto, and it is amazing, in view of the limited experience of the composer at the time—the production was in 1877—to realize how skillfully and effectively, in practically all respects, he accomplished his task. The writing for the solo voices is throughout in the "grand" and rather affected manner which was already ageing in the days of the youthful Massenet, but admirable for purposes of song in the theatre; the scoring for choruses is of masterly sonority, even redundant at times of passages in the ensembles of Giuseppe Verdi's "Aida," which had been heard in Paris one year before Massenet's work, and composed five years before that; and finally, there is the usefulness for stage, as there is barrenness of poetry or emotion, in the libretto of Louis Gallet.

We repeat this opera is empty of originality. But that is not the point. To examine "Roi de Lahore" from the standpoint of an esthetic or stylist, or one who believed in art being more than an amusement, would be idle and even a little unjust to the composer. "Roi de Lahore" was written for exactly what it is, an opera to entertain the idle rich and the tired business man, and it completely fulfills its mission. It is a piece for display, and last night it was seen in its proper setting, before what is undoubtedly the most brilliant operatic audience that assembles in any theatre today; ringed about by the handsome, bejeweled and costumed, with lights, chatter, rustle and the applause of those who did not have to think to enjoy the music, finding pleasure and satisfaction in bestowing upon it the color and distinction of their presence! So was the opera given and received. It will be very popular here. If one must be serious in any way about it, it was historically an instructive example of the style, spirit and manner of performance of the older type of French grand opera, which is advisedly becoming more and more obsolete, but which the younger generation may well examine with curiosity and appreciation of its dimensions and its workmanship.

One aspect of this production was not, however, that of French grand opera of the '70s, and we can, upon the whole, be thankful for it. This is the scenery of Boris Anisfeld. He has been let loose by the Metropolitan to do his most gorgeous, and he has done it. It is true that Louis Gallet, not only librettist but accomplished with pencil and color, and the designer of the desert scene for the original Paris performance, would never have recognized the extraordinary sky, the rather futurist and Muscovitish tents, etc., of Mr. Anisfeld in this place. But it is better so, because we imagine no Parisian scene painter of Massenet's period could have conceived, for example, the gorgeous interior of the temple in the second scene of the first act, with its incomparable rose and gold, or the extravagant colors that are fairly flung on the stage in the scene of the third act—the god Indra's realm. There are golds, deep blues, purples, glowing reds, greens, blacks—it is futile to begin to enumerate the colors with which the settings and costumes are saturated, heaped together like an immense pile of jewels, surmounted at the back of the stage, high up, by the golden throne of Indra, and permeated in an impressionistic manner with the design of the lotus flower. These are the two most striking scenes. There are others it would take too long to describe. What matter? This is an opera of sound that signifies nothing in particular except passages for chesty tenors, deep basses and brilliant sopranos, and color, glint, bravery of spectacle and attire. And these things, in costumes as well as background, Mr. Anisfeld has notably and characteristically achieved.

The story of the opera has been told in these columns, and is about as necessary for an appreciation of its musical features as the plot of a "Pollyanna" would be. Suffice it then to remark that King Alim and the Prime Minister Scindia are rivals for the love of Sita, high priestess of the temple of Indra in Lahore of the eleventh century and the Mussulman invasions. Sita is

granted the relinquishment of her vows, that she may wed with Alim, on condition that Alim immediately set forth to fight the invaders. This is the pronouncement of the high priest, Timour, friendly to the lovers. On the battlefield Alim is treacherously slain by Scindia's command. These incidents cause acts one and two. Act three is the scene of the Oriental paradise, where the soul of Alim, surrounded by fabulous delights, longs only for Sita. The god Indra, perceiving Alim's unhappiness, grants him his desire. A chorus proclaims Alim's destiny. He shall return to earth, in poverty, helpless, to regain his Sita if he can, but when Sita dies Alim also shall perish. The chorus repeats the god's command at the beginning of the fourth act, when Alim confronts Scindia, about to marry Sita, is taken for a ghost by an amazed populace, and sheltered by Timour from the anger of Scindia in the temple where first, as an unknown admirer, he tendered Sita his love. To this temple, from her intended bridegroom, Sita escapes. There the pair are surprised by Scindia. Sita stabs herself, Alim falls; Scindia cries out his remorse as those whom death has at last united are ascending to Indra's realm.

To discuss the music is simply to discuss the performance. The first act is musically the strongest. It gave the chorus opportunity for magnificent singing, not only in the opening appeal to Timour to stay the inroads of the Mussulman, but in the sonorous finale with the solo voices. It was in this finale that Mr. Lauri-Volpi rose to his full height as a singer. He astonished his admirers by suddenly appearing as the kind of singer of whom there are too few today in opera land, a singer of robust and dramatic qualities and by no means the singer of lyrical music which he has been in past performances of this season. The audience, and quite rightly, responded with special enthusiasm to his performance, and in every respect he fulfilled its desires. The tone was not only brilliant, but often of sensuous beauty, manly, ringing, and, of course, when the opportunities came to, send B-flats, triple fortissimo, crashing against his palate, the audience gave Mr. Lauri an ovation.

He was equally successful in the pallid and syrupy love music of the second act. He sobbed, tonally speaking, and sighed, but not inartistically. He waved his hands about in the good old grand opera manner, lay down aying, stooped by Scindia, when he did not have to sing, and stood up singing when he should have laid down as one about to die; took the middle of stage with geometrical precision between two wings of the chorus, alternately embraced or parted by a few paces from his soprano, in delivering his anorous address. It was the way to do it. Any other way, truer to drama, would have been infinitely falsified to Massenet's opera.

Miss Reinhardt gave an eloquent performance of the music of Sita, and was dramatically well in the picture. Her movements had the quality of line as well as excellently considered pose. Her solo in the first act, her duet with her hand maiden in the second act, which is quite as silly, and exactly as mellifluous as the duet of Crobyle and Myrtale in "Thais," was delivered with excellent

quality of tone and manner of phrase, and when it was possible she expressed herself in dramatic spirit.

A big personage in the theatrical sense is the high priest, Timour, and Mr. Rothler made the most of his music. He was always a commanding figure, and always master, as singer and as interpreter, of his part.

Mr. de Luca is of less commanding presence, nor is he by nature an actor. But when he sang he was the man for the place. The romanza of the fourth act, famous and popular on this side of the water long before the opera was known here, "Promesse de mon avenir," evoked a response equal to that which greeted Mr. Lauri-Volpi, and always there was Mr. de Luca's mastery of legato, his smooth tone and prevaillingly beautiful style. Perhaps it was necessary in places for him to sing more robustly than was exemplary of the finest shades of his art, but he was always a singer of style and he received his reward. From the heights, in Act 3, came the splendid, sonorous bass of Mr. Mardones. It would have been hard to find a better organ for the voice of Indra. The phrases given the god, very broad and stately, were superbly delivered. Mme. Alcock took the part of Kolod intelligently, though she has sung to better advantage.

The opera, originally in five acts, was advisedly condensed into four acts, the last act, like the first, in two scenes. In the second scene comes the first hint of an Orientalism, which is faint indeed in Massenet's score, but quite lovely in this place—the evening hymn of the priestesses of Indra, well introduced in two places, as interruption of the early scene between the raging Scindia, Timour and Sita, and in the last act as Sita prepares for her suicide. Another faint touch of the same exoticism, this time more literal but hardly more real, is the Hindu air given to a flute in the orchestra, then used as a basis for variation in the ballet music of act three. But Massenet looks at the Orient in a curiously, provincially, from the comfortable and traditional point of vantage of the Paris Opera stage. He has written good, melodious, conventional rhythms, music for dancers. The ballet was very elaborate and brilliant, though not what a Russian would have made of it any more than the music was what a Russian would have made of it in this scene. The little children, with sprouting wings, made a pleasing episode, which could not have occurred upon the stage in, for example, the State of Massachusetts. The well rehearsed evolutions of the ensemble, and the solo dances were doubtless near tradition, just as the scenery of Mr. Anisfeld was far away from it. Nor

should the admirable elephant of act four go unmentioned. His legs deserved the highest praise.

An opera far indeed from music-drama, though Massenet, because he used a few phrases in a symbolic manner, was accused of being a Wagnerian and hearkening to counsels from the other side of the Rhine, but an opera written with amazing skill and talent for the theatre by a composer of such ability for these things that after forty-seven years, in which all kinds of changes of musical taste and custom have occurred, a modern and highly sophisticated audience listened, approved and highly enjoyed his finished and superficial art.

It is easy to sneer at all this. We would rather have one out-and-out old-fashioned opera so well made, than a baker's dozen of the weak and amateurish affairs that cannot pull through an act, in spite of the pretensions and loquaciousness of composers of today.

Curtain calls were answered not only by principal singers, but by Mr. Hasselmanns, who had an extremely vigorous and secure first performance; Mr. Setti, chorus master; Mr. Anisfeld and Miss Gallet.

Gatti-Casazza and Kemp's Husband in Clash Over Singer

Max Von Schillings, German impresario and the husband of Mme. Barbara Kemp, took issue with Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general director of the Metropolitan, yesterday in an interview in which he gave the reasons for the cancellation of Mme. Kemp's contract with that organization. He denied that illness had caused the cancellation, as had been stated several days ago, and said that his wife had been dissatisfied with the artistic conditions, and with the treatment which she had received here.

In a statement answering Mr. Von Schillings' remarks, Mr. Gatti-Casazza said that Mme. Kemp was unprepared for many of the roles which she was engaged to sing here, which fact gave him the right to cancel her contract. He says, however, that "out of regard for a woman and an artist of high reputation in Germany," he renewed her contract at her own request. The entire affair seemed to be a question as to whether or not Mme. Kemp was either physically or artistically able to sing the roles her contract called for.

Mr. von Schillings issued his statement at the Peter Stuyvesant. He announced that he was general director of the Staats-Opera in Germany, and said his mission here was to increase friendly relations between the Metropolitan and the Staats-Opera, and to discover how

the American public were receiving German artists such as his wife.

Talks of German Friendship.

He dwelt on the friendship between the German and American artists, opera houses and directors. He described Germany as the flower garden where artistic musical flowers were grown for ultimate gathering into a lovely bouquet to be presented to the American public. But, he said, "the Prussian Government, which operates the Staats-Opera, and the German people do not wish the German artists lost to the fatherland," so he was here to see how long Mme. Kemp and others were desired here, and to go back home and develop other young stars to fill the vacancies left by Mme. Kemp and the others in the Staats-Opera. Accordingly he asked Gatti-Casazza, when he arrived here, whether the Metropolitan desired the services of Mme. Kemp for many seasons in the future.

"Mr. Gatti-Casazza refused to answer my question," Von Schillings said. "And he said that the subject was very unpleasant. From his attitude I gathered that his interest in Mme. Kemp was not very great. I was very much astonished at this for but three months previous he had declined to cancel her contract because she was doing so well, and had sent me a cable in which he said Mme. Kemp was being received very well. When I asked Mr. Gatti-Casazza again about my wife's contract he said that he was very much dissatisfied with her as she had not met all of the conditions of her contract last season."

"Both Mme. Kemp and myself admitted that this was the case. Not knowing conditions in New York, Mme. Kemp did not realize the work that she would have to do here, and that she would not have sufficient time in which to prepare the roles, particularly the role of Selika in 'L'Africainna.' This season, however, Mr. Gatti-Casazza expressed his confidence in her, and she was entirely satisfactory and fully up to expectations, particularly in Mona Lisa."

"However, just after the performance of 'Mona Lisa,' February 18 last, I again asked Mr. Gatti-Casazza if he would cancel Mme. Kemp's contract and he said he was willing, but insisted that the reason be given out as

due to illness. We both consented, but on talking the matter over with my wife we decided not to give this wrong impression and wrote to him insisting that the truth be told; that the artistic conditions were not satisfactory to Mme. Kemp. He absolutely refused to permit this, saying that unless we went

ahead and said that illness was the cause for cancellation he would proceed against Mme. Kemp legally for breach of contract and force her to remain here and sing in the roles called for and would have an understudy ready in case she did not sing well.

"Under the circumstances I finally agreed to his wishes, as I had come here on an official mission to increase the friendly relations between the two houses and didn't want to do anything to hurt those close relations. I regret having to make these statements but as Mme. Kemp is highly thought of in Europe there would be no chance for her to make her public believe the illness statement. This is the attack on Gatti-Casazza or the Metropolitan but is merely to safeguard Mme. Kemp's interests and reputation in Europe."

Mme. Kemp did not appear at any time during the interview.

Julia Culp Returns.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Three groups of songs were sung by Mme. Julia Culp when she returned to New York as a concert singer yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. The composers were Brahms, represented in the first and third group, and Schubert, Mme. Culp has always had intelligence and musicianship as a singer. She has been accused of coldness, of a calculated quality in her performances. This latter characteristic, if previously it existed, was certainly to the fore yesterday. There was much artifice, rather than art. There was exaggeration of sentiment, in place of the carefully planned proportions of former years. The voice itself was in places inadequate to the singer's purpose. That could readily have been overlooked, since singers with

far less voice or vocal mechanism than this one have made successes—and not all of them illegitimate—on the concert stage. What disappointed the listener was the forcing of emotion, the manner in which tempi were at times dragged, and the rhythmical design of a song knocked askew by the episodic and too often sentimental treatment of phrases. A large audience listened attentively to Mme. Culp, and showed cordial interest in her appearance.

Friedman Plays Well.

In Aeolian Hall Ignaz Friedman gave his last piano recital of the season. He played a formidable program, and all of it heard by the writer he played very well, not only with a full and singing tone in legato passages and a finger staccato almost too clean in other places, but with a plenitude of musical feeling which today is rare. There are certain performances in which every phrase is thoughtfully chisled, everything fully thought out in advance, and carried through with complete effectiveness. Yet these performances leave something to be desired. It is felt that there was barely enough musical afflatus to spread around, that the performer had to be as economical as possible of feeling and enthusiasm. But Mr. Friedman plays

with a fine swing, a rich abundance of sensation that contributes equally to the charm and the virility of his performances. He played the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 90; a Chopin piece, the Schumann "Carneval," a Pastoral of Dohnanyi, Friedman's Etude, No. 6; a Menuet of Josef Suk, and the Strauss-Godowsky "Artist's Life," a conclusion which naturally enlivened the audience. The pianist was repeatedly encored.

Final Young People's Concert.

The New York Symphony Orchestra was heard in its final concert of the Young People's series at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon under the direction of René Pollain. Virginia Mauret, concert danseuse, was the assisting artist. The young people's series are now in their twenty-sixth season, having been instituted by Walter Damrosch twenty-six years ago.

The first part of the program was devoted to purely orchestra work, beginning with the overture from "Tannhäuser" and ending with a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt, for which Mr. Pollain was called before the leafy screen which hid the orchestra from the audience.

In the second part Miss Mauret and her ensemble appeared in a number of dances to symphonic music and in a variety of costumes. Among the favorites seemed to be a "Danse Tartare" by Miles, Terry Bauer, Marcelle Du Lac and Anita Gordon, and Tschalkowsky's "Danse Russe" by Miss Virginia Mauret.

"Traviata" was repeated at the Metropolitan as a Saturday matinee. It was given with a familiar cast, headed by Bori, Chamlee and Danise and conducted by Mr. Moranzoni. "Lohengrin" was announced as the popular evening performance with

Roeseler, Branzell, Taucher and Schorr and with Mr. Bodanzky concluding.

Also in the evening the Intercollegiate Glee Club was scheduled to give their eighth contest performance with a program grouped about the prize song, "Morning Hymn," by George Henschel. Jerome Rappaport, the boy pianist, was announced for a program at Aeolian Hall.

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By Deems Taylor

STRAUSS S'AMUSE.

Bruno Walter began the New York Symphony Orchestra's Aeolian Hall concert yesterday afternoon with a miniature and ended it with a cyclorama—which is a slightly distended way of saying that the program opened with Richard Strauss's suite from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and closed with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture and three numbers from "The Damnation of Faust." Between the two, Gustave Tinlot, the orchestra's concert-master, lent his ingratiating tone and neat style to Rimsky-Korsakoff's Concert Fantasy on Russian Themes.

The last time the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" suite had a hearing here it was at the Metropolitan Opera House two years ago, when Willem Mengelberg conducted it with the Philharmonic. It represents a Straussian reaction from the Gargantuan instrumental combinations of the great series of tone poems, for in this suite of nine brief numbers he cuts his orchestra down to thirty-six players and includes a piano in the combination.

It is a diverting enough piece and the audience seemed to like it, and the minority opinion of a lone reviewer is consequently not of any particular importance. Yet the inclusion of that suite in yesterday's program does seem to me to typify the snobbishness and, shall we say, in good American, bunk? that pervade American concert activities.

To begin with, the only element of the slightest importance in this music is Richard Strauss's name attached to it. It is simple and tuneful, with no pretensions, obviously, beyond entertainment. Some of it is clever, and some of it isn't. It possesses little originality, either in material or scoring, and at its best is not quite up to the level of what Oscar Strauss, Franz Lehar, Leo Fall and Victor Herbert have been accomplishing for years without arousing the slightest excitement in musical circles. It is, of course, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the best operetta music of Arthur Sullivan.

The instrumentation, which is so often referred to as a masterpiece of cleverness, does contain some piquant effects—generally obtained by the skillful use of percussion instruments—but is frequently thin and often simply uninteresting. An orchestral combination that pits four cellos and four basses against six violins looks impractical on paper; and Strauss proves that it sounds equally so.

But granted that it is worth playing, why should it be honored with a place on a symphony program when so many better works of its kind are scornfully excluded? Would Mr. Walter offer the Aeolian Hall subscribers the overture to "The Mikado" or "The Yeomen of the Guard" or "Mlle. Modiste" or "Babes in Toyland"? Probably not. (I wish he would instead of dosing us with Mahler). If a young Frenchman, or an unknown young American had written the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" suite, would Mr. Walter play it? I doubt it.

But it was not written by an unknown. It was written by Richard Strauss. And Mr. Strauss, as everyone knows, is a great man.

The lucent and beloved Jeritza gave a wonderful party yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan. Mme. Jeritza sang, and an orchestra played in the conservatory (which on ordinary occasions is the stage of the Opera House), and Mme. Jeritza's friends came in such overflowing numbers that some of them had to be parked in the space before

the footlights—sacred, as a rule, to Mr. Bodanzky and Mr. Papi and the scrapers of catgut and agitators of wind. Most of them sent flowers: wreaths, and bouquets, and incredible "set pieces," among which we identified a gargantuan floral harp, and a static geyser of roses that towered even above the shining blonde goddess herself, who was dazzlingly beautiful in a spangly white something-or-other, and was charmingly indulgent and rather shy, and seemed to be as happy as her four thousand friends—which was very happy indeed.

Officially, the affair was the season's last subscription concert of Mr. Stransky's State Symphony Orchestra; and Mr. Stransky, with that brilliant shrewdness which is one of his characteristics that might well excite the envy of his colleagues, had secured Mme. Jeritza as his soloist. Inevitably, the house was jammed, and Mr. Stransky's season closed in a blaze of rosy and plangent glory.

It was, we believe, Mme. Jeritza's first appearance here as a concert singer. The program carried the line, "Only Concert Appearance," but that seems to us fantastically pessimistic. No singer who can fill the Metropolitan Opera House as soloist at an orchestral concert—and who, incidentally, can sing songs as beautifully as Mme. Jeritza sang Grieg's "The Swan" yesterday afternoon—is likely to be heard here in concert only once.

Mme. Jeritza sang two other songs with orchestra, in addition to "The Swan": Duparc's "Le Manoir de Rosamonde" and Strauss's "Caecilie," and to these she added as encores, with piano accompaniment, two songs by American composers, which she sang in English of a delightful quaintness. These songs were Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's "Ah, Love But a Day" and Robert H. Terry's "The Answer." It is a pity that, since she so graciously chose to sing American songs, Mme. Jeritza did not pick out better ones, for, whatever

Mme. Jeritza may have been told by her advisers, there are better ones than those she selected—better, and more effective. And we are willing to wager a floral harp against a copy of Mrs. Beach's "Ah, Love But a Day" that Mr. Stransky would agree with us in this matter (doubtless he was not consulted in the matter of his soloist's encores). We can think of several musicians of taste who could give Mme. Jeritza a list of American songs (not by themselves) incomparably finer in quality, and more effective from the singer's standpoint, than the feeble and trivial ones she sang.

The singer's most ambitious number was an aria from Alfredo Catalani's unlamented opera, "La Wally," which had a brief and inglorious career on the metropolitan stage in the season of 1908-'09. This music was scarcely worth singing, nor was Mme. Jeritza at her best in it. Her best was disclosed in the songs, especially, as we have said, in Grieg's "The Swan," which she sang exquisitely—with lovely tone, sensitive phrasing and a just estimation of mood and style.

She was rapturously applauded after each of her numbers, and would have been buried in flowers if she had not lightened her armfuls by distributing roses among Mr. Stransky's first fiddlers and flinging a bouquet into parterre box No. 1, where it fell into the lap of Mme. Sembrich.

VIOLINISTS IN THE VAN.

Spalding Sarts a Day's Rivalry in the Concert Hall.

Popular violinists compassed the lion's share of yesterday's many individual concerts, headed in the afternoon by Albert Spalding, who gave a frankly popular, or standard, program in his second recital at Carnegie Hall. The American artist was heard with Andre Benoit in the "Kreutzer" and "Devil's Trill" sonatas, a half dozen of his own arrangements and original pieces and as many more familiar favorites added for encores.

From last Summer's Stadium concerts came Mischa Mischakoff, prize winner out of 500, to Carnegie Hall last night; he showed his progress in Grieg's violin sonata and Glazounov's concerto, assisted by Harry Kaufman. Bella Loblov, the Philharmonic's Hungarian concertmaster at the Stadium, was an evening concert-giver at Aeolian Hall, in similarly paired works of Handel and Saint-Saëns. Zlatko Balokovic, in the ninth of his sixteen recitals at the National Theatre, gave pleasure in the sonata of Franck and a dozen pieces by Kreisler.

Garment Workers' Chorus Sings.

Leo Low directed a chorus of men and women of the Ladies Garment Workers' Union in a matinee at the Town Hall yesterday, with the distinguished help of

Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, Vladimir Dubinsky, cellist, and Joseph Wlnogradoff, baritone. Mr. Huberman had for solos Lalo's "Espagnole" and Bruch's "Kol Nidrei." The songs included the fine men's chorus from Rubinstein's "Demon," Figaro's air from "Il Barbiere" and the four-part "Gypsy Life," by Robert Schumann.

"FAUST" AT HIPPODROME.

Dr. Riesenfeld Presents Zuro Singers and Rasch Dancers.

Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld's presentation of the Zuro Singers in Gounod's "Faust" in five scenes and a complete ensemble of the Albertina Rasch dancers in the Kermess scene and the Walpurgis night ballet were the notable features of yesterday afternoon's program at the Hippodrome. The offering was distinctly of grand opera stature and impressiveness. Others on the bill were the Avon Comedy Four; "The Circus Beautiful," with Mme. Bradna; O'Hanlon and Zambull, dancers; Rastelli, an excellent juggler; Miachua; "The Talking Seal," fully recovered from a recent accident; Les Grohs, a contortionist; the Runaway Four, and the Juggling Nelsons.

Elsie Janis, in her second week at the Palace, shares the headline honors with Nance O'Neil, who has entered vaudeville with Alfred Sutro's "All the World's a Stage." There were further Lillian Leitzel, a circus star; Ray Dooley and Florence Ames; Jessie Maker and William Redford; Glenn and Jenkins; the Flemings, in "Art in Alabaster"; the Texas Four, and the Griffin Twins.

Philharmonic Children's Concert.

The Philharmonic Orchestra played under Ernest Schelling's direction at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, completing the third of five pairs of concerts for children, as arranged jointly by Mrs. E. H. Harriman's Educational Committee of the Philharmonic and the American Orchestra Society. The youthful audience responded promptly in giving names of composers whose portraits were flashed on the screen in a darkened hall. Later the young voices hesitated at first in singing Handel's "See, the Conqu'ring Hero Comes," and they hushed to a whisper at the last dimming candles of Haydn's "Farewell" symphony. Messrs. Cella, Bellison and Kohnon of the Philharmonic's solo instruments were heard in examples of classic music for harp, clarinet and bassoon.

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Three Musicians in One.

Mme. Dalsey Jean, soprano, cellist, harpist and musician in general, gave a miscellaneous concert last evening in the Town Hall. She performed on the cello, she sang and accompanied herself on the harp. It was whispered that before the audience arrived she amused herself with a few Bach preludes and fugues on the new Speyer organ, but as she had not included any of these in her program, she did not give any even as encore numbers.

To be an all around performer on musical instruments and a singer as well, is the ambition of many a vaudeville "artist." And of course in any well regulated jazz orchestra the man who operates a clarinet also is an efficiency expert on the whole family of saxophones and Ross Gorman also rings in the oboe association. But somehow one can detect certain relationships between these wind instruments, whereas a cello and a harp are as far asunder as Chicago and New York, and singers as a rule are set apart from musicians by an inscrutable law of nature.

Mme. Jean is not to be classed with vaudeville entertainers nor with amusing persons at all. She is a genuinely serious artist, who plays and sings good music. She began with Handel's D minor cello sonata with Mme. Jean Wiswell at the piano and followed it with Sigismund Stojowski's "Concert-stueck" for cello. Mr. Stojowski presided at the piano in this instance. Then Mme. Jean sang a group of songs, accompanying herself on the harp and the concert concluded with a group of short cello pieces.

The cello soprano demonstrated a certain measure of musicianship, but doubtless she would have risen to loftier heights in any one of her departments had she set aside the others. It is not easy to be a Leonardo da Vinci in these days of high specialization. Mme. Jean's chief shortcoming was in tone. Here she was weak at the cello and in singing. It is a fact that the ultimate achievement of technique is pure and beautiful tone.

and it is hardly to be expected that any one can master the secrets of euphony in several kinds of performance.

By Deems Taylor

A large and very dignified audience had a grand time at the Philharmonic Orchestra's third children's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Ernest Schelling alternately conducted the orchestra and told the children intimate details concerning the family life of the woodwind section, with a few personal remarks thrown in about the harp, his whole discourse being punctuated with a series of unruly but hugely appreciated lantern slides. The program began with Roger Quilter's "Children's Overture," built on nursery tunes, and later offered solos by T. Cella, harp; S. Bellison, B flat clarinet; E. Roelofsma, E flat and bass clarinets; B. Kohon, bassoon, and O. Modess, contrabassoon. The orchestra concluded with two movements from Haydn's "Farewell" symphony.

A special matinee performance of "Alda" at the Metropolitan attracted a highly informal audience that heard some superlative singing by Elizabeth Rethberg in the title role. Jeanne Gordon was almost as good, vocally, as Amneris, and even better dramatically. There were other notable performances by Mr. Martinelli, Mr. Mardones and Mr. Bohnen.

The evening brought "Anima Allegra," which seemed to suit the mood of a typical Monday night house. The cast was as usual, with Miss Borl as Consuelo, Kathleen Howard as her duenna, Mr. Lauri-Volpi as Pedro and Mr. Tokatyan as Lucio. Mr. Moranzoni conducted his second performance in one day.

Dalsey Jean, who gave a recital at the Town Hall in the evening, is no narrow specialist. She devoted the first part of her program to Handel's D minor cello sonata and an excellent new "Concertstueck" for cello by Sigismund Stojowski, made a protean re-appearance to sing a group of eight songs to her own accompaniment on the harp, and resumed the cello for a concluding group. Everything she did revealed talent, but not in a sufficiently developed or polished state to advance her much beyond the status of a gifted amateur. Jean Wiswell accompanied all her cello numbers except the Stojowski work, which was accompanied by the composer amid hearty applause.

At Aeolian Hall the Philharmonic String Quartet gave its second concluding concert of the season, dedicating its good tone and excellent ensemble to quartets by Mozart (K.458), Pick-Mangiagalli (op. 18) and Brahms (op. 51, No. 2).

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Philadelphia Orchestra was heard in Carnegie Hall last evening in a concert outside of its subscription series. This concert was given in association with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, now conducted by Herbert A. Fricker. The choir will be heard again in the same hall to-night. The chief number on last evening's list was Beethoven's ninth symphony, in which the solo singers were Miss Mabel Garrison, soprano; Mme. Merle Alcock, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Royal Dadmun, barytone.

Before the symphony the choir was heard in some a capella numbers—Bach's "Come, Jesus Come," Palestrina's "Adoramus Te" and "Exultate Deo" and William Byrd's "Ave verum corpus." Since orchestras in the act of performing the ninth symphony of Beethoven are no novelty in the present season, and are likely to be less so before it is ended, the choir from the Dominion of Canada must have the chief consideration. When this organization first visited New York it evoked enthusiastic praise for the quality of its tone, the accuracy of its intonation and its unusual excellence in the refinements of choral art.

Dr. Voigt, who directed the choir in those days, is no longer its conductor. Mr. Fricker, who has succeeded him

has had no easy task in the endeavor to sustain the former high level of the body. He has not succeeded entirely the fault is perhaps due to the conditions attending the existence of choruses rather than any shortcoming of his own. In some of the choir singing last evening there was revealed a deterioration of tonal quality. The tone had less clarity, less pure sonority and less mellow quality than it had when the singers first came here. Furthermore there were some uncertainties in intonation which marred particularly the delivery of the first Palestrina number.

But the phrasing, shading and enunciation of the organization were of the first order. Rarely indeed has a concert audience in this town heard anything more beautifully sung than the exquisitely conceived and written composition of William Byrd. This was choir singing which commanded only warm praise and showed that despite the inevitable changes in material over which no conductor has any control the standards of the Toronto organization were maintained by Mr. Fricker.

Mr. Stokowski's reading of the ninth symphony had all the familiar Stokowski characteristics. It abounded in pointing of accents, emphasizing of rhythms, suppression of instrumental features regarded as un euphonious by the conductor and marked alterations of tempo where dramatic effects were sought. Mr. Stokowski, however, permitted much of Beethoven's music to speak for itself. If the score is presented with smoothness and lucidity it does not need a chef's pepper and salt to make it a feast for the epicure.

The concert was evidently viewed by music lovers as one of the "events" of the season. The house was sold out; as many as could be jammed into the space at the rear of the seats stood there; and some scores of disconsolate ones loitered vainly in the lobby unable to gain admission, but listening to the occasional sounds which sifted through the cracks of the doors.

Barytone and Pianist Heard.

Walter Leary, barytone, and James Breaky, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Breaky opened the entertainment with a group by Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Raff, and Mr. Leary followed with songs by Handel, Schubert, Wolf and Strauss. Each contributed a second group. Mr. Breaky performed on the piano with much vigor and brilliancy, but with no great amount of interpretative imagination.

Mr. Leary disclosed a serviceable voice of agreeable quality, generally well produced, and especially in the upper register. He was undoubtedly suffering from nervousness, and it may have been this which affected his intonation and made it uncertain. His diction was clear and intelligible, though perhaps his German would bear some further polishing. His interpretation was conventional. Carl Deis played the accompaniments.

Walter Leary and James Breaky Divide Program at Aeolian Hall

Two young musicians—Walter Leary, barytone, and James Breaky, pianist—shared an Aeolian Hall recital yesterday afternoon with creditable, though not sensational, results. Mr. Breaky opened the program with a Mozart pastoral with variations, played correctly and rather colorlessly, but he developed a spirited energy in Beethoven Country Dances. In his second appearance, playing Dohnanyi, Medtner, Debussy, Rachmaninoff and Liszt, Mr. Breaky generally gave himself freer rein and combined ample vigor and considerable coloring with technical skill.

Mr. Leary's voice, at its best, was pleasing, but there was some variation in his singing during his first group. Handel's "Where'er You Walk" was smooth, but sung with what seemed a certain restraint both of voice and expression, while in the following German numbers, Schubert, Wolf and Strauss, smoothness was varied by periods of harsher timbre, and the prevailing hue of the group was neutral.

But in his reappearance, in numbers in French and English, including Griffes's "An Old Song Resung" and Deems Taylor's arrangement of the Scotch "Rantin' Rovin' Robin," there was more consistent smoothness of tone and increasing variety of expression, suggesting promising results from greater familiarity with the concert platform. Both Mr. Breaky and Mr. Leary, who was accompanied by Carl Deis, won encores.

Frances Newson gave a concert in costume for children, mostly of American songs by Floy Bartlett, John Barnes Wells, Bainbridge Crist and others, with James Caskey as accompanist. There was also a final group for her older hearers.

Percy Grainger, deep in the Grieg Concerto, is a familiar spectacle on any concert stage, and so is Willem Mengelberg and so is his orchestra. But their combination last night at the Philharmonic concert brought new loveliness from this solitary work, which is at once so simple and so significant. The lonely, haunting thing was dramatized to its last note until it became more than ever an atmospheric poem of Scandinavian nights—of icy, blue twilights and nostalgic longing for firs and fjords. Mr. Grainger has always a masterly control of its mighty scales but last night he seemed electrified, as were the orchestra and the audience under the pudgy, urgent fists of the Dutch conductor.

Mr. Mengelberg completed his program by conducting the "Pathetic" Symphony as if it had never been played before on any platform.

Chamber music flourished on 43d Street last night with two string quartets almost close enough to merge their polite echoes. The Tollefson Trio, true to their determination to present nothing that would "tax the critic's wit," gave a program including Saint-Saens and Smetana. The Flonzaley's highlights were a glamorous group of "Paysages" by Ernest Bloch.

FLONZALEYS PLAY BLOCH

Four New Pieces of "Picture Music" Given at Aeolian Hall

The Flonzaley Quartet's third concert of the current season, given at Aeolian Hall last evening, was marked by the first performance of four short compositions of Ernest Bloch, "picture music," slight and tenuous; almost purely atmospheric, in fact. The first three pieces were grouped as "Paysages," two being in the northern mood and the third, "Tongatabou," characteristically African, with the pizzicati of the cello representing the beat of tom-toms, and with a suggestion of American jazz, the sophisticated cousin of this jungle music. The fourth composition was a little longer. It was called "Night," a tender, dreamy bit, played beautifully of course.

By way of contrast to these lyric fragments, very like much of the atmospheric modern verse, which achieves effects even when it lacks ideas, there was the Brahms quartet in B flat major, opus 67, and the lovely Schumann quartet in A major, opus 41, No. 2, given with exquisite finish by the four men, each of whom is the master of heavenly tone and, what is even more remarkable, of perfect ensemble playing. The Flonzaleys are always a delight.

mech 6 1924

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Tristan und Isolde.

"Tristan und Isolde" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. The cast was not entirely as it had originally been announced. Mme. Barbara Kemp was to have impersonated the Irish princess, but owing to the recent storm which broke upon the peaceful seclusion of West Thirty-ninth street that distinguished exponent of German art did not sail to ward Koenig Marke's land, but to ward the fatherland. Mme. Florence Easton, who had finished her season at the opera but had been called back to conceal the empty spaces previously obscured by Mme. Kemp, was the *Isolde*, a vision of beauty justifying the love of two kings and an incarnation of womanhood triumphant in her own domain of love.

Mme. Easton's *Isolde* was not a raging tornado of passion at any moment, but it had all the tense emotion of the role and was always eloquent and finished in musical utterance. But of course, Wagner's great love drama

does not depend wholly on the *Isolde*. There was an admirable Brangaene in the person of Mme. Branzell—tall, statuesque yet plastic, full voiced and possessed of the power to project a thrill across the footlights. These two women put the needed vitality into the long first scene.

The Metropolitan has not been fortunate of late in its representatives of *Tristan*. Mr. Taucher's impersonation is decidedly commendable because of its adherence to the spirit of the score, its honest and sturdy manhood and its intelligent treatment of most of the text. It is not Mr. Taucher's fault that the gods did not make him poetical. He creates no illusion as *Tristan*, and for that reason his too frequent injection of prose into the poetic web of the drama detracts from the general effect of the performance.

Mr. Bohnen had the rather uncomfortable role of *King Mark*, uncomfortable because it is so easy to make it either too emotional or purely platitudinous. Mr. Bohnen is always happy when he can be very human in a semi-paternal style, and he was a very praiseworthy *King Mark* indeed, one who put into the interpretation of the drama one of its significant features.

Finally there was Friedrich Schorr for the first time as *Kurvenal* at the

Metropolitan, a big, burly, aggressive, yet tender and devoted fellow, thrusting his brave defiance to protect his knight and spreading his love like a canopy over the couch of the wounded one. He sang the declamatory music with correctness of style and excellent dramatic effect.

It was, then, a well knit performance as a whole, and though there were some technical slips in the music the score was well illumined by Mr. Bodanzky's conducting. The audience was one of good size and its attitude was one of rapt attention.

"Tristan und Isolde," music drama in three acts by Richard Wagner. Staged by Samuel Thewman. Scenery by Joseph Urban. Sung in German. Arthur Bodanzky conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

Tristan	Curt Taucher
King Mark	Michael Bohnen
Kurvenal	Friedrich Schorr
Melot	Arnold Gabler
A Shepherd	Rafael Diaz
The Steersman	Louis D'Angelo
Voice of the Young Sailor	Angelo Bada
Isolde	Florence Easton
Brangaene	Karin Branzell

it was welcome. Karin Branzell, as Brangaene, likewise made a youthful and attractive figure. Her upper voice was pleasant to hear, if not particularly eloquent, but her lower tones were so lacking in body that one wondered whether she is really a contralto at all. She seemed none too familiar with the part, and watched the conductor with more fidelity than effectiveness.

Mr. Taucher's *Tristan* is a familiar one, and it was no better last night. His singing was entirely without distinction, and his acting, while indubitably earnest, brought irreverent reminders of traffic control.

Mr. Schorr and Mr. Bohnen seemed oddly miscast. Mr. Schorr's *Kurvenal* had all the sweetness and elderly benevolence that would have served for *King Mark*, while Mr. Bohnen's *King Mark* had just the simplicity and sturdy directness that are inevitably associated with *Kurvenal*. That both sang superbly goes without saying.

CONCERT OF MUSIC GUILD

American Composers Have Their In-nings—Pilzer's Fine Playing

Despite last night's fog and rain Town Hall had few empty seats when the American Music Guild gave its third subscription concert. The program opened with a violin sonata in G by Albert Stoesel, admirably played by Hugo Kortschak and Francis Moore. Though not devoid of interest, the composition is pervaded by a spirit of restlessness and an absence of repose which finally develops in the final movement—allegro energico—into a rhythm bordering on the jazzy.

"Tryptych," by Rosalie Housman, for the pianoforte, was distinctly felicitous in the portrayal of its subtitles: "Sowers," "Sunset," and "Lights." "Sunset" was fittingly colorful and was marked by its fine modulations and broad thematic development. Ashley Pettis's playing of this was warmly applauded.

The treat of the evening came when four poems for voice, viola, and piano, by Charles Martin Loeffler, were sung and played by Delphine March (contralto), Mr. Kortschak (viola), and Mr. Moore (piano). Mr. Loeffler's settings of these poems—on by Baudelaire and three by Verlaine—are decidedly effective, the blending of the in-

struments and the voice at times producing results of surprising beauty. In the matter of diction Miss March left something to be desired, and some of her lower notes were inclined to be throaty.

Another sonata concluded the program. It was in E flat, for the violin, written by Harold Morris. Maximilian Pilzer contributed his fine playing on the solo instrument, and the young composer of ficiated at the piano. Most of what the composer has to say is said in the first movement—allegro moderato—though the remaining two movements are written with much brilliance and skill, especially the last—allegro vigoroso—taken at breakneck speed. The audience liked them all and did not conceal the fact.

A DELE BLISS, a debutante or

two seasons ago, gave a song recital in costume at Aeolian Hall last night. She is a sympathetic interpreter, and gave equal dramatic value to the words and notes of modern Russian and French numbers. Her singing of quaint romances of France of eighteenth century had the delicate flavor of lavender and old lace. Frank Bibb was responsible for interesting accompaniments on the piano.

Last night the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, which had soared to the heavens in Bach's B minor Mass, came back to earth with a crash of cymbals in "Prince Igor." It was a far more varied program than that of their first performance on Tuesday night, when they triumphed in the Beethoven Ninth Symphony—surely a colossal enough achievement in itself for any one evening.

If last night's progress was intended as an indication of the versatility of this extraordinary organization, the result was all that could be desired. For between Bach and Borodin there were compressed the "Surge Illuminare" of Palestrina, the "Nymph and Shepherd" of Purcell, fragments of Bennett, Holst, and the final indispensable "Annie Laurie"—as varying and contrasted a group of moods as could be confined within a few brief concert hours.

It is hardly necessary to add that the choir, under the sympathetic guidance of Dr. Fricker, recaptured these changing moods with sure and sensitive feeling. It is true that the Ravel number had more of the innocence of the dove than the wisdom of the serpent and something of the sanctified spirit of the Bach Mass hung over the provocative measure of the Polovetzian Dance. These details of interpretation, however, did not interfere with the matchless technique in shading and nuances of sound. But the real triumph of the evening was in the excerpts from the Mass which were given with an ethereal majesty belonging less to a mundane concert hall than to the morning stars which are reputed to sing together. One short standee, wedged in between four giant music-lovers, could not see the singers, and the effect was that of some vast golden unified instrument that had little relation to the haphazard union of human voices that we have learned to call a choir.

In the concert halls downtown, Mme. Adele Bliss at Aeolian gave a recital of modern French songs and seventeenth century songs in the costumes of the period. At Town Hall, the American Music Guild offered a program in which Stoesel, Housman and Morris were the most prominent numbers.

CHOIR IS ACCLAIMED IN BACH 'MASS' AIRS

It would be a far cry indeed to find among infrequent local performances of Bach's B minor mass any better singing than was comprised in so much of its music as formed the chief item in a second special concert given joint-

ly by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Philadelphia Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall. There was again great enthusiasm, again the enjoyment of architectural masses of commanding tone—those Canadian tenors have no match in Bethlehem—in clash and blend of militant voices, if not equally simple faith and zeal.

At the pause after Bach's "Sanctus," with its superb climax in the fugue, "Pleni sunt coeli," three rounds of applause brought Conductor Fricker thrice across the packed stage, till he beckoned the entire chorus to rise. The brief Bach excerpts, their spiritual contrast more poignant by proximity, included four choral numbers, the earlier being from the lines, "Cum Spiritu Sancto," the beautiful "Et incarnatus" and sombre "Crucifixus."

The night's storm left empty some seats and boxes, though all were reported sold for the "extra" concerts. As Mr. Stokowski was neither seen nor heard, save in his trained veterans' handiwork, the tribute was perhaps to his orchestra or, more particularly on this night, to the visiting singers and their chief.

The choir having assisted the instrumentalists in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on the previous evening, it was a case of turn and turn-about when the virtuoso players now accompanied the vocalists. Philadelphia's orchestra has for seven years cooperated with Toronto's Mendelssohn Choir in its annual festivals in Canada, but up to the present pair it had never appeared with the choir in New York.

H. C. Fricker, the choral leader for seven years since he succeeded Dr. Voigt, had first conducted here two seasons ago on the choir's twenty-fifth anniversary tour. He had then led "a cappella" programs, as he also did the unaccompanied songs preceding last Tuesday's symphony. In last night's list, with the Bach excerpts, he included old and modern European composers and hymns of ancient faith.

The added songs included the "Surge Illuminare" of Palestrina, intoned before Bach, and afterward "Nymphs and Shepherds" by Purcell; "Flow, O My Tears," by Bennett; "The Blue Bird" of Stanford; "Trois Beaux Oiseaux," by Ravel; O'Hara's version of "Annie Laurie," and the remembered Polovetzian dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor."

The women's voices alone were heard in Holst's "Crimson Petals" and "Hymn to the Waters," and the men's voices in Dvorak's "A Lullaby of Love" and "Dwellers by the Sea."

March 7, 1924

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Così fan Tutte."

Mozart's "Così fan Tutte" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. It had been unofficially made known that this opera had returned to its long slumber and would no more dislodge its gentle radiance in the auditorium of the big music temple. But it refused to be excluded from the repertory probably because of the call for retaining works already rehearsed and properly provided with scenery and costumes. In other words, it had to be given in order to avoid the necessity of producing something new.

It really does not matter. It will always be welcome to those soberer music lovers who do not hunger for the continual beating of the big drum and are content to listen to lovely music of a chaste and simple type calling for finished singing and appealing directly to the sense of pure beauty.

The first performances of the opera here aroused at least the curiosity of the habitual patrons of the theater despite the fact that the stage and the auditorium were both much too large for such a work. Whether its return to the repertory near the end of its second year of resurrection will be successful is for the public to decide. It was revived on March 24, 1922.

It would be a pity if this delightful score were again relegated to the library shelf. To be sure it wants much of the point which Mozart was accustomed to make by his fine employment of characterization. He has no chance for it in this farcical and almost fantastic tale. But in the facility of invention with which the composer constructed his arias and his concerted pieces one can rejoice, for it has left us exquisite vocal melodies without which the world would indeed be poorer.

It would be idle to hope for an ideal Mozart performance in these days of steady tone and unpolished style, the products of the ejaculatory school

of opera now so popular. But last evening's representation was full of the spirit of travesty found in the story and had no small measure of musical excellence. There was a general coherence which spoke well for the knowledge and industry of Artus Bodanzky, the conductor. Mr. Thewman's direction of the stage contributed also to the vitality of the interpretation of Mozart's work.

The cast differed from that of last season in only one item. Mme. Selia Reinhardt replaced Mme. Easton as *Fiordiligi*. The change was not for the better. Mme. Reinhardt has a voice of excellent quality, and she sang all her music with appreciation and some of it with real beauty. But she does not always produce the steady flow of tone essential to Mozart's exquisitely lyric phrases. Nor is she such a consummate stylish as the role of *Fiordiligi* demands. The role should lead the cast, but Mme. Reinhardt was not quite able to make it do that.

Miss Bori as *Despina*, the plotting maid, was the dominating singer among the women, chiefly because of the incisive character of her voice, her freedom from shakiness of tone, and her archness and vivacity in action. Miss Peralta again commanded respect for her ability to rise above her familiar methods and make an honorable effort at singing Mozart, which is a supreme test of any singer's art.

As before Mr. de Luca as *Guglielmo* and Mr. Meader as *Farranda* set the keynote of the performance both in acting and singing. Their art was solid and well grounded and they moved through the farcical scenes and the melodious music with delightful certainty. Mr. Didur as *Don Alfonso* gave a competent *characterization*. The audience was not as large as it would have been for "Pagliacci," but Mozart never beat the big drum and is not sufficiently exciting for most present day operagoers.

Brahms by Bruno Walter.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Brahms's Second Symphony and the performance by Moritz Rosenthal of Liszt's E flat concerto were engrossing features of the concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by Bruno Walter and the New York Symphony Orchestra. The symphony is like certain phenomena of nature, like the Spring or the sunrise, familiar as the breath of life, nearly as mysterious and wonderful. It is one of the last symphonies which will ever be written with such plenitude of inspiration, within the limits, throughout a movement, of one prevailing key.

When the symphony is performed with the genuineness of feeling, the heartfelt and not merely knee-deep reverence for its content shown by Mr. Walter, it makes this impression, so familiar and so new. He can play such a delightful movement as the allegretto at a more leisurely pace than another man, and not make the listener, even in the midst of New York, impatient or anything but absorbed in the composer's expression. Then there is the sense of line that always characterizes this conductor, his refusal to waste his forces or distract his listener with pottering detail, and the warm vitality of his conceptions which causes the life blood of a score to course and flow the instant he raises his baton. The finale was like the sun and the mountain wind. The audience repeatedly recalled Mr. Walter at the conclusion of the symphony.

Younger men may equal or even surpass Moritz Rosenthal today in glibness of execution of the Liszt concerto, but the most intrepid Hotspur of them all would not outrival him in the overwhelming elan of his performance. For Mr. Rosenthal is a master virtuoso of a great period of piano-playing which is passing. When it is gone the music of Liszt, too, may fade. There will come the day when pianists themselves, as well as listeners who cannot know the thrill that comes to the player with the impact of the opening octaves, will wonder what their forefathers could see in such a piece of oneself and bravado. But yesterday the concert was a lordly thing, a thing of youth, pride and impetuous gallantry. No wonder that the finale, under Mr. Rosenthal's fingers, whirled all from their feet. There was heard again a wonderful old concerto, astonishingly well made, and the best display piece in the pianist's repertory. It affected the audience yesterday as it must have affected those who heard it when it was the last word in audacity and affront to the conservative. For minutes Mr. Rosenthal came back and forth from the stage entrance to acknowledge the applause.

The two final numbers—black for the backneyed character of this and so many other orchestral programs heard here of late—were the "Tristan" Prelude and Finale, which Mr. Walter interpreted in an emotional and poetic spirit, and the prelude to "Die Meister-singer."

PROVING that all the Saschas

and Jaschas are not confined to the violin ranks, Jascha Gurewicz gave a saxophone evening recital at Aeolian Hall. The saxophone, although it does not always travel in the best musical company these days, comes of respectable instrumental lineage, and is a recognized member of the best orchestral families.

Mr. Gurewicz put the saxophone through all its possible paces and even made it perform a concerto composed by himself, a melodious even if not harmonically daring work. Making due allowances for the limitations of his medium, in color and technique, the Gurewicz performance was that of a virtuoso and it

called forth enthusiastic response on the part of a small audience.

By GRENA BENNETT.

ANNA KWARTIN gave a convincing proof of her powers as a coloratura soprano at the Town Hall last night. Though she included several groups of suave and gentle songs in her list, it was in such highly-embellished arias as "Una voce poco fa" from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and the shadow song from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" that she received and deserved the greatest appreciation.

Jeraldina Calla in Recital.

Jeraldine Calla was heard in a song recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. She was a great favorite with her audience, which applauded everything she did with great enthusiasm. Miss Calla has an attractive stage presence and a clear, neat soprano, not yet fully developed at its two extremities. She sang agreeably, without much variety of expression or particular style, but with youthful animation. Her program was quite ambitious and included an ariette from Gretry's "Richard Coeur de Lion," a Mozart aria, a German group and Verdi's "Ah! Fors e Lui" from "La Traviata." Coenraad V. Bos gave admirable support at the piano, as usual.

New Yorker's Premiere.

A new work by a New Yorker had its first hearing here last night at the Philharmonic Society's regular Thursday evening concert at Carnegie Hall. It was Paolo Gallico's symphonic episode, "Euphorion," based on the legend of Goethe's concerning the son of Faust and Helen of Troy. Mr. Gallico, who has heretofore confined his composing activities mostly to oratorical and piano music, exhibits in this large work a keen understanding of the orchestra, and also its limitations. Using as a background the figure of Euphorion his childhood, the poet, the adolescent, the rampant warrior and his downfall—the composer wrote a score that breathed the very spirit of his subject in a majority of the moods.

Mr. Gallico seemed to have combined the Strauss school with the modern French, a la Ravel—certainly the first time it has been done. The combination was not entirely successful. The warlike passages and the devilish motives were quite in order, but when it came to depicting the hero's childhood and the more tender moments, the music sounded woefully fragmentary. Mr. Gallico, however, was at all times interesting, and according to last night's audience, which applauded wildly for the composer, who was sitting in a box, New York would like to hear more.

The remainder of the concert was given over to a thrilling performance of Dvorak's apparently immortal "New World" symphony, and Wagner's Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan."—H. J. P.

PROKOFIEFF BALLET GIVEN

"Arab Fantasia," Too, on New Program At Neighborhood Playhouse

Pantomime and ballet returned to the Neighborhood Playhouse last evening, the third production of the current season being composed of an "Arab Fantasia" and Sergi Prokofieff's ballet, "Buffoon!" an adaptation of the Diaghileff ballet "Chout." Both are far from the beaten path. The fantasia is in four scenes, "The River," "The Desert," "The City," and "The Mountain Top," impressions of a land where people still sing and dance as a part

of the day's work. The scenes are colorful, of course, and the weird music, arranged by a young Arab, Anis Fulehan, from folk tunes, is played on native instruments by other Arabs.

The Prokofieff farcical ballet is, as one might expect from its composer, ultra-modern, with reminiscences of Chauve-Souris in its use of brilliant colors and cubistic settings. Aside from its length, it is an interesting study in modern pantomime, well danced, especially by the talented Albert Carroll, who is improving steadily. That is high praise, for his work in many of the earlier productions of the Festival Dancers was exceptionally good.

It is a long journey to the Playhouse, and none but those interested in the unusual in the theatre are likely to find it worth while to make it for the present.

For them there is both music and dancing of unusual quality and a real novelty in the fantasia.

Goethe wrote of Euphorion, the faun-like son of Faust and Helen of Troy, and from this tragic fragment Paolo Gallico was inspired to a "Symphonic Episode," which the Philharmonic gave for the first time last night. There is little doubt that Goethe had invested his own episode with deep symbolic meaning, charged with warning to the genius who mistakes his robes for wings. But no such solemn purpose enters into the musical version, and there is no evidence that Gallico hoped to make his music lovers better men and women for listening to his symphony—it is more probable that he didn't care. The work is pitched, then, on a key of pure mysticism, often shimmering and glamorous and occasionally ready and a bit shrill. Its moods and colors are constantly changing as they follow the headlong career of the luckless Euphorion from birth to his final leap into sheer air—Gallico himself calls it "kaleidoscopic"—and it remains with one as an ever-shifting circle of gleaming fragments, some bright with purple patches and some too wan and faint to be remembered at all. As its form is no more iron-bound than its morals, it can best be classified under the composer's own fortunate if hap-hazard title—a "symphonic episode," the genius without wings.

Willem Mengelberg drew from the work its utmost dramatic values. He may have been a bit startled at the idea of a new number on one of his programs, for he relapsed into the "New World Symphony" and the prelude to "Tristan" with new zest in the familiar measures.

MISS CALLA'S DEBUT RECITAL.

Miss Jeraldine Calla, a young soprano, gave her first recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Her program included arias by Tanel, Boyce, Gretry, lieder by Brahms and Strauss, "Ah! Fors e Lui," from "La Traviata," and other selections.

Miss Calla revealed several attractive vocal assets but she was a little over ambitious in attempting the program she presented last evening. In simple lyrics of limited range she was effective but the higher vocal requirements of Mozart's "Mia Speranza Adorata" decidedly overtaxed her resources and severely tried her upper register. Her voice was light and pleasant in quality, immature, and not used with great assurance or skill. Her tone and vocal production was good and with time and application she will undoubtedly be heard to better advantage.

NEW 'ANDRE CHENIER' HEARD AT THE OPERA

Miss Rethberg Sings Role for First Time.

Umberto Giordano's "Andre Chenier" was sung at the Metropolitan last evening for the third time this season. The cast showed two important changes, the substitution of Mr. Lauri-Volpi for Beniamino Gigli in the title role and of Miss Elisabeth Rethberg for Miss Rosa Ponselle in the role of *Madeleine*. Both were new here in their respective parts.

and Miss Rethberg sang herself for the first time anywhere.

As the poet hero of the revolution Mr. Lauri-Volpi was well placed. His youthful appearance was in his favor and he sang and acted with dramatic effect. His fine voice was sometimes tight in his middle register, but it rang out with much brilliance in his upper notes. His impassioned recitation in the first act evoked much applause.

Miss Rethberg sang the part of the romantic heroine *Madelaine* with ease and assurance and again with no little emotional force and expression. Her beautiful young voice proved to be well suited to her music and she used it throughout with discretion. Mr. Danile is always at his best as *Charles Gerard* and he gave an excellent performance last night.

Native Compositions.

By OLIN DOWNS.

George Harris, Bassett Hough and Daniel Gregory Mason were represented by first performances of their compositions at the piano recital of John Powell yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. These novelties were perhaps atoned for in the eyes of the conservative by Beethoven's sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Schumann's "Carnival" and Liszt's 13th Hungarian rhapsody. In the music of Beethoven and Schumann, Mr. Powell showed the substantial qualities of his technique and musical understanding, and played Schumann, especially, with such simplicity and feeling that the series of tone pictures felt freshly and suggestively on the ears.

It would have been a better program if Mr. Powell had done something to bridge the gap between Beethoven and Schumann and the three American composers who were present to hear the performances of their music. There would then have been more musical contrast and interest in his offerings, and the American group, in which, with the exception of certain passages of Mr. Harris's pieces, there was little of a truly modern spirit, would have gained by the arrangement. As it was, the attention of the audience had already been taxed before the contemporaries had a hearing.

Mr. Harris's pieces are interesting for their intimacy of manner, and the second of his "moods," "Andante con moto," has a personal and unusual quality which remains after the music has stepped. On a first hearing, however, these pieces lack the definiteness of architecture and effect which a musical work, no matter how intended, requires for purposes of public performance.

Mr. Hough's chaconne is unconventional in its plan, but the standpoint of music invention seemed to have little that was striking and individual. Mr. Mason has written ten "Birthday Waltzes" in a manner unpretentious and charming, now and again employing reminiscent thematic material which no doubt has a special significance to certain persons—this with an ease and a melodious grace that contrasts fortunately with some of his other and more portentous creations.

There was a rather small audience, which cordially applauded pianist and composers.

Manuel Quiroga in Recital.

Manuel Quiroga, the Spanish violinist, appeared at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon in a second recital, more representative of the artist's powers than of public response, for there was a small house. Mr. Quiroga had but lately resumed here a career interrupted abroad by the war. With Samuel Chotzloff at the piano, his program included Chausson's "Poème," the "Devil's Trill" sonata of Tartini, with cadenze by Kreisler and lesser pieces and arrangements from Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Sarasate, Hubay and Roger Plnaud.

Free Concert Draws Throng.

David Mann's orchestra gave the second of the March free concerts last evening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art before an audience that early filled the 2,000 chairs provided for them. Several thousand persons stood or sat on the stairs or floor during a performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and works of Haydn, Brahms, Massenet, Enesco, Tchaikovsky and Wagner. Two more Saturdays complete the series this year.

By Deems Taylor

Manuel Suiroga, the young Spanish violinist, who made his debut here not many weeks ago, gave a second recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. His playing is characterized by unusual purity of tone—a production of such patrician clarity that it seems occasionally at a loss for expression when blended with

numbers demanding a certain impassioned recklessness. Yesterday's program, however, made few such demands, and the Chausson "Poème," the Bach-Kreisler "Gavotte" and the Paganini "Caprice" were delivered with a smooth and impeccable brilliance. His audience was fairly large and most enthusiastic.

At Aeolian Hall, John Powell gave an afternoon piano recital with a program made up chiefly of Beethoven's E flat sonata and Schumann's "Carnival." It also included a series of "Birthday Waltzes," by Daniel Gregory Mason; a group of nine, conceived in the engaging spirit of many happy returns. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15 completed the program.

At the Metropolitan matinee, Frances Peralta was hurriedly substituted as "Ah-Yoe" in "L'Oracolo," replacing Ellen Dalossy, who is indisposed. Otherwise the cast remained as announced, with Didur as Win-Shee, Scotti as Chlm-fang and Harrold as Win-San-Suy. "Coe d'Or," which was combined with the tragedy of Chinatown, had also a familiar cast, headed by Sabanleva, Gall, Didur and Kosloff.

Another double bill was announced for the evening, with "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" as the popular Saturday night offering.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Symphony Society.

Bruno Walter conducted his last Symphony Society concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The next concert of the organization will see Walter Damrosch back at his post. He sat in a box yesterday and enjoyed hearing his own orchestra. He even emitted a sonorous "Bravo" after the first movement of the suite. It was a very good afternoon for the orchestra, for there was no soloist, and Mr. Walter had arranged a program of prodigious proportions, with something for almost every taste formed before the modernists began their attack on the citadel of the fundamentalists.

The concert began with Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture. Mr. Walter's contribution to the continual Smetana celebration now in progress because it is the centennial anniversary of the composer's birth. Then followed Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, Volkmars Andreae's "Little Suite," Strauss's "Don Juan," two excerpts from Schubert's "Rosamunde" music and the "Oberon" overture.

About Mendelssohn much might be said. His Italian symphony was performed in the Town Hall an hour after the Scotch was given in Aeolian. This reporter enjoyed the Scotch, which cheered without inebriating. It is a delightful symphony, so joyous in mood, so spontaneous in melody and so translucent in orchestration. It speaks the ingenious emotions of a chaste soul with an almost artless candor. It is lovable music, and should not be neglected in these tumultuous days because it does not reek of sex tragedy or sing itself out in acidulated tonalities. It is not revolutionary nor revolutionary. It is just charming and when it is performed as beautifully as it was yesterday afternoon it is a thing of grace and loveliness.

And where has Andreae's suite been sleeping? We do not recall hearing it before. It does not need to be played every season perhaps, but yet it might be substituted every second year for the eighth performance of the "Pathétique." It is an excellent little suite, plithy, humorous and fanciful, rich in thematic matter of piquant nature and orchestrated most effectively. It takes a group of virtuosi to play it, of course, but we have no orchestras that are not made of technical wizards. Mr. Walter apparently had a warm spot in his heart for this suite, for he had prepared an admirable delivery of it and his orchestra was "right there with the goods." If it were essential to the welfare of art that musical comment should be quite up to date we might declare that

it was the Cheshire cat's whiskers.

But to pass forward to loftier things Dr. Strauss's tone poem was also splendidly done—just a little too splendidly, because the better it is played the worse it is sure to sound in Aeolian Hall. *Don Juan* needs a larger chamber for the exercise of his extraordinary gifts. Mr. Walter knows his Strauss and his reading of the eminent doctor's masterpiece was one of brilliant force and firm command.

The most widely novel music on his list was the "Little Suite" of Andreae. It cannot be said, however, that this composition stirred the hearer by its prophetic vision. It is post-Wagnerian in the sense of Humperdinck, with a naïve conceit in orchestral effects which are no longer new at all and obvious and witless in its attempts at what is fantastical or poetic or whimsical. In the final movement is a reminiscence, too near the original to be interesting, of Don Quixote's ride homeward with Sancho Panza in Richard Strauss's tone-poem.

Friends of Music.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony replaced the "Scotch" symphony on the program of orchestral music given by the Friends of Music under Artur Bodanzky in Town Hall. The "Italian" symphony, light as it is, is less familiar than the other one, and lends itself to brilliant performance. A conductor of Mr. Bodanzky's sense of rhythm can do much to make it sparkle. But there were other features of this concert more significant to the commentator. These were the overture to Mozart's "Titus" and Ossip Gabrilowitsch's performance of the same composer's A major piano concerto (Kochel 488). Very few pianists now before the public equal him in his interpretation of this master. Indeed, there is hardly a test of a pianist's art which equals this one. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with a technical brilliancy and certitude which would have been more obvious had he been performing a

Liszt concerto, but far less testimony to his capacities, and his tone was as lovely in singing passages as it was scintillating in episodes of bravura. Mr. Bodanzky provided a lively, rhythmically precise, tonally transparent accompaniment that was unusually grateful to the ear and characteristic of the music. Occasions are too few when Mozart is heard under such advantageous conditions of performance.

Ignaz Friedman Plays.

Ignaz Friedman was a guest at last night's "opera concert," playing Tchaikovsky's concerto with the orchestra under Bamboschek. The pianist later added a nocturne of Chopin and Mr. Godowsky's arrangements of Strauss's "Artist Life" waltz. Merle Alcock, who replaced Gordon, sang the Spring song from "Samson." Miss Mario gave an air from "Lucia." Miss Peralta from "Don Carlos," Tokatyan from "Fedora" and Mardones from "Faust."

Zlatko Balokovic Plays.

Zlatko Balokovic, the Croatian violinist, has won admirers in persevering with his debate programs at the National Theatre, where he gave a fourth change last night, to be repeated in matinees tomorrow, Wednesday and Friday, ending a "marathon" of sixteen performances. In his final list were Tchaikovsky's concerto, Brahms's sonata in A, Hughes's Irish air for G-string and the air from "Coe d'Or."

Czechs Give Centenary Concert.

Czechs of New York gave their Smetana centenary concert at the Town Hall last night, including a prologue spoken by Blanche Yurka and songs from the composer's operas sung by Anica Fabry and Therese Prochaska. Marie Mikova played Smetana's piano pieces, and the New York String Quartet his well-known chamber work, "From My Life." Great applause greeted an orchestra and chorus in the finale scene from "The Bartered Bride," with Bohemian dancers recruited here just as they once had been by Ottokar Bartik for the opera on Broadway.

TWO SYMPHONIES HEARD.

Both Play Compositions by Mendelssohn.

The musical fruits of a composer's travels from the bonny braes of Scotland to the banks of the Tiber filled two halls in Forty-third street yesterday afternoon. While Mr. Walter of the New York Symphony and his audience were enjoying a little Scotch in Aeolian Hall, the symphony of Felix Mendelssohn, Mr. Bodanzky and his Friends of Music were feasting their gathering in Town Hall on the Italian symphony by the same composer.

Mozart provided the other two offerings by the society. His seldom heard overture, "Titus," composed by commission for the coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bohemia in Prague in 1791, received an animated reading. Perhaps "this brilliant festival piece" sounded a little tame in this day of full throated brass, but the delicacy and refinement of Mozart's music were never lost sight of. The orchestra played it well.

As the assisting artist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch played Mozart's piano concerto in A major. This was the concerto which the pianistic idol of the Viennese composed in one day for the second of three subscription concerts he gave in the Austrian capital in 1786. Mr. Gabrilowitsch made the most of the fluent and graceful score. He brought out with excellent taste the innate elegance and charm of the composition. His tone was admirable and the elevated character of his masterly style was constantly maintained.

ADIEU TO BRUNO WALTER.

New York Symphony Gives a Dinner for Conductor.

Members of the New York Symphony Orchestra gave a dinner at the Hotel Ambassador last evening in honor of Bruno Walter, the English conductor, who finished a five weeks' engagement with the organization yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall.

The feature of the evening was a "symphonic digest" arranged by Georges Barrère. This composition, which was played by ten members of the orchestra, consisted entirely of themes from symphonies familiar to the programs of the organization and operatic excerpts.

The guests included Walter Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harkness Flagler, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Nicholas Roosevelt, William S. Hawk and Richard Welling. Mr. Walter leaves today for an engagement with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, after which he plans to sail for Italy.

SCHELLING IS SOLOIST WITH PHILHARMONIC

Plays His Own Composition—The House Sold Out.

The last but one in the Philharmonic's series of Sunday concerts at Carnegie Hall took place yesterday with the house sold out. Ernest Schelling was the soloist. He appeared in his own work, entitled "Impressions (from an artist's life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte." There are altogether twenty-one variations, of which two were cut in yesterday's performance.

One of the composer's few works for orchestral consideration—another, the then new "Victory Ball," was played here by the Philadelphians last season—the "Impressions" score has enjoyed a few hearings here under different conductors during the last eight years, and, more recently, with its composer as soloist, it has also found favor abroad under Mr. Mengelberg's baton.

The composer has treated his subject with much imagination and fine power. He has handled it for the orchestra with skill and in the piano part with brilliance. His use of his theme for a (1914) Lutheran chorale in the "Wartburg, 1522" finale is eloquent. The work was brilliantly played by pianist and orchestra.

Mr. Mengelberg began the program with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in the performance of which there was a seeming onward march of triumphant hosts who made but few stops for contemplation. He closed the list with Liszt's "Les Preludes." The great audience gave conductor, orchestra and Mr. Schelling enthusiastic applause. Today, with Mr. Schelling as soloist, the orchestra starts on a week's concert tour, beginning in Philadelphia to-night.

Isa Kremer Gives

Capacity Audience Hears 3d Recital of "International Balladist"; Smetana Concert Fills Town Hall

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Isa Kremer, the "international balladist," whose performances in many languages have become well known here, had a capacity audience last night at Carnegie Hall for her third recital of the season. She gave her polyglot program, of folksongs and numbers by Fougères, Morley, Paisiello, Dargomyzsky, Schubert, Delibes and Broekway, with her usual effective combination of song and gesture; Vladimir Heifetz accompanied. Ben Levitzky, violinist, also played two groups of numbers, accompanied by Sepp Morseher, harpist of the late City Symphony Orchestra.

At Town Hall a large audience heard a concert commemorating Smetana's centennial, with a program entirely devoted to that composer's works, introduced by a recitation by Blanche Yurka. Anica Fabry sang numbers

in the operas "Libussa" and "Dali"; Therese Prochazka, an aria from the Bartered Bride" and two songs; Maria Mikova gave three piano numbers, and the New York String Quartet played "A Fragment From My Life." The finale from the first act of "The Bartered Bride" was given by a chorus and orchestra conducted by Karel Leitner, and lively dances by members of "Young Folks Clubs" led by August Berger, of the Metropolitan. It was a lively, colorful conclusion.

Matko Balakovic entered the last lap of his series of sixteen violin recitals last night at the National Theater, giving Brahms's sonata in A and the Tchaikovsky concerto as his major numbers, showing, as before, a generally smooth tone, while his technical skill seemed ample. He repeated Herbert Hughes's Irish air for G string, followed by the "Hymn to the Sun" and Pente's "Les Farfadettes." Miriam Ben was the accompanying pianist, while there was an audience of very large size and much enthusiasm.

Ignaz Friedman appeared at last night's opera concert at the Metropolitan, displaying his usual force and brilliance in the Tchaikovsky B flat major piano concerto. The Polish pianist also played a Chopin nocturne and the Godowsky version of Strauss's "Artists' Life" waltz, while the operatic soloists were Frances Peralta, Marie Alcock taking Jeanne Gordon's place on the program; Queena Mario, and Tatyana and Jose Mardones. There were also purely orchestral numbers from the musicians under Mr. Ambroschek.

times, but seldom endowed with beautiful tone color.

The program numbers were a "Sonata," by Paradies; "Organ Prelude with Fugue," by Bach, transcribed by Szanto; the F sharp minor Rhapsody, Dohanyi; three Chopin numbers, Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," and announced for the first time in this country, Szanto's "Etude Orientale" (octaves on black keys), Rubinstein's "Barcarolle" and Liszt numbers.

A fairly large and friendly audience was in attendance and beautiful flowers were in abundance.

"Le Roi de Lahore" Repeated.

Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore" was performed for the second time at the Metropolitan last evening, when the influential Monday subscribers found interest in its elaborate spectacle of a conquest of India centuries ago. In the cast, as at the recent premiere, were Reinhardt and Alcock (Lauri-Volpi, De Luca, Rothler and Mardones, and Haselmanns conducted. A front-row spectator was the Swami Yogananda of India, who appeared in native dress.

A Galaxy of Stars.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A number of distinguished artists appeared in ensemble performances and in the interpretation of songs at the concert given by the Beethoven Association last night in Aeolian Hall. Brun Walter, known to the public of this city as a conductor, appeared as accompanist when Mme. Julia Culp sang the "Liederkreis" cycle of Schumann. George Enesco as first violin, Albert Stoessel as viola player and Horace Britt, cellist, opened the program with Beethoven's charming and too little heard trio for violin, viola and cello, Opus 9, No. 3. The final composition of the evening was the noble and dramatic piano quintet of Cesar Franck, with Elly Ney as pianist, and a quartet consisting of those who had performed the trio and Edwin Bachmann, second violinist.

The interpretation of Beethoven's trio was responsive to the melodious and graceful character of the work, and it prefaced, in a program happily arranged, the singularly fresh and romantic appeal of Schumann's music. The twelve songs that make the Liederkreis should be sung often as a complete cycle, and sung as last night, without an opportunity for applause to break or disturb the spell of this exquisite series of poet's thoughts. Some object to this. They want "Intermezzo," or "Waldegespräch," or "Mondnacht," or "Frühlingsnacht," and leave well enough alone. The passionate melancholy of "Zwielicht" or "Im Walde" they find dull and uninteresting. As a matter of

fact each song of this cycle, so carefully arranged in sequence, is somewhat of a jewel without a setting when separated from its fellows.

And so last night, as the cycle proceeded, a sense of wonder at the eternal youth of Schumann's genius grew upon the hearer. It was all so astonishingly naïve, true and palpitating in its beauty. The hearer forgot, not only the passage of three-quarters of a century since the music was composed, but even a certain roaring city a few yards away. This was due in large measure to Mme. Culp, assisted in a manner as modest as it was poetic by Mr. Walter at the piano. She sang with much of her oldtime tonality and mastery of breath, and the distinction as an interpreter which has made her famous in this country. It is true that there were passages, as in the "Intermezzo" and the "Waldegespräch," in which her tendency to drag a tempo or to overact, as one might say, in song, gave the reverse effect to what the composer undoubtedly intended. Then Schumann lost his infinitely precious simplicity, and the bloom of his inspiration was gone. As a whole the performance was to be remembered not only for vocal excellences but also for the manner in which the singer made the poems felt and comprehended by means of diction as well as song. Mme. Culp was recalled many times after her performance.

The Franck quintet, not only because of its rare and unparalleled beauty and its profound feeling, but also because of the amazing manner in which the music was first imagined and then scored, was welcomed for the unique work it is in all the literature of chamber music. It is of symphonic proportions and nevertheless wholly within the physical compass of the instruments for which it is written. The composer not only dreamed a dream, but realized it almost completely. Nothing more lucid, more inspired, purer in spirit, and inexorable in the logic of its statement has been produced by a modern musician. The performance was a brilliant one, and on the part of Mr. Enesco, especially, sympathetic to the work—this despite occasional impure intonation. Mme. Ney, who played with authority and fire, had a tendency to hurry her tempo more than was essential, and an equally human tendency, considering the excitement of the music, to bear over heavily upon her "fortes." The ensemble was otherwise well balanced. And the music

mounted to the skies. For this performance, also, there was vehement applause.

Welsh Singer Pleases.

Leila Megane, a Welsh contralto who has sung, as her program stated, at the Opera Comique, made her first appearance in New York yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program included beautiful and little known Welsh folk songs arranged by various composers, operatic airs by Massenet and Levaude, and other songs by Duparc, Paladilhe, Gwynne Williams, Frank Bridge, Coningsby Clarke, Respighi, Pietro Camara, Giulia Rechi, and other songs, including "Mon coeur" from "Samson and Delilah," the latter partly and graphically acted on the platform, were added in response to applause by Miss Megane.

It was evident as soon as she began that Miss Megane had an uncommonly fine voice. It is a contralto of unusual volume and extended range, of excellent natural quality throughout its registers and particularly suitable, one would say, for the singing of oratorios, ballads and the like compositions. When a passage of straight singing demanding no partic-

ular subtlety of effect and lying well for the voice confronted her Miss Megane made the most of it, and the audience was then delighted with the fullness and body of the tone and the straightforward manner of its delivery. Distinction of style and elusiveness of mood this interpretation fell short. She fell short partly because of a technique not fully developed, and still more because she has not either very much variety of style or insight as an interpreter. Miss Megane is inclined to crudeness and exaggeration of manner and of what has well been called the emphasis of understatement she has apparently thought little.

She appeared at her best in the "Two Songs of the Welsh Mountains," by Gwynne Williams, the "Blind Plowman" of Coningsby Clarke and in the folk songs. The song of the falling snow by Camara was sung with more restraint than certain others. It was originally composed for Luisa Tetrazzini. In the songs of her own people Miss Megane had a simplicity of the heart that went home. An incident of the afternoon was the appearance on the stage of three Welsh women in national garb, the Welsh banner hung from the back of the stage, and the Welsh national chorus sung by a number in the audience at the end of the concert.

Six hundred, the press agent said.

At any rate, there were enough tenors and basses on the platform of Carnegie Hall last night to make a veteran ex-gee-club leader of nineteen years' standing heave a sigh of reminiscent envy. The occasion was a joint concert by twelve male glee clubs from New York and its vicinity, and between the singers and the audience the welkin rang indefatigably.

A movement is on foot to unite all the glee clubs in the country into a single organization that will encourage choral singing for men and hold competitive singing meets similar to the Welsh Eisteddfod. Last night's concert was for the benefit of the organization fund of this proposed Associated Glee Clubs of America.

Under various conductors the combined clubs sang three groups, including German's "Rolling Down to Rio," Mark Andrews's "John Peel" and William Hammond's cantata "Young Lochinvar." The University Glee Club contributed a group of its own, as did likewise the Mendelssohn Club, and Albert Wiederhold and Richard Crooks sang solos.

A souvenir program distributed among the audience contained the words of all the songs and indorsements of the movement signed by Bernard Shaw, the late Warren G. Harding, Walt Whitman and Secretary of Labor James J. Davis.

Leila Megane, a Welsh contralto, who made her American debut in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, has a natural voice of great beauty and uncommon volume, handicapped by breathy production and extremely uneven tonal development. Her interpretations were sincere and superficially effective, but were frequently sentimental, and lacked detail. Her diction, which was unintelligible at first, improved greatly during the afternoon. She sang songs and arias in French, Italian and English, and concluded with a group of Welsh songs in their original tongue. The afternoon was fairly Welsh throughout. The Welsh flag hung behind the singer, and at the end of the recital three ladies in the Welsh national costume appeared and presented her with bouquets of flowers.

Sonya Michel presented a program of piano music at the Town Hall in the evening, her list including a transcribed organ prelude and fugue by Bach-Szanto, a sonata by Paradies, three Chopin numbers, a new etude by Szanto, and Liszt's "Sonetto del Petrarca" and "Tarantella." She revealed a good tone, a somewhat over-strong left hand, and a competent command of style.

There were nearly 600 singers on the stage, representing the Banks, Mendelssohn, Singers', Friendly Sons, and University Glee Clubs of this city; the Orpheus of Flushing, and the Glee Clubs of Montclair, Nutley, Mount Vernon, and Summit, and the Orpheus of Newark. Eleven conductors figured in the program, besides accompanists without number.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

GOOD PANTOMIME.

Two wordless productions with music make up the season's third bill at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The first, "An Arab Fantasia," is a series of Oriental pictures, including a good deal of singing and dancing, and the second, "Buffoon!" is an adaptation of Sergei Prokofiev's "Chout!" a pantomime that he wrote originally for Diaghileff's Russian Ballet.

The "Fantasia" might be called an experiment in sound, for want of a better descriptive title. It has no plot. The audience sees simply a series of episodes—a well, a Bedouin's tent, a city bazaar, the shrine of a Dervish sect—the whole designed to convey the spirit and picturesque emotional background of Arab life. There are native dances and games, dances ceremonial and secular, singing and playing of Arab melodies, the murmur of crowds and the gabble of prayers.

However much this kaleidoscopic exhibit may defy classification, it is undeniably picturesque, and at times fascinating. The music consists wholly of Arab melodies which have been arranged or composed by Anis Fuleihan, either sung unaccompanied or played on a flute with the accompaniment of a native drum.

The Prokofiev pantomime is another story. The plot concerns a buffoon who concocts a plan with his wife to sell his seven friends a worthless whip which they believe to possess magic properties, and who gets into all sorts of trouble as a result.

Prokofiev's music (he wrote the scenario as well) suffers from his characteristic fault of too much reiteration, but it does fit the mood of the story very well, and contrives to be generally diverting.

The mounting and staging of both pieces are admirable. Esther Peck's costume settings for the fantasia are simple and beautiful and her costumes are equally so. In "Buffoon" she attacks a totally different problem and solves it brilliantly. The costumes have immense humor and effective color and the cubist settings would make even a cubist laugh. Any scene designer who can make a really plausible garden by setting up a compo board fountain and pinning some elephantine butterflies to black velvet curtains deserves the cross of the legion of something.

Whoever staged the actions (no director's name is given) was equally successful. The Arab scenes moved with smoothness and impressive subtlety, and the antics of the players in "Buffoon" were as funny as they were explicit. Albert Carroll, as the chief buffoon, and Aline MacMahon and Esther Mitchell, as two matchmakers, were excellent.

To say that both pieces are well worth traveling the endless length of farthest Grand Street to see may sound a little fulsome; but it is actually true. The production opened last Thursday and will continue indefinitely every night except Monday.

Welsh Contralto Makes American Debut Here

Leila Megane Displays Voice of Unusual Volume and Resonance at Aeolian Hall

A voice of unusual volume and resonance was displayed yesterday afternoon by Leila Megane, a Welsh contralto well known on British concert platforms, who made her American debut at Aeolian Hall with songs in French, Italian, English, German and Welsh for an audience warm in applause. The power of her voice was made obvious from the first notes of her aria "Les Larmes" from Massenet's "Carmen," one of the singer's Opera unique roles; it was a true contralto of considerable range and strong notes.

While consistently powerful, Miss Megane's singing showed some variation in quality of tone and expressive coloring—in this last respect Paladilhe's "Psyche" fared better than its predecessor, Duparc's "L'Invitation au Voyage." Some thickening and harshness of tone marked various lower notes, while a timbre on the verge of metallic was not entirely absent from higher ones. The plaintive Ballade de Jeannette from Charles Levaude's "La Reine de la Reine Pedauque" ended the French group.

Two "Songs of the Welsh Mountains" by Gwynne Williams opened the second group, while a third group was in English and French. Songs of somber tone, such as Respighi's "Nebbie" moved more effectively than brighter ones, where there seemed comparatively little coloring. After two encores, including "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a l'Amour," the singer closed with a group in Welsh, songs and arrangements by Arthur Somervell, Gwynne and Lloyd Williams and T. Osborne Roberts. Walter Golde was the accompanying pianist. The impression of Miss Megane's debut seemed one of a striking voice which did not, however, realize its full possibilities.

At the end there was an unusual demonstration, beginning when three women in Welsh costume presented the singer with bouquets. Forthwith Miss Megane and the audience sang the Welsh anthem, followed by an impromptu reception on the stage.

Sonya Mitchell, Pianist, Makes American Debut

Sonya Mitchell made her American debut last night at Town Hall in a program of piano music. Miss Mitchell is an American girl who has had considerable schooling in this country and only just returned from two years' study on the European continent. A concert tour which included engagements in London and Paris. While her program was an interesting one in variety of compositions and was accompanied with considerable technical assurance, there was a noticeable lack of pianistic warmth and expressiveness. Her playing was cold, unimpassioned and lacking in feeling, speedy and incisive at

March 12 1924
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

Mr. Stokowski's all-Russian program may be set down as a success. His Philadelphia Orchestra played Glinka, Moussorgsky, Chykovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff last night before an audience that braved the slush to pack Carnegie Hall five deep with standees and behaved like a Saturday night Metropolitan audience at "Aida." Applause, quantities of it, is a matter of course at these concerts, but cheers and bravos are something of a novelty, even for the Philadelphia virtuosi.

The high point of the evening—of a good many evenings, in fact—was an electrifying performance of Chykovsky's Fifth, a reading charged with dramatic fire, blinding color and the irresistible onrush of nervous force that makes Mr. Stokowski's conducting such a thrilling experience at its best.

It was not an orthodox reading, by any means. Not a few heads began to shake by the middle of the first movement, and the third—the waltz—caused several academic thumbs to turn unmistakably downward. For it was not a waltz as Johann Strauss knew waltzes, but a song; a lovely, heartbroken thing that sang through tears, bravely and desperately, until it faltered and broke and surrendered to the grim processional theme that tramps so inexorably through the four movements.

The soloist was the admirable Nina Koshetz, greatly improved, both in voice and confidence, since her last appearances here, who sang a group of Moussorgsky that included the great "Trepak" and "Death, the Commander," the "Humoresque," and Parasha's Reverie and Dance from "The Fair at Sorochinsk." She impressed her hearers greatly with the versatility and consummate artistry of her interpretations, and later gave another group, by Rimsky-Korsakoff, that included the famous "Oriental Romance," with a hummed obbligato coda that was as charming as it was novel.

Not all of the Moussorgsky songs were scored for orchestra by the composer, and one wonders who made the excellent orchestrations of "Trepak" and "Humoresque" that were used last night. No name was given on the program. The concert began with the overture to "Russian and Lyudmila" and closed with the dance of the buffoons from the third act of "Snegurochka."

OTHER MUSIC.

A little group of drenched but valiant music-lovers struggled through yesterday's storm to hear the cello recital given by Gerald Maas in Aeolian Hall. They were rewarded by a competent and scholarly performance, which, if it lacked the stimulation of any startling innovation in style or program, had the ever-grateful distinction of learning and good taste in using it. Mr. Maas obviously is at home with his classics; the Brahms Sonata he fingered lovingly, with the devotion of perfect familiarity; the "Arioso" of Bach had the noble and placid proportions of ancient architecture. After this, the final group of half-gods came as something of an anti-climax. The performer had established his period in the earlier part of his program; directly he ventured beyond it his efforts seemed strained and perfunctory, and the moral of that is, that it is not for the academic artist to trifle with those typical modern show-pieces for the cello which, by some inscrutable, unwritten law, seem to decorate almost every cello program.

The evening brought two debuts—one a violin recital by Jacques Goutmanovitch, who is characterized as "a great popular success in Russia" from whence he came. Mr. Goutmanovitch deserves his success at home and abroad. His music is alive with fire and racial color—occasionally almost too alive for the spasmodic

movement of its measures sometimes resulted in scratches and unevenness of tone. This marred the muted pathos of the Chykovsky "Serenade Melancolique," but the "Espagnole" of Lado was leaping flame. His program opened with the Sonata of Lazzari, an introduction seldom used and to this listener not altogether exhilarating though one can be grateful for a variation from the "Devil's Thrill" as an introductory number.

Winifred Ridge, a young lyric soprano from Pennsylvania, also made her bow to New York. Her performance was remarkable for her excellent intonation and the perfect poise with which she attacked a program ranging from Handel's "Oh, King of Kings" to the "Touff Gai" of Ravel. There were encores, much applause and many flowers. A. S.

Gatti Casazza's Term With Opera Extended to 1929

Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza is in the happy position to-day of being sure of a good job for five more years at least. Not even a President of the United States can say so much. The general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company was informed yesterday by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of directors, that they had extended his contract until May 31, 1929.

This is Mr. Gatti's sixteenth year at the Metropolitan, and this extension will insure his presence for a total of twenty-one years, which is an undisputed record at the leading opera house of the world.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza was far from worrying, for he still had a year or so to go on his last extension. But there had been rumors—there always are rumors around the opera house that the man who came from the Scala in Milan sixteen years ago to rule the artistic destinies at Broadway and Fortieth street would leave New York after his present contract expires.

But this letter of yesterday hangs new laurels on the Italian brow of Mr. Gatti-Casazza and ends all the rumors. Here it is:

DEAR MR. GATTI-CASAZZA:

It gives me great pleasure and satisfaction to inclose herewith your contract as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, renewed for a further term of five years, until the end of May, 1929.

In doing so I wish to express to you once more the high regard of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, their implicit confidence, and their grateful appreciation of your services.

You have guarded worthily the dignity of this far famed institution. You have enhanced its prestige. By careful and intelligent stage management and well balanced attention to all the elements that belong to the production of opera you have greatly improved the standard of its ensemble. You have administered its affairs with great skill and wise judgment, while at the same time pursuing single mindedly the purpose of artistic achievement. You have gained the approval, esteem and goodwill of the Metropolitan's patrons and enlisted the attendance of the opera loving public in ever increasing degree. You hold in complete measure the confidence, loyalty and attachment of the artistic and administrative personnel of the organization.

You have been zealous in giving to American artists every consideration and opportunity warranted by merit. While diligent and sympathetic in seeking and fostering home talent (with the result that there are now a far greater number of American artists on the roster of the Metropolitan than ever were there before), you have rightly maintained the tradition, to which the Metropolitan Opera has adhered from its beginning, that it can best serve American art by fulfilling the function of placing before the public the accomplishments of the leading singers of all lands.

With the expression of my sincere personal friendship and high esteem, I remain, very faithfully yours,

OTTO H. KAHN, Chairman,
Metropolitan Opera Company.

An All-Russian Concert.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The concert given by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall was devoted wholly to Russian music. It opened with a most brilliant and exhilarating performance of Glinka's overture to "Russian and Lyud-

mila," when the strings, which are the glory of this orchestra, had ample opportunity to display their precision and virtuosity. There were songs by Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, sung by Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano. The symphony was that last word in modern Russian composition, Tchaikovsky's Fifth, and the final orchestral piece was that music which seems to have sprung from the very lap of nature—the Spring dances from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snow Maiden."

This program found Mr. Stokowski in his element, as his recent performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony did not. Last night his ability to whip his audience and orchestra to the top pitch of excitement and climax found full play. True, a Russian musician could have taken exception to much that the conductor did with Tchaikovsky. He would have observed a number of liberties, characteristic of Mr. Stokowski, as regards tempi and the treatment of many phrases. He would have remarked, perhaps, that the brass tone was often unnecessarily shrill, since a resonance just as effective but more noble could readily have been secured. He might have concluded that this was Mr. Stokowski's symphony as well as Tchaikovsky's and that Tchaikovsky was no better off for it. Fortunately, however, a symphony like this one lends itself to various interpretations.

Whatever Mr. Stokowski did he achieved an effect. He made the most of every opportunity of orchestral rhetoric, secured some magnificent crescendos and was irresistible in the wild

exultation of the final pages. This mood was evidently native both to conductor and composer. It is the one triumphant expression to be found in the three important symphonies of Tchaikovsky, when he turns on his foe of despair, and, in a way not a little suggestive of Beethoven, changes the theme of despair that has pervaded the whole symphony into a victorious chant. Thus both composers, in their fifth symphonies, sang of man's triumph over fate. Last night composer and interpreter could have cried, with Whitman, "O music wild! Oh, now I triumph!"

Mme. Koshetz showed her understanding of her songs, though she was not always able to summon the vocal resources to do them justice. A song such as Moussorgsky's "Death of the Commander" is of almost inhuman requirements for the singer, and the orchestral version, though not indiscreet for the subject matter, does not make it easier for the voice. In the curious "Humoresque" and in other passages which made no great demands of tone or of strenuous dramatic declamation, the singer was heard to best advantage.

The hall was packed. The audience listened as to inner revelation. The applause was long and loud.

Gerald Maas, as Cellist, Displays Skill and Flency

Performance, However, Marked by Coolness Rather Than Expressive Warmth

Skillful, musicianly cello playing was furnished yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall by Gerald Maas, who gave a program with a large proportion of longer numbers—an eighteenth century sonata by Benedetto Marcello, Saint-Saens's A minor concerto and

the Brahms sonata in F major. Joseph Adler was the co-operating pianist.

The cellist, who has been heard before, but not recently, had much technical dexterity, well exhibited in the Marcello sonata, where display passages, if not without some dryness of tone, gave an impression of ease. The Saint-Saens and Brahms numbers brought out an agreeable tone, of satisfactory fullness and fluency and adequate in high notes. But Mr. Maas's playing seemed marked by correctness rather than coloring; by a certain sameness of hue and unemotional coolness, rather than the expressive warmth of the greatest cello performances.

An encore followed the Brahms sonata and an arrangement of a Bach Arioso by Sam Franko opened the closing group of shorter pieces—a most euphonious number, showing the cello in its most grateful rôle.

March 13 1924

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE AMERICAN-NATIONAL.

Howard Barlow's young and ambitious orchestra, the American-National, which is engaged in the pioneer task of proving that a man may be American born and still play in a band, began its spring series of concerts in Aeolian Hall with a brave attack on Brahms's Second Symphony last night.

It would hardly be fair to expect

an organization so recently formed and so inexperienced in personnel to play with any great degree of polish and confidence, and the American-National displayed neither of these qualities yesterday evening. The various choirs were not always together, the instrumental tone was imperfectly blended, and there were frequent individual attacks of stage fright, with their attendant technical slips and lapses from the pitch.

Yet with all these drawbacks the performance had encouraging qualities. Mr. Barlow's reading was intelligent and well structured, and though he could extract from his orchestra no more technical skill than it possessed, he did coax from it some effective climaxes and dynamic nuances. The first movement found the first horn more than equal to its difficult solo passages, and the second revealed some really good lyric playing by the cellos and first violins.

The second half of the program was devoted entirely to American works, beginning with an "In memoriam" performance of the late W. H. Humiston's "Southern Fantasy." The others were by living Americans, and though none of them was of startling importance, they displayed sincerity and competent workmanship.

Nathan Novick's "Russian Sketches," which had a first hearing at last summer's stadium concerts, is a series of four brief pieces, of which the first, "A Siberian Impression," seemed the best, while the second, a diverting and unimportant sleigh-ride bit, caught the audience's fancy the strongest.

This was followed by "A Moonlit Sky," by B. Sherman Fowler, a symphonic poem with an immensely detailed program that was rather belied by the wholly comprehensible nature of the music itself. Last came William Schroeder's "The Journey Homeward," an interlude from his opera, "Rip Van Winkle." All three pieces were cordially received.

OTHER MUSIC.

Esther Dale began her recital last evening with the usual groups of Handel, Haydn and Brahms; she sang them most persuasively before an appreciative audience which was, however, obviously waiting for Bloch's impassioned setting of Psalm 137, so seldom heard. In all literature, there is no more hopeless tragedy than the despair of these lines and Bloch has caught all in his music, which is less a setting than the very echo of the words. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" welled up from the depths of these lonely cadences as from the alien rivers of Babylon and transformed even the savage and gory note on which the poem ends. The song lost nothing in the singing for Miss Dale brought to it a dramatic vigor and intensity almost startling. After the force of this number, Eugene Field came as something of an anti-climax. "Psalm 137" needs a program of its own.

A. S.

CONCERT FOR MUSIC CLUB

Hasoutra, Young American Dancer, Appears in Aboriginal Pieces, to Justin Elie's Music

A program of vocal and instrumental music and dances was given at Carnegie Hall last evening by the Music and Art Lovers' Club, with a number of artists participating. Bernice de Pasquali, formerly of the Metropolitan, Cantor Bernard Woolf, Giovanni Gurrieri, Yosi Fugiwara, and H'Ra. D'Arhton were the singers, while Mary Wildermann, pianist, and Laura Zelman, violinist, played. The dances were given by Hasoutra and Michio Itow's dancers.

Hasoutra's group was an unusually interesting one, danced to music composed by Justin Elie, who was at the piano. Mr. Elie has made a long study of aboriginal music, which he plays well, and Hasoutra, a talented young American, who has appeared in several revues here, danced with genuine distinction.

BORI AS VIOLETTA

Whenever Lucrezia Bori appears at the Metropolitan as Violetta in Verdi's "Traviata" the house is crowded. It was decidedly so last night when she had for her partner Lauri-Volpi, who also has many admirers. Grace Anthony and Danisa were also in the cast, and the performance, under Mr. Moranzoni, moved along smoothly.

It is difficult to write about Miss Bori without "gushing" like a school girl. She was entrancing in her ball gown of gold and embroidered roses. She wore a tiara that rivalled (in appearance, at least) any one seen in the golden horseshoe. What a better still—though all these things might be said—was a ravishing smile and a face so full of intelligence and mobility that it made one gasp at its charm. And all of all was her voice, clear, limpid, expressive, and as lovely in quality and timbre as the diva's face was beautiful. She sang with the abandon and ease of "Un Mortel Oiseau." And then her sudden outburst of pain and faintness; how properly she acted it! It gave one a quick thrill of dismay and sympathy, it seemed real; and what relief one felt as she recovered and again became the carefree, radiant, beautiful lady of pleasure!

Compared With Melba

There have been many and all sorts of comparisons at the Metropolitan, but most of them, however fine in some ways, left nothing to be desired in other ways. There was Melba, for instance. She sang finely, of course, but she used to sit on a garden bench and take her hat off and bravely adjust the trimming, for want of something better to do; she simply had no idea of acting at all. Others never suggested the Violetta of the story. Today, however, we have a perfect portrayal in every requisite, even to the unhappy ending, where the healthy artist manages to convey without apparent effort the pain and demise of the frail lady tortured by a ghastly stab to the heart in its ending.

Miss Northrup's Recital

In these days of voice-murdering songs one does not often hear a singer who entertains by the mere sound of her voice. Miss Margaret Northrup did at her Aeolian Hall recital yesterday afternoon. This inexpressibly gratifying to a critic whose ears are daily harassed and tormented, to come across a voice which is persistently pure in quality as well as in pronunciation as this young woman's is. And unforced, spontaneous, flexible. Most singers, even those of the better class, need half an hour to get their voice into condition. But Miss Northrup was freeable from the start; she sang Haydn's "With Verdure Clad" and Handel's "Come Unto Him" and "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" with rich, luscious tones that filled the whole hall with euphony. Among the other numbers on her list was Puri, Curuzza," short but sonorous, like a Norwegian call for the cattle, which was quite thrilling.

Humiston's "A Southern Fantasy"

Howard Barlow opened his program for the concert of the American National Orchestra last evening in Aeolian Hall with Humiston's D major symphony. This was for the sake of variety and to show that an all-American orchestra can also do justice to mere European music. America is represented by "A Southern Fantasy" by the late W. H. Humiston, Nathan S. Novick's "Russian Sketches," Sherman Fowler's "A Moonlit Sky," and "The Journey Homeward," from William Schroeder's opera "Rip Van Winkle."

Special interest attached to Mr. Humiston's piece; it was by no means a novelty, having been played years ago by the Philharmonic, of which Humiston was a member (organ and celesta, as well as program conductor). It is so charmingly melodious and shows such a keen instinct for orchestral coloring of the most alluring kind

that one regrets at every hearing of it that its composer did not contribute other similar things to the scant stock of available American orchestral works.

Esther Dale in Recital.

Miss Esther Dale gave a song recital last evening at Town Hall before a good sized and appreciative audience. Her program ranged from Haydn and Handel to Brahms and Poldowski. There were many things to admire in Miss Dale's singing but a rather persistent vibration was not one of them. She was graceful in the Haydn numbers and did the Handel easily. There was a slight declension of accuracy in Mendelssohn's song, but the rest of the German group made up for this temporary lapse. It appealed to the listeners who asked an encore for the Brahms and received another by the same composer. To some, the songs in French seemed to suit Miss Dale the best. There was a lovely "Trois Chansons" by Plerné which had to be repeated and a curious but effective "Pannye oux Talons d'or" by Poldowski, much applauded.

Her closing English group included a manuscript by Jeanne Boyd, "Balloons in the Snow," very much in the Debussy manner, which delighted every one and was repeated. She was accompanied by John Doane.

Margaret Northrup Sings.

Margaret Northrup gave an interesting song recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Her program had a wide range; it included airs from oratorios and groups in French, German and Italian. Miss Northrup would do very well as an oratorio singer. Her voice has the clear, tuneful, level quality so necessary for sustained passages in Handel's "Messiah," for instance: at the same time she negotiated the runs in "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" with excellent flexibility and steady breath control. Neither was she unkind of the semi-sacred character of her numbers. She sang the remainder of her program with considerable expression, though not always with such certain vocal results as in her opening airs, but she could have repeated "Ton Sourire," by Catherine, had she been so minded, and was in fact obliged to encore Brahms' "Vergebliches Ständchen." The singer was warmly applauded by an audience which enjoyed her efforts and which sent her many flowers. She had the valuable assistance of Coenraad V. Bos at the piano.

"All-American."

By OLIN DOWNES.

The American-National Orchestra, which states that it "is the only professional Symphony Orchestra in America which is composed entirely of American born professional musicians and conducted by an American-born conductor" gave a concert consisting principally of new works by American composers last night in Aeolian Hall. It would be invidious to compare this orchestra, which has good material in it, with long-established and amply financed orchestras which give concerts in this city. On the other hand, there seems no particular reason why a special plea should be made for an American orchestra because it is composed only of native-born Americans any more than there should be a plea for special clemency to American composers because they are native born and cannot compose as well as foreigners.

The opening performance of Brahms's symphony was spirited, though somewhat angular. In the finale Mr. Barlow, conducting, did not hold to his tempo firmly enough or give his second theme the breadth and the articulation that may be expected of him later. Certain solo entrances were heard before their time—accidents which have happened in other orchestras than this one. The orchestra is inevitably not a perfected instrument, but it is a tangible and promising beginning of one.

The American compositions were William H. Humiston's "Southern Fantasy," performed in his memory; Nathan Novick's "Russian Sketches"; Sherman Fowler's "A Moonlit Sky"; and William Schroeder's "Journey Homeward," from his opera, "Rip Van Winkle." The composition of William Humiston is well known here, and has attained popularity. Of the other new works the best was Mr. Novick's "Russian Sketches." The movement "In a One-Horse Sleigh" is amusing and well instrumented. The "Chant" is not too long, and again is clearly written. It leads into a "Dance" which suggests a Russian madman's idea of "Yankee Doodle." These little pieces show a young man learning his business and facing his practical problems as he goes along.

Mr. Fowler's "Moonlit Sky" intends to depict in fanciful style the rising and setting of the moon on a Summer night and a quarrel between the Man and the Lady in the moon. The discussion is extended until long after bedtime, but neither party to it convinces or particularly impresses the hearer. Mr. Schroeder's piece depicts the ride homeward of Rip Van Winkle. That hero is shown to have a marked preference for harmony and orchestration of the German school.

No doubt it was well to play the American compositions, if only to get them out of the composers' systems, but it cannot be claimed that they constituted for the unprejudiced public a list that was of particular interest or artistic value.

Lawrence Gilman

An All-Wagner Program by The Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall

There was doubtless a raising of eyebrows among the musical intelligentsia when Mr. Monteux announced that the fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York would have an All-Wagner program. "All-Wagner" programs have been hopelessly canaille for some time—meet for the Saturday night popular concert, for the semi-popular Sunday matinee; but hardly suitable for the better class of orchestral concerts. Mr. Damrosch, to be sure, occasionally stoops to Wagner, and devotes a subscription pair of concerts to excerpts from the once respectable operas and music-dramas. But Mr. Damrosch is a Favorite Son, and may do as he pleases. Mr. Stokowski, too, gives an "All-Wagner" program at his subscription concerts in Philadelphia at least once a season; but Mr. Stokowski is a conquering hero, and could get away with a Mendelssohn Cycle, if he chose—the Academy of Music would still be crowded to the chandeliers. The lesser gods and the plain mortals of the orchestral world, however, do not often dare to offer their sophisticated subscribers an entire program of Wagner. Mr. Mengelberg or Mr. van Hoogstraten or Mr. Walter would scarcely venture upon so degraded an undertaking; and even Mr. Stokowski has never asked his dazzlingly distinguished New York subscribers to descend to an All-Wagner program. It simply is not done. Wagner is to-day not merely *démodé* beyond recovery, but he has sunk to the depths where poor Tchaikovsky dwells, eating out his heart in the sub-cellar of the "Pathétique."

It would be difficult to convey to unsophisticated mind an adequate idea of the degree to which Wagner is despised by the Best People. We were reading the other day an article by a contemporary French critic who thought he had discovered in the music of Monsieur Honegger, one of the forward-looking "Groupe des Six," a reminiscence of "Tristan." The critic was horrified. No doubt, he observed, Monsieur Honegger was anxious to avoid the ageing impressionism of Debussy; but this should not have driven him to follow so "insufferable" a model as "Tristan"; "that," he remarked, "is merely to fall from a delicious Scylla into an abominable Charybdis."

"An abominable Charybdis." Alas, poor Wagner! We knew him well—once. But now, when we meet in the public ways that grotesque apparition out of a repudiated past, the short, bandy-legged figure, shambling along in his threadbare cloak and his queer velvet cap, an old score of "Tristan" under his arm, we hastily cross the street or turn a corner, muttering "Stravinsky" as a protective talisman, for it does no one any good to be seen

with the poor old boy these days. He belongs among the sins of our yeasty youth; he is Old Stuff; the crowd has mauled him, made him its vulgar own. We, who have discovered that Stravinsky and Schönberg and Bartok and Varèse are the true spokesmen of our own time, have learned that Wagner, though a master in his way—a technical wizard in the manipulation of his ideas—wrote what Mr. W. J. Turner, the London critic, so felicitously described as "tawdry rubbish." "I hardly ever want to hear it," says Mr. Turner; "often I go unwillingly; I have little innate sympathy with it"—a temperate statement of a typical point of view.

No doubt, as Maurice Rollinat sang, *il est mort*. And yet . . . and yet—

Toujours, tout au fond de mon âme, la, dans le coin des vieux efforts, j'entends gemir, comme autrefois, sa cornemuse.

Some of us cannot forget it, cannot escape it—there, in the deep places of the spirit, we hear it always. For some of us it is still the most beautiful, the most moving, the most nobly passionate of all music—music of an incomparable intensity, an incomparable distinction.

Doubtless Mr. Monteux knows that Wagner was essentially a non-operative composer; that his so-called music-dramas are program-music with ancillary voice-parts—symphonic poems with descriptive theatrical backgrounds. And so he gave us last night a gen-

erous draft of the pure essence of Wagner—the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the Siegfried Idyll, the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale, the "Ride of the Valkyries," the "Waldweben," and, as a sop to the Wagnerian Fundamentalists, two scenes from the later music-dramas with their orthodox vocal accompaniment: Isolde's Narrative, from the First Act of "Tristan," and Brünnhilde's Immolation scene from "Gotterdammerung," both sung by Margaret Matzenauer.

If Mr. Monteux hoped to lure the Wagnerites from their dug-outs, his wish was granted. They were there in battalions—the hall has not been so full, apparently, since Mr. Stravinsky's prehistoric lady friend was sacrificed to the Spring (as she will be again tomorrow, by the way). The Wagnerites were well rewarded. Every number on the program was first-rate Wagner: the gorgeous, full-blown Wagner who wrote between 1854 and 1874; and Mr. Monteux played the magnificent music as if he believed in its greatness—as if he realized that it is perfectly possible for the Wagnerite and the Stravinskyite to dwell amicably together in the same world. For here, too, there are many mansions.

The admirable orchestra displayed again its newly found beauty, its suppleness, its fineness of texture, and even an abundance of well deserved applause. Mme. Matzenauer sang as is her Wagnerian wont—not always easily, but always in the grand manner.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Boston Symphony.

The fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Carnegie Hall last night. M. Pierre Monteux, having sojourned in the realm of Russian imagination and lingered in other delectable territories in the course of his active season in this outland city, last night led his company of instrumental virtuosi into the country of the Wagnerites. It was a one man program—all Wagner. This kind of entertainment comes upon us often in a musical winter, for the scores of the genius of Bayreuth afford fine opportunities for wizards of the baton.

M. Monteux presented the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyll," Isolde's narrative from the first act of "Tristan und Isolde," the "Tannhäuser" bacchanale, the "Ride of the Valkyries," the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and the immolation of Brünnhilde from "Gotterdammerung." The singer was Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera House.

This was a generous feast of Wagnerian excerpts, of which certainly two could be properly dissociated from the theater. The intimate tone poem which Wagner composed for his wife's birthday celebration is connected with the theater only by the use of some thematic material from the drama dealing with the youth of the "highest hero of worlds," after whom the master's son was named. The prelude to "Die Meistersinger" is welcome to the concert hall, even though the beautiful comedy in music does not follow it.

There was no item in the concert clamoring for studies in vocabulary. M. Monteux is a good conductor, but he ascends into the impalpable regions of esoteric abstractions when directing much of Wagner's music, of which the ecstasies are distinctly not those of rapt philosophers. It was in the idyllic tribute to Frau Cosima and her interesting offspring that M. Monteux was happiest. This Wagnerian "Symphonia Domestica" touched apparently a tender spot in the interpreter's heart, which vibrated sympathetically with the gentle murmurs of the slumber motive and the twilight suggestions of the bird theme. In the bacchanale there was beauty of tone. The Boston orchestra made sweet Venusberg sounds and one felt that the dance was picturesque and rhythmic without being too disturbing.

Mme. Matzenauer of course sang in her familiar manner. The story of the false Tanntrix and his seductive glance was told with vehemence and vocal variety. But the chilling of vocal blossoms from Wagner's magic gardens continues to impress some ancient purists as a species of vandalism. The final scene of Brünnhilde does not endure extraction any better

than his first passionate outbreak of *Isolde*. But concert audiences enjoy hearing these things. So why complain?

WARNER'S TRIO HEARD.

Elshuco Players Give Second Subscription Concert.

The Elshuco Trio gave its second subscription concert in Aeolian Hall last evening. A brief and attractive program included the Beethoven trio in D major, a trio in A minor by H. Waldo Warner, and Schubert's B flat trio.

Mr. Warner's composition was played at Pittsfield several seasons ago and it was presented once or twice in this city. The composer plays the viola in the London String Quartet. His trio is a work of genuine merit. Mr. Warner had something to say and, though in some passages he waxed verbose and in others trivial, the barbaic charm and the sensuous sweep of his work possessed undeniable power. His harmonies were interesting and there were attractive themes tossed deftly about among the various instruments.

Of the trio's playing let it be said that the art of this talented organization was almost above reproach last evening. Mr. Willeke and his cello are, of course, familiar partners and, with Aurelio Giorni at the piano and William Kroll playing the violin, the ensemble was excellent. Fine balance and purity of tone, a sensitive regard for melodic outline, beauty of style and impressive unity marked their playing. They had a large audience.

BISHOP SPEAKS AT CONCERT.

Mme. Ivogun and Edwin Swain in Recital for School.

Mme. Maria Ivogun, soprano, and Edwin Swain, barytone, gave a joint recital in the Town Hall last evening. The occasion was a performance for the benefit of the Du Bose Memorial Church Training School at Monteagle, Tenn., an institution for training lay workers and clergy for work primarily in rural districts.

Mme. Ivogun sang many of her most familiar and delightful numbers. Adam's variations on a melody by Mozart, with flute obbligato; Thomas More's "When Love Is Kind" and Schubert's "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" were some of them. She was in good voice and delighted her audience with the quality and artistic level of her performance.

Mr. Swain sang numbers by Hugo Wolf, the "Canzonetta Russa," from "Fedora," and other compositions. He revealed an attractive voice, not of great range or power, but possessed of excellent diction and much expression. During an intermission Bishop Thomas E. Gailor, president of the National Council, delivered an address on the work and aims of the school.

A METROPOLITAN matinee throng palpitated and applauded at the "Carmen" performance, in which Ina Bourskaya, the Russian, and Giovanni Martinelli, the Italian, set forth the adventures of the Spanish romantic pair immortalized operatically by the French composer, Bizet.

The longer one goes to concerts and lyric dramas, the more one realizes the true internationalism of the tonal art.

Mme. Bourskaya repeated her impassioned portrayal of the cigarette-smoking seductress of Seville. It is a version theatrically effective, but vocally uneven. Martinelli's new-found robustness of voice and ardent histrionism had plenty of outlet in the role of Don Jose, one of his best achievements. Queena Marlo was a buxom little Micaela, of simple charm and sweet, flute-like tones. Jose Mardones did the dashing bull-fighter, Escanillo, and gave him the necessary vocal resonance and flourishes.

Louis D'Angelo and Angelo Bada were unctuously humorous as the pair of smugglers. Operating these days at the Canadian border or on the Long Island shores, they could burlesque their way past even the most rigid of Federal officials.

PARADOXICALLY, although Madame Butterfly passes away frequently, she never dies. As an operatic character she enjoys perpetual life and permanent popularity. Last night she committed har-kari again at the Metropolitan, and a few moments

later, completely resuscitated and made whole again, she took numerous bows in the person of sturdy Elizabeth Reithberg, who all evening had voiced beautifully the joys and sorrows of Cio Cio San.

Armand Tokatyan, rapidly coming into his own at the Metropolitan, was the appealing tenor of the occasion. Antonio Scotti gave his usual solicitous and immaculate U. S. Consul Sharpless.

When the famous soprano aria was sounded, the astonished lady in the orchestra circle said to her escort: "Why, we have that on our own Victrola." Ah! Now the world knows where Composer Puccini got his inspiration.

By GRENA BENNETT.

THE ELSHUCO TRIO gave its second concert at Aeolian Hall last evening and demonstrated to a large audience its ability at serious and scholarly performance of chamber music. The individual members of the little orchestra are accomplished and polished musicians.

Their co-operation was marked by a fine sense of balance and blending that are the principal essentials of ensemble playing. These were manifested in Beethoven's trio in D major, a noble work, nobly read; Warner's trio in A minor, in which spirit and spontaneity went hand in hand with colorful harmonies, and Schubert's trio in B flat, whose fresh and lovely measures were interpreted with brilliancy and vigor.

* * *

By Deems Taylor

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

An all-Wagner program that includes neither the "Tristan" prelude nor the "Tannhaeuser" overture is almost unthinkable this season, but such a program Mr. Monteux and the Boston Symphony Orchestra accomplished last night. He did not escape "Tannhaeuser" altogether, for he played the Bacchanale; but that is far easier hearing. The "Walkuerenritt" was there, of course, and the "Meistersinger" overture. "Meistersinger" however, can stand even more repetitions than the countless ones it gets. The remainder of the list was unhackneyed, and included one excerpt—*Isolde's* narrative, from Act 1 of "Tristan"—that we never heard before in concert form. The others were the "Siegfried" Idyl, the "Waldweben" scene, and Brunnhilde's immolation and the finale from "Goetterdaemmerung."

The brass section seemed to be suffering a bit from over-confidence last night. It was mellow and beautiful in the immolations scene, where it was needed, and properly sonorous in the "Walkuerenritt," but it was entirely too prominent in much of the "Meistersinger" overture and quite wrecked the balance of parts of the "Tannhaeuser" Bacchanale.

Otherwise, Mr. Monteux's readings were spirited and warmly colorful, and at times eloquent. He was particularly happy in the Siegfried Idyl, which had beautiful transparency and a quality of tenderness and wistful gayety that carried one irresistibly back to the morning at Wahnfried that saw its first performance.

Margarete Matzenauer was the soloist, appearing in the "Tristan" and "Goetterdaemmerung" scenes. Where the vocal part lay in her voice she sang impressively, and with largeness of style. These moments were less frequent than one might have wished. The plain truth of the matter seems to be that Mme. Matzenauer's voice does not comfortably reach the higher levels of Wagner's soprano parts, and her efforts to make it do so are more striking than bearable. Her diction was quite unintelligible.

At that, it was a concert of absorbing interest. The technical prodigies of Wagner's music no longer amaze,

His idiom has become the speech of every day. His tricks—and he has tricks—no longer escape us; his eloquence sometimes stops just this side of ranting. Yet his remarkable articulateness, his descriptive powers, the sweep and majestic proportions of his architectonics remain as overwhelming as they ever were. The old lion still has claws.

OTHER MUSIC.

Mme. Maria Ivogun, who will be remembered as one of the merriest of the Wives of Windsor, gave a recital at Town Hall last night with assisting artists, one of whom was the flutist Justus Gelfus. Among her other charms was the particularly gratifying one that she did not try to sound like the flute—an ambition which has always been singularly baffling to this listener. For, with all due respects to that admirable instrument, the game of trying to guess which is the flute and which the human voice seems one of the most futile tasks to which concert audiences are submitted.

Mme. Ivogun sang Schubert, Strauss and Mendelssohn in her bright soprano voice, which, for all its limpid purity, has in it the warm coloring of human sympathy and understanding. Edward Swain, a singer from Virginia, gave a series of baritone solos. Mr. Gelfus was most fluent and dexterous with the flute and Mr. Scidler-Winkler was a deft piano accompanist. All this, for the benefit of the Du Bose School, was received rapturously by an audience which came perhaps for the cause but which remained to applaud without any altruistic motives.

Between the Beethoven and the Schubert of their second concert, the Elshuco Trio included a fragment of H. Waldo Warner—a trio in A minor of a certain elfin charm, half quizzical and half fantastic. It is not a mood which is easily sustained through the three movements of a prolonged study, and one had moments of wishing that Mr. Warner had not been whimsical at such great length. But the piece on the whole is charged with imaginative beauty which was recaptured by the three players.

At the Metropolitan, the fourth "Butterfly" of the season was given, with a familiar cast. A. S.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Cosi fan Tutti" Again.

Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutti" demonstrated several things once again last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It showed first of all that in spite of the habits of mind inculcated in operagoers by long training in listening to the drum and trumpet school there was still pleasure to be found in the more peaceful art of Mozart. The score of "Cosi fan Tutti" is a string of pearls, pure and chaste gems strung on a thread of slender recitative. There is no moment of musical pomp and circumstance. There is no climax of tumultuous sound, no blare of brass, no heavy orchestral artillery, no ponderous ensemble.

The whole opera flows smoothly and mellifluously, yet with such an amazing fertility of invention in melody and in vocal combinations that the music lover whose ears do not hunger for force is ravished. But no audience is likely to burst into thunders of applause. People who are enjoying one of the mellow landscapes of Bolton Jones are not given to expressing themselves in staccato exclamations of amazement as they might if gazing at the blue tomato of Matisse. The applause after a number or an act of "Cosi fan Tutti" is not that of people who have been aroused to nervous excitement but of hearers who have found a satisfying but peaceful pleasure. Last evening's audience seemed to be contented but not uncomfortably stirred.

The performance had the characteristics noted in its predecessors. It was full of spirit, perhaps at times not quite the right one. There is a tendency at the Metropolitan to overdo

some of the comedy, which is quite broad enough in itself and is easily broadened into burlesque. But doubtless the size of the theater is an irresistible incentive to the forcing of points. The farcical story certainly seems to amuse audiences, and since all the singers are in accord in style and present a well balanced comic ensemble they are entitled to thanks.

Mme. Reinhardt as *Fiordiligi*, Miss Peralta as *Dorabella*, Miss Bori as *Despina*, Mr. De Luca as *Guglielmo*, Mr. Meader as *Ferrando* and Mr. Didur as *Don Alfonso* were again the principals, each doing well what had been done well before. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with excellent judgment.

YOUNG PIANIST PLEASURES.

Dorsey Whittington Shows Improvement in His Playing.

Dorsey Whittington, a young New York pianist, who made a successful debut here last season, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. His program was well made and interesting. Scarlatti and Schubert furnished the opening numbers—the former with his A major sonata, the latter with his B flat impromptu.

Beethoven's sonata in F minor, "Appassionata," was the principal number, after which came four preludes, the berceuse and A flat ballade of Chopin, a "Soiree de Vienne" of Schubert-Liszt, Pick-Mangiagalli's "Dance of Olaf," Grieg's "Notturmo" and Schloer's "Concert Etude" in E flat.

Mr. Whittington's performance again showed much ability in the mechanics of his art, together with musicianship and poetic taste. His art showed moderate gain since his previous hearing. He gave the Scarlatti sonata with brilliance, but insufficient smoothness. On the other hand, the Schubert impromptu was beautifully delivered throughout. His reading of Beethoven's sonata, as a whole, showed a deep concern for the composer's intent and was tinged throughout with emotional power and poetic coloring. A large audience enjoyed the recital.

Michel Hoffman Plays.

A good-sized audience attended the violin recital of Michael Hoffman last evening at Carnegie Hall. This young musician has talent, but he is yet in the stage of development. He produces a good tone, true to pitch and plays with flexibility and ease. The Brahms concerto which began the recital, though spirited and earnest in design, lost some of its continuity from the embarrassing eagerness of the audience to applaud at every stop. They made up for this precipitancy by recalling him several times at the finale. The andante of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" showed what Mr. Hoffman could do in the way of an attractive singing tone. He was getting on so well that a momentary break in the Rondo could be excused on the grounds of nervousness. Mr. Hoffman, besides being a violinist, is already among the composers, as two of his pieces were included in the third part of the program.

ELENA GERHARDT and ERNA recital, benefit of music school

RUBINSTEIN, Carnegie at 3—Joint settlements, artists' series.

McK 116 772-4

If Pierre Monteux ever had any doubts about the drawing power of "Le Sacre du Printemps" they were dispelled by the mob which stormed the doors of Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The house from orchestra to gallery had been sold out for weeks in advance and a patient and determined throng of standees overflowed from the aisles to the lobby. They had their reward in a performance of the remarkable Stravinsky ballet which was as vigorous and urgent as on the night of its introduction several weeks ago. As the season shapes itself, this work and its presentation by the Boston Symphony Orchestra emerges as the most significant in all its changing weeks and it is happily a significance which has not been lost on New York concertgoers. Yesterday's crowd is revealed as that rarest of rare spectacles—an overflowing audience attracted not by the reputation of an orchestra or the personality of a performer but on the sheer merits of a single number of the program.

Schumann's Fourth Symphony introduced the program and Haydn's concerto for violoncello (with Jean Redetti as soloist) followed. The Stravinsky piece came last and was

et at its close by shouts and applause on the reluctantly departing audience.

Another "Lohengrin" was given as a matinee at the Metropolitan with familiar cast headed by Easton, Ohnen, Taucher and Schorr. "Aida" was scheduled for the evening. Also for the evening, Maria Narodny, an Estonian singer, announced a program of songs from the Russian, German, Estonian and Scandinavian.

A. S.

Lawrence Gilman

Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" Sells Out the House at Its Repetition by the Boston Symphony

For the second time this season, the Boston Symphony has sold out the concert hall and aroused an audience of cheers—just as if Stravinsky were back with his "Preludes" or Mr. Gershwin with his "Rhapsody in Blue." The first time this happened was in December, at the Van-Cliff Theater, when the International Composers' Guild produced Stravinsky's "Renard" for the initial time in America, under Mr. Stokowski's baton. That memorable evening the "All's Sold" sign was brought up from the cellar and triumphantly hung out the Vanderbilt lobby, and the audience refused to go home at the end of the evening until they had completed a repetition of the work. The same thing happened on Saturday at the Boston Symphony matinee at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Monteux had produced Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" to New York on January 15 with results which few of us have forgotten. So insistent were the demands for a rehearing that Mr. Monteux repeated the work on Saturday afternoon at the fourth of his New York matinees. It was a shrewd as well as an amiable act: for the house sold out, and at the close of the performance there were cheers and hosannas. This for Stravinsky, who was the head bogeyman among contemporary tonal futurists—the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang of music, whose dreadful carryings-on had caused a riot in Paris eleven years ago in this same "Sacre du Printemps"—produced there under this same Monteux.

Stravinsky possesses a sense of humor, there must be many occasions nowadays when he laughs himself sick. Of course, it is barely possible that he sighs for the days when he was a fashionable radical, rejoicing in the exquisite appreciation of an inner circle of adepts, and happy in the knowledge that he was safe from the understanding and enjoyment of the low-browed multitude that adores his "Preludes" and thrills to the "Ride of the Valkyries." Perhaps it is not wholly agreeable adventure for a tonal innovator to go to bed secure in the knowledge of his difficult chiceness and wake up the next morning to find himself among the "Six Best Sellers" of contemporary music, sold in the symphonic Pullmans along with "Les Preludes," Tchaikovsky's Fifth, and the other Eleanor Glyns of music. But that seems to be Stravinsky's present fate, and one can only hope that he likes it.

It was a rewarding and enlightening experience to hear "Le Sacre du Printemps" again. Mr. Monteux, who was conducting it for the fourteenth time, secured a performance of remarkable purity, lucidity and power. It is not easy to imagine a more completely exhaustive interpretation. The score poses serious difficulties for both orchestra and conductor; it is probably the most exacting of all instrumental works; but the virtuosi from the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues traversed it as if they were dancing themselves with the Military Symphony of Haydn.

It is interesting to know that the "Sacre" is Stravinsky's favorite among his works—that he regards it as his most important achievement. It is interesting, because we were impressed and impressed, indeed, as we had been before—by the simplicity of the music, and by its beauty. Perhaps too strong an emphasis has been placed upon the complexity and the mystery of this unparalleled score. I am forbidden that we should incur the charge of the professional Stravinsky-fetters by forgetting that in the "Sacre" we are to find a conception of Spring suggested barely, starkly, primely, as it was before there were singing poets and Corot landscapes and bleedings of young love.

What we mean is that the barbaric aspect of the work struck us on Saturday as having been unduly dwelt upon. There is great tenderness in this music; and one listens to page after page that is beautiful in the simplest and most obvious sense of the word. What could be more tender in feeling? and in musical speech than the opening pages of the "Rondes Printanieres," with their lyrical flutes in thirds; or the lovely "Dance of the Adolescents," where the once notorious passage for two clarinets moving in parallel major sevenths sounded on Saturday like the honeyed sixths of a Chopin nocturne? There is ravishing poetic loveliness in the Introduction to Part II, where with Stravinsky, so it is said, intended to express the "deep sadness of the pagan night, gloomy with the oppression of the vast forces of Nature, pitiful with the helplessness of living creatures in their presence." To us it seemed much less portentous than that—a marvelous feat of instrumental coloring, based, to a considerable degree, upon the harmonic and melodic idiom of Debussy—of which there is not infrequent use in this score.

Stravinsky is beholden to several sources for many of his effects. He has remembered himself ("Petrouchka," for instance), Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liszt, the Strauss of "Salome," and—again and again—Debussy. No wonder Debussy is said to have risen from his seat during the riot that interrupted the first Paris performance and admonished the audience to give ear to an important expression of musical modernity, whether they liked it or not; he doubtless felt that some respect was due to those ghosts of his own past which he must have recognized as they peered at him through the Stravinskian bars.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that "Le Sacre du Printemps" is prevalently derivative. Obviously, as Mr. Huneker liked to say, it "stems"—from various roots and soils. But most of the music is unimpeachably original in feeling, in idea, in style. It still seems to us, as it did six weeks ago, a wonderful and moving achievement—a superb accession to the world's collection of great music. If Stravinsky had written nothing since, he could still, we think, justifiably have shut his desk, turned out his light, and called it a day.

*Olaf Zinn, Boston
Brangela, Taucher
Schonke
Aron, Paralta, Gordon
Kingston, Danise
Rottier
Fely Clement singer
Maria Nider, Narodny
Singer*

March 17 1924

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

"The Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and the "Tristan" prelude and finale safely despatched on their way, the Philharmonic took up no less a novelty than Chykovsky's Fifth at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon. Inasmuch as the Philadelphia Orchestra had played the same symphony no longer ago than last Tuesday evening, one was naturally curious to see what Mr. Mengelberg would do with it.

He had evidently come to the interesting conclusion that Chykovsky, excellent formalist though he be, is a rather dry and ascetic fellow who is sadly in need of a little love interest to make him attractive to the consumer. So Mr. Mengelberg proceeded to tone down the too severe classicism of the austere Slav.

He took out all expression marks between "ppp" and "ff;" he employed the kettledrum only as a noise-making instrument; he put in allargandos and smorzandos and stringendos and tenutos where they would do the most good, and took every cadence at a nice "molto rallentando;" he throttled down the bustling "andante cantabile" of the second movement to a good, comfort-

able "largo;" he doubled the trumpets occasionally (the Metropolitan is so deadening to brass), using four where Chykovsky had called for a frugal two, and he cut forty or fifty bars out of the last movement. The result was undeniably "emotional," and the audience responded with riotous approval. It was also stickily sentimental and a little vulgar, but nobody minded that.

Meanwhile, at Aeolian Hall, Erika Morini, violinist, gave her only New York recital of the season, playing the Wieniawski concerto, the Bach Chaconne, an Adagio by Spohr, the Tartini-Kreisler variation on a Corelli theme, a Mozart Rondo and the Vieuxtemps Rondo Allegretto. An unexciting program, but undeniably a good one. Miss Morini has lost none of the admirable qualities that have raised her to such an honored place in her art. Her intonation was perfect, her tone beautiful and ample in size, and her style invariably marked by intelligence and a healthy freedom from sentimentality. Her audience, a large one, received her with enthusiasm.

Jascha Heifetz

The recital given by Jascha Heifetz yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall had all the outward signs usually attendant on these occasions. Late comers arrived to find a crowded lobby and no seats to be had, and within a huge audience, filling all available space and stage room, waited for the slim, serious-browed young man to wave his wand and create magic.

When he did so it was first in the Tartini "Devil's Trill," which he played like the seriously beautiful thing it is, and not like the show piece that some are pleased to call it. Second, came the Conus E minor concerto, a work as welcome as any respectably written addition to the violinist's repertoire, but which is, after all, rather empty music. Mr. Heifetz played it with due respect for the salient points of its architecture and with the beautiful

tone and finish with which he contrives to make some things seem better than they are. Following this there was a group of short numbers, including two prettily wrought little pieces, "Nocturne" and "Cortège," by Lili Boulanger, the gifted young French woman whose career was so early cut short.

Nowhere is the exquisiteness of Mr. Heifetz's art more apparent than in little pieces of this kind. He played them yesterday with delicacy, well matched by Isidor Achron at the piano, and added to the printed list several encore numbers. At the end the Caprice XIII and Perpetuum Mobile made the customary Paganini finish, though the audience demanded and received still more.

The recital was given for the benefit of the Maternity Center Hospital.

Bruno Walter to Lead Symphony Next Season

Will Conduct Concerts Here and in Three Other Cities, Beginning Feb. 26

Bruno Walter, who completed his month as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra on March 9, has been invited to return in this capacity next season, according to an announcement yesterday from Harry Harkness Flagler, president of the Symphony Society of New York. Mr. Walter, he said, will begin his next New York season on February 26, 1925, conducting four pairs of concerts in Carnegie Hall, five Sunday afternoons at Aeolian Hall, a young people's concert, a concert in Brooklyn and one apiece in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Mr. Walter, who sails for Europe on the Albert Ballin on Thursday, April 3, has, it is announced by the Symphony Society's management, been called to London to act as chief conductor at Covent Garden in May in that city's first post-war German opera season, with a repertoire of Wagner, Mozart and Strauss. Before going to London he will conclude his Berlin orchestral concerts.

By THEODORE STEARNS.

A Great Violinist.

Erika Morini gives the impression of person earnestly watching two beautiful children at play. These children are her violin and her fiddle bow. In her governing hands these two children become creatures of genius. They move



THEODORE STEARNS

only New York recital this season and the spell she put over her audience was a profound one. Everything necessary in a true violinist Morini possesses. She has magnetism, power, pure tone and technique, fire, abandon and all of this under wonderful control. Her program yesterday started with the Wieniawski D minor Concerto and closed with the Rondo Allegretto by Vieuxtemps. In between she played the Bach Chaconne, the Spohr Adagio, Variations on a theme by Corelli (Tartini-Kreisler) and a Rondo by Mozart.

It was interesting to hear Morini shake the dust off the bones of Bach. She fired his ancient "Chaconne" with the restless rubatos of an inspired gypsy player, and yet every detail was artistically done. She made this number sound more like an improvisation than a correct classic and put into this piece of cold calculation a warmth at times intensely human. Years ago—ever in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia—I heard Petchneff do something like this. He, too, used to play this number with a decided touch of romance.

Making Music Human.

The same idea vitalized Spohr's Adagio yesterday. Sweeping phrases with a beautifully broad and even tone alternated with up-bow staccato passages that rose and fell like lifted necklaces from a jewel casket. It was here that Erika Morini's earnestness smiled. I have seldom, if ever, seen a more sensitive bow in the hands of a violinist. Like a human thing it seemed loath to leave the strings, yet eager to beckon them on in constant play.

The Corelli Variations, as played by this artist, fairly made the audience gasp. Here were staccato passages as brilliant as tossed star dust, but with each particle a perfect star in itself. Perhaps the outstanding feature of Morini's playing is her wonderful sense of proportion. The four strings of her violin at times seemed like four human hearts that talked and sang. With an idea like this, an artist might easily presume upon his ability. A power to thus hold an audience might provoke temptation to over play. This, however, Morini never did.

Suzanne France.

This extremely French lyric soprano appeared in a song recital at Town Hall yesterday in a smart afternoon tea costume that gave her an undeniable Mary Garden touch. The same might be said of her voice.

At the same time Mlle. France's voice and personality are cold. She featured the sudden pianissimo effect in most of her songs and this might be effective if a real voice were behind the idea to give it genuine vocal support. Once or twice such swift changes from loud to soft singing is artistic, but when freely indulged in is a good deal like too much sugar in the coffee.

In "Les vieilles de chez nous"—the old women of our village—a splendid note of true tenderness was reached by Mlle. France. In fact, all that she did was most interesting. French singers put diction before music. They sense and bring out the story, the drama, of anything they interpret and in this respect Mlle. France is a splendid example.

MARIE SUNDELIUS, a member of the principal soprano force at the Metropolitan Opera House, made her season's debut last night at Carnegie Hall. She sang a list that ranged from Handel to McDowell and from Mozart to Burleigh including operatic arias, folksongs from Scandinavia; German lieder, and American ballads. Miss Sundelius has a silvery voice, pure, true and an excellent range. Though she lacks on the emotional side, her interpretations are essentially the work of a musicianly singer well coached in the highest traditions of her art. This is the impression she made on last evening's auditors and their evident pleasure was frequently and enthusiastically proclaimed.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society.

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony having enjoyed a well earned rest since last Tuesday was again drawn forth to illustrate the inspiring art of virtuoso conducting at the Philharmonic Society's concert in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Willem Mengelberg waved the magic wand over the garden of Peter Ilyitch's fancy, to which he led his audience by the gentle ascent from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and the prelude and finale of "Tristan und Isolde." A short and pithy program, but not in accordance with the venerable advice of Quintilian, who told his pupils always to place their weakest arguments in the middle.

It has been a tolerably active season for this Fifth Symphony. It was played by the State Symphony Orchestra on January 9 and March 2, by the Philharmonic on February 10 and 27 and by the Philadelphia musicians on March 11. Of course repetitions by any one orchestra indicate that the trouble of rehearsing new works has been avoided, and so long as there is strength in union such repetitions will be necessary. Meanwhile let it be recorded that Mr. Mengelberg's presentation of the composition was thoroughly enjoyable yesterday afternoon.

Of course there were innumerable changes of tempo and greatly emphasized ritardandi and accelerandi, but the reading, like its predecessors by the same conductor, was consistent, carefully worked out and decidedly picturesque. A large audience was present at the concert and plainly enjoyed not only the symphony but the other two works.

Miss Morini's Recital.

Miss Erika Morini, violinist, was heard in recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This young player

made her debut here on January 26, 1921, and excited interest by the promise revealed in her immature art. It is by no means impossible that injury was done at that time to the girl by some of the unconsidered praise which was showered upon her. She was acclaimed by some as the greatest living violinist of the tenderer sex. Those who preserved their equilibrium in the presence of her vivacious virtuosity were severely rebuked.

Three seasons have passed and those who did not find the perfect flower in the young bud of 1921 have been hoping for a blossoming in this youth of the year. But Miss Morini seems content to pause where brook and river meet. She still performs effectively such compositions as the Wieniawski concerto in D minor, but the effectiveness even in this fiddler's piece is deceptive.

The young woman plays with much aggressiveness of the bow arm. Her accentuation is extremely sharp in spots, but her sense of rhythm has never improved. Melodic line is still somewhat obscure to her. The assets which commend her to the public are her masculine though somewhat rough tone and the boldness and confidence of her style. There was altogether too much slovenly fingering in the concerto yesterday and no small measure of slap dash playing which betrayed a proud disregard of the refinements of the violinist's art.

FRENCH LYRIC SOPRANO, MISS FRANCE, IN DEBUT

Miss Suzanne France, French lyric soprano, gave her debut song recital in Town Hall yesterday. Miss France, who in private life is the wife of the Marquis d'Orgeix, and is now living in New York, has sung in opera at Cannes, Nice and Pau. She proved to be what is now a rarity here, a singer of genuine French type.

Her voice is a good one and despite some technical failings she was able to make her work interesting. She imparted an unusual degree of color and nuance to her delivery, and she showed

no lack of temperamental warmth considering the scope of her selections. In fact many of her tones, especially in the lower range, were of the Garden School at its best. Charpentier's "Depuis la Joux" was given with much good tone, including correct top notes, although deficiencies of vocal technique were to the fore in a more showy excerpt from "Manon," which served as an encore. Erlanger's Russian war song "Le Lever Du Soleil," showed a gift for diction and spirited declamation.

With four French groups, including three lovely songs by Moret, the singer also gave lyrics in English with one each by Ronald Curran and Wood. Kurt Schindler played excellent piano accompaniments.

MARIE SUNDELIUS HEARD.

Gives a "Debut Recital" at Carnegie Hall to Large Audience.

Marie Sundelius, seven years in opera at the Metropolitan, Ravinia and Stockholm and concerts afield, gave what she ventured to call a "debut recital" last evening before a large audience in Carnegie Hall. She was assisted in her first program by Frank Bibb, who also supplied a newly arranged air of Apollo from Handel's "Terpsichore."

The singer's list was wisely remote from the operatic. Aside from other Italian airs of Renati and Mozart and German lyrics of Schubert and Schumann, she added songs of Grieg, Petersen-Berg, Rangstrom and Soderman, from her ancestral Scandinavia, and an American group by Kramer, Carl Beecher, MacDowell and Hovman.

If Miss Sundelius began her German Lieder with a certain northern sobriety, it was indeed in these that she met her severest test, and met it at first timidly, but later so successfully that Schumann's "Mondnacht" was redemanded. Her legato style in classic airs needed no introduction.

The racy flavor of the Scandinavian was emphasized by flowers that followed that group, in Swedish, colors of yellow and blue, and by the singer's wearing of a decoration "For Arts and Letters" bestowed on her recently at Stockholm by the Government of Sweden.

HEIFETZ GIVES CONCERT.

Carnegie Hall Is Packed to Hear Maternity Centre Benefit.

Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was packed to the doors for the second violin recital of Jascha Heifetz. Scores were turned away and the stage accommodated several hundred persons. The concert was in aid of the Fraternity Centre Association, consequently the patronage was very large. Mr. Heifetz played an unusual program, not too deeply musical, but which exactly suited the occasion and delighted his listeners beyond expression. Here was the very last word in virtuosity.

Heifetz played among other pieces Tartini's "Devil's Trill Sonata," a melodious concert by Conus, a charming "Cortège," by Lili Boulanger, which he repeated, and a "Siellienne," by Joseph Achron. The Paganini "Perpetuum Mobile" was done with marvelous agility and ended in a solid wave of applause. Mr. Heifetz was recalled many times after each group and gave several encores.

Isidor Achron gave a sympathetically subdued accompaniment.

AID DEAD OPERA SINGER.

Pupils Bury Aged Woman Found Destitute on the East Side.

Contributions by neighbors and pupils of the aged opera singer, Mme. Eugenie Bonner, who was found dead several days ago in one of the two rooms she had occupied at 507 East Sixteenth Street, provided means for her burial yesterday afternoon in a plot in the Lutheran Cemetery in Brooklyn. Mme. Bonner, who had been a singer on the German operatic stage, was well known here as a concert singer years ago. In recent years she had taught music to children on the east side. She was 73 years old.

The Public Administrator had been unable to find anything of value in the singer's rooms. She had no relatives in this country. In her rooms were photographs of her public career, and drawers were many clippings from newspapers telling of her work as a singer. Her pupils and their parents and neighbors attended the services yesterday afternoon at 507 East Sixteenth Street where services were held by the Rev. Loyal Graham, an Assistant Rector at Grace Church.

Sings in Three Languages.

William Nikow, tenor, assisted by Mary Lackland, violinist, gave a second recital last evening at the Town Hall, where both artists had appeared in December. Mr. Nikow sang in three respective languages the narrative from "Lohengrin," the "M'Appari" from "Marta," and flower song from "Carmen." He added both German and

American songs. Miss Lackland played solos of Purleigh and Kreisler and a violin obligato to Leroux's "Le Nil."

Suzanne France in Recital.

Suzanne France, soprano, was assisted by Kurt Schindler in a first recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, singing many French songs, an air from "Louise" and one from "Manon" as encore. With animated stage presence, the young singer combined a declamation more in the manner of the dramatic than the lyric stage. She varied her program with a vigorous "Russian War Song" by Erlanger and three in English by Landon Ronald, Pearl Curran and Haydn Wood.

Aid Opera Emergency Fund.

For the third time, the Metropolitan presented a group of its artists singing last evening as all in turn do once each season for the Opera Emergency Fund. A large audience greeted the gala program, which included airs and duets for Rethberg and Martinelli, Reinhardt, Sabanica, Danise and Didur. The orchestra under Bamboeschek added excerpts from "Tannhauser" and "Gloconda," together with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scherzade."

by Lawrence Gilman

"Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan, With a new Bruennhilde and a new Wotan

John Runciman, who was the first to teach Englishmen that musical criticism is not necessarily a melancholy profession, was fond of saying that the special quality of "Die Walkure" is the spring freshness of the music, "its god-like power, its profound sense of the past and of the mystery of things." That freshness and tenderness and strength, that epic amplitude and magnificence, do indeed enchant and overwhelm, even at the hundredth hearing of the marvelous work. But we think Wagner himself more nearly hit off the central quality of this music when he said of it in a letter to his friend Praeger, in March, 1856, that it contains "such a superlative of suffering, sorrow and despair" that the music could but constitute a terrific drain on him. "I should not be able to get to the end of a thing like that again," he added. Later, he wrote Dr. Pusi-nelli, of Dresden, that "Die Walkure" had painfully "got itself finished; it is finer [he added] than anything I have ever written, but it has exhausted me. It has turned out terribly beautiful."

He was right about its being finer than anything he had ever written at that time. It was. And he was right, we take leave to think, about the prevailing tragedy of the music. The two great scenes of the music-drama—that in the second act in which Wotan hears his world crashing about his ears, and the perennially wonderful Farewell at the end of the third—are drenched in tragic pathos and tragic beauty; and last night at the Metropolitan these supreme moments of "Die Walkure" were realized for us with a justness and eloquence which we shall not soon forget.

This achievement, which should be set down as among the finest that the Metropolitan has put to its credit in a good many moons, was due to the participation in the cast of a new Wotan and a new Brünnhilde, both of them singing-actors of uncommon gifts. Mr. Schorr (the memorable Hans Sachs of recent "Meistersinger" performances) was the baffled and sorrowing god; Karin Branzell was the Brünnhilde.

Mme. Branzell had been heard here

late as Fricka, as Ortrud, as Brangäne, but her Brünnhilde seems to us far and away the most excellent thing she has done at the Metropolitan. It is vital and plastic and intelligent beyond any other Brünnhilde of recent years. Mme. Branzell has brains, and she does not check them at the stage door when she comes to the Opera House.

She knows what the music is saying, even when it is confined to the orchestra; she knows what Wotan and Fricka and the rest are saying—she is an uncommonly alert and responsive listener. She is, through the grace of Nature, a woman of distinguished presence, and last night she was beautiful. Heaven and a non-starch diet (perhaps) have kept her lithe—she is no lyric elephant in a tin helmet. She has a sense of expressive and modulated gesture, and

she has both intensity and repose. Her scene with Wotan in that hour of his bitter yielding to defeat was beautifully imagined and conveyed—her "Wer bin ich, wär ich dein Wille nicht?" which Wagner has set to a phrase of ineffable tenderness, was worthy of the music itself. Her voice is not always equal to the demands which Brünnhilde's music makes upon it, for it is deficient in power and flexibility. Her "Ho-jo-to-ho!" was ineffective. But where is there another Lehmann who can satisfy us there? It should be said, however, that Mme. Branzell's voice was not in its best estate last night.

Mr. Schorr's Wotan had like traits, like excellences. It was continuously intelligent, dramatically vivid, deeply felt; and it was superbly sung. If the Metropolitan is not patting itself on the back these days because of its possession of these admirable Wagner singers, it ought to be. Impersonations of this kind take us back almost to the Golden Age of the—but perhaps we need not go into that.

The familiar Sieglinde of Elizabeth Rethberg, beautiful in voice, indifferent in histrionism, was delightful at least to hear. Upon Mr. Taucher's Siegmund we need not dwell. It was as usual. So were the Hunding of Mr. Gustafson and the Fricka of Jeanne Gordon. Mr. Bodanzky conducted, and the score often sang nobly under his intense and vigilant and imaginative control. The audience was justifiably enthusiastic.

Last night's "Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan offered a cast that differed in several respects from those that have preceded it this season. Karin Branzell, having begun her New York career as Fricka, was revised upward, and appeared as Brünnhilde. Pictorially, at least, she was a decidedly satisfactory warrior maiden. Vocally, she was somewhat less so, for her voice, although it had an appealing youthful freshness in passages calling upon its medium register, seemed to lack both the maturity and the strength to cope successfully with the wide range and taxing vocalism of a role like Brünnhilde.

Jeanne Gordon, luscious in voice and increasingly impressive in style, replaced her as Fricka, and Friedrich Schorr sang Wotan. It is not the best role—he was most successful in the touching farewell scene of the last act, rather than in the storms and stresses of the second; but even Mr. Schorr's second best is a satisfying exhibition of beautiful singing and dignified and authoritative acting.

De Pachmann Plays Once More

Earlier than usual the virtuosi are coming back East and giving their final recitals, often in connection with a charitable enterprise. That was the case with Vladimir de Pachmann's piano recital last night in Carnegie, and where charity dwells the critical pen is silent. Suffice it to say that Odessa's most famous pianist was in his best mood on this occasion. He gave pleasure to his audience, as a matter of course, with his Chopin group, and with a Mozart sonata, a Mendelssohn "Song Without Words," and a set of Brahms waltzes.

Play Ernest Bloch Sonata.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Carl Freidberg, pianist, and Rudolph Polk, violinist, opened the program of their concert last night in Aeolian Hall with the violin and piano sonata of Ernest Bloch. Of this work the performers gave an earnest and convincing performance. It presents special tasks to both interpreters. Each instrumental part has exceptionally pronounced individuality, at the same time that the unity of what one is tempted to call a musico-dramatic conception is retained. For there is a powerfully dramatic element in this music, even if it has no text or scenery to illustrate its meaning. There is the conflict of theme with theme—as some might ironically remark, of harmony with harmony, and key with key. At the same time an ever present sense of form and of structure and a powerful emotional current bind together elements which make the music the more virile for their presence.

The sonata was played, as it seemed, with a special enthusiasm, the players realizing all its moods, which range

on the strange and shadowy opening of the slow movement to the song of the barbaric triumph which ushers in the rule. Following this outburst the sorrow and resignation of the conclusion are the more impressive. That Mr. Friedberg's piano in places overbalanced Mr. Polk's violin is not to be laid at his door, but rather at that of the composer, whose music is frequently orchestral in character and beyond the capacities of two solo instruments fully to express. Other music on the program was the Beethoven sonata in F major, the same composer's Romance in F; a Haydn-Riedberg Menuet, a Mozart-Kneislerondo and two Schubert pieces. The small pieces showed Mr. Polk's talent in a light and agreeable vein. It was well that these amiable diversions should soothe the nerves between the savage and emotional music of Bloch and the noble classicism of Beethoven.

Marjorie Meyer Sings.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Marjorie Meyer, soprano, sang songs of Mendelssohn, Arthur Bliss, Koehlin, Alcroze, Foudrain, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Schumann, Marx, Carpenter, Hadley and Homer yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. These songs, including those of the Russians, were sung in their original languages. On the whole, they were well chosen for the character of the voice, which is light and scarcely the vehicle for the expression of strong emotion. They nevertheless constituted a very considerable test of technique and diction. Miss Meyer sang with a pleasing simplicity and sincerity of intention. The piece at its best has a rather fragile sweetness. At first nervousness greatly hampered the singer. It was no doubt responsible for a number of shortcomings which characterized her performance. It is evident, however, that Miss Meyer needs study not only of technical problems but also of the principles of interpretation before she can offer the public a art that is mature or individual. Some of the songs were unsteady and deviated from the pitch were not caused wholly by nervousness of the moment, and Miss Meyer could do everything possible to give her voice variety of color, to phrase disjunctively and make her text significant. Certain of the songs she presented were unfamiliar. The two by Arthur Bliss, "This Night" and "The Hare," have a certain exterior effectiveness.

which is not, however, very important. They paint a scene, but hardly convey a mood. The songs by those dexterous individuals, Messrs. Koehlin, Alcroze and Foudrain, attempted less, and did better. Miss Meyer had an audience of good size, cordially disposed, which recalled her and sent her many flowers as tokens of appreciation.

By F. D. Perkins

Marjorie Meyer, soprano, who is the daughter of a New York physician, gave yesterday's lone debut recital. Her program opened and closed in the English language, with French, German and Russian numbers between. A feature of the opening group was two songs by Arthur Bliss—"This Night," vividly effective, with a vague Franco-Russian tinge, and a fragment, "The Hare."

Miss Meyer sang with taste and intelligence, but limited volume. Some of the passages fared very well, but there was apt to be cloudiness of tone and a rather persistent vibrato. Koehlin's "Si tu le veux" had a smooth, expressive performance. Numbers by Alcroze and Foudrain completed the French list, with songs in Russian by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, after which the singer was encoored.

German songs by Beethoven, Schumann and Marx were sung with as much expression as the limits of Miss Meyer's voice permitted. Carpenter, Hadley, Homer and Watts completed the program. Frederic Persson was the accompanist. The amount of flowers she near establishing a record.

Victoria Boshko, a pianist heard here two seasons ago, completed Aeolian Hall's musical day with an evening recital devoted to the Beethoven "Appassionata" sonata, Chopin and a miscellaneous group. She was extremely competent, possessing technical skill in abundance, not without expressive capacity, though she did not seem to be a pianistic poet or dramatist. The Chopin D flat minor nocturne had heaviness, but the other Chopin numbers were free from this. The applause was ample.

For her third group Miss Boshko skillfully played Rachmaninoff's ornate version of Kreisler's "Liebeslied" and her own "Ukraine," of Russian savor. Rachmaninoff and Liszt wound up the program.

Mr. Narodny

An interesting program, predominantly Russian, was sung at Aeolian Hall by Miler-Narodny, assisted by Charles at the piano. A delightful little Russian folk-song arranged by Mr. Narodny had to be repeated. Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, and Liszt were represented;

a German group included Schubert, Strauss, and Brahms, and the final contemporaries were Carpenter, Fisher, and Gilbert. The audience was appreciative and furnished armfuls of flowers. Mr. King played accompaniments of horrendous difficulty with entire ease, good tone, and thorough understanding.

Ernest Bloch's sonata. The latter is uneven in effect, for its rather extreme modern idiom is handled with what seems an occasional lack of complete mastery, while some of the violin writing displays a confidence in the tonal power of that instrument that is hardly justified. The work as a whole, however, has distinction of style and marked rhythmic vitality and possesses a slow movement of strange and moving poignancy. The excellent playing and sympathetic understanding of both artists helped it greatly.

Mme. Branzell's impersonation of the Valvir was vigorous, intelligent and sympathetic. But it was obvious that a considerable part of the music was somewhat high for her voice and that she sang it with effort and sometimes not quite on the pitch. She was a noble looking Bruennhilde.

March 19, 1924

Lawrence Gilman

It was no wonder that Mr. Bachaus's recital last night at Aeolian Hall started off with a kind of epic flourish; for he had placed the three chief numbers on his program in its opening section, and it so happened that each of them was not only great music, but music conceived in the grand manner—which is not necessarily the same thing.

Perhaps Mr. Bachaus had been reading James Huneker's book on Chopin; for after he had opened his program with the beautiful B minor Rhapsody of Brahms and had followed it with the first of Beethoven's final triad of sonatas—the noble one in E major, Op. 109—he followed the two sacrosanct "B's" with the F minor Fantasia of Chopin, of which the immortal and doughty James dared to say that it belonged "very close to the later Beethoven sonatas." And that was precisely where Mr. Bachaus placed it.

We are bound to say that it did not seem to us out of place there. Perhaps this is because the Beethoven sonata that Mr. Bachaus played is not throughout on the same level of inspiration.

Schindler says that Beethoven wrote his last three sonatas as a demonstration that he had not, as it was being gossiped, written himself out; that his invention was exhausted, and that he had taken up Scottish melodies—like Haydn in his old age. Beethoven was only fifty, to be sure; but he seems to have felt the need of proving that if he took to Scotch it was because he chose to and not because he needed stimulation. So, at the end of his summer sojourn in Mödling, the Titan sat himself down at his table and wrote out the three last piano sonatas (Op. 109, 110, 111), "in a single breath," as he told Count Brunswick—to silence those who had said that he was mentally down and out.

Perhaps it would have been better if he had taken several breaths during the composition of at least the E major sonata (as a matter of fact, the "single breath" was a long one; for Beethoven did not finish the third of the three sonatas until a year after he wrote the first). The Theme with Variations which constitutes the finale has always seemed to us one of the less treasurable of Beethoven's movements. The Theme which begins it has more than a touch of that pious smugness which occasionally crept into Beethoven's slow movements. Marx, with deplorable irreverence, remarked that while "Beethoven the poet" wrote the Theme, "Beethoven the musician" wrote the Variations—"They are very pretty," he added bitingly. But in the truly fantastical and tragic Prestissimo, with its haunted, wind-swept melancholy, we have the Beethoven of the grand manner, and so are able to survive the self-righteousness of the Finale.

And then Mr. Bachaus came to Chopin, to the F minor Fantasia. What a tribute it is to the predominant greatness of this music that it has survived its egregious "program"! Perhaps in view of other music lovers beside ourselves this Fantasia remains a living witness to the truth that no program—no literary or dramatic scheme—can be too preposterous to ruin fine music.

It is hard, it is almost impossible, to reduce music to the lowest levels of its composer's intelligence; though Chopin seems to have tried his best to do so.

We wonder how many concert-goers have tried listening to the Fantasia while keeping in mind its incredible program, as related by Chopin to Liszt.

that tale of Chopin having a good cry over his piano at George Sand's Nohant Chateau (probably she had coaxed his ears the night before), of the knocking at the door (first two bars, Tempo di marcia), of Chopin's "Entrée!" (next two bars), repetition; entrance of the visitors (to the march rhythm)—Liszt, George Sand, Mme. Camille Pleyel, "nee Mock." Chopin tells his tale of woe (agitated triplets; lyric theme in F minor); George Sand falls on her knees and begs his forgiveness; reproaches, piteous appeals; intercession by the diplomatic Liszt; appeasement in B major. Every one kisses; George Sand bites Chopin in an ecstasy of reconciliation; departure of the visitors, including Mme. Pleyel, "nee Mock." Chopin cries a little and returns to the composition of immortal music.

Only a fetid moron, you would say, could seriously have undertaken to set such a program to music. Yet there is the program, unbelievably inane, as it has come down to us through Liszt, and there before us, last night, was the superb music—eloquently dramatic and nobly rhapsodic, as Mr. Bachaus played it; for he is too fine and sound and masculine an artist to have sentimentalized it; and it was his happy function last night to remind us that the creative imagination of an artist can thrive even on thistles and sawdust, if it has to. Hearing Chopin the poet in tones, you realized what little commerce the creative spirit need have with the reason, the intelligence, or the sense of humor. That, probably, is one of the most important missions of the interpretive artist; to make us realize, and then help us to forget, this melancholy truth.

Mr. Bachaus is one of those rare pianists who can keep before their minds the full sweep and scope of a musical design, and who does not let us forget it. He has the architectural sense without which piano playing of large-molded eloquence is impossible, and his intellectual vigor sustains him in the execution of an imaginative conception that is often authoritative and imposing. He was at his best in his most important pieces—in the Brahms Rhapsody, the Beethoven sonata, the Chopin Fantasia. His list included, besides, a group of shorter numbers by Chopin, an Etude and Poem by Scriabin, two compositions by Sigmund Herzog entitled "Tribulation" and "Submission"—effective and idiomatic mood pictures; two preludes by Jules von Wertheim, a bit of candied fruit by Saint-Saens, and Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasy. Mr. Bachaus was applauded by a heartily appreciative audience, and he added generously to his program. He is an artist of admirable musicianship and brilliant technical equipment, and his success is richly merited.

Mme. d'Alvarez in Recital.

Mme. d'Alvarez, in her third recital at the Town Hall last evening, sang classic airs from Rameau to Rachmaninoff, a Debussy group and others of Spanish or of English and American composers. Lyell Barber assisted at the piano, while Ward Stephens, organ, and Bernard Kugel, violin, accompanied the "Agnus Dei" that closed the evening. The Peruvian contralto was applauded in several songs wiven by request of her admirers.

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

A CHICAGO musician once told me that his fellow-townsmen, Leo Sowerby, could compose a piano concerto any morning before breakfast. Maybe so, maybe not.

At any rate, the critic should be glad that Jerome Goldstein and Rex Tillson didn't hear the Chicago man's remark, for it might have furnished them with an idea. Goldstein (violin) and Tillson (piano) gave an Aeolian Hall recital yesterday before luncheon. To be precise, the hour was eleven o'clock. It is difficult now for the concert-givers to sandwich in



LEONARD LIEBLING

their appearances at conventional hours in the various halls, owing to the great flood of such affairs.

The Goldstein-Tillson programme was the third in their series of recitals devoted to music of the modernists. The works presented yesterday were sonatas by Darius Milhaud (his second), Charles E. Ives (his No. 2), and Ildebrando Pizzetti (in A major). I heard the Milhaud composition and it proved to be restless, daring, spicy, but somewhat diffuse writing. It kept the mind of the listener from settling too comfortably, and it had his ear guessing continuously. The last chord was one of those which remains in the air, and renders one uncertain whether the piece is ended or about to begin all over again.

Mr. Goldstein played his violin in confident, musical and effective fashion, and Mr. Tillson handled the piano part with assurance, taste and technical brilliancy. Both performers put palpable enthusiasm into their missionary work.

THERE will be considerably fewer starving children in Germany when the receipts of last night's concert in Carnegie Hall are converted into food. A programme of exceptional charm enticed a large audience of sympathizers. Elly Ney and Carl Flesch began the entertainment with a finely executed reading of Brahms's D-minor sonata. Mme. Ney's brilliant piano skill was evenly matched by Mr. Flesch's vigorous talent with fiddle and bow.

Frieda Hempel, temporarily abandoned her Jenny Lind "reincarnation," and, as her own charming self, sang lovely lieder by Schumann, Schubert and Wolf. She ended the programme with banners flying in the florid Shadow Song from "Dinorah."

There were piano solos by Mme. Ney, violin numbers by Mr. Flesch, flute obligatos by Louis P. Fritze, and, of equal importance and appeal, accompaniments by Coenraad V. Bos.

By Deems Taylor

WILLIAM BACHAUS.

When Mr. Bachaus, playing his last recital of the season at Aeolian Hall last night, paused after the second movement of the Beethoven opus 109 sonata, his hearers, instead of breaking into applause, waited in silence for the next movement to begin. Which is a striking comment, both upon Mr. Bachaus's playing and the sort of audience he draws.

He is essentially a musician's pianist. He has no mannerisms nor platform tricks. He keeps his hands on the keyboard and his mind on the music. He does not make faces nor crack small jokes with the audience. He falls into no sculptural poses. Some of his hair is long, but more of it is missing, and the present scribe, for whom he has been mistaken upon occasion, is one of the few persons, probably, who is strikingly impressed by his personal beauty.

But beneath the modesty of his appearance and the preoccupied, almost indifferent manner of his playing are a virtuoso's technique, a musician's understanding, and an artist's power of communication. In his work last night there were a bigness of vision and a quiet intensity of feeling uncommon even in this season, so rich in pianistic marvels.

Besides the Beethoven sonata, he played a group of Chopin (with dazzling technical command and much poetic beauty), a Brahms rhapsody, some new pieces by Sigmund Herzog and Jules von Wertheim, and a final group of Scriabine, Saint-Saens and Liszt. The silence with which his hearers greeted the conclusion of some of the shorter pieces was curiously eloquent—the silence of an audience too tensely interested, and often too much moved, to bother with handclapping. The applause came later, at the end of the groups and at the close of the recital; and it was ample when it did come.

OTHER MUSIC.

Marguerite D'Alvarez sang of Rambeau, Watteau gardens and the sleeping island of Rachmaninoff through the first part of her program last night in a mood that was most restrained, most bel-canto. It was only when she reached the second group—of Granados, of Fuster and de Falla—that she gave the full volcanic force of her voice to their smouldering and provocative rhythms. Once swept into these cadences, her conquest of her audience was complete and her technical defects in vocalism were lost in the magic of sheer artistry. Debussy followed the Spanish group—the Debussy of "La Chevelure" and "De Soir," whose wraith-like figures were shot through with color-like gleams of Zoukga in a Whistler nocturne. It was a program rich in contrasts and perfectly designed to display the dark flower of her music.

An English group, with songs by Bantock, Deems Taylor and John Ireland, was lost to this listener, at that moment leaping uptown to the Rhine-Ruhr benefit at Carnegie Hall. Elly Noy, Frieda Hempel and Carl Flesch joined forces in a generous and variegated program, received rapturously by an audience which may have come for the cause but which remained to applaud the music alone.

At noon, in the Ambassador Hotel, Olga Lynn and Paul Draper gave an hour of music with a program made up chiefly of Bach, Schumann, Ravel, Debussy and old French and old Italian songs. A. S.

March 20 1924

It is as cruel to call a young singer "promising" as it is to call a young actress "adequate." Both terms, falling as they do in the damning limbo of faint praise, are resented hotly by the younger set of the stage and the concert platform. Unhappily, it is the only possible classification for most of the debuts of the season—except those "regrettable occurrences," as the English papers say, where the kindest promise is oblivion.

A charming creature in white steps before the footlights and exhibits a group of virtues in tone which may or may not be permanent, or a group of faults which may or may not have vanished by the time her next recital comes along. Both promise—for better or for worse.

It is impossible to say, for instance, whether Miss Grace Leslie, who made a postponed debut at Town Hall last night, will ever shed the annoying mannerisms which plinched and distorted a warm and velvety contralto voice.

And there is no manner of knowing whether the sincerity and technical skill of Elenora Grey, who gave her first piano recital at Aeolian, will survive her determination to fill Chopin with sound and fury and beat out the Waldstein Sonata with more earnestness than soul.

It was, on the whole, a relief to leave these problematical ventures for the welcome haven of a second song recital—that of Irene Wilder—who, in a glowing program of folk songs, more than fulfilled the promise of her first.

The ninth of the Students' Concerts at Carnegie Hall brought forth Schumann's Fourth Symphony from which Mr. Mengelberg drew its full dramatic effects. In fact, he invested the Romanza with so much languor that one impressionable student, lost in the swooning measures, awoke with a scream at the sudden burst of the Scherzo.

John Amans was the soloist in the Mozart Flute Concerto and Ernest Schelling repeated his "Impressions of an Artist's Life," which was on an earlier program.

"Carmen" again packed the Metropolitan, the Carmen of Ina Bourskaya with Giovanni Martini as Don Jose.

The cast was a thoroughly familiar one except for the Micacha of Maris Sundelius, who sang this pious, blond and melodious maiden for the first time this season. A. S.

Grace Leslie Gives Recital.

Grace Leslie, contralto, gave a delayed recital at the Town Hall last evening, assisted by Conal Quirke at the piano and by Frank S. Adams at the organ. The hall's new organ accompanied a Breton canticle of the farewell of soul and body, which Deems Taylor had arranged and which the singer translated to her audience before she sang the quaint folksong. Miss Leslie has a low voice of great purity and power, backed by slight physique but sued with intelligence. She was heard in Italian, German and English groups, closing with the "Recessional" arranged for her by Arthur Poole of Boston. The singer is a native of Grafton, Mass.

Elenora Grey Makes Her Bow.

Elenora Grey, pianist, who gave her first recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, was heard by a friendly audience in Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, a Chopin group, Bach-Tausig fugue, Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" and the Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube." Miss Grey is a young artist of serious ideals, none too firm of grasp, but possessed of individuality. Her hearers glimpsed the poetry in a Chopin nocturne, in which the player should perhaps go far hereafter.

Irene Wilder Reappears.

Irene Wilder, a contralto of light, flexible voice, personal charm and animation, reappeared last evening at Aeolian Hall, following a debut last Fall. She was accompanied by Emil Polak in airs of Gluck, both in French and German; Martini's "Plaintes de Marie Stuart," more recent European groups and two "Bayou Ballads" arranged by Schindler. Miss Wilder was heard, most effective in Glazounov's "Romance" and Saint-Saens's "Easter," midway in her modern and more dramatic numbers.

By HENRY T. FINCK

There is a rhapsody upon the flute in Anatone France's "The Revolt of the Angels" in which a flute player "told of love, of fear, of vain quarrels, of all-conquering laughter, of the calm light of the intellect, of the arrows of the mind piercing with their golden shafts the monsters of Ignorance and Hate. He told also of Joy and Sorrow bending their twin heads over the earth, and of Desire, which brings worlds into being."

Ernest Newman, citing these words in his amusing book, "A Musical Motley," says: "I surmise that he is thinking of the ideal flute, the poet's flute, not the pale flute of the modern orchestra—the flaxen-haired High School Miss among orchestral instruments. No doubt he is dreaming of the classical flute—the flute of Dionysos—which he has never heard, but whose effect he imagines to have been such as he describes. But the Greek aulos was not at all like the modern flute. It might more correctly be called a clarinet; and of the cosmic suggestiveness of the clarinet—the brunette—we can believe a little more than of the flute—the anemic blonde."

It was through no fault of John Amans, the Philharmonic's excellent virtuoso, that the Mozart concerto he played sounded anemic. Flutes are not enriched by overtones as are violins and horns; all the flute players in the world could not have produced the emotional effects dwelt on by Anatole France any more than the double bass man told of in one of Hopkinson Smith's stories could have played a Beethoven symphony all by himself in the backyard by moonlight.

But Mr. Amans achieved very pleasing effects with his concerto, as Mozart himself did despite the fact that this conundrum is credited to him: "What is worse than a concerto for flute?" "A concerto for two flutes."

Last year I suggested that it would be interesting to hear a flute concerto by Frederick the Great. He wrote four, besides at least twenty-five flute sonatas which have been printed in a volume edited by Dr. Spitta, the biographer of Bach. They take these things seriously, the Germans do; there are no fewer than four books on Frederick as a musician!

Besides the Mozart concerto—which it is safe to say is better than any of Frederick's—the Philharmonic concert last

night offered Schumann's fourth symphony, which has suddenly become fashionable again, and a repetition of Ernest Schelling's magnificent "Impressions of an Artist's Life," with the composer again at the piano. American music scores in this work as it seldom has scored.

A performance that displayed much acquaintance with the mechanics of piano playing, with ability to execute technically difficult passages at high speed was given yesterday afternoon

at Aeolian Hall by Elenora Grey, a young pianist, who began with the Tausig arrangement of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue, with the Beethoven "Waldstein" sonata as her principal offering.

Miss Grey's playing fared better from the mechanical point of view than from the interpretative. There was plenty of zest, but it seemed a black and white performance rather than one of varied hues, with rather too much emphasis on the black; the sonata giving an impression of hardness of tone and overweighted fortissimos. In the opening Chopin number, the B flat minor scherzo, the pianist depended too much on outbursts as her principal mode of expression, but the two nocturnes which followed had an agreeably smooth, equable performance of more sonorous tone. Two Chopin studies, a Mendelssohn number and the Schulz-Evler adornments of the "Blue Danube Waltz" followed.

Miss Wilder Reappears

Irene Wilder, who had made an Aeolian Hall debut in November, reappeared there last night, repeating the promising impression of her debut without its occasional unsteadiness. Her voice is not a large one and did not seem to have a particularly fluent tone, but it had a rich, warm quality, and was used with intelligence and expression. This was apparent in her opening Gluck numbers, "Divinites du Styx" from "Alceste" and "Wonnevolver Mai" and Martini's "Plaintes de Marie Stuart." Sympathy and expression also marked songs by Brahms, Wolf and Schumann, followed by a group in French, songs by Kursteiner, Shaw and Emil J. Polak, the accompanying pianist. Two Bayou ballads completed the program.

Miss Leslie is a musician whose singing possesses an attractive background of intelligence and emotion. One gained this favorable impression from each number in her programme which included old Italian songs and operatic airs, tender romances in German, and varied groups by American and French composers.

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

This scribe once complained that the trouble with programs of familiar orchestral music—from the critic's point of view—is that they leave the unfortunate worthy nothing to say, that it is hard to make any striking or original comment upon the Beethoven Fifth or the Schubert Unfinished. Mr. Mengelberg began last night's concert with the Schubert Unfinished, and the only striking or original comment we can make upon his performance is that we didn't like it.

The audience did, judging from the torrent of applause that greeted its conclusion. The minority report is that while the performance had passages of great eloquence, and was at all times rich in color, it seemed on the whole rather sentimental and grossly distorted in dynamics. The soft passages were invariably just this side of audibility, while the loud ones were pandemonium. This method of reading is not unique, and it can at all times be relied upon to excite the audience; but last night it seemed rather hard on Schubert.

Yolana Mero won great applause with Chykovsky's second piano concerto, and the orchestra wound up brilliantly with Chabrier's "Espana." After the symphony came a novelty. New works are rare upon Mr. Mengelberg's programs, for the number of Philharmonic rehearsals is rumored to be not exactly unlimited, and he is proverbially loth to present

unfamiliar music without exhaustive preparation. A novelty from under his baton, therefore, is an event of exceptional interest.

This one was a "Symphonic Elegy" for orchestra. It had two principal themes, pleasing if not strikingly original, which were developed at great and elaborate length and competently and occasionally impressively scored for an unusually large orchestral combination. It was not bad; neither was it of absorbing interest. Any collection of forty average American orchestral scores would contain ten neither better nor worse. But this was not an American score. It was written by Rudolph Mengelberg, a second cousin of the present conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

OTHER MUSIC.

The opera last night was "Boheme"—the fifth of this season and in many ways the most spirited. It was not, however, the most sentimental, for there has been a tendency of late years to make Mimi a mild, melodious

saint (which she most certainly was not) and Musetta an arch creature bubbling with innocent merriment. Borl's voice as Mimi last night had more than a touch of the devil in it—certainly it was anything but melting—and the waltz song of Mary Melish left no doubt as to Musetta's deplorable but exhilarating career. Lauri-Volpi sang Rudolfo with great ardor, though it was hardly lover-like to drop his beloved at the end of an impassioned aria in order to bow extravagant thanks for the applause. However, Mimi did not seem to mind and neither did the audience, which clapped all the louder. It was Mr. Papi who led this cast and his orchestra through a performance which had more than its usual share of spontaneous gayety. A. S.

Too Little Schabert.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The program of the New York Philharmonic Society's concert last night in Carnegie Hall consisted of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; a "Symphonic Elegy" for orchestra, op. 9, by Rudolph Mengelberg, played for the first time in America; Tchaikowsky's unfamiliar Second Piano Concerto in G major, with Yolana Mero as soloist, and Chabrier's "Espana."

In the first movement of the wondrous symphony of Schubert, Mr. Mengelberg made only slight departures from tradition, and these in a manner which respected and colored in an individual way the expression of the composer. This was a warmly emotional interpretation, and not an exaggeration of the essential spirit of the music. The second movement, instead of being Schubert-Mengelberg, was too often Mengelberg-Schubert. There are those who approve of such procedure on the part of a famous conductor. Perhaps Mr. Mengelberg can feel the music in no other way. There are, nevertheless, those who wonder why such means need be taken to make effective the performance of a masterpiece.

Rudolph Mengelberg, composer of the "Elegy" given a first performance in this country, is a second cousin of the conductor, a composer, and writer of program notes for the Concertgebouw-Orchestra of Amsterdam. His Elegy received a conscientious and expressive reading, but it is not important music. On the contrary, it is much too long, weak and commonplace in invention, and partaking of the character of Puccini and Tchaikowsky, and even of the Strauss of "Tod und Verklärung," in its thematic material.

Mme. Mero played with extraordinary fire and authority Tchaikowsky's little known concerto. This is not, in its first movement at least, as strong or well organized a composition as the concerto in B flat minor, but it was good to hear as a substitute for that too popular creation, and it has a Cossack flourish that is in its way fascinating. If the concert had been poorer music, the whirlwind performance of Mme. Mero would have made it exciting. She seemed ideally fitted, as technician and interpreter, for its presentation. Her strength, virtuosity and temperament became in themselves a feature of the concert. But what is there more electrifying than the gorgeous "Espana" of Chabrier, a composer who will always stand in a niche of his own, aside from the others, and in his place incomparable? The audience was large. It applauded cordially the performances.

Blach Becomes Obvious.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The New York Trio, Clarence Adler, pianist; Louis Edlin, violinist, and Cornelius Van Vliet, cellist, gave their final concert of the season last night

ident of precedent, yet they have a freshness, a force and conciseness, and a melodious charm enjoyed today. Few indeed have been the composers, who, while mastering the fundamentals of their craft, produced music which survived the passage of a century. The solo in D minor of Mendelssohn brought to a close the concert.

Huberman in Farewell.

Admirers turned out in force for the farewell appearance of Bronislaw Huberman at Carnegie Hall last evening. They applauded everything he did to the echo and recalls were numerous. The romanticism of Mr. Huberman accentuated the emotional side of Brahms' A major Sonata. Siegfried Schultze, the pianist, shared the applause. The violinist's execution in Saint-Saens's concerto brought out still more emphatic marks of approval. Mr. Huberman then gave a first performance of "Baal Shem," three pictures of chassidic life by Ernst Bloch, in which the composer for the time being seemed to have deserted his extreme radicalism and circled to an astonishingly simple and, for him, melodious expression. This put him in direct contrast with orthodox composers on the program, who, however, did not suffer from this comparison. The concert ended amid much enthusiasm with Tschaiakowsky and Bizet.

"William Tell" for the Third Time.

Rossini's "William Tell" had its third hearing this season at the Metropolitan last night. In the cast were Martinelli, Peralta, Danise and Mardones, and Papi conducted. The house was sold out.

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It has always seemed to us that a reviewer who could feel friendly toward an interpretation of a familiar work that was violently at odds with his own conception of it had made some progress toward open-mindedness. We tried hard to assume this virtue last night at the Philharmonic Society's 1,865th concert as we listened to Mr. Mengelberg's version of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, but it wouldn't work. The "Unfinished" still seems to us essentially a lyric meditation, sometimes wistful, sometimes tragically brooding, but always interior, always subjective.

Evidently it means something quite different to Mr. Mengelberg. He seems to feel it as a kind of epic narrative, ballad-like, heroic, full of the thunders of Homeric seas, and drums and tramlplings, and titanic defiance and revolts and imprecations.

The result last night was imposingly clangorous and magnificently vehement; the brasses were unloosed, and there were thunders and lightnings; and it was all transcendentally Mahleresque and Straussian, and undeniably stirring. Granted this view of it, Mr. Mengelberg's reading was successfully effective. The "Unfinished" means those things to him, and there is nothing to be done about it. But somehow the brooding of Schubert was drowned in the roaring of the symphonic tempest. We fancied that we saw his pale, spectacled, awkward ghost looking through a crack in the stage door—but it seemed to us that he winced a little under the impact of those brassy gales, and withdrew precipitately; yet we couldn't be sure, for we'd broken our glasses; and it may have been only the ghost of Mr. Edmondstone Duncann, Schubert's biographer, who once wrote that he fancied he heard in this symphony "melodies from fairyland." He may

cousin, Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, of Amsterdam, program annotator for the Concertgebouw Orchestra, and hitherto unknown, we believe, in American concert rooms. We have a notion that program annotators should not compose. They spend so much of their time with their noses in other men's scores that it cannot be easy for them to preserve their imaginative innocence. Dr. Mengelberg in his music tells us much that is interesting about other composers, but he might better have conveyed it through his program notes. And he has not learned two lessons which every composer must take to heart if he would avoid boring us. The first is that no piece of music should have two climaxes of equal intensity. The second is one that was perfectly conveyed in a saying that we once read in Mr. Adams's justly cherished *Tower* (we quote from a memory progressively infirm, and doubtless without exactness): "I like Smith: When he says, 'Well, I must be going'—he goes." Dr. Mengelberg says in his music: "Well, I must be going"—and stays, and stays, and stays.

The piece is well scored, and it is obviously sincere and earnest. Mr. Mengelberg played it with cousinly solicitude, and the Philharmonic's accomplished English horn, Mr. Strano, delivered his solo passage with conspicuous skill.

Mme. Yolanda Mero was the soloist of the evening. She played Tchaikovsky's piano concerto—not, thank Heaven, the ubiquitous, inescapable one in B flat minor, but the seldom heard one in G—No. 2, Op. 44. Twenty years ago the uncannily farsighted Huneker prophesied that this concerto—"more musical, more imaginative, if less showy, than the first"—would figure on the program of the twentieth century piano virtuoso. It deserves to; and if it could always be played as excitingly as Mme. Mero played it last night, one might safely predict its increasing popularity. This remarkable pianist swept up and down the keyboard like a cyclone in yellow silk, irresistible, all-conquering, unaware of obstacles. And afterward, Mr. Mengelberg brought the exercises to a close by a rousing performance of Chabrier's Rhapsody, "España." The audience was sizable and demonstrative.

FRIENDS and GUESTS OF LADY

The Washington Heights Musical Club filled Aeolian Hall last night when a special musicale took place. The instrumental part of the programme was devoted principally to organ music in which Frank Stewart Adams, Ruth Barrett and Lillian Carpenter shared the honors. Their skill and taste were put to the test in compositions by Liszt, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Victor, Herbert, Widor and Vierne.

Ethel Grow, a contralto with many successful appearances to her credit, sang Gluck's "Divinites du Styx" with Charles Haubiel at the piano; Ruth Hemper was heard in Scoloro's violin sonata; and Robert Barrett contributed the piano part of Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, with Ruth Barrett at the organ.

By Lawrence Gilman

**"Der Freischuetz" Revived at
The Metropolitan; Weber's
Opera in a New Production**

"Der Freischütz": Romantic opera in three acts, by Carl Maria von Weber. Revived at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoon, March 22.

THE CAST

Prince Ottokar.....Gustav Schützendorf
CunoCarl Schlegel
AgatheElizabeth Rethberg
AennchenQueenie Mario
CasparMichael Bohnen
MaxCurt Taucher
KilianArnold Gabor
A HermitLeon Rothler
Bridesmaids.....[Louise Hunter
 [Charlotte Ryan
 [Nannette Guilford
SamuelJames Wolf
Conductor: Artur Bodanzky. Stage Di-
rector: Samuel Thewman. Chorus Mas-
ter: Giulio Sotti. Technical Director: Ed-
ward Siedle. Stage Manager: Armando
Agnini. Ballmaster: August Berger. In-
cidental Dances by Rosina Galli and Glu-
seppe Bonaglio.
New Season Production by Joseph Urban.

It is extremely difficult for one who is not a German to feel sure that he is doing justice to Weber's "Freischütz" in anything that he may write of it. The non-German must always speak of it diffidently, perplexedly, as of something hopelessly beyond his ken. "There never was an opera, and there is no likelihood that there ever will be one, so intimately bound up with the loves, feel-

ings, sentiments, emotions, superstitions, social customs and racial characteristics of a people as this is with the loves, feelings, sentiments, emotions, superstitions, social customs and racial characteristics of the Germans. In all its elements it is inextricably intertwined with the fibers of German nationality.

by any artist not saturated with Germanism. . . . The world over, 'Der Freischütz' is looked upon as peculiarly the property of the Germans."

Thus wrote Mr. Krehbiel of Weber's opera; and as we listened anxiously to the Metropolitan's handsome and painstaking revival of the famous work, we realized as never before the truth of the characterization that we have quoted. "It is almost impossible for any one but a German," Mr. Krehbiel added, "to understand fully what the opera means now to the people from whose loins the composer sprang"; and Mr. Henderson was evidently pursuing the same line of thought when he warned his readers last week that "for the German, 'Der Freischütz' is something holy, and the merest suggestion that people should not be ready to fall down before it in emotional worship is blasphemy of the first order." Therefore, it behooves us all to step warily, and pray for due humility and an understanding mind.

The Germanism of "Der Freischütz" is an essentially different thing from the Germanism of "Die Meistersinger." In feeling, in atmosphere, in musical style and expression, it is narrowly and intensely national. It never expands into universality, as the music of "Die Meistersinger" does again and again. When Wagner's orchestra in the Prelude to the Third Act of "Die Meistersinger" probes to the depths of Hans Sachs's soul and opens it for a moment to our understanding, the tenderness and pain and longing and nobility, the resignation and serenity, that are disclosed to us are near and personal and comprehensible to every spirit that has known the agony and the peace of renunciation—this is the common human stuff of the world's experience, ageless and immortal, made piercing and intimate through the imaginative intensity of Wagner's genius. The Germanism drops away from it, the nationalism fades out of it: Hans Sachs has become for us merely a lonely, unhappy, courageous human being—no more German than American or English or Italian. The old Nuremberg street, with its elder trees and its medieval quaintness, the June sunlight falling through the window upon the ancient tome above which the cobbler-poet dreams, are seen to be merely the setting for a profound and touching human drama that might well be unfolding itself in a side street of Flatbush or Philadelphia or Montclair.

It is utterly different with "Der Freischütz." The mood, the sentiment, the psychology, of Max's celebrated air, "Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen," for example (which Wagner said that every police official in Germany knew by heart), are peculiarly and untranslatable German. Mr. Aphorip once remarked that "the average German can be brought to the verge of tears by the mere mention of the word 'Wald'; and the music of "Der Freischütz" is filled with such communal talismans and passwords.

Weber's unqualified success in importing the popular element into serious opera, the homespun, folklorish character of the story on which it is based, the sylvan spirit of the music, bring the work exceedingly close to the German heart; and it is easy to guess at and sympathize with, if not wholly to understand, their great and abiding love for it. It is saturated with Teutonic sentimentalism, with the romanticism which colors their view of the natural world and their delight in a certain order of supernaturalism—the Wilde Jagd, the diabolism of the Devil's Gulch, the magic bullets made of the right eye of a lapwing, the left eye of a lynx, bits of broken glass from a church window; the green flare of the fire as the diabolical Wild Hunt dashes through the air to thunder and lightning, the rain of meteors, the crashing of the nocturnal world about the head of the terrified foresters. And how personal to the Teutonic way of feeling and thinking is such music as that of the bridesmaid's song (which, as Mr. Krehbiel remarked, has been sung by three generations of Germans, from the cradle to the grave), and the ineffable Huntsmen's Chorus!

Much of "Der Freischütz" is rich in an indisputable quality of genius. Aside from the folk-song element, which is often fresh and wholesome and of a spontaneous winsomeness and charm, Weber's power of expressing the grisly, the diabolic, the supernatural, is extraordinary. It is a never-ceasing wonder to any thoughtful student of this score that Weber should have been able to say so much in this vein with means which seem to us

so limited. Take the sinister suggestiveness of the scene in the first act in which Samiel, the Wild Huntsman, the Evil One, first appears at the back of the stage. How does Weber achieve the remarkable expressiveness of the music, which to this day, more than a

century after he wrote it, still produces a trace of horrorification? Merely by a diminished-seventh chord sustained by a tremolo of the violins and violas, two clarinets, some ominous taps of the kettledrum, and pizzicati for the double basses. No musical instrumentality for the production of musical hair-raising could seem, in our time, less promising; yet it does the trick, as Weber handles it—again and again. Much of his writing in the scene of the Wolf's Glen is still potently effective, and many composers who came after him employed the Weberian formula for the denotement of diabolism—from Wagner to Rimsky-Korsakoff.

But there is a good deal in the music of "Der Freischütz" which is of dubious appeal for the non-Teutonic mind—the saccharine piety of such melodies as "Leise, leise," the banality and insipidity of "Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen," with its appallingly trivial descending phrase in dotted rhythm; the sentimental curve and harmonic vapidity that characterize many of the lyric passages. And the almost unrelieved naïveté of the score is often trying. If the irreverent should feel that they have been invited to witness a cross between a Christmas pantomime and a Schützenfest, not all of us would blame them.

Weber brooded long upon this music—from July, 1817, shortly after his librettist, Frederick Kind, had handed him the completed book, until May 13, 1820, when Weber finished the score. "Der Freischütz" first saw the light on June 18, 1821, at Berlin, when the public at once took the work to its heart, though the critics sniffed and snorted in various keys. The opera reached New York in 1825 in an English version. It was given in German in 1856 under Carl Bergemann at the old Broadway Theater. In the season of 1884-'85 it was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House under Dr. Leopold Damrosch, but it was not heard there again for a quarter of a century, though it was given elsewhere in New York during that period. On March 11, 1910, it was revived at the Metropolitan, with Johanna Gadski as Agathe, Jadowlew as Max, Blass as Caspar, Bella Alten as Aennchen and Alfred Hertz conducting. Thereafter it vanished from the Metropolitan's active list and was a stranger to Broadway and Fortieth Street until Saturday afternoon, though the Wagnerian Opera Company performed it at the Lexington Theater just a year and a day ago. Its presentations at the Metropolitan have, therefore, been separated by long intervals—twenty-five years in one instance, fourteen in the other.

It is an interesting experiment that Mr. Gatti-Casazza has undertaken in mounting the work, and one hopes that it will be blessed with popular favor; for the opera is an acknowledged classic, and obviously deserves place in a repertoire which is hospitable enough to include such masterpieces as "I Compagnacci" and "L'Amico Fritz."

Certainly Mr. Gatti has served Weber faithfully and well. He has mounted the opera elaborately, and with an evident willingness to give it every chance; and he has employed in it the best cast that his present equipment could yield. Elisabeth Rethberg, with her lovely voice, her blonde pigtails and her ingenuous piety, was an almost ideal impersonator of the sentimental Agathe. Queena Mario was a prettily roguish and playful Aennchen, though the part is an unrewarding one, and Miss Mario's playfulness seemed at times a trifle anguished. James Wolf as the Wild Huntsman has only a speaking rôle, but his declamatory and spectral ghastliness were delightfully bloodcurdling. Mr. Taucher's Max will serve; and so will the Ottokar of Mr. Schuetzendorf, the Cuno of Mr. Schlegel, the Hermit of Mr. Rothier and the Killian of Mr. Gabor. The hit of the afternoon was unquestionably made by Mr. Bohnen, who sang admirably, danced irresistibly and dominated the performance when he was on the stage. Some might wonder whether there was not too much low comedy and geniality in his conception of the first act scenes to comport with one's notion of the general cussedness of Caspar's character, but we fancy that no one will worry much about this.

Mr. Urban's scenery might have been more daringly fantastic, but it did very well. The nocturnal horrors of the scene in the Wolf's Glen, with the apparition of the Wild Hunt, the swooping Night Birds, the flaming car*

wheels, falling meteors and cataclysmic tempests, were ingeniously managed. It is a pity that Mr. Gatti-Casazza did not have them ready in time for the holiday season, for they would have delighted the Much Younger generation of operagoers beyond words.

Mr. Bodanzky had supplied musical recitatives for such of the spoken dialogue as he had retained, and these were skilfully devised, and in the Weberian manner. Berlioz had performed a like service for Weber when "Der Freischütz" was produced at the Paris Opera eighty-three years ago; and Mr. Bodanzky followed Berlioz in another matter when he introduced Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" into the Third Act as accompaniment to an interpolated ballet: it was for the Paris "Freischütz" production of 1841 that Berlioz made his famous orchestral version of Weber's piano piece.

Mr. Setti's well trained chorus did nobly; the orchestra played excellently, and Mr. Bodanzky's conducting was a triumph of authority, devotion and fine musicianship. There was much applause throughout the performance.

The principal parts were well given to German singers, and the leading feature of the cast was Mr. Bohnen's Caspar. It is hard to think of an artist more closely identified with the nature of his rôle. In his sentiment, in his diction, in his action, which appropriately hovered between the "singspiel" manner and that of real tragedy, and finally in his superb singing of the music, Mr. Bohnen won an unconditional personal triumph and greatly enhanced the opera's appeal—which, after all, is the important consideration.

Mr. Taucher sang in his straightforward manner, with generally competent vocalism, and with reasonable dramatic emphasis. Miss Rethberg again displayed her exceptional resource in song. The beauty and freedom of the voice were again admitted and so was the general nature of the impersonation—that of the German mädchen in the flesh! A simplicity and sentimentality which went perfectly with the rôle! One has heard a more stirring outburst in the last part of the famous air, "Leise, Leise," but it is seldom that the music has been so well sung, even in the concert room, where it has most often been heard by Americans.

Miss Mario had the soubrette part that operatic convention forced upon Weber, as it forced Micaela upon poor Bizet when he wrote "Carmen." And Weber had to write, especially for Fraulein Wuncke, who took the rôle of Aennchen at the Berlin premiere in 1821, the song about the aunt who saw a ghost—a song ostensibly introduced to comfort the apprehensive Agathe. With this music Miss Mario did what she might, performing with animation and with spirit, if not the highest quality of song, a rather ungrateful task. Other parts were excellently taken, such as Mr. Rother's Hermit and Mr. Wolf's Samuel, barked in a generally effective manner, and Messrs. Gobor, Schlegel, Schützendorf in minor parts.

The scenic setting of the opera seemed unnecessarily conventional, and not one of Mr. Urban's best efforts. The setting of the Wolf's Glen was picturesque, but not terrifying, having no touch of menace or of the macabre, nor did the various devices by which flying bats, ghosts, fire-wheels and images of the wild hunt were achieved evoke anything but laughter from the audience. The chorus singing was admirable, and the orchestral performance under Mr. Bodanzky of a high quality. There was much enthusiasm.

Scriptural narrative is interspersed in it were written by a poet of less feeling and literary skill—whoever he was, there is some doubt about it—than Bach's collaborator in the "Matthews' Passion." Neither was a Milton, even mute or inglorious, and there is evidence that part of the text for the earlier work was somewhat hastily arranged, probably by Bach himself from the text of an earlier "Passion," by Brockes, that Handel once set.

If there is less of the dramatically moving in the "Passion According to St. John," the reason is to be sought, partly at least, in the less detailed and lifelike description of the great tragedy given by St. John, and his neglect of some of the incidents related by St. Matthew and adapted for musical treatment. In good luck found it necessary to help out the scheme of his work by borrowing certain passages from the first Gospel.

But if the musical style of the "Passion According to St. John" be considered a little less ripe, the imagination a little less lofty, the feeling a little less deep, than in the "Passion According to St. Matthew," the qualifying word can be employed only in comparison with that unequalled masterpiece. The opening chorus, one of the finest numbers, "Herr, unser Herrscher," is a later addition substituted by Bach for the chorus, "O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde grass," which he afterwards transferred to the "Matthew Passion." It is in the master's strongest style, most potently expressive in the use of the resources of counterpoint, and accompanied by a singularly beautiful, closely woven web of orchestral color, massive and imposing.

The work, unlike the "Matthew Passion," but like the great majority of the cantatas, ends with a simple chorale—simply, that is, compared with the great centripetal structures, but showing, as all the chorales show with which Bach interspersed his church music, how marvelously flexible plain four-part writing can be made by a great master. The real ending is the chorus that passes into it, "Ruht wohl, the heiligen Gebeine," giving a reminder of the corresponding number of the "Matthew Passion" with its tender accent of sorrowing farewell, but we cannot help thinking, less tender, less moving in its note of sorrow.

Most of the other choruses are dramatic; that is, represent the part the populace and the high priests took in the events portrayed; and have that vehemence that denotes the utterance of the crowds. It was a pity that some of the most effective of these had to be omitted, as the "Kreuzige" chorus, all on that one word; though of course many were left, as the "Wäre dieses nicht ein Uebelthäter," the exceedingly fine "Sei gegrüßet, lieber Judentöner," the powerful "Wir haben ein Gesetz," "Wir haben keinen König," and the wonderfully vigorous "Lasset uns den nicht Zerknechten."

The narrative of the Evangelist is declaimed by the tenor with the same freedom and poignant expressiveness, attained through the simplest means, that are so well known in the "Passion According to St. Matthew." The solo arias, as do most of Bach's solos, frequently offer serious problems to singer and listener alike; but there are several of the great beauty and of the haunting tenderness that so marvelously characterize Bach's musical utterance. The listener is sometimes moved to wonder whether in Bach's time, or at any time, these arias ever seemed less problematical to the singers; and whether there was ever any generation of singers there was ever any generation of which they seemed easy. Some of the most difficult were not sung yesterday. And yet Bach does not seem to know in the "Passion According to St. John" his most Olympian indifference to the limitations to the human voice.

There are frequently beautiful instrumental effects in the accompaniments—the student of Bach is, in fact, constantly finding new and delightful proofs of the master's fine feeling for such effects at a time when orchestral color is generally supposed to have been only primitive and tentative. Unfortunately, some of these effects were only imperfectly represented yesterday. The viola d'amore which he wanted for the bass air, "Betrachte meine Seele," was represented by the modern viola, being summarily ruled out by the program annotator as "obsolete," though there are viola d'amore and players of them today. There was more excuse for letting the cembalo represent the lute that Bach prescribed in the same bass air, and for letting the cello represent the viola da gamba in "Es ist Vollbracht," an alto song of infinite tenderness.

Such is also the bass air, "Mein Theuerer Holland," over which the chorus intones at intervals the successive strophes of a chorale—a device that was a favorite of the master; and again the sopranos air "Zerfliehe, Mein Herz," accompanied by the richest figuration for flute and oboe. A device that Bach has used with moving power in the "Matthew Passion" comes in the bass air "Eilt, ihr angefochtenen Seelen," in which, as the soloist is summoning to haste, in flowing "divisions," the chorus breaks in with the oft repeated question "Wo hin?" "Whither?" with a wonderful effect as it is finally held in a sustained painissimo and soloist concludes with the fateful answer, "Nach Golgotha."—"To Golgotha."

Of dramatic effects of chorus and recitative and orchestra, of graphic and descriptive touches there are an abundance, reminding of the dramatic origin of the passion music as a musical form. There are many in the choral passages that have been mentioned, boisterous cries of the crowd, then colloquies with Pilate. In the evangelist's recital we hear the same kind of pathetic melodic inflections that is remembered in the "Matthew Passion," when he tells us that when the cock crew—he crows less definitely in the "John Passion"—Peter went out and "wept bitterly"; and it

is one to wet the listener's eye with tears of his own. The evangelist describes the stripes inflicted upon Jesus in a long passage of rapid and accentuated figuration, to which the orchestra adds a representation of the falling blows with an unmistakable rhythmic figure by itself.

From the Gospel of Matthew Bach has taken the passage describing the rending of the curtain in the temple, the earthquake, the rising of the bodies of the saints, and he has written descriptive music for it; rushing passages, tremolos, dissonances, that adumbrate the proceedings of a Liszt or a Strauss.

The performance of the thorns was on the whole admirable, and especially so in its vigor. It knew the music and attacked it with confidence, reflecting credit on its coach, Mr. Townsend. It seemed to have been augmented in numbers, not so necessary on the whole as a special augmentation of the body of the tenors would have been.

The solo singers were Miss Rethberg, Mme. Cahler, Messrs. Meader, Schützendorf and Schlegel. Mr. Meader had the long and arduous task of declaiming the Evangelist's narrative and did it admirably, finding the right mean between the commonplace, matter-of-fact tone and an excess of sentiment into which it is so easy to fall. It was good declamation and good singing. Mr. Schlegel was not quite so happy in the expression he gave the music allotted to Jesus, nor was he completely master of the style needed in the arias. Mr. Schützendorf had less to do and ran into less danger. Miss Rethberg's beautiful voice stood her in good stead, and Mme. Cahler's fulness of experience did the same for her.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted the work with evident devotion and an intimate knowledge of it, and secured a performance that was in many ways fine. The audience showed deep appreciation.

MENGELBERG TO STAY WITH PHILHARMONIC

Clarence H. Mackay, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society of New York, announced yesterday that there "will be no change in the leadership" of the Philharmonic Orchestra next season. Willem Mengelberg will enter on his fourth consecutive year, returning from Holland to conduct, the latter half of the season, as he has done this year.

Following a third Summer with the Philharmonic's players at the Stadium concerts, Willem Van Hoogstraten also is re-engaged for his second season with the society, directing the earlier concerts and a tour of New England next Fall. Henry Hadley's contract as an associate conductor has likewise been renewed.

Mr. Mackay also said that he was "very glad to state that the Executive Committee has been able to retain the services of the eminent authority and critic, Mr. Richard Aldrich, to act in a consulting capacity in connection with the programs and new works."

Mr. Mengelberg led the last but one of his regular Carnegie Hall concerts for this season yesterday, when Mischa Levitzki was soloist in Schumann's piano concerto and the orchestra repeated Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture and Dvorak's "New World" symphony. There was a large audience and much enthusiasm for all concerned.

FREE SYMPHONY THROGGED.

Dr. Holmer Lauds Ministry of Music at Criterion Concert.

Hundreds of persons more than could be crowded into the Criterion Theatre were drawn to its doors yesterday noon by the first free concert of the newly incorporated Sunday Symphony Society. Josiah Zuro conducted sixty-four musicians in an hour of music, starting at 12:30 o'clock. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church made a twenty-minute address, heartily commending the Sunday experiment of "a ministry of music" on Broadway. Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez, the operatic contralto, was soloist of the opening program, to be followed next Sunday by Miss Anna Roselle.

"This is a remarkable undertaking," said Dr. Holmes, "a real service these musicians are rendering in giving their time and talents in these concerts free to the public, and they must be gratified at this large and immediate response. This service, religious in character, rises to a plane of dignity and beauty which makes musicians priests of this loveliest of the arts."

Mr. Zuro's volunteer orchestra gave a good account of itself in a "Chorale" by Röder and classics such as Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," two movements from Schubert's symphony in C major and four episodes from Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresques." Before Mr. Holmes' address the adagio from a concerto by Vivaldi, arranged by Sam Franko, was played by Hugo Mariani, first violin; Samuel Zimbalist, a brother of Efren Zimbalist, viola, and Livio Mannucci, solo cello. The orchestra also assisted Mme. d'Alvarez in Bizet's "Agnus Die."

Erika Morini Welcomed.

Erika Morini, recently heard in her only recital of the season, was welcomed as a guest in last night's opera

concert," when she played with the Metropolitan's orchestra under Damrosch. The young violinist was applauded in Bruch's G minor concerto. She added later with piano a Brahms waltz, Tchaikovsky's "Serenade" and Paganini's "Moses" fantasy. Louis Hunter sang the waltz song from "Romeo et Juliette," Miss Ryan the "Patria Mia" from "Aida" and Mr. Schorr the "Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser." A minor change in the program was the merry overture to "Marta," substituted for that of "En Nachtlied in Granada."

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

A Large Audience Enjoys Aeolian Hall Concert.

A large audience enjoyed the fifteenth subscription concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch. Mr. Damrosch had prepared one of his excellent programs, with Miss Nadia Reisenberg and M. Marcel Grandjany as soloists. Mr. César Franck Symphony in D minor struck the deepest musical keynote. Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra throw themselves with earnest intensity into the profoundly moving sequences of its harmonic phrases. The lento, in particular, with the effective use of the brasses, created an idea of almost menacing gravity. The finale brought with it a great burst of applause and a recall for the conductor.

The slow grace and beautiful theme of a pavane by Fauré left a delightful impression.

M. Marcel Grandjany, whose talent has received recognition in New York, was not quite fortunate in the Roger-Ducasse variations for harp and orchestra. Written with fantastic impressionism, there seemed to be too much of the orchestra and not enough of the harp. Miss Nadia Reisenberg made a vigorous appeal in a concerto for piano and orchestra by Rimsky-Korsakoff. This promising young artist held her own in this unknown work by the Russian composer, which at times had a suggestion of Chopin and at others discovered individualism and imagination. The program notes said that this was probably its first performance in New York. At the close Miss Reisenberg was warmly applauded.

Mr. Damrosch then conducted a "Marche Americaine," by Widor, sent to him by the composer some weeks ago and dedicated to the veteran leader. Its brisk, lively rhythm and its tuneful airs dispersed the audience in the utmost good humor.

*Rigoleto for Leno
7 states war veterans
at Manhattan*

Harp Not a Solo Instrument.

At this concert Marcel Grandjany played a harp solo with orchestra by Roger-Ducasse and Nadia Reisenberg gave a spirited interpretation of the seldom-heard Rimsky-Korsakoff C sharp minor piano concerto. Widor's "Marche Americaine," played for the first time, closed the program.

As a solo instrument the harp is not particularly valuable, musically, but as an accompaniment instrument its usefulness is immense. Sweeping glissandos—delicate harmonics—clusters of chords here and there, combined with a symphony orchestra, make it beautifully and always artistically effective if not lulled in with too much sugary persistence; as effective to the ear as its vari-colored strings, hugging its graceful frame of wood-lined vibrant gold, is to the eye.

A harp was brought over in the Mayflower, perhaps a pair of them were in the Ark, and every one who was whipped for reading "Deadwood Dick" knows that the Old Testament is full of harps. With the flute, it is our oldest instrument, never forgetting the drum, of course. The harp is companion to romance, but, like romance, must not be indulged in too freely.

Mr. Grandjany plays with a sure touch and frequently with a very sensitive one.

The League of Composers.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The League of Composers, for its final concert of the season last night in the Klaw Theatre, performed four instrumental works for the first time in America. These were a string quartet, by Alexander Tansman; "Rhapsodie Negre," by Francis Poulenc, for baritone, two violins, viola, piano, flute, cello and clarinet; Nicholas Miascovsky's third piano sonata, and Igor Stravinsky's "L'Histoire de Soldat," for

"The Passion According to St. John."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Friends of Music did one of their most signal services to the musical life of New York yesterday by giving in the Town Hall a performance of Bach's "Passion According to St. John." There was much interest in the occasion and the hall was filled.

Opportunities for hearing this work of the master, have been extremely rare in this country. It has been several times given by the Bach Choir in Bethlehem. It is often heard in Germany and an animal performance of it is a self-imposed task at least one of the musical organizations of London. None of the choral societies of New York have, we believe, ever undertaken it before. It has been quite overshadowed by the greater and more majestic "Passion According to St. Matthew."

This "Passion According to St. John" is, in truth, a little lower than the supreme beauty and moving power of the other one. It is an earlier work, for one thing. The contemplative and didactic verses—not many—with which the

By Deems Taylor

... name of Cesar Thomson is so familiar and distinguished a one on the roster of violinists that it was hard to believe, when he played in Aeolian Hall last night, that he was just heard here during the season of 1894-1895. The venerable artist (he is in his eighties), looking amazingly like the later portraits of Giuseppe Verdi, offered a program that comprised Corelli's twelfth sonata, "La Follia;" a Chopin impromptu and octave study; Rubinstein's "Romance" and "Danse Orientale;" unaccompanied pieces by Locatelli, Leclair and Tessaioni and Paganini's "La Cenerentola." Mr. Thomson's activities in the field of violin music are borne eloquent testimony by the fact that the Corelli sonata included his own introduction and that every other piece on the program, the "Romance" alone excepted, had been either transcribed or paraphrased by him. It would be less than candid to pretend that he impressed this listener as having retained the powers that once must have been his. He still plays, however, with vigor and conviction, and a large audience received him with every mark of friendliness and admiration.

The afternoon saw the fourth of the Philharmonic series of Monday concerts for children, with Ernest Schelling, assisted by fifty members of the orchestra and his trusty stereopticon, initiating his hearers into the mysteries of orchestral brass instruments. Bruno Jaenicke played the slow movement from Mozart's E-flat horn concerto, Harry Glantz thrilled all hands with assorted trumpet calls, and Messrs. Falcone, Haines, Lilleback and Geib did noble justice to the trombone and tuba parts of the third act prelude from "Lohengrin." The orchestra opened the concert with excerpts from the "Peer Gynt" suite and also played pieces by MacDowell and Hadley.

At the Town Hall, Nyota Inyoka, a Hindu dancer, who has appeared previously at the Henry Miller Theatre, offered a recital of various dances of India and Egypt, interspersed with brief explanatory remarks by Brahma Bohari Sircar, a Hindu speaker. A small orchestra, directed by Oscar Lifshay, was a doubtful second to her own very successful efforts. Much of her music sounded convincingly Aryan, although some of it, ascribed to Debussy, Chykovsky and Bartok, seemed rather less so.

The opera was "Rigoletto," with Mr. Lauri-Volpi, as a highly emotional Duke, winning salvos of applause. Queen Maria's voice seemed a trifle annuous at times for Gilda, but she sang gracefully and truly, and left nothing to be desired as regards looking the part. The balance of the cast, largely a familiar one, included Messrs. De Luca, Rothier and Bada, and Meses. Gordon and Wakefield. Mr. Papi conducted.

Schelling Conducts for Children.

Ernest Schelling conducted the fourth of the Philharmonic "children's concerts" yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, with a program ranging from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" by the orchestra to Foster's "Old Folks at Home," sung by the youthful auditors. The brass instruments were illustrated in pictures shown on a screen and in excerpts from Mozart's horn concerto and Wagner's third-act prelude from "Lohengrin." Two American works were MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," and the "Irish" episode from Hadley's "Silhouettes."

Carroll Put to Music.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The program given by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall consisted of Deems Taylor's suite, "Through the Looking Glass," after Lewis Carroll; excerpts from Stravinsky's "Oiseau de Feu," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mr. Taylor's amusing and fanciful music has many things to commend it, a melodic, unpretentious manner, a clean

and facile technic and a good judgment of orchestral tone qualities and balances. It is the work of a man who is neither a poseur nor a mere theorist in his writing, but who writes music naturally and with pleasure in his task. The scoring is practical and it all tells. Here is an American composer who does not think it necessary to write a symphony inspired by the events of the Day of Judgment as a similar topic to commend himself to public attention.

It would have been easy to err in this music by being too programmatic, but there is only one movement which illustrates the lines of Carroll in literal detail, and that is, naturally, the "Jabberwocky." Therein the listener may feel the atmosphere of the occasion that was "brillig," when the "slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe," in the soft, crawling passages of the strings, and the solo clarinet which absurdly relates the doings of the day; and know the sawdust heroism of the youth who draws near with "vorpel blade" to fight in the fugal manner with the beast that comes whiffing through the wood; and apprehend the last agonies in the depths of bassoons and contra-bassoons of the expiring Jabberwocky, and the paeans of triumph that ring forth upon his demise. This is good fooling. At a first hearing, the loquacious, fussy music of the "Live Flowers" and the admirable comicality of the White Knight, with its peroration that brings the suite to an end, were the best movements. Occasionally there is the thought of other composers, as in the "Dedication," which is suggestive of the Goldmark of the "Sakuntala" overture. The suite as a whole proved an excellent piece of writing and was well received.

The performance of the music of the earlier and more poetic Stravinsky was extremely vivid and, when the passage justified it, of a poetic spirit. This score has the youthful glamour that the composer has never expressed since. While the late Stravinsky is more mature and individual in his ideas, there will be many who will turn to this earlier work always with a sense of fresh inspiration. It is Slavic to its depths, yet colored in strange ways that seem to come from the Orient, and the final apotheosis, with a theme that Rimsky-Korsakoff discovered for Stravinsky, is one of the finest passages.

Mr. Stokowski played this music very brilliantly and followed it with a highly dramatic performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. While he treated details according to his lights, he presented the music in all the breadth and nobility of its lines and with the fiery spirit with which this, the most romantic of Beethoven's symphonies, is surcharged. This excellent concert was given before a very enthusiastic audience, which early overflowed the capacity of the hall.

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

Mr. Stokowski's performance of the Beethoven fifth—to begin with the end of last night's program in Carnegie Hall—was very probably what Beethoven meant, although it was not exactly what he wrote. It was a reading that reflected what may well have been the composer's impatience with the orchestra of his time. There were moments, particularly in the first movement, when the almost alarming sonority of Mr. Stokowski's remarkable string section made the wood wind sound pallid and thin by comparison. Yet despite this lack of perfect balance—perhaps even because of it—the inexorable sweep of the fifth symphony, its superb vitality, were never better expressed. Even the lovely second movement, with all its lyric fervor, had a vigor and precision quite foreign to the languors in which it is so often enveloped.

The second number on the program—still working backward—was Stravinsky's early but still astonishing suite from his "L'Oiseau de Feu" ballet. Since "The Fire-Bird" was last played here (and it was the Philadelphia Orchestra that last played it), New York has heard its composer's late, later and almost latest works; yet none of the jeweled gorgeousness of "Le Rossignol," the wilful asceticism of the "Symphonie," not even the terrific Whitmanesque frankness of "Le Sacre" can dim the peculiar charm of this youthful fairy tale, the pathetic beauty of its "Ronde de Princesses," the grotesque fury of Kastchei's infernal dance, the drowsy tenderness of its cradle song. The orchestra gave it a beautiful and searching performance that went straight to the collective hearts of the audience.

It seems to be no longer possible to postpone mention of the fact that

the opening number of the program was Deems Taylor's suite, "Through the Looking-Glass." We had not planned such a postponement. We intended to begin this report with an announcement of the performance and to devote most of the available space to a shrewd and dispassionate review of the piece and its interpretation. Now that the concert is over, however, we find it disconcertingly difficult to be dispassionate, or even articulate. We are, to be candid, considerably overcome, and the only word of criticism we can muster regarding the evening's proceedings is that Mr. Taylor might profit by a few lessons in bowling.

OTHER MUSIC.

With the last notes of "Tannhaeuser" at the Manhattan last night, the plea for Bayreuth ended, Siegfried Wagner has completed his pilgrimage in behalf of the little town whose very name echoes with his father's music and returns to Germany to-morrow. He says that he has received "warm sympathy and help for the Bayreuth cause"—a statement not uncommon from departing guests but in this instance it is hoped that it may be taken literally. In any case, the audience at this farewell recital was fairly large and was obviously bound together by memories and traditions which were far from the chilly obligation of the typical benefit performance.

This amiable atmosphere was increased by the irresistible presence of Mme. Schumann-Heink, who radiated warmth and sympathy from the musicians to the audience. She sang the Handel "Armida Aria" and two Schubert lieder, ending with the indispensable "Erlkonig." There were two of Siegfried Wagner's own compositions, the "O, Komm im Traume" of Liszt, sung by Joseph Schwartz, and various numbers from the Wagner operas, played by the State Symphony Orchestra. At the end was more applause and more cheering, Mr. Siegfried Wagner made a mild and ingratiating little speech, and the Bayreuth venture was ended, most happily for the coming season.

At the Philharmonic, the fourth concerto of Saint-Saens was replaced by the second and brilliantly played by Micha Levitzki. Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride" and the first Symphony of Brahms completed the program.

At Aeolian Hall, Anne Roselle gave a song recital with a generous program which ranged from Handel and Mozart, through Schubert to de Falla.

A. S.

Last week at a Philharmonic concert Mr. Mengelberg performed a piece of music composed by a writer of program-notes, and at last night's Philadelphia Orchestra concert Mr. Stokowski played a composition written by a music critic. If this thing keeps on the International Federation of Tone-Poets will be demanding that these non-union composers produce their cards. But the Federation will be barking up the wrong tree if it goes after Mr. Deems Taylor, whose suite for orchestra, "Through the Looking Glass," was the feature of Mr. Stokowski's program last night; for Mr. Taylor was a composer in regular standing before he took up musical criticism as a sideline and proceeded to demonstrate, by his brilliant, sagacious and exhilaratingly human writing in "The New York World," the forgotten fact that a composer can be a critic of shrewd and liberal culture, and that a critic need not be wholly detached from life. Schumann and Berlioz did something of the same sort once—but who reads Schumann and Berlioz to-day, except in their scores? If Mr. Taylor will collect some of his memorable Sunday pieces and put them in a book, we, for one, are willing to bet that they will be read a bit longer than Schumann's were; for they have an equal courage and independence, and they are in far closer touch with the living interests of men.

Mr. Taylor's Suite was not new to New York. Mr. Damrosch performed it at a Symphony concert in Aeolian Hall a little more than a year ago. It has since been played in Chicago, Boston, Minneapolis and Philadelphia, and is shortly to be heard in London. Mr. Taylor, at least, is not one of the ululant company of so-called "neglected American composers." If he doesn't look

out he will soon be as popular as the ubiquitous Stravinsky—who, by the way, accompanied Mr. Taylor on last night's Philadelphia program in the form of his "L'Oiseau de Feu," along with Beethoven and his Fifth Symphony.

In his musical journey through Looking-Glass Land Mr. Taylor visited the Garden of Live Flowers, where Alice, after she had entered the country on the other side of the mirror, found herself surrounded by talkative but haughty tiger-lilies, roses and violets, who, as the tiger-lily waspishly remarked, were quite capable of talking "when there's anybody worth talking to." The next movement is a tonal narrative of the historic combat between the Jabberwock and the hero with his "vorpel blade," at the conclusion of which the beamish boy goes triumphantly galumphing back with the monster's head, leaving the borogroves and the slithy toves to gyre and gimble in the wabe.

Then comes a movement in which the composer describes the strange insects seen by Alice in the Looking Glass

country—the madpudding fly, with its body of plum-pudding, its wings of holly leaves, its head a raisin burning lawlessly in brandy; the rocking-horse fly, made of wood, that lived on sap and sawdust and swung itself happily from branch to branch; the bee-elephant, poking its proboscis among the flowers; the Socratic gnat; the bread-and-butter fly, with its wings of buttered bread and its body a crust, that lived on weak tea and cream.

The last movement is a tonal picture of the White Knight, that "toy Don Quixote, mild, chivalrous, ridiculous and rather touching," as the composer describes him in his program note. He carried, it will be recalled, a mouse trap on his saddle-bow (although he admitted to Alice that it wasn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back), and there were spiked anklets on his horse's feet to guard against the bites of sharks. He was dressed in tin armor and was not a very good rider, for whenever the horse stopped he fell off in front, and whenever it went on again he fell off behind. But he was a "gentle soul, with good intentions"; and as he rides away at the end of the piece you know that Alice is waving her handkerchief after the poor, gentle, pathetic knight, because he had told her it would encourage him a little if she did.

A good deal of Taylor the humanist and philosopher and wit has gone into this product of Taylor the music-maker; for the special virtue of this work is its success in managing to handle Lewis Carroll's exquisite fantasy with precisely the right blend of imaginative sympathy and humorous detachment. Mr. Taylor is very tender with his White Knight—he even writes music for him which, after that magical way of the only art which is still an unplumbed mystery and an endless wonder even to those who make it, succeeds in turning the slightly ridiculous pathos of the poor, gentle, futile Knight into something which is not ridiculous at all; which ceases to be particular and becomes general and universal; and we hear music that speaks to us with beauty and compassion of the pathos of all human effort and aspiration. Mr. Taylor is philosopher enough and artist enough to accomplish this end. He is wit enough to know that the peculiar distinction of Carroll's delicious masterpiece is the mood of half tender, half mocking detachment in which it is conceived; and he preserves this balance in his music with extraordinary skill and felicity. He neither burlesques nor sentimentalizes his subject. He touches it affectionately, even caressingly, as in the poetic and sensitive Dedication; but in his eye is a twinkle that is imperfectly suppressed. Incidentally, he has composed an admirable piece of music—distinguished in invention, ingenious in facture, and expertly scored.

Mr. Stokowski and his artists played the work superlatively well. The audience received it delightedly, and their applause brought Mr. Taylor repeatedly to the stage—three recalls was our count, but it might have been four.

And then Mr. Stokowski played Stravinsky and Beethoven—as only he does. But it was Mr. Taylor's night, and Alice's.

Anne Roselle Makes Concert Bow.

Anne Roselle, widely heard with the Metropolitan, the Scotti and the Gallo opera companies, appeared at the Town Hall last evening in a recital said to be her first in New York. Her program marked an advance of artistic ambition, with rarely a hint of opera save in certain stresses of voice. Among her songs was a Schubert group, which Richard Hagoman accompanied with

land which the singer followed with of Strauss for encore as she red a stageful of flowers. She added her old Italian and modern French Spanish pieces some songs by An- ty, her former Hungarian com- riot, and four Americans, Mana ca, Horsman, Hageman and Pelle-

Leonidas Leonardi in Recital.

Leonidas Leonardi, introduced as a neophant of reputation, made a nial entry at Aeolian Hall last night a recital of some individuality and ver. His own arrangement of a con- o by Vivaldi, at the start, turned an ornamental work into an orgy of aves, an orchestra of two hands. h the player's treatment of Beetho- 's Sonata Op. 109 it would be possi- to differ, yet even here he reached king contrasts in the concluding tations. Mr. Leonardi capped a spln group with the "Heroic" onalse and he followed Liszt's "Tell's apel" and "La Chasse" with the illar "St. Francis Walking on the ves."

Siegfried Wagner Closes

Siegfried Wagner completed his tour of country in the interest of Bayreuth night with his concert in the Manhat- Opera House. After Mme. Schumann- k had sung the Handel "Armida" aria two Schubert lied in her usual delight- manner and the orchestra had been d in selections from Siegfried Wag- and his father's operas, the audience ted upon a speech from the younger ner, who said that he hoped his tour been the success it seemed to be and his pilgrimage to America and his a for Bayreuth would bring fruit.

Levitzi With Philharmonic

Lischa Levitzki, who has established his ce among the foremost contemporary lists, was soloist with the Philharmonic hestra last evening at the Metropolitan ra House. The number to which he t his services was the fourth piano con- to of Saint Saens, which was given a ring performance. The orchestra. der the baton of William Mengelberg, o played the almost too familiar over- e to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," the Brahms First Symphony.

Lawrence Gilman

Law and Unfamiliar Music at the Concert of the Schola Cantorum in Carnegie Hall

nd subscription concert of the Cantorum, Kurt Schindler, con- at Carnegie Hall last night. Solo- Cobina Wright, soprano; Helen contralto; Jose Delaquerriere, Paval Ludikar, baritone; Carlos o, harpist; Louis Robert, organist. d by the string orchestra of the rmonie Society.

PROGRAM.

Sacree; Danse Profane, for harp orchestra Debussy
Salzedo and string orchestra.
"The Daughter of Jephtha" Carissimi
quartet, chorus, string orchestra and organ.
er's Song Charpentier
of the Apulian Carters Sadere
r. Delaquerriere and chorus.
d Requiem Pizzetti
A cappella chorus.
Choral Hymns from the Rig-
Hymn to the Dawn; (2) Hymn the waters.
Women's chorus and harp.
Battle Hymn.
Mixed chorus and orchestra

Schindler, the head and heart Schola, is an admirably restless He is ever questing for un- ar music—the very old, the very he exotic, the undiscovered. Like okowski, Mr. Montoux, Mr. Stock hers who refuse to content them- with hackneyed and routined oms, he goes about the world in of rare spoils, adventuring in al byways, hunting for buried are or for valuables that lie so ciously on the contemporary r that a less courageous expe- rist might view them with the eye of dubious conservatism.

at night at the final Schola con- of the season Mr. Schindler ex- the result of his latest ex- ons. The lines "New," "First in New York," "First Time in ca" were almost as thickly led over his program as they n those of the concerts of the nist guilds and leagues. Piz- Requiem Mass was given for rst time in America"; Carissimi's eenth century oratorio and two . Holst's "Rig Veda" hymns for st time in New York.

ssimi was the Italian precursor Handel of the oratorios. He was

born at Marino, near Rome, eighty- one years before Handel, and had been dead eleven years when the magnificent George Frideric entered upon his mortal career. Handel's "Messiah" saw the light in 1742; but almost a century before that Carissimi's "Jephtha" had outlined the pattern of which the "Messiah" is the complete development. Carissimi was among the first to differentiate the oratorio, or the sacred cantata, from that earlier form in which it was given with scenery and action; and his innova- tions were notable. In his choral writ- ing he is less polyphonically elaborate, more harmonically and melodically self-conscious, than his predecessors. He learned some valuable tricks in the way of harmonic expressiveness and dramatic eloquence from his older contemporary Monteverde. He developed and vitalized the recitative. He lacked the genius and the amazing originality of Monteverde, but he was a more finely touched, a more equable artist. Thus his choral writing benefited by the infusion of a more liberal concep- tion of its dramatic possibilities, while at the same time it was disciplined by an uncommonly sensitive feeling for form and balance. By contrast with the unregulated and wayward genius of Monteverde, Carissimi exhibits an elevation and suavity of style which seemed to many of his contemporaries to set him in opposition to his more greatly gifted countryman Monteverde, the essential man of the theater.

"Jephtha" is a setting of the Biblical tale of the victory of Jephtha over the Ammonites, and his unintended sac- rifice of his daughter. The Latin text is based upon the narrative in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Judges. The work was performed last night in an edition "transcribed, harmonized and scored" by the distinguished Caris- simi scholar, F. Balilla Pratello, a ver- sion based upon such skeletonized copies of the original as are extant. Pratello's version is for string orchestra, harp and organ, as accompaniment to the chorus and the solo quartet.

The music, at its best, has a grave and elevated lyricism, a noble con- tinuence of style. Its blend of poly- phonic and monodic writing is extreme- ly artful, and is accomplished with re- markable unity of style; and the ex- pressiveness of the music is astonishing. How completely uttered are the words of the last chorus, with their reiterated "lamentamini"; and in the beautiful pianissimo close in G major the expression of grief is at once pierc- ing and restrained and still—the lips of the singers (as Evelyn Innes said when she listened to Cherubini's "Ave Maria") seem to achieve sculpture as the voices curve on from note to note with the noble movement of the bas- relief decoration of a Greek vase.

Mr. Schindler's other important nov- elty—a novelty in the full sense of the word—was the Requiem Mass of the Italian modernist, Ildebrando Pizzetti, for mixed voices unaccompanied. This work was commissioned by the King of Italy for performance at the Pantheon in Rome in March, 1923, in commemora- tion of King Umberto. It was begun in November, 1922, and completed in January, 1923. The score was pub- lished last year.

Pizzetti's setting of the Mass is incontestably dignified, elevated, re- strained. There is not an ad captan- dum effect in it from beginning to end. It is never theatrical, and the writing is that of a master. But it lacks originality of invention and homogene- ity of style. One of the phrases in the "Dies Irae," many times repeated, is disconcertingly reminiscent of the chant of the Priestesses in "Aida." The way in which the inverted ninth chord is introduced on the first syllable of "Excelsis" toward the close of the "Sanctus" comes straight out of that treasure chest from which so many haughty ultra-modernists, Stravinsky included, have liberally helped them- selves—Debussy's "Pelléas et Méli- sande." Furthermore, Pizzetti's music seems to us to be deficient in expres- sive power. There is a good deal of conventional and formulaized chroma- ticism. The final Amen of the "Dies Irae" is sentimental, almost Gounod- like; and where is the terror which should "stalk like an ominous figure" through any setting of those tre- mendous words? We found little trace of it. As for the close of the "Libera me," it is curiously flat and dull.

Gustav Holst's settings of the Rig- Veda hymns are ingenious and strik- ingly effective, though they reflect lit- tle of the magnificent sweep and ex- altation of the text. The "Song of the Apulian Carters," with the realistic accompaniment in imitation of the clanking of the chains that are stretched between the wheels of the cart, is picturesque and fascinating. But was not Charpentier's "A Mules," for voice and chorus, described in the program notes as "a sketch for his symphonic 'Impressions d'Italie,'" really a transcription of the third number of the orchestral suite, "On Mule-

back"? Was it not composed after (in 1893), instead of before, the sym- phonic version? However that may be, the tenor soloist, Mr. José Delaquer- riere, sang this and his other solo number delightfully. He was less happy in the singing of his part in Carissimi's oratorio; for here his style was alien to the long line and grave sentiment of the seventeenth century music. Mr. Ludikar's performance was happier in effect. The two women of the quartet, Helen Nixon and Cobina Wright, brought to their tasks more understanding than musical charm.

The chorus sang with beauty, power and variety of tone, and with an atten- tion to nuance that testified to the ar- duous labor of many weeks of rehears- ing. Their intonation in the difficult unaccompanied polyphony of Pizzetti's Mass suffered a few lapses from ideal rectitude, but it was generally pure.

Mr. Carlos Salzedo played Debussy's beautiful and imaginative Dances for harp like the accomplished master of his instrument that he is. There was an audience of good size, which showered with applause the devoted Mr. Schindler and his cohorts.

By Deems Taylor

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

The bulk of the Schola's program at Carnegie Hall last night was de- voted to two religious works, both set to Latin texts, and both by Italian composers, but 300 years apart. The first was Carissimi's oratorio, "The Daughter of Jephtha," written early in the seventeenth century; the sec- ond was Ildebrando Pizzetti's Re- quiem Mass for unaccompanied chorus, first performed last March in the Pantheon at Rome for the com- memorative services for the late King Umberto of Italy.

The Carissimi oratorio, which has come down to us only in skeleton form, was sung last night in the ver- sion prepared by Francesco Pratella for the Schola and finished last De- cember. It is scored in this form for solo quartet, chorus, string orchestra, harp and organ.

The music makes no attempt at descriptiveness or even such dramatic effect as was achieved by Carissimi's contemporaries. The various num- bers flow in an almost unbroken stream of quiet, lyric beauty, rising at the end to a lament whose power and intensity is still untouched by any hint of the theatre. It seemed last night a little long, a trifle unrelieved in mood for impatient modern ears, but nevertheless a work of profound sincerity and remote loveliness.

The Pizzetti mass is a superb achievement, contriving to be at once an extraordinary example of liturgical vocal counterpoint (much of the voice leading would be approved by Palestrina, and indeed recalls that master in technique) and genuinely stirring modern music. The mood of the work is so absolutely mediaeval in its naive and exalted mysticism that one realizes but slowly how much of its moving effect is due to the composer's masterly skill in applying modern treatment to an archaic form. Pizzetti makes the freest possible use of chromatic intervals and dissonant counterpoint, yet presses toward his artistic goal with such sincerity and unerring taste and skill that the beauty of his music is never for a moment tainted by any obtrusiveness of means.

The Introit, in canonic style, begins in five parts, giving way to a Kyrie that is set first for male voices and later for the full chorus. The "Dies Irae," a movement of great com- plexity and tremendous emotional power, is set for eight-part chorus. The "Sanctus" and "Benedictus," still more polyphonic, call for twelve parts, sinking to a lovely four-part "Agnus Dei" for semi-chorus. The work ends with a magnificent "Libera Me" for five-part chorus.

The chorists were confronted with a formidable task in singing this work and accomplished it with com- mendable success, revealing fine phrasing and dynamics and excellent intonation. The same good qualities were present in the Carissimi ora- torio. The latter work also enlisted a capable solo quartet, with most of the singing assigned to Cobina Wright, the soprano. Her voice lacked carrying power at times, but

its even color and purity were well suited to the music. The others were Helen Nixon (a Schola member), contralto; Jose Delaquerriere, tenor, and Pavel Ludikar, bass.

The remainder of the program com- prised Debussy's "Danse Sacree," Danse Profane," admirably played by Carlos Salzedo, harpist, with accom- paniment of string orchestra, two Italian folksongs with chorus, sung with great success by Mr. Delaquer- riere, and three of Gustav Holst's "Choral Hymns from the Rig-Veda."

OTHER MUSIC.

MacDowell's Sonata Eroica opened the program of Frank Watson, who with the first notes of the Arturian legend revealed uncommon fulness and richness of tone. "The Coming of Arthur" resounded with fine spirit and force, a force indeed which re- mained too persistently for the "Elves" and for "Gulnereve" which followed. And Arthur's, passing was given with a bass which was a shade too vigorous for the melancholy cir- cumstances it celebrates.

This overemphasis, however, was obviously the result of nervousness attending the first number of a debut, for to the Haydn Andante and the Chopin which came later the pianist brought all the subtlety of a thought- ful and poetic interpreter. He recap- tured also the dauntless national spirit which Paderewski has woven into his Sonata in E flat, though it is a stubborn fact that the final note on this work has been sounded by the composer alone. Lacking a Pader- ewski, however, the treacherous dif- ficulties of this piece were surmount- ed with skill and comprehension. Mr. Watson is a student and instructor from Boston. His first New York recital was a refreshing evidence of technical dexterity combined with faithful devotion to the masters whom he knows and understands.

A group of Stojowski studies played by him at his evening recital covered almost every mood of that diversified and prolific composer. There was an "Intermede Lyrique" which might very easily have aided the composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." There was a "Caprice" which was sprightly enough and a most persua- sive "Mazurka" or haunting inlairs which was rapturously enoored and deserved to be. The "Variations and Fugue on an Original Theme" was played for the first time; it showed a certain ingenuity of construction, but the theme itself is cumbersome and hardly adapted to weaving arabes- ques. On the same program were two Paderewski numbers, the "Mo- ment Musical" of Schubert and the ubiquitous "Carnaval" of Schumann. A. S.

New Choral Works.

Two important choral works were given for the first time in New York and for the first time in America, re- spectively, by the Schola Cantorum, Kurt Schindler director, last night in Carnegie Hall. These were the cantata, "The Daughter of Jephtha" by Giacomo Carissimi, as transcribed, harmonized and scored by Francesco Balilla Pra- tella, and the "a cappella" requiem mass of Ildebrando Pizzetti. Three choral hymns from the Rig-Veda, "Hymn to the Dawn," "Hymn to the Waters," and "Battle Hymn" by Gustav Holst, completed the choral part of the program. Carlos Salzedo, harpist, and the string orchestra of the Philharmonic Society played the "Danse Sacree" and "Danse Profane" of Debussy, and José Delaquerriere, who took part in the performance of Carissimi's cantata, also sang with the chorus the "Muleter's Song" by Charpentier, later incorporat- ed in that composer's orchestral suite, "Impressions d'Italie," and his never "Song of the Apulian Carters."

The work of Carissimi, transcribed and variously edited by Chrysander, by Falsst and Pauer, was heard last night in what is in all probability the version nearest the original score. The music made a delightful impression, and in certain passages made a much deeper appeal than that. It was realized that Carissimi anticipated the substance of nearly everything regarding form and workmanship of the oratorio that later masters achieved. The indebtedness of Handel to him is more than merely a matter of history. There are choral passages in "Jephtha's Daughter" not heavily scored, but nevertheless more than suggestive of the Handelian march and vigor of part-writing.

There is throughout a fine clarity of style characteristic of the composer and his period, a grace which is never weak or superficial, and at times emotional, and descriptive qualities which antici- pate a later day. Such are the pathetic

solo or a full chorus when she has learned her fate and her later solo, "Plorant," with the tender echoes of the soprano voices and the final noble peroration, to the same text, by the full chorus. There are expressive recitatives and much is said in the simplest way by Carissimi, whose tendencies were strongly opposed to those of Monteverdi and the musical artists of his day.

Pizzetti's Requiem Mass opens in a nobly eloquent manner. There is the influence not only of Italian, but of Spanish religious music. The Dies Irae, which has the strongest and most original parts of the entire mass, sustains and strengthens the impression of the opening. It is powerfully dramatic, and the contrast of the wailing figure of certain voices against the persistent motive of the terrible old plain chant is a very expressive and artistic conception. The "Sanctus" is scored in a manner as effective and appropriate to its text as it is unexpected in method. Thereafter the music loses a measure of its force and it forsakes the finely woven but very substantial character of the opening numbers.

Now the hearer is in a medieval cathedral, and now the scene shifts and musical style and feeling are those of other days. Nor is the final "Liberation" altogether an adequate climax to a composition which has offered instances of really great and inspired utterance. This, in spite of the fact that Pizzetti's Requiem Mass is a work of uncommon distinction and a most valuable addition to the choral repertory.

Mr. Schindler interpreted the music with evident enthusiasm and understanding, and his chorus, undertaking a task of much difficulty, performed with very sincere feeling and showed the results of hard work and excellent preparation. In the singing of Carissimi's music there was often exemplary beauty of tone, though certain of the soloists were less adequate than the chorus to their tasks. The soloists were Cobina Wright, Helen Nixon, Mr. Delaguerriere and Paolo Ludikar. The audience was large, and Pizzetti's work aroused special enthusiasm.

Judging from the performance last night, I should say the organization of the Schola Cantorum of New York leaves much to be desired.

While it is undoubtedly striving to fulfill a splendid ideal, and as such is a great asset to the community, it stands in severe need of more expert rehearsing and directing.

Much of the singing throughout the entire program last night was not up to strict professional standard, as far as attack, nuance and general ensemble are concerned. The material is there, but it is not by any manner of means, whipped into shape.

Mr. Butterley - Rubens
Fella, Tokatyne, Scott.
Roi de Lahore - Penikard
Delandis, Laura - Volpi
Rothier

March 28, 1924

Scriabine at His Best.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Two important works by modern Russian composers and the seldom heard Brahms double concerto for violin and cello made the program of the New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The soloists in the performance of the concerto were Paul Kochanski, violinist, and Felix Salmond, cellist. The orchestral compositions were Stravinsky's symphonic poem "Le Chant du Rossignol" and Scriabine's "Poème de l'Extase."

Scriabine's tone-poem, a few years ago an annoyance or a bewilderment to unaccustomed ears, has turned into a gorgeously effective piece for modern orchestra. It may not be liked, on account of what may be termed its immorality. It is Venusberg music, the tumultuous expression of a singular and sensual temperament. But it glows with color and energy, and is the expression of a born rhapsodist, a composer who has found himself in his art and is able to express himself with certainty and freedom. The earlier Scriabine is weak and imitative; the later Scriabine, for the average ear of the present day, is still tentative, experimental and of debatable value. The "Poème de l'Extase" is the Scriabine of the best "middle period"—to use an outworn terminology—at the height of his powers, master of his ideas and his method.

The composer develops in this tone-poem a theme of surprising potency. At first its latent energy is not fully realized, but it grows on the listener as the pulsating music gathers to its final clamor. Before this the theme has emerged, disappeared and emerged again from the depths of the orchestra. When it subsides, it is only to gather fresh energy and leap to a greater height. The accumulation of force continues, ebbing and flowing, but never sagging or failing to gather increasing impetus to the end. The orchestration is of a unique and at times almost

clothing richness. The instruments veritably splash color. This composition is indeed the commanding expression of a strange and unparalleled individuality.

Interpreting the work, Mr. Damrosch so far as memory of other performances serves, was fortunate equally in his tempo, which were not too slow, as they easily can be here, and also in the really superb climax that he achieved—a climax which made plain to ear and eye alike his sonorous augmented brass choir—a convincing interpretation which reflected credit alike on the leader and his men.

The Brahms concerto was so well played by Messrs. Kochanski and Salmond, with such technical adequacy, gusto and unity of intent, that even the first movement, where the composer seems to labor and at times to digress, was interesting to hear, while the simple and beautiful song of the andante was sung in a manner that remained in the memory long after the music had stopped.

The "Chant du Rossignol," as different as difference could be from Scriabine, was given by Mr. Damrosch for the second time this season. It is a work that stands by itself in the category of Stravinsky's creations. It was attentively heard and well received by the audience.

Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody."

By OLIN DOWNES.

The second performance of Stravinsky's "Chant du Rossignol" in a day, but the first performance of the work by the Philharmonic Orchestra took place under the leadership of Willem Mengelberg last night in Carnegie Hall. This was not the only eventful occurrence of the evening, for it was followed by Rubin Goldmark's rousing "Negro Rhapsody," based on negro airs, which Mr. Mengelberg conducted with such enthusiasm that he himself almost tangoed on the platform. The last number on this unhalloved program was Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.

The performance of Stravinsky's composition was technically very brilliant and full of Mengelbergian vigor. It was in no uncertain tones that the orchestra emitted the initial shriek which introduced the symphonic poem, though the last measures vanished in a "pianissimo decrescendo" of most delicate and diaphanous quality. The score was presented with the exceptional distinctness of detail, and Mr. Mengelberg made much of the striking instrumental effects with which it abounds.

As for the essential character of this music, which is a mosaic of short motives and the most ingenious orchestral ideas, it seems to stand somewhat apart from other of Stravinsky's compositions of its period. This is perhaps owing to tonal conceptions occasioned by the exotic and fantastic character of the subject. Stravinsky has made actual investigations of Chinese music, and there are numerous indications of this in the spirit as well as the letter of a partly satirical and poetic and partly decorative and even "geometrical" score. It is a very distinctive flight of fancy which would, however, gain greatly in effect if played to accompany the scene on the stage.

Nothing could have offered a more complete contrast to this work than the rhapsody in which Mr. Goldmark has made use of negro folk-tunes. Seven of them are employed, with phrases and counter-phrases invented by the composer. That is a good deal of material for one composition, but Mr. Goldmark is a finished technician, and, what is more, he writes with flare and abandon in this Rhapsody. He has used a large orchestra and many a modern device of instrumentation, but has employed these devices as a means, not as an end, and written what is with the exception of one or two haltings and hesitations a very exciting piece of music. The themes in themselves, reasonably well handled, would have done much. Mr. Goldmark palpably feels and enjoys them. Mr. Mengelberg enjoys them. It is hard to imagine a reading of the music more reckless in spirit, yet more sure and irresistible in result. Mr. Goldmark, who bowed his acknowledgments from the stage, must have rejoiced in his good fortune. The performance was in its kind a tour de force, and was applauded rapturously by the audience.

Stravinsky's 'Nightingale' Sings in Mr. Mengelberg's Philharmonic Garden

It is a notorious fact that conductors, like other and humbler prima donnas, never read the newspapers—doubtless for fear of being made shy by any praise of themselves which they might encounter. Therefore it must have been a shock to both Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mr. Mengelberg to learn, as they probably have learned by this time from the reports of friends and enemies (if they have any of the latter), that they were both playing Stravinsky's symphonic poem, "Le Chant du Rossignol," on the same day: Mr. Damrosch at yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Mengelberg at last night's Philharmonic concert within the same hallowed walls. And that is not all: they will both, according to their respective announcements, play the same work in the same hall again to-day. But this time, for variety, they will change places, Mr. Mengelberg occupying the pulpit at the afternoon services, Mr. Damrosch holding forth at evening prayer.

"Le Chant du Rossignol" will therefore have been performed four times at Carnegie Hall within two days; and as Mr. Damrosch had given three performances of the work earlier in the season, New York will have heard it, before to-morrow's dawn, seven times since last November.

We see no objection to this—indeed, it seems to us all to the good. New music, especially when it is as significant and unaccustomed as "Le Chant du Rossignol," should always be played more than once, so that our ears may become accustomed to its novelties of style and substance. And so we hope that Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Mengelberg will continue to avoid the reading of newspapers; for, of course, if either knew that the other was planning to perform a famous and unfamiliar work he would never dream of performing it himself, and we should thus be deprived of a valuable opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the new score, and perhaps to make an interesting comparative study of interpretations.

Being unable to attend both performances yesterday of "Le Chant du Rossignol," we chose to hear Mr. Mengelberg's version, since his was unknown here, and Mr. Damrosch's was familiar. We intend, however, to listen to the singing of the Damroschian nightingale this evening, and shall offer a report of it in Saturday's Herald Tribune.

Mr. Mengelberg's conception of the fascinating work is different from Mr. Damrosch's. It is more dramatic, more full-blooded; and in such passages as the introductory section, which, according to Stravinsky's program, pictures the excited and air-disturbing activities of the courtiers as they bustle about in preparation for the entrance of the emperor, the hubbub suggests the opening five minutes of the siege of Verdun. We are not sure that it is quite in the spirit of the music to give it so large a frame, so heroic an accent. Perhaps Mr. Mengelberg is too perfectly the conductor of "Heldenleben" to feel quite at home among Stravinsky's swaying bell-flowers and fragile porcelains and golden lamps. A good deal of this music is in the vein of a scherzo, and it seemed to us that Mr. Damrosch, as we remember his playing of it earlier in the season, conveyed its quality of delicate exuberance and exotic fantasy more happily.

On the other hand, Mr. Mengelberg incited his excellent first trumpeter, Mr. Glantz, to a finer interpretation of the marvelously beautiful solo that voices the Song of the Fisherman than Mr. Damrosch had revealed to us. It was more in the vein of the music, both as it occurs at the end of the tournament of song, and, with a different harmonic color, at the close of the work.

At last night's performance the musing, meditative tenderness, the sober lyricism of its cadences, its essentially song-like quality, were movingly conveyed by the conductor's choice of tempo and of phrasing, and by the soloist's realization of his purposes. Mr. Guidi, too, deserves a tribute for his delicately imaginative playing of the muted violin solo in the passages that evoke the song in which the Nightingale sings to the Emperor of the Garden of Death, with its long tranquillity, its cool dawns and its ancient walls.

After the Stravinsky piece, Mr. Mengelberg performed Mr. Rubin Goldmark's captivating "Negro Rhapsody," which the Philharmonic played for the first time, from manuscript, a little more than a year ago. This is an adroit and brilliant setting of superb thematic material, full of charm and gusto, and we shall be astonished if it does not become established in the symphonic repertoire. It made an indubitable hit with last night's audience, and Mr. Goldmark was summoned to the stage to acknowledge the applause. Mr. Mengelberg closed his program with Beethoven's lovely symphony in B flat major, of which a critic wrote in 1806, after one of its first performances, that it was "extremely bizarre," and that in it Beethoven "made himself unintelligible and an object of terror to even cultivated dilettanti." We hope his ghost is so.

By Deems Taylor

THE N. Y. SYMPHONY.

Mr. Damrosch's concert yesterday afternoon was the first at Carnegie Hall since his return from a winter vacation, and he celebrated the event by repeating Stravinsky's fascinating symphonic poem, "Le Chant du Rossignol," which he had introduced with

such success earlier in the season. The charm of this Russo-Chino-Scandinavian songbird is not dimmed by repeated hearings, and the audience received it with all the enthusiasm that had marked its other performances.

An even more striking feature of the afternoon, however, was the magnificent performance that Paul Kochanski and Felix Salmond gave of the Brahms double concerto for violin and cello, surely as fine a performance as the work has ever received, and certainly the finest this listener ever heard. Mr. Kochanski and Mr. Salmond are peculiarly fitted to play Brahms, for both are possessors of the beauty of tone, breadth of style and selfless devotion to the music that Brahms demands. It was a brilliant stroke to combine them, for they are temperamentally suited, not only to Brahms but to each other. They played together with a perfection of tonal blending, a unanimity of purpose and an absolute give and take in their ensemble passages that made the concerto one of the outstanding instrumental performances of the season.

Scriabine's "Poème d'Extase" completed the program, which will be repeated to-night.

Michael Bohnen was to have made his first appearance as Hans Sachs in "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan last night, but fate or bronchial trouble must have decreed otherwise, for Friedrich Schorr sang the role in his stead. Mr. Schorr proved thereby how rich in Wagnerian basses the Metropolitan is this season, for he gave his familiar performance with all the dignity and sweetness and vocal beauty that made his appearance with the German opera company a year ago such a notable event. Mme. Rethberg again lent her lovely voice to the role of Eva. Kathleen Howard was an unfamiliar but decidedly successful Magdalena, and Mr. Taucher, singing well, but over-fond of singing straight to the audience, was Walther. Others in the cast were Mr. Rothier as Pogner, Mr. Schuetzendorf as Beckmesser, and Mr. Meader as David. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with his wonted vigor and the chorus sang and moved well. An excellent performance, as a whole, worthy of one of the best revivals the Metropolitan has made in several seasons.

OTHER MUSIC.

"Chamber music has had for the modern world the somewhat effete value of a dead language," says Tadeusz Iarecki, "when it should carry the same vital energy of the orchestra and the opera." With this object all sublime, he organized the Chamber Ensemble, which made its debut yesterday.

It consists of a trio of three young girls—Sara, Ana and Eva Pulgar—and of Louise Llewellyn-Iarecka as soprano soloist. Obviously part of the "vital energy" in the new venture was spent on the mis-en-scene, for the young performers were very Burne-Jones as to costumes and the lighting reduced Aeolian Hall to pre-Raphaelite shadows. The program, however, was not confined to any period of art. It ranged from Debussy to eighteenth century Barriere and from a Breton folk song to Arnold Bax. The players showed a sensitive appreciation of these varying moods, though the unfamiliarity of their medium prevented them from marking each number with equal force and decision. They were happiest in the bitter-sweet paradoxes of the modernists. It is doubtful that all chamber music will be revolutionized by this venture with violin, piano, cello and a soprano voice. But the undertaking was not without charm and interest and was indisputably decorative.

Stravinsky's "Rossignol" returned abruptly twice in one day after weeks of devotion to that earlier bird, "L'Oiseau de Feu." It was the first performance for the Philharmonic Orchestra. Under the urgent baton of Mr. Mengelberg, the piece was dramatized to its last sobbing breath. This was a fairy-tale of more violent contrasts than any dreamed by Hans Christian Andersen in his simple story of "Once Upon a Time." It was a tale of true Mengelberg intensity, with the mechanical nightingale glit-

tering in extravagant fanfares and the true bird almost choking to death with his own pathos. Naturally, the audience applauded with rapture. Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody" followed and the rest of the program was devoted to the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven.

"Die Meistersinger" Again.
"Die Meistersinger," which had been the first of this season's opera revivals, was sung for the fifth time at the Metropolitan last evening to a capacity house of over 4,000. In the cast were Rethberg and Howard, Taucher, Schorr, Schuetzenberg, Schlegel and Rothier, and Bodanzky conducted.

Godfrey Ludow Makes His Bow.
Godfrey Ludlow, an Australian violinist of Irish lineage, gave a first recital of more than usual charm at Aeolian Hall last night. An artist of genial personality, he displayed mellow tone and style in classics of Bach and Vivaldi, with organ accompaniment by Ellmer Zoller. Guy V. Marriner assisted in two modern sonatas of Dohnanyi and John Ireland, as well as lighter pieces by Dale, Morris, Zsolt and Kreisler.

March 29 1924
Solon Robinson Gives Recital.
Solon Robinson gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall last night, playing Schumann's sonata, Opus 11, two rhapsodies of Brahms and Dohnanyi, and other pieces from Brahms, Debussy, Chopin and Liszt. Mr. Robinson is a musician of Northampton, Mass., and as appeared in concerts in the West.

Amy Neill in Recital.
Miss Amy Neill's recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon created a very favorable impression. She did not seem as yet to have the endurance necessary for a heavy work like D'Ambrosio's concerto. Her technique is sure, steady and animated, with a fine full tone in the legatos and the requisite flexibility in the rapid passages. The Mozart concerto which opened the program was played with confidence and ease and a certain ingenious attraction. Tartini-Kreisler's "Fugue" was given with care and with a high degree of skill, and "Intrada" displayed depth of tone and breadth of treatment, while a "Siciliano" was deft, light and clear. The three pieces were received with warm appreciation, testing the young violinist's style. Lyell Barber proved an attentive and helpful accompanist.

"Anima Allegra" at the Opera.
Vittadini's opera, "Anima Allegra," was sung at the Metropolitan last evening for the fourth time this season. Borl and Howard, Lauri-Volpi, Tokatyan, Dildur and others reappeared and Moranzoni conducted.

March 30 1924
Rosenthal Triumphs.
By OLIN DOWNES.

Earlier this season Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, repeated numerous former triumphs by his performances of the Liszt E flat concerto, and other virtuoso exhibitions. In so doing he fulfilled public estimates of his playing that have existed unchanged for a good many years. Mr. Rosenthal has been known as a pianist who was primarily intellectual, as a master of technique, and a brilliant if somewhat hard performer. There must always have been a degree of injustice in popular estimates which stressed these qualities, but denied his those of transforming imagination, emotional warmth and beauty of tone. For no pianist who had lacked kindling emotion for a lifetime could have played as Mr. Rosenthal did yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

The program consisted of the Schubert Fantasia, op. 78, in G major; Humann's "Etudes Symphoniques"; a Prelude in C sharp minor, Ballade in G minor, and Maurka in B major, op. 56, of Chopin; the same composer's flat waltz, in Rosenthal's famous arrangement in thirds and in double-counterpoint; Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau"; Rosenthal's "Papillons," and a "Rhapsodie Espagnole," Rosenthal's.

The performances of Schubert and Humann were in highly romantic style, though these composers were admirably differentiated in style. The simplicity, the fleeting gaiety, the haunting melancholy of Schubert's music gave place to that wonderful mingling of tender lyricism and architectural power in the Schumann variations.

In quite another vein Mr. Rosenthal approached Chopin, a third romanticist, and most sensitive of them all. The C sharp minor Prelude, which is not yet overplayed, was for once the piece of dream and twilight that the composer conceived. The Ballade was dramatic, but not in the "formidable" manner approved by certain pianists, exemplars of the German school. The thrilling effect of this music was achieved by contrast and not mere physical power, and often by the subtle methods of understatement. Throughout the music was clothed in tonal beauty and shifting color tints of the pedal. The mazurka was another mood, and almost another style. Mr. Rosenthal's arrangement of the familiar waltz is not, for this reviewer at any rate, a sacrilege, but on the contrary a filling out of passages which in their original form are becoming thin and worn. The double counterpoint is more than flagrant; it fits the character of the composition—providing always that there is a Rosenthal to play it! Nor should the Berceuse, given as an encore, go unmentioned for it is rarely indeed that this piece is played so simply and with so perfect and beautiful a legato.

Debussy's impressionistic "Reflets dans l'eau" disclosed quite another aspect of the pianist's temperament—one, indeed, which had been believed totally foreign to nature twenty years ago. The performance yesterday was one of exceptional illusion and poetic charm. Papillons, wherein the Rosenthal virtuosity is brought into full play, in a manner not only deft and perpetually astonishing, but witty and Viennese in spirit, was heard at precisely the right time and place on the program. Needless to say, a repetition was demanded.

Mr. Rosenthal, long a commanding figure in his art, appears today a finer, deeper, more broadly appreciative musician than ever before in his career. Technically, he is, if anything, less remarkable than of yore. Or it might be more accurate to say that at times yesterday he ignored technical matters, brushing them aside, thinking always of the long line, the prevailing color of a passage, rather than of cutting cameos with every fingerstroke. Thus the finale of the ballade was blurred and rough in execution, while the effect of headlong excitement, even terror, was, if anything, intensified thereby.

The concert was the offering of a great artist at the height of his interpretative powers, with the maturity and wisdom that years bring, but also with energy and love of life at flood tide within him. This was understood, because it was felt by the audience, whether or not the individual knew a croquet from a quaver or the difference between Schubert and Debussy.

Oliver Denton returned to Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with a piano program which began with a Rameau Gavotte and a Mozart Gigue and ended with "The White Peacock" of Griffes and an Impromptu and Scherzo of Chopin. Schubert's A Minor Sonata occupied the centre of the program. There was also Brahms—a briefer Brahms of the fragments found in the "Capriccio, Ballade, Intermezzo and Rhapsodie." To these excellently balanced numbers Mr. Denton brought his usual distinction of style and the true musician's appreciation of their varying moods and messages.

The opera matinee was "Samson and Dalila," with a familiar cast, headed by Claussen, Martinelli, De Luca and Mardones. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted.

In the evening the familiar combination of "L'Oracola" and "Le Coq d'Or" was announced for the Metropolitan.

At Carnegie Hall the International Opera Company was scheduled for a performance of "Ernani," which would convert the concert hall for one evening into an opera house, with full stage settings and a large cast in costume.

March 31 1924
New Music by Gustav Holst at Mr. Walter Damrosch's Farewell Concert

It may have been the bright elation of the spring day. It may have been the realization that the Damrosch orchestral concerts had ended for the season and that the next stop (for Mr. Damrosch at least) was Paris. But whatever the cause, the printed program of Sunday afternoon's Symphony concert at Aeolian Hall let its high spirits run away with it; for it declared that yesterday's performance of the excerpts from Gustav Holst's opera, "The Perfect Fool," was the first in America. As a matter of sober, earthbound fact this ballet music was performed last May at the Ann Arbor festival, with Mr. Holst himself as the conductor. Now, Ann Arbor is quite a long ride from New York, but we did not know that it had seceded from the Union.

And this was not the extent of the program's high-spirited proceedings: for it declared that the other number by Mr. Holst which was played yesterday by Mr. Damrosch, the Fugal Concerto for flute and oboe, was also performed for the first time in America—which did not happen to be so; for again Ann Arbor had beaten New York. The Fugal Concerto for flute and oboe was, like "The Perfect Fool" Suite, performed at the May festival given in that charming and meritorious city.

This diffident correction is offered, as Mr. Krebbs used to say, merely "to keep the record straight." For who of us has not slipped up in these matters?

Anyway, "The Perfect Fool" music and the Concerto for flute and oboe were played yesterday by Mr. Damrosch's men, and no doubt it was true that New York, at least, had never heard them before.

Mr. Holst is a good deal of a figure in contemporary music. He is known here chiefly as the composer of "The Planets," the heaven-storming suite for large orchestra which Albert Coates introduced to New York in December, 1921—an imaginative, imposing, and brilliantly effective score which one would like to hear again, though for some reason which is not easy to understand it has been neglected by our conductors. Perhaps Mr. Mengelberg will choose to wreak his cosmic exuberance upon the work next season—we should like to see him unleash the Philharmonic in the movement called "Mars, the Bringer of War."

In England Mr. Holst is best known as the composer of the one-act opera, "The Perfect Fool," which caused an immense amount of talk when it was performed last spring at Covent Garden, London, by the British National Opera Company. We were fortunate enough to hear one of the London performances, and wrote of it in a letter to The Tribune. It is a merry work, but sometimes, as it seemed to us then, imperfectly amusing. Mr. Holst wrote the libretto, as well as the music, and it was the libretto that failed to provoke our enthusiasm. The music is often delightful. It has wit, it has scholarship, it has fancy, and sometimes it has loveliness—as in the "Round" of the water-carriers.

Happily, the ballet music as presented by Mr. Damrosch in the form of a concert suite needs no accompanying words; and so we were able to listen to Holst the musician without listening to Holst the librettist—a far less engaging person. This music has charming moments. The best of these is the Dance of the Spirits of Water, in which Holst derives his chief effect from that former abomination of all good harmony teachers, "consecutive fifths," and makes them sound as sweet and limpid as a mountain brook; and this section of the suite is deliciously orchestrated. We care less for the rest of the ballet music. The theme which dominates it (the motive of the Wizard's Incantation in the opera)—an arpeggio on a chord of the ninth—is disturbingly platitudinous; and the best that Mr. Holst can do in his Dance of the Spirits of Fire is to offer us some Stravinskyan canned heat, which does well enough in an emergency, but is not particularly exciting to a public which has lately taken part in the rites of the sun-worshippers of "Le Sacre du Printemps."

The Fugal Concerto for flute and oboe (admirably played at yesterday's concert by Messrs. Barrere and Mathieu) is said to have been composed on board the Aquitania during Mr. Holst's voyage to America last spring. Yesterday afternoon it sounded drier than the conditions surrounding its origin would seem to have necessitated. The program notes intimated that it was modeled upon the style of Bach—but this seemed to us a bit rough on Bach, who was seldom dry and almost always meaty. It was an amusing idea to compose a concerto in which each of the movements has a fugal treatment; but Mr. Holst might easily have made his writing more exhilarating without breaking any laws—even on the well-behaved Aquitania.

Another unfamiliar work on yesterday's program was Albert Stoessel's "Suite Antique," for two violins, piano and small orchestra. This was not a novelty, for the New York Chamber Music Society had performed it in 1922; but it was well worth repeating, and its grace and geniality commended it to the audience, which evidently relished it hugely. Mr. Stoessel conducted the performance, and was heartily applauded.

The rest of Mr. Damrosch's program consisted of Brahms's Third Symphony,

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and a Strauss waltz, "Wiener Blut." Then Mr. Damrosch waved good by to his players, smiled happily at his loyal audience and turned his face toward the delectable courtyard of the Hotel de France et Choiseul.

By Deems Taylor

THE N. Y. SYMPHONY.

Yesterday's concert in Aeolian Hall was the last regular appearance of the New York Symphony Orchestra this season. There was no official soloist, but that fact did not keep the program from possessing plenty of variety and excitement. The afternoon's proceedings included two conductors, three unfamiliar pieces—two of them brand new—and five assisting soloists, including Mr. Damrosch himself, to say nothing of a symphony, a prelude and a set of Strauss waltzes.

The last three were Brahms's third symphony, which opened the program, Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," which came midway, and Strauss's "Wiener Blut" waltzes, which closed it. Two of the novelties were by Gustav Holst, whose name has been looming recently among British composers and whose suite, "The Planets," had a hearing here last season under the baton of Albert Coates.

The most ambitious of Mr. Holst's offerings yesterday was the ballet music from his opera, "The Perfect Fool." As in "Tannhaeuser," the ballet comes at the beginning of the action. A wizard, summoning the spirits of Earth, Water and Fire to his assistance, collaborates with them in the manufacture of a magic potion which later wreaks havoc with the affections of a hitherto inaccessible Princess. There are some curious and interesting rhythms in the Holst work, but on the whole its resemblance to the "Tannhaeuser" bacchanal stops with its position on the program; for the music seems baldly and obviously scored and possessed of neither external musical charm nor suggestive imaginative qualities.

His "Fugal Concerto," the other of his novelties, makes much less fuss but contrives to be better music. Its three movements, all in fugue form, are worked out with a technical skill that does not prevent their possessing considerable attractiveness, and they had a delightful performance by Mr. Barrere and Mr. Mathieu.

Much better than either of these was Albert Stoessel's "Suite Antique," for two violins, piano and small orchestra, heard yesterday for the first time with a full complement of strings. Mr. Stoessel is only an American, and an oratorio conductor to boot, but he knows several things about writing music that our British cousin has not learned. He knows, for one thing, that you need not be solemn to be serious, and that the intrinsic worth of music has little to do with its pretentiousness.

His suite, modelled on the "French Suite" style of Bach, offers the traditional sequence of dance forms—Bourree, Sarabande, Rigaudon, Aria and Gigue. It is charming stuff to hear, for while archaic in mood, it has melodic individuality and a piquant harmonic scheme of its own, and is aptly and delicately scored in the bargain. Mr. Tintot and Mr. Burstin played the violin solos, Mr. Damrosch performed prodigies of valor at the piano, and Mr. Stoessel conducted with a most uncomposerlike skill and authority. The audience took to the work at once, applauded every movement, and gave Mr. Stoessel a delighted ovation at the end.

The two pieces of Holst are not easy to classify. The fugal concerto is smoothly written, and if a certain middle-of-the-road and eminently respectable manner is really typical of English music, then it is evident that this music is English. But, smoothly written as it is and well as it is played, with Messrs. Barrere and Mathieu as flutist and oboist respectively, there was little that impressed itself on the memory and remained there when the performance was over, with the single exception of the English folk melody, not invented by the composer. The ballet music is more exciting and more theatrical.

not highly original. There is a skillful employment of a seven-four rhythm and there are effects of the modern Russian school. Mr. Holst could not forget, nor apparently forbear quoting quite literally, a passage from Moussorgsky's "Nuit sur le Mont Chauve."

The Little Symphony

The first of a series of three concerts by the Little Symphony Orchestra, Georges Barrere conductor, was given last night in Henry Miller's Theatre. Mr. Barrere made a neat and characteristic speech before the concert, welcoming his audience and assuring them that this series of musical entertainments on Monday evenings was not intended to be educational but simply to give pleasure.

Therewith Mr. Barrere turned to the performance of the symphony. He had fine strings, with one cello and one double bass, the fewest possible wind instruments and kettle-drum. This orchestra proved of ideal proportion for the delightful little work, interpreted with a fineness of phrasing and liveliness of spirit which did it complete justice.

Miss Lorraine Wyman sang one of the cantatas of Jean Philippe Rameau, "Le Berger Fidele," consisting of three airs, in different styles and tempi, the whole constituting a very beautiful and captivating piece of music, although Miss Wyman, who is an excellent musician and expert in French diction, was not in good vocal condition. Charles H. Skilton's series of orchestral sketches, called by him "East and West," followed, "East," with Mr. Skilton, who is head of the music department of Kansas University, suggests, for a first movement, "Palestrina." The second movement is an "allegretto." The last three movements are based on Indian songs and dances, of which the last two, "Social Dance" and "Gambling Song," are well done and amusing. Miss Wyman sang a second group of folk-songs. The other instrumental pieces were Charles T. Griffes' "White Peacock," which strutted in the garden of Claude Achille Debussy; Casella's "Pupazzetti," and the exotic and fascinating "Oriental Sketches" of Henry Eichheim.

There was an interested audience of good size.

Lorraine Wyman Soloist

The small orchestra, of sixteen to eighteen men, opened with Haydn's Symphony in E flat, dubbed "The Schoolmaster." Lorraine Wyman, soprano, sang the vocal part of Rameau's cantata, "Le Berger Fidele," and later gave folksongs in French, including two Belgian ones arranged by Deems Taylor. From Rameau Mr. Barrere turned to a suite, "East and West," by Charles S. Skilton, of the University of Kansas—the "East" represented by two movements of a flavor, and the "West" by three embodying Indian music, skillfully arranged. Then came Griffes' "The White Peacock," and, after the folksongs, Casella's "Pupazzetti." Mr. Barrere followed the Darnowsky example in giving a postlude; Henry Eichheim's "Oriental Sketches," some of which were played here last season by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Eichheim conducted his suite while Mr. Barrere played his familiar flute.

Mr. Barrere's little band handled the music well and there was much that was enjoyable in the performance, the numbers seeming well adapted for this number of players. The program, however, was a little long, running the danger of flagging interest before the end was reached.

Violinist Makes Debut

The postponed American debut of Lilla Kalman, a young Hungarian violinist, took place last night at the Selwyn Theatre, with the Franck sonata and the Glazounoff concerto as her principal numbers. She showed considerable talent, with a tone of full, warm quality, and played with ample vigor and technical ability, notable, for instance, in Rubin Goldmark's "Witches Sabbath." The Franck sonata gave no trouble, but the last number, Paganini's twenty-fourth Caprice, brought out some scraping where the complications lay thickest. Harry Kaufman was the accompanist for Miss Kalman, whose performance, in general, showed much promise.

At the Princess Theater last night Alix Young-Maruchess gave a recital of violin music. The program consisted of Varacini's "Sonata in E Minor," two nocturnes by Medtner, "Rapsodia Piemontese," by Sinigaglia; Brahms' "Sonata in A Major," Cyril Scott's "Valse Caprice," and "Air and Negro Dance," by the same composer. This violinist was heard in a similar program two years ago. Her accompanist last night was Ethel Cavc-Cole.

MME. ONEGIN IN RECITAL.

Singer Is Warmly Applauded by Carnegie Hall Audience.

Enthusiasm was the dominant note of the large audience which attended Mme. Sigrid Onegin's last song recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The contralto was in excellent voice and disposition and carried all before her. Her program consisted mainly of classic and romantic composers, and the afternoon was not only a triumph for the singer but for the sheer beauty of the compositions. "Hosannah in Excelsis" of Haydn, sung with an operatic tinge, brought as an encore another, and simpler, Haydn air.

A group of three Lowee songs, full of intensity and dramatic surprises, was followed by Schubert's "Zil King," by special request; a lullaby by Alice Tegner, finely vocalized, reaped a double encore; Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht" had to be repeated twice and could have been sung a third time. The same compliment awaited Hugo Wolf's "Er ist's"; and when the concert was ended, a large section of the audience moved down to the platform and asked for more. Mme. Onegin associated her accompanist, Michael Rauchenstein, in the applause which followed all her numbers.

PRAISES FREE CONCERTS.

Dr. Fleischer Halls Music as a Means of Common Communion.

Dr. Charles Fleischer spoke to a crowded house at the Sunday Symphony Society's second free noon-hour meeting yesterday in the Criterion Theatre. Anne Roselle, formerly of the Metropolitan and San Carlo companies, sang Schubert's "Du Bist die Ruh," and Josiah Zuro led his sixty musicians in Bach's air for strings, Schubert's entr'acte from "Rosamunde," the larghetto from Beethoven's second symphony and Bizet's incidental music to "L'Arlesienne." "In this democratic day," Dr. Fleischer told his audience, "it is the growing habit to talk in common terms. Parties exist, and sects and nations; yet partisan zeal and sectarian devotion are no barrier to that universal humanity that is drawing us in cooperation toward all high and common ends. An idealistic enterprise like this must give us faith that the life of mankind will continue to develop until we are all of one speech. Meanwhile, music is already a means of common communion."

MISS MARKMAN GREETED.

Former Telephone Operator Sings in Promising Debut.

Miss Victoria Markman made a promising debut yesterday afternoon at a recital at the Hotel Astor. Miss Markman, who comes of a musical family, was a telephone operator until she discovered she had a voice. Yesterday she pleased the audience in a number of songs. The assisting artists were Charles Zimnoch, tenor; Effim Rosanoff, cellist, while Willis Alling accompanied.

The Metropolitan Opera House harbored two opera concerts yesterday. The afternoon performance, given for the company's emergency fund, supplied the third act from "Traviata," the prayer and finale from the first act of "Lohengrin" and shorter excerpts, with Meses. Bori, Roessler, Anthony and Branzell and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Tokatyán, Taucher, Bohnen, Schorr, De Luca, Bada, Picco, D'Angelo and Picchi, and Mr. Bammoschek in charge of the orchestra. This was the better attended of the two—not every seat was filled, but standees were thickly clustered.

The evening concert, led by Wilfred Pelletier, had three instrumental soloists; Heinrich Warnke, of the orchestra, who gave three cello solos; Mischa Mischakoff, who played the

Saint-Saëns B minor violin concerto with considerable skill and refinement, and Victoria Boshko, heard a fortnight ago in recital, who gave the Tchaikovsky B flat minor concerto very creditably. Marion Telva, replacing Jeanne Gordon, and Queena Mario were the operatic soloists.

Two Opera Concerts.

Two "opera concerts" vied with clearing weather to draw wayfarers on Broadway yesterday, a special matinee being the fourth house benefit for the Metropolitan's Emergency Fund. The opera chorus and orchestra under Bammoschek filled the stage in the coronation from "Boris," with James Wolf; part of Act 1 of "Bohème" and Act 3 of "Traviata," with Bori and others; an early scene from "Lohengrin," with Branzell, Schorr and full cast; the "Walküre" finale, with Bohnen, and "Mefistofele" prologue, with Mardones. Last evening a large audience greeted Pelletier's program of airs from "Carmen" for Gordon and "Romeo and Juliette" for Mario, varied by Heinrich Warnke in cello solos, Mischa Mischakoff in Saint-Saëns' third violin concerto and Victoria Boshko in the piano concerto of Tchaikovsky.

VIOLINIST MAKES BOW.

Lilla Kalman Is Welcomed at the Selwyn Theatre.

At the Selwyn Theatre last evening, before an appreciative audience, Lilla Kalman, a young Hungarian violinist, made her bow. The César Franck Sonata was the piece by which she tested her powers in public and the verdict was in her favor.

Miss Kalman possesses a good technical foundation, among her best assets being a sweet and persuasive tone, true intonation and considerable charm. She did not invest the Franck Sonata with any esoteric meaning, but gave a straightforward and perfectly understandable reading of its four movements. There was decision and firmness when needed, without any undue straining after masculine effects. In fact some of Miss Kalman's attraction lay in that she remained so surely within her own boundaries. There was nothing wild or fanciful about her interpretation. It was sensible and at the same time sensitive. The audience expressed its pleasure by hearty applause, Miss Kalman receiving in addition arms full of flowers. Harry Kaufman at the piano contributed considerably to this success.

The Glazounoff concerto which followed, although played with skill and case, certainly did not make so intimate an appeal. The remainder of the program included numbers by Hubay Cul, Paganini and "From the Canebrake," by Samuel Gardner, which showed Miss Kalman's talent from different angles.

Cincinnati Leader to Conduct at Stadium Summer Concerts.

Fritz Reiner, for two seasons now the leader of the Cincinnati Orchestra, is to be guest conductor for a fortnight here this Summer at the Lewisohn Stadium. The Philharmonic open-air series on the City College athletic field has again been extended and the concerts will be held nightly for seven weeks, from July 3 to August 20.

Willem Van Hoogstraten will return to conduct the 105 players during the first three weeks and also the closing fortnight. The new orchestra stand of last Summer is to be moved back, further increasing the field seats and tables. Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer is Chairman of the Stadium Concerts Committee and Arthur Judson is Manager.

Throng to Hear Kreisler.

Fritz Kreisler, in matchless form, gave his third recital in Carnegie Hall last night to an audience that crowded the violinist nearly off the platform and necessitated double seats in many boxes, while as many as the law allowed stood at the back of the house. The incident of the evening was Kreisler's performance of the "Double and Bourree" from Bach's E-minor sonata for violin alone, which he followed with a superb solo cadenza in Tartini's sonata of the "Devil's Trill," one as that trite work is perhaps once in a generation. Mr. Kreisler and his accompanist, Carl Lamson, opened with the "Kreuzer" of Beethoven and, apart from encores, finished with a group of national dance forms, Slavonic, Hungarian and Viennese, together with the "Molly on the Shore" of Grainger.

By GRENA BENNETT.

JEAN NOLAN, a young Irish mezzo-soprano, made many American friends yesterday afternoon when she gave her first recital in the Town Hall. It might

have been expected that, hailing from that country, Miss Nolan would devote herself to folksongs and ballads of Ireland. As a matter of fact she refrained from those appealing examples until she had proved herself conversant with nearly every other sort of song literature.

Light, suave Italian romances, romantic German lieder by Rubinstein, Brahms and Strauss; old English airs; and types of modern French songs comprised the other portion of her programme.

She is a sympathetic singer whose voice, while of varying qualities in a rather broad range, possesses undeniable charm. Excellent piano accompaniments were supplied by Ellmer Zoller.

Miss Kalman played the Franck Sonata smoothly and with instinctive good musical taste. She should learn her pieces by heart, however. Bringing a violin stand and music onto a concert stage is disconcerting to an audience, and while there is no law against it, still one wishes to feel that absolute knowledge of the notes, at least, is there and

also a sense of surety. Also the effort spent on looking at the notes now and then might be far better utilized in interpreting the same—to say nothing of perhaps spoiling the very pretty personality picture Miss Kalman makes.

LILLA KALMAN, a violinist from Hungary and a pupil of Franz Kneisel, of this city, made

LOUISE ESCOBAR, prima donna soprano; Irene Wilder, contralto; Gladys St. John, soprano, and several other prominent soloists were heard in a varied

programme at the Town Hall last night.

By Deems Taylor

LAST NIGHT.

At a late hour last night several local radio enthusiasts were vastly puzzled by what they thought at first was a bad attack of static, but which later proved to be a message couched in a hitherto unknown code. It was finally deciphered by an amateur in Brooklyn who happened to be an accomplished spiritist as well. Decoded, it read: "Von Weber hearty congratulations upon your success stop Rossini joins me stop Giacomo Meyerbeer."

This outburst of felicitation doubtless has reference to the fact that Weber's "Der Freischuetz" ran the gamut of the dreaded Monday night audience at the Metropolitan last night, and ran it, apparently, with unqualified success. The house was full, the hearers were attentive, and their applause was frequent and hearty.

But, some one asks (we hope), does a Monday night audience differ from the others? It does. Monday night is a fashionable, a very fashionable night, and Monday night subscribers are very particular about the sort of opera they hear. The Monday nighters like "Thals" and "Anima Allegra" and "L'Africana," and they don't like Wagner or anybody like him, as a rule. They were Monday nighters, you will remember, who complained about "Die Meistersinger" because it was so heavy.

So when a Monday night audience listened with apparent pleasure to Mme. Reithberg and Queena Mario and Mr. Bohnen and Mr. Taucher and all the rest of the original cast, and became positively enthusiastic over the Wolf's Den scene (a little short of ghosts), why, naturally, there was great rejoicing. The Mount Olympus Musical and Pleasure Club promptly got up a testimonial dinner to Past President Weber, and on earth Giulio Gatti Casazza was distinctly observed to smile twice. "Der Freischuetz" was a success.

The cast was the same as at the first performance. Mr. Bohnen as Casper gave a characterization that dominated the action whenever he was upon the stage. It would be almost impossible to produce the opera as effectively without him. The Agathe of Miss Reithberg was beautiful to see and hear, and the Aennchen of Queena Mario was charming vocally and in its youthful spirit and beauty.

The bridesmaids, Misses Louise Hunter, Nannette Guilford, and Charlotte Ryan, with Miss Mario, formed a quartet of maidenly loveliness that no present-day wedding assembly could surpass.

Too Ambitious.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Michael Lepore gave his first piano recital in New York last night in Aeolian Hall. He played a conventional program, which, nevertheless, called for the highest technical and interpretative gifts. Older pianists than Mr. Lepore would have hesitated to open a recital, before wrists and fingers had warmed to their work, with Beethoven's

"Apassionata" sonata. More experienced concert givers would not have followed this with a Brahms Rhapsody, a Rachmaninoff Prelude that is not new, and, following two compositions by G. Martucci, a group of Chopin and a group of Liszt. It is not easy to understand how a pianist lacking a matured technic and, one would imagine, naturally concerned about the results of a first public appearance, could fail to realize that he was courting technical disaster and unfavorable comparison with more experienced men in putting such familiar and difficult compositions before his hearers.

The result was what might have been foreseen. Mr. Lemore showed feeling and generous impulse in his playing, but he was technically unsure, and he had little that was distinctive to offer as an interpreter. He should cultivate firmness of fingers and true elasticity of wrist, also the principles of musical phrasing and variety of style. There was little distinction, last night, between the musical utterance of a Brahms and a Rachmaninoff. The difference was very clear in the music, but not in Mr. Lemore's playing. He has musical talent, sincerity, feeling, but he requires more training to give these things to his audience.

Pietro von. organ

Union's Action May Force Philadelphia Orchestra to Retire Internal Dispute Threatens Existence of Stokowski's Organization; Musicians May Quit for Year

PHILADELPHIA, March 31.—It is reported that the committee of the Musicians' Union of the Philadelphia Orchestra has created a situation of such gravity as to threaten the existence of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The Philadelphia Orchestra Association, it is said, regards the matter so serious that it may be necessary to disband the orchestra for a year or to take other equally drastic action.

Any such steps would come as a serious blow to the musical public of New York and other cities, as well as of Philadelphia. Under the leadership of Leopold Stokowski, the orchestra has been the most successful in the country, and has a long waiting list for both its Philadelphia and its New York concerts. The ninth of this season's ten subscription concerts in New York will be given at Carnegie hall to-night.

The orchestra was founded in 1900, with Fritz Scheel as its first conductor. Carl Pohlig succeeded him in 1907, and Mr. Stokowski, who began his American career in 1909 as conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, assumed the leadership in 1912. Under him the Philadelphia Orchestra has acquired a national reputation. It was first brought to New York, where it has made regular appearances since 1914, by the Society of the Friends of Music. In 1920-'21, the number of concerts here was increased from five to eight, and raised to its present figure, ten, for the following season, when it also appeared under the baton of Dr. Richard Strauss.

While the orchestra has had the usual problems, such as its financial support to meet, its internal history so far has been generally peaceful. A drive held a few years ago brought forth contributions from large numbers of Philadelphians, and this fund plays a large part in meeting the annual deficit.

April 2 '22

Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Stokowski served well the cause of musical enlightenment at Carnegie hall last night when he introduced to the public of his Philadelphia Orchestra a concert two orchestral arrangements of Chorale Preludes by Bach.

These wonderful organ works are virtually unknown to all but specialists in the study of Bach. It is doubtful if the average music lover, even if he be familiar with Bach's clavier pieces, vocal music and orchestral works (the suites, concertos, etc.), knows anything about the Chorale Preludes, unless he happens to be an organist. Even in England, where Bach is almost a religion, and where organ music plays a much larger part

in the life of the average musician than it does here, the first complete edition of the Chorale Preludes was published only a few years ago, long after the other organ works of Bach had become familiar. Yet it is easy to agree with Mr. Harvey Grace, the brilliant London Bachologist, that those who penetrate to the heart of the Chorale Preludes are likely to rank them high among the works of the incomparable master.

Most Bachians, even if they are professional musicians, are likely to feel pretty well satisfied with their knowledge of Bach if they know the "Well-Tempered Clavichord," the two Passions, the B minor Mass, the Brandenburg Concertos, half a dozen of the cantatas and the Chaconne. Yet it is a fact that those who know these works, but know not the Chorale Preludes, are unaware of Bach in almost his profoundest and most intimate phase. For Spitta did not exaggerate when he declared that Bach "went to the utmost limits of absorbed subjectivity" in his Choral Preludes; nor did Parry when he said that in these organ chorales Bach "seems to be communing with his own spirit"; that he included in them "some wonderful innermost human documents of the greatest fascination"; and that his deep love of the national chorales "made him deal with them as an artist might who had to make a casket for some inestimable treasure which deeply moved his romantic and imaginative faculties, and through them brought into play his highest artistic powers." We do not think that Ernest Newman goes a syllable too far when he asserts, in his admirable preface to the collected Chorale Preludes, that these organ works are "the key to the very heart of Bach. If everything else of his were lost, from them we could reconstruct him in all his pathos and almost all his grandeur."

Organ movements based upon chorales were among Bach's earliest attempts at composition. It is probable that his first writing for organ was a treatment of a chorale melody. He worked intermittently in this field throughout his life, and ended his career, as he had begun it, with an organ piece of a similar kind; for the old master dictated to his son-in-law, Altnikol, a chorale-prelude on "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein," as he lay almost blind on his deathbed. Bach himself collected almost a hundred of his chorale preludes into five sets, though not all of them were published during his lifetime. The first of these include the forty-six pieces of the "Orgelbüchlein" ("Little Organ Book"), composed partly at Weimar (probably while Bach was languishing in jail, where he was imprisoned for a month by the Grand Duke), and written out after his arrival in Cöthen. Twenty-two years later, in 1739, Bach published the organ works in the third part of the "Clavierübung."

Eight years after, in 1747, Schübler, a Zeller publisher, issued six of Bach's Chorale Preludes, arrangements (made by Bach himself) of three-part chorale arias from the cantatas. Schweitzer thinks that these transcriptions "do not go very well on the organ"; but not all organists agree with him. That the famous set of "Eighteen Chorale-Preludes" was collected and revised, and perhaps in some cases composed, at Leipzig during the last days of Bach's life.

Besides these collections there are a large number—fifty or so—of miscellaneous Chorale Preludes, many of them probably of early date and some of them dull and unrepresentative; and there are others (collected in Volume XL of the Bachgesellschaft Edition) whose authenticity is doubtful. This makes, in all, about 140 Chorale Preludes which may be attributed to Bach.

The better known of the two Chorale Preludes heard in orchestral versions at last night's Philadelphia concert was the "Giant Fugue" (as it is often called), from the Third Part of the "Clavierübung." This is the movement on "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott," which stands for the Creed among Bach's setting of Luther's Catechism hymns. The other Prelude offered in an orchestral dress by Mr. Stokowski was the somewhat dubious "Aus der Tiefe rufe ich," which may or may not have been by Bach—it is included in the edition of the Bachgesellschaft among those "compositions which have come down to us in fragmentary form, or whose authenticity is not established."

The authorship of the orchestral versions presented by Mr. Stokowski for the first time in New York (they were introduced at his pair of concerts in Philadelphia last week) was not officially disclosed. Our guess—which may possibly be as good as the next man's—is that these transcriptions were made by a distinguished conduc-

tor who has on other occasions shown himself to be a master of instrumentation. There is a certain orchestral version of the Bach "Passacaglia"—however, anonymity is every man's privilege, and who are we to speculate impertinently?

The important point to note is that the orchestrations of Bach's two organ works were beautifully devised. They were sensitive, adroit, effective; moreover, they accomplished the difficult feat of being idiomatic and at the same time appropriate to the mood and character of the originals. If "Aus der Tiefe rufe ich" was not composed by Bach, it should have been, for it is wholly in his vein—a grave and intimate meditation, full of the absorbed brooding and the almost otherworldly tenderness that welled from the spirit of the great dreamer when he was deeply moved; and the maker of the orchestral version has been curiously happy in his preservation of this essential tone of poignant self-communing.

The other prelude, "Wir glauben all, an einen Gott," is a less profound, a more objective piece of writing—Bach was here assertive and confident, rather than mystical and pathetic, bent upon suggesting, as Terry says, "the impregnable foundation on which rests the faith of the Church"; and here the orchestrator was equally happy in his secure and brilliant setting, with its truly stunning final cadence.

The two transcriptions were warmly received—it is a pity that the adept and felicitous transcriber was not able to acknowledge the hearty applause of the audience.

There was a soloist on last night's program, Mr. Frederic Lamond, the Scotch pianist, who played Beethoven's G major Concerto with a tone that was often of merciless harshness; though sometimes (as in the exquisite slow movement) Mr. Lamond reminded us that the Scotch have not always been strangers to poetry.

Mr. Stokowski ended his program with the richly lyrical D major Symphony of Brahms, which he developed to so eloquent a conclusion that the audience could not hold back its swelling enthusiasm until the last measure had been reached, but broke into applause while orchestra and conductor were crossing the bar before the end. Perhaps they were impatient to indicate their fervent hope that the Philadelphia Orchestra would live forever.

Frederick Lamond was soloist in the performance of Beethoven's poetic G major concerto. He played with admirable clarity of technic and as a musician not only well versed in the traditions of the work, but an enthusiastic exponent of its beauties. At times, it is true, the tonal effect was somewhat marred by too brilliant a quality and by the occasional tendency to poke rather than press a key down, after the manner of a school of piano playing happily disappears. In the responses of piano and orchestra in the slow movement Mr. Stokowski's fortes were in places too strong. These, however, were details of a spirited and generally admirable interpretation of a singularly romantic composition.

MME. MARIA IVOGUN SINGS.

Soprano Excels in Schubert Number With Clarinet Obligato.

In spite of the snowstorm, the admirers of Maria Ivgun gathered in numbers last evening at Aeolian Hall for her second New York song recital. Mme. Ivgun introduced three Chopin numbers, two Nocturnes and a Valse Brillante, instrumental pieces, for which the words and vocal arrangement had been made by Bruno Seidler-Winkler, her accompanist. These unusual songs were given by the soprano with finished ease. They were evidently to the taste of the audience, whose applause brought two favorites as encores—Kreiser's "Liebesfreud," especially vocalized for the singer, and the popular "Il Bacio." Further novelties of the evening were a tuncful and sentimental song by Mengelberg, two contrasted numbers by Bruno Walter and an air by Gustav Mahler. This group of compositions by allied conductors, past and present, proved quite one of the distinctive features of the distinctive program.

Mme. Ivgun, however, was heard at her artistic best in Schubert's "Der Helt auf dem Felsen," with clarinet obligato by Fred Van Amburgh. The transparent coolness of the vocal line, held in suspense in midair and yet perfectly poised, gave a remote, unspooled beauty to the interpretation. Her command of legato and other resources of a flexible organ were never better in evidence.

EX-AVIATORS IN RECITAL.

Two Wounded Veterans Appear in Interesting Concert Debut.

J. Gwyllyn Anwyl, tenor, and Frank E. Forbes, baritone, gave jointly a first concert well out of the ordinary run of debuts last night in the Astor Gal-

lery of the Waldorf-Astoria. They are former aviators, both wounded in the war and rehabilitated by the United States Veterans' Bureau. Their vocational training took the direction of music because each had a voice. It was indeed with a view to justifying that training that they sang to an interested audience old English and Italian songs and airs from oratorio and opera, ending with the duet from Verdi's "Forza del Destino."

His Welsh ancestry was evident in Mr. Anwyl's high, clear tenor, heard in Handel's "Waft Her, Angels," Puccini's "Gelida Manina" from "La Bohème," Schubert's "Serenade" and Coleridge-Taylor's "Eleanore." He is already tenor soloist at Christ Church, Greenwich, as well as one of the choir singing in New York at the Central Synagogue.

Mr. Forbes, who is the baritone at Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, sings also at Temple Israel, J. Malca, and Temple Israel, Far Rockaway. His numbers last evening included Caldara's "Come itaggio del Sol," in an Italian group, and among those in English Grieg's "Swan" and Ward Stephens's "Phantom Legions."

Ultimatum Speeds Orchestra's Reply On Philadelphia Pay

Union Will Act by Tomorrow on Directors' Refusal to Grant \$103,000 Rise in Next Season's Wages

Special to The New York Herald Tribune

PHILADELPHIA, April 2.—The local Musicians' Protective Union to-day received an ultimatum from the directors of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, stating the association's position in the controversy over the terms of a working agreement for next season.

The receipt of the ultimatum was announced by Thomas Rivel, president of the union, to which all the members of the orchestra belong. Mr. Rivel said action would be taken before Friday and the union's reply forwarded to the directors as soon as possible. "All we want is pay sufficient to permit the orchestra players to live decently," he said. "Although they are receiving a minimum of \$60 a week, they are receiving that only for thirty weeks each year."

"Under the terms of their agreement with the orchestra management, the musicians are unable to take positions in theaters and other places where orchestras are used with a view to supplementing their incomes. Orchestra players in New York on other large cities are allowed to hold supplementary positions."

In a statement issued late this afternoon the management of the Philadelphia Orchestra explained what had led to the present crisis in the orchestra's affairs. The statement said the demands of the musicians' union, which the orchestra management declined to meet, would have increased the salary list for the coming season by \$103,000. The increase in salary was requested March 19 at a conference between a union committee and orchestra officials. Other demands presented at the same time relating to the allowance while on tour, extra concerts, extra men and overtime rehearsals were adjusted to the union's satisfaction by concessions on the part of the orchestra association.

The orchestra administration committee, the statement continues, decided to communicate to the union the best terms and conditions it was able to offer, with the request that they be accepted or declined by noon Friday.

Harold Barlow brought his young and eager group of all-Americans back to Aeolian Hall last night. His object all sublime, as Deems Taylor has pointed out, is "to prove that a man may be American born and still play in a band." This not unreasonable theory has been extended to the program which is pledged to at least two works by American composers. Last night it was opened by "Through the Looking-Glass" by the same Deems Taylor.

The new orchestra gave the suite a story-book reading in notes of one syllable. It recaptured the fugitive enchantment of your childhood's first

discovery of "Alice" in the days when flowers might begin to chatter at any moment in the garden around you and when any rabbit hole might plunge you into the same delectable (and rather terrifying) adventures. The second thoughts, of grown-up life, when you return to the book a little wistfully, and when the gallant and unquenchable spirit of the White Knight has all the sum of pathos in human endeavor, come later and it is part of the witchery of this work that the moods—at once tender and mocking—are so simple and magically blended.

But, last night, it was the naive key that prevailed—the tone pictures that belonged to "the child of the pure unclouded brow." As such it was rapturously received by listeners in the same childlike mood whose brows were (temporarily) unclouded.

A second work by an American composer was "to be announced later," but was not announced and was not performed. The program continued with Chausson's "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer," in which Raefaelo Diaz returned to his role of the Astrologer and sang again of star-crossed lovers. The evening ended with the "Meistersinger" overture.

The evening's only other events were the closing concert of the Philharmonic's series for students, at Carnegie Hall, and "William Tell," at the Metropolitan, with a familiar cast that included Messrs. Martinelli, Danise and Mardones in the principal male roles. Mme. Peralta replaced Miss Ponselle as Mathilde, and Mme. Perini sang Hedwig, with Miss Dalossy as Gemmy. M. Papi conducted. A. S.

THE Philharmonic Orchestra was heard last evening in the final event of its students' series at Carnegie Hall. Samuel Gardner, acknowledged one of the most gifted American trained violinists, was the soloist. Director Mengelberg had planned to present Mr. Gardner in his own concerto, but more time was required for its preparation than could be afforded, so the Mendelssohn concerto was substituted. Mr. Gardner played true to form, with fluency and spontaneity, precise intonation and all the elements of good style and refinement.

Rubin Goldmark's Negro Rhapsody, repeated from a programme presented earlier this season, represented America in the list otherwise devoted to German music.

"WILLIAM TELL" with its patriots, tyrants, martyrs and the historic apple, was the offering at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The work on that occasion reached its fourth performance and was sung by a cast that sang smoothly and effectively through frequent association. Giovanni Martinelli, who has never sung better than he has this year, was the Arnold to Frances Peralto's Mathilde. Giuseppe Damse sang the title role superbly and Adamo Didur was a majestic figure as Gesler. Jose Mardone's sonorous basso intoned the music of Walter and Ellen Dalossy—contenting as the boy of the apple and arrow episode.

One of the high spots of the evening was the magnificent performance of the overture between the first and second acts (a concession to late comers). The hearty and long applause was deserved by Maestro Papi.

There was to have been a novelty at this concert by another of our best American composers—a violin concerto by Samuel Gardner; but as in the case of John Powell's violin concerto, there was an inevitable postponement and the novelty has been left over for one of the regular Phil-

harmonic's next season. Some compensation for this disappointment was provided by a performance of the Mendelssohn concerto in which Mr. Gardner delighted the audience with his exquisite tone, his facile technique, tender expression and temperament.

Samuel Gardner enjoys the distinction of being the composer of the best seller among all violin pieces in this country (ask Schirmers!). It is called "From the Canebrake." It will be remembered that he received the \$1500 Pulitzer prize from Columbia University for his string quartet in D minor. The postponement of his violin concerto is therefore much to be regretted.

Lawrence Gilman

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays Cesar Franck at Carnegie Hall

"I shall go on with them as soon as I get better," said Cesar Franck on his deathbed, thinking of the uncompleted "Magnificat" verses—"or else," he added in a lower tone, "perhaps God will let me finish them in His eternity to come."

In another man the remark might have been the semi-mechanical repetition of a pious formula; but for Cesar Franck the words unquestionably corresponded to a deep and intense conviction of the spirit. Romain Rolland, who knew Franck well—"well enough to love him," as he says, "and to catch a glimpse of the beauty and serenity of his soul"—has told us how remarkable was the completeness and assurance of Franck's religious faith: a faith which knew no doubts, which was the mainspring of his life. Yet M. Rolland thinks that perhaps there was more trouble in the depths of his heart than the valiant serenity of Franck's exterior would have led one to believe, and he warns us particularly in the case of the D minor Symphony to beware of seeking in it only the expression of a devout and rapturous exaltation.

It is less, one fancies, because of the quality of its musical tissue than because of that which the music conveys to us that one returns to Franck's symphony without satiety. We heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra play it last night at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Pierre Monteux, and again we were impressed by the discrepancy between the elevation and fineness of its emotional substance and the more than occasional triteness and inferiority of its musical expression. The meditations of Franck, the mystical rhapsodist, touch us again and again by their sincerity and their exaltation; and at certain happily inspired moments his tonal embodiment of them achieves a noble distinction of contour and gesture—as in the concluding nine measures of the first movement, where the ancient device of imitation lifts the music to a magnificent peroration.

But Franck does not seem to have realized when he was speaking like a seer and a poet and when he was repeating glib banalities. He did not know whether the garment he

had donned and was wearing with such innocent unconsciousness was a singing robe or a second-hand overcoat. His singing robes were woven of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls—how gorgeous the texture of his music is at its best, as in a few rare pages of the Symphony! And how shabby and thin and lusterless it is in many and many another page, when Pere Franck is seen praying fervently in a threadbare ulster—a hand-me-down from the wardrobe of the Wagner-Liszt household. And sometimes the music is not even warmed-over Wagner or Liszt; sometimes it is poor Franck in his most anemic condition, shivering forlornly in a bathrobe—as in that incredibly trivial third theme of the first movement, uttered fortissimo by the violins and woodwind in F major, with pathetic confidence and satisfaction, as if the composer were convinced beyond argument that he had come upon a very jewel of inspiration!

Mr. Monteux's performance of the work last night was rather a merciless one; for it lingered with misguided affection over some of Franck's most sugary sentimentalities—as in the plaintive song of the violins in the slow introduction—and passed too lightly and casually over those great moments in which Franck stopped weeping maudlin chromatic tears like an impotent Tristan, straightened his shoulders, drew himself up to his full height, faced the morning sun, and realized that he himself, as Omar so

hearteningly remarked, was Heaven and Hell. The sun is reflected in his face, in the splendid beauty that irradiates the final measures of the Symphony's first movement, and we could not help wishing that Mr. Monteux had encouraged his brilliant orchestra to blaze forth there in all its potential magnificence.

Between the Symphony, which ended Mr. Monteux's program, and the third "Leonore" Overture, which began it, came Mr. Moriz Rosenthal as soloist, with Chopin's E minor piano concerto for his vehicle. The long opening tutti was benignly curtailed; yet this concerto is still too long, and the first movement especially is an almost unmitigated bore. Nor are the other two movements first-rate or even second-rate Chopin. Mr. Rosenthal played them as well, doubtless, as any one could—he played, indeed, quite marvelously at times, and was fervently applauded and frequently recalled.

As It Was Composed.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, which even Mr. Monteux had to play this season in New York; Chopin's E minor concerto, with Moriz Rosenthal as pianist, and the one and incommensurable D minor Symphony of Cesar Franck made the program of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall.

The performances were those of an orchestra which is now a most finished and sensitive interpreter of the smallest wish of the conductor, and a conductor whose only purpose it was to transmit to his audience the message of the composer. Mr. Monteux never sought to make an effect for effect's sake or in any way to come between the listener and the music. Modestly and unostentatiously, but with a sincerity and authority felt by every one, he read the music of Beethoven and Franck. The Beethoven overture, overplayed as it has been this season, remains the most dramatic, the most thrilling of all works in its form. Generations will come and go, and those who listen will be stirred by the mysterious introduction, the music of preparation and suspense, the trumpet call of deliverance and the frantic rejoicings that bring the conclusion.

As for Franck's symphony, it becomes greater with familiarity. It, too, is dramatic—not in the spirit of the theatre, like Beethoven's overture, but as the consummate enactment in tones of that inner drama which absorbed Franck to the exclusion of every baser thing—the drama of doubt and at last of triumphant faith, of the one who said, "Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief," and who clearly perceived that the meek shall inherit the earth. In the performance of this symphony there was that tenderness and agitation of the spirit which are Franck's, and at the climax the stormy splendor of an orchestration which has few if any parallels in point of noble and majestic sonority. Mr. Monteux reaped a deserved reward in the enthusiasm shown by the audience.

Mr. Rosenthal has been more famous with the great public as a performer of the Liszt E flat concerto and other similar compositions than as the interpreter of the concertos of Chopin. Last night he played with the utmost refinement of style, and lyrical warmth, and romantic emotion. In the final measures a storm of Rosenthal octaves broke loose—a wholly legitimate effect, always—there was profound respect for the original proportions of the work, and the exquisite interpretation of the romanza was in itself worth a journey. Mr. Rosenthal was repeatedly recalled. A brilliant concert of familiar masterpieces!

The Denishawn Dancers.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn Dancers, who appeared yesterday afternoon at the Manhattan Opera House, have succeeded again in presenting the public with a series of admirable pantomimes and dances, seldom by solo performers, almost always by an ensemble which introduces the solo element only when it is an integral part of the stage picture.

The "Cuarro Flamenco," for example, is a gypsy dance scene, in a tavern whose loafers, musicians and flower girls congregate. The performances are reproductions or elaborations of dances seen by Mr. Shawn in Spain, and the music has been arranged by Louis Horst from popular dances of that country. A little episode, enacted with much spirit by everyone on the stage, portrays the appearance in the company of La Landra, the matador, who courts La Macarena. He recounts his triumphs in the bull-ring, he offers gorgeous shawls to the object of his pleadings. At last he wins her heart, and the betrothal is celebrated gypsy fashion. There are a number of dances, solo and concerted, all in character with the scene, none superfluous to it, and the grace and plan-

cy of these dance rang true, it was unbelievable—whether or not it is so—that such things do occur in cats in Spain. The final spectacle, "Ishtar of the Seven Veils," is more ambitious and less convincing. There are Babylonian images and designs. There is much to do between the guards and Ishtar, as she makes her famous descent, to Hell to resuscitate her beloved, as recounted in Babylonian legend. The result of all this, however, was mildly disappointing to the audience. It took pleasure in some excellent solo and ensemble dancing, but there was little that was truly illusive in the atmospheric sense of that word.

But these are not the only interesting items of the present repertory of the Denishawn dancers. One that many remembered after also had faded in the mind, was the "Tragic," "an experiment in the dance as an independent art (that is, without music)," by Doris Humphrey and the ensemble, "Feather of the Dawn," with Cadman's music; the charming waltz "Americaine," why the French title is a mystery, by Miss Humphrey and a quintet; the "Dance"—and the spectacle so appropriate to Miss St. Denis's art—that of the "Legend of the Peacock," were items which gave admirable diversity to the entertainment. This program will be repeated next Wednesday evening.

By W. J. HENDERSON

After the war and the expulsion of the German members the Boston orchestra was badly disorganized and its playing sank to a level of indifference which drove away many of the old subscribers.

The ensemble has not yet risen again quite to the degree of excellence it formerly had, but it has greatly improved and undoubtedly M. Monteux is entitled to no small share of the credit. He is now about to take his departure and his post is to be occupied by a Russian as yet unknown to this country. There has been ground for regret about some of M. Monteux's programs and some of his interpretations, but there has also been reason to congratulate him upon some very admirable achievements such as his production of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps."

He has been most at home in music of the Stravinsky type and next to that in the compositions of his countrymen. His direction of Debussy's "L'Après Midi d'un Faune" was most delightful. He will leave no sensational record behind him, but friends of the Boston organization will await with some anxiety the advent of his successor. Last evening's audience gave him a long and very hearty reception when he appeared on the stage. The program presented comprised Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, Chopin's E minor piano concerto and the Cesar Franck symphony. The pianist was Moriz Rosenthal, who has been playing Chopin's first concerto for more years than the new generation of music lovers has lived.

The passing of the seasons and the grandiose utterances of modern piano music have not bettered the state of the concerto. It is not in the repertory of the greater Chopin. Its melodic thread is stretched too far, its harmonic texture lacks the true Chopin gold. Mr. Rosenthal played the music with much discretion. He had his own ideas about some of the rhythms and substituted original accentuation for that of the score in some places.

But it was a genuine virtuoso performance, and the last movement in particular was played with brilliancy and a rich variety of color. And in many pages Mr. Rosenthal demonstrated that as a pianist he was quite the rival of Paehmann. The erudite program notes of Philip Hale did not reveal whose orchestration was used. It sounded like Richard Burmeister, but it is not a matter of importance. Of course Mr. Rosenthal played the Tausig octaves in the coda of the third movement. They would have astonished Chopin.

The Cesar Franck symphony may possibly be allowed to rest a bit now. It has had seven or eight performances since the season began. Of course M. Monteux and his men dispensed its beauties generously. The audience was responsive.

Miss Nadworney's Debut.

Some twenty different songs by as many composers coming from a half dozen different lands made up the debut program of Miss Devora Nadworney, a mezzo soprano, born in Petrograd, of an old Russian family, and vocally schooled in America, last evening at Aeolian Hall. Kurt Schindler played the piano accompaniments, and with him in the opening group William Falk was at the organ.

In possession of a National Federation prize and no little festival and concert experience outside of New York, Miss Nadworney was well at home in such numbers as Stradella's "Pieta Signore" and Handel's "Ombra Mal Fu," where she displayed a rich resonant voice and admirable interpretative power. She imparted much interest also to a set of Russian numbers, including Medtner's new and admirable lyric, "At the Cloister Gate."

As her program advanced and she reached Chausson's "Les Papillons," or, in Farley's "Indian Serenade," her voice began to roughen and her lack of ease to become obvious.

'Le Roi de Lahore' at Opera.

Massenet's majestic series of colorful tableaux, otherwise "Le Roi de Lahore," again filled the stage of the Metropolitan last evening with the vivid raiments of Indra's magic realm. Miss Galli, Mr. Bonfiglio and the balcony so delighted the eye with their enchanting portrayal of the delights of paradise that one lost all patience with Mr. Lauri-Volpi's *Alim*, the royal page who for the sake of one woman earth wished to leave three hundred and fifty in Paradise. *Sita*, the cause of such unexampled devotion, was again portrayed by Mme. Reinhardt. Others in the cast included Miss Delaunoy as *Alad*, Mr. De Luca as the *Prime Minister*, Mr. Mardones as the mighty *Indra*, and Mr. Rothier as the high priest, *Imur*. In short, the cast was unchanged, and it is quite sufficient to record that the principals were in good voice. Mr. Hasselmann, wielding the baton, published his orchestral news with authority.

Boston Symphony Orchestra's Final Concerts—Rosenthal Plays Chopin

FORTY YEARS AGO Moritz Rosenthal enchanted the Viennese public with his no playing, just as he did a New York audience last night in Carnegie Hall, when he performed Chopin's E minor concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was playing in which technical play was subordinated to style, taste, and the purely musical aspects of the piece. Possibly the fact that Rosenthal is a native of Poland) studied the piano at the Lemberg Conservatory with Kull, who was a pupil of Chopin, gave him a reading of the concerto a special touch of authority. But that was not needed; Mr. Rosenthal is a musician, who is pretty sure to do the right thing always. It was not always so; I remember the time when he would take the bit between his teeth and run away with the music. *Unpi passati*. Needless to add that the audience showed its appreciation last night of his spirited playing to the full. J. Montoux and his players sailed in the waters of Beethoven's third "Lenora" and the classical Cesar Frank symphony. It thus ended the forty-third season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, so far as the Thursday nights are concerned. Tomorrow afternoon Pierre Montoux will appear here for the last time as conductor of the Boston Orchestra, which he has once more brought to a state of approaching perfection. His place will be taken, as is now known for certain, by the Russian double-bass virtuoso and virtuoso conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, who will preside over the New York concerts of this orchestra to be given in Carnegie Hall on November 27, 29; January 1, 3, 29, 31; March 12, 14, and April 9, 11—ten in all, five on Thursday nights, the others on Saturday afternoons.

Following is a list of the works performed in its afternoon concerts in New York by the Boston Orchestra during the season just ending: Beethoven, symphony in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral"; Bliss, a minor symphony; Brahms, tragic overture; Debussy, symphonic excerpts from "The Rite of Spring"; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; De Falla, "Les danses en los jardines de Sspana"; Gluck, "Orfeo ed Euridice"; Handel, concerto in G major, No. 6, in G minor; Haydn, concerto in D major for violoncello, soloist, Jean Smetana, "Dance of Death," a paraphrase of the "Dies Irae," for pianoforte and orchestra, soloist, Alexander Siloti; Liszt, symphony in D major, No. 1; Liszt, violin concerto in E flat (K 268), soloist, Jacques Thibaud; Ravel, Daphnis and Chloe (suite No. 1); Respighi, old dances and airs for the lute (freely arranged); Schumann, symphony No. 4 in D minor, op. 120; Scriabin, Third Symphony, "The Divine Poem," op. 43; Smetana, overture to "Prodana Nevesta" (The Sold Bride); Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Printemps" ("The Rite of Spring"), a picture of Pagan Russia; Wagner, overture to "Tannhauser."

The Thursday evening programs included the following:

Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Brahms, variations on a theme by Haydn; Chopin, concerto in E minor for pianoforte and orchestra, soloist, Moriz Rosenthal; Franck, symphony in D minor; Gliere, "The Sirens," symphonic poem, op. 33; Liszt, "Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo"; Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute," symphony in C major; Schubert, songs with orchestra, soloist, Sigrid Onegin; Sibelius, symphony in E minor, concerto in D minor for violin and orchestra, soloist, Richard Bourgin; Strauss, Dance of Salome, Symphonia Domestica; Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Printemps"; Wagner, scene, "Just God!" from "Rienzi," soloist, Sigrid Onegin; prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," a Siegfried Idyl, Isolda's Narrative (Act I), "Tristan and Isolda," soloist, Margaret Matzenauer; Bacchanale, "Tannhauser," Ride of the Valkyries (Act III), "Die Walkure"; Waldweben (Act II), "Siegfried"; Brunnhilde's Immolation Scene and Close, "Gottterdammerung," soloist, Margaret Matzenauer.

HENRY T. FINCK.

RUTH ST. DENIS DANCES

A Delight in a Brahms Waltz—Rhythm, Color, and Grace

Not to have seen Ruth St. Denis dance to the music of that lovely Brahms waltz (opus 39, No. 15) and to the Liszt "Liebestraum" at some time in one's life is to have missed one of the things of pure beauty on the contemporary stage. Here are joined perfectly music and the dance, and the result is one that is inevitably thrilling. The fusion is like an exquisite poem. The "Love's Dream" is touched with ineffable sadness, as of a half-forgotten memory of some precious moment.

Miss St. Denis danced these two dances last evening at the Manhattan Opera House on the occasion of her annual visit to New York with Ted Shawn and the Denishawn Dancers. They were slight and unpretentious numbers on a long, varied, and interesting program, but they have been given no undue prominence, for they are flashes of perfection that one sometime waits for a lifetime.

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn may be counted upon every season to bring new and fascinating dances to a city that sees a tremendous amount of all kinds of dancing, most of it pathetically mediocre and painfully stereotyped by comparison with the work of these two.

This year there is "The Spirit of the Sea," called an "elemental dance poem," with Ted Shawn as the fisher-boy and Miss St. Denis as "The Spirit," and there is a "Pueblo Pastoral," a fascinating American Indian legend, with Charles Wakefield Cadman's music. There is also a Spanish gypsy dance, and, most beautiful of all, a Babylonian ritual dance, "Ishtar of the Seven Gates." There are diversissements, including a gauche and amusing "Dance Americaine," well done by Charles Weidman. Nor is this all.

The conventional posturing of the infinite number of Russian dancers New York has seen is entirely lacking from the program, much to the relief of everyone, no doubt. There is meaning to the Denishawn dances; the dancers use their personalities as well as their bodies, and something of the fine spirit that is in the two principals penetrates all their company.

By Deems Taylor

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

Pierre Montoux bade a last farewell to his Thursday evening audiences last night in Carnegie Hall. Judging from the storm of applause that greeted him upon his first appearance on the platform, after every pause in the playing, and after the concert, New York has—a little late—learned to appreciate his very real excellence and is sorry to see him go.

Mr. Montoux's penultimate program was well chosen and met with emphatic approval from his hearers, although upon an occasion less charged with goodwill it might not

have caused so much excitement. Its most completely satisfactory portion was possibly the performance of the third "Leonore" overture that began it, a vivid one, full of beautiful color and dramatic breadth.

One should perhaps be grateful to Moritz Rosenthal, who was the soloist of the evening, for playing a concerto that had not been worn out with incessant repetitions. He chose Chopin's second, in E minor, which sounded almost like a novelty. Unfortunately, however, the neglect of this particular concerto is not so inexplicable after one has heard it.

Chopin was emphatically not a composer for the orchestra, and the E minor concerto sometimes sounds as if the composer had first conceived it as a sonata and later, discovering that the piece was supposed to be played with orchestra, had written in just enough instrumental accompaniment to prevent the band's going out to have a smoke. The net result is a long piano solo, generally played against a perfunctory background of sustained string harmony, with occasional interruptions, "tutti," restating what the piano has just said or predicting what he is about to say.

Nor is the music itself very good Chopin. The slow movement has moments of great beauty, although much of it is sentimental, and there is a stirring march passage in the first that is effective. But the closing rondo, concerning which Chopin himself wrote, "The Rondo for my concerto is not yet finished, because the right inspired mood has always been wanting," was apparently finished without bothering to wait for the right inspired mood.

Mr. Rosenthal played the concerto with authority and dazzling brilliance, and was mightily applauded for it. The concert closed with Franck's D minor symphony, which managed to sound disturbingly threadbare in places, despite the heartening combination of meticulous detail and feeling for structure that Mr. Montoux brought to it.

OTHER MUSIC.

The type of dancing called (some-what vaguely) "aesthetic" is the natural prey of the comic strip and the burlesque artists. It seemed incredible at the time that certain dances would ever survive Mr. Chaplin's brilliant and merciless "nature frolic" or that others could go on in the face of the tiny, mocking figures which romp so gayly over the Sunday funny page. They do survive, but sometimes at the cost of suppressed hilarity from the audience. One of the chief joys of Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and their company of dancers is that they bring to their work the saving grace of humor and that their audiences can enjoy them without the rigid sense of assisting at the ritual of some solemn and oppressive art.

This year's program brought three new ballets: "The Spirit of the Sea" with a Matthew Arnold mermaid, a mystic dance with a Babylonian Aphrodite and a Hopi Indian Ballet with a bright and colorful score by Cadman. They were received with enthusiasm by the audience and so were the old favorites repeated from other seasons, but the really rapturous applause came with the single numbers which seemed to touch the house more intimately than the carefully staged scenes. One of these was announced as "danced without music" but it wasn't easy to decide which one. The instrumental quartet which accompanied them was excellent as a quartet but it could hardly be expected to serve the purpose of a full orchestra and its agreeable tinkle was often completely lost in the vast stretches of the Manhattan. At these moments, however, the rhythm of the dancers always contrived to beat out the lapses until the music rose again. It was a spirited and imaginative performance.

Devora Nadworney, a Russian contralto, who has been touring the West in concerts, gave the only solo recital of the evening. The opera was "Le Roi de Lahore" with the usual cast.

A. S.

Gets Scholarship From Galli-Curci.

Muriel La France of Toledo, Ohio, has received a free scholarship from Amelita Galli-Curci. Her protégée will continue her studies under the direction of Frantz Proschowsky in New York and during the summer when she will accompany him to his studio in the Catskills near the home of the benefactress at Highmount. Mme. Galli-Curci met Miss La France while giving a recital in Toledo and was so impressed with her talent that she invited her to come to New York. Miss La France is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston.

Giannini and Levitzki in Concert.

Dusolina Giannini and Mischa Levitzki appeared at Carnegie Hall last evening in the fifth of the benefits by various artists for the Association of Music School Settlements. The soprano was heard in classic airs, Italian and Spanish folksongs and the "Ritorno, Vincitor," from "Aida." The pianist's solos ranged from Bach to Debussy, some Chopin, his own waltz and the Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube." Among the boxholders were Mme. Semfrich and Mary Garden.

Puccini and Wagner at the Opera.

Puccini and Wagner shared a day at the Metropolitan yesterday. "La Boheme" as a popular matinee was sung for the seventh time, with Bori, Martinelli, Scotti and others, under Pap's baton. The season's second "Tristan" drew a throng last night, when the singers were Easton, Branzell, Taucher, Schorr and Bohnen, conducted by Bodanzky. The programs announced for April 18, the annual Good Friday "Parsifal."

MISS GIANNINI CHARMS.

Recital for Music Settlement Wins Her New Laurels.

The musical season has brought forward few artists of brighter promise than Dusolina Giannini, who sang on Friday night to a brilliant audience in Carnegie Hall at the last but one of the Associated Music School Settlement benefits, given by musicians of distinction. The series, which already has enlisted Mischa Elman, Mitja Nikisch, Elena Gerhardt and Erna Rubenstein, will come to a close May 9 with a recital by Paderewski.

Miss Giannini, who has sung with orchestras and in recitals, making the unusual record of a dozen appearances in New York in her first season, gave a benefit program jointly with Mischa Levitzki, the pianist. Her voice is a dramatic soprano, marked by unusual resonance, whereby it commands often effects of peculiar power. The voice was heard at its best in an early Handel air, as it was later in the first act aria from "Aida." To the classic group and to that of Verdi the audience demanded encores. Miss Giannini bore her honors with girlish charm, appearing all in white and carrying an armful of Spring flowers.

The personal compliment of an invitation to share in the Music School Settlement's all-star benefit series was a well-merited one and was shared by the singer with the pianist, Mr. Levitzki, himself a New Yorker and an artist of note among the younger generation. He, too, was compelled to give encores after a Chopin group, in which he also repeated the favorite "Butterfly" etude.

SASHA CULBERTSON PLAYS.

Violinist Warmly Received by an Appreciative Audience.

A small but appreciative audience attended the recital of Sasha Culbertson at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The violinist showed his customary masterful technique, with a masculine conception of the essential qualities of his compositions. His tones have a certain rough virility and he attacks his subject boldly and firmly. One of his most applauded pieces was a "Zephyr" by Hubay. He succeeded in conveying the northern atmosphere of the Grieg Sonata, in which Harry Kaufman shared the final honors, the two musicians being recalled thrice. Mr. Culbertson reaped an even warmer tribute in the unflinching war horse of all violinists, whether aspiring or arrived, Bach's "Chaconne." It did not sound quite as well as when he played it at Carnegie Hall some time ago, but it was the occasion for a number of recalls. The third group, specially picked for their contrasts and variety, contained among others a well accented Paganini "Caprice," a melodious "Gartenscene" by Korngold, and a slightly insane Zapata by Sarasate.

The violinist ended his concert, which was radioed, with Paganini's brilliant "Whirls" Dance.

A Spanish Novelty

Pierre Monteux made his farewell appearance here as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoon. The number of his admirers has been growing and they showed by their greeting and applause how sorry they were to see him depart. But he will no doubt be quite as happy in Paris as in Boston, though he will not have so fine an orchestra there.

His farewell program began with a Handel concerto grosso (No. 6) and ended pompously with the "Tannhaeuser" overture. There was also Scriabin's third symphony, "The Divine Poem," which is neither poetic nor divinely inspired. It was followed by the "Symphonic Impressions" for orchestra and piano (Heinrich Gebhardt) called "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," by De Falla, the Spanish composer, who has come to the fore lately, thanks largely to Emilio de Gogorza's admiration for his songs. His nocturne is less notable for invention than for what Jean-Aubrey has called "the play of lights and shadows skilfully contrived." It is music agreeable to listen to, though it might be more strongly perfumed. HENRY T. FINCK.

Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Monteux

The week end was chiefly one of orchestral farewells, of which the only final and unqualified one was the goodbye spoken by Pierre Monteux, who retires from the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give place to Sergei Koussevitzky, the brilliant and irubrical Muscovite who will assume the leadership of the orchestra next season.

It seems to us that Mr. Monteux should feel happy, rather than depressed, over the circumstances of his farewell. He departs hence trailing clouds of glory. The handsome things that are being said of him these days, in print and in private, must make him blush (for Mr. Monteux is one of the few conductors we know who seem capable of blushing). He leaves us in the fullness of his powers, and with an extraordinary record of achievement. His conducting during the past season in New York has won him almost unequalled praise. If he had done nothing else but perform Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" with the mastery and eloquence that are still fresh in every one's mind he would be entitled to rest on his oars. And what Mr. Monteux has done with, to and for the illustrious orchestra which he has commanded will not soon be forgotten. He took charge of it in a period of demoralization, when it had become third-rate and almost negligible; he leaves it a superb instrument, one of the great orchestras of the world, an orchestra which should cause Mr. Koussevitzky to weep tears of joy when first it plays for him—for we have heard the orchestras that Mr. Koussevitzky has had to work with in Paris and London.

Suppose Mr. Monteux had been re-engaged—suppose he were to stay on in these parts for another term? Let him imagine what might have happened, and let him console himself.

Critics, like brides, throw their bouquets backward (as Mr. Stewart Mitchell once happily observed). If Mr. Monteux were not leaving us for good, would there have been as many bouquets flung in his direction? We fear not. Those who are restive in the presence of the musical modernists would probably begin to complain next season of his programs. "Too much Arthur Bliss—too much Stravinsky," he might hear them grumbling. They might lay it up against him that he has played only one Beethoven Symphony in New York this season (though other concertgoers, surfeited with Beethoven Cycles and countless repetitions of the Fifth, would prefer to bless him for his moderation in this respect). And the mutterings that one heard after Mr. Monteux's All-Wagner program on March 13 might have broken forth in open protest if Mr. Monteux were staying on with us: for who wants to hear Wagner to-day—except the musical Lower Orders?

And so Mr. Monteux might have found, if he had remained, that the public that goes to Symphony concerts is a fickle creature, heartless and unfaithful, given to jiltings and cold shoulders. Consider the case of Mr.

But let that pass. Mr. Monteux has been praised, at times, with foolishness—for virtues, if they are virtues, of no importance. He has been praised, for example, because his demeanor on the stand is quiet and repressed, in contrast with other conductors who, pursuing a different method, convey their wishes to their orchestras by gestures more demonstrative and emphatic. But this seems to us highly insignificant. If Mr. Damsch can best obtain a lovely diminuendo by turning his back on his orchestra and beaming upon the audience, why shouldn't he resort to that method? If Mr. Mengelberg can best obtain one of his cataclysmic fortissimos by shaking his fist at the brass and percussion like a demoniacal Ajax, whose affair is it but his? If Mr. Stokowski can make his violins sing like a choir of morning stars by one of those sweeping, unison, two-armed gestures of his, is it not impertinent to ask him to accomplish his ends by other methods? If Mr. Koussevitzky can best prevail upon his first horn to deliver a melting cantilena by smiling sweetly at the hornist as at a beloved friend, why should we question an expedient which justifies itself by its success?

We refuse to set it to Mr. Monteux's credit, therefore, that his method of conveying his reminders to his men happens to be an impassive one. It would be a matter of complete indifference to us if he chose to conduct without any baton at all, as Mr. Safonoff used to; or by a system of signal-flags; or with a baseball bat; or, as Beau Brummel used to say, with only "a glance of the eye." After all, those who object to Mr. Damsch's beaming countenance, or Mr. Mengelberg's fist, or Mr. Koussevitzky's sweet smile, have only to lower their lids—they are there to listen, and not to look.

Therefore it seems more pertinent to remember Mr. Monteux because of the quality of his interpretations than because of his demeanor on the podium. We shall think of him gratefully because of his sensibility and his fine intelligence as a musician; because of his feeling for style, which taught him that Schubert must not be made to sound like Richard Strauss, nor Wagner like Tchaikovsky; which taught him that Handel lived in a different world from Mozart, and that Debussy was not Liszt. We shall think of him gratefully, furthermore, because as a conductor he was skillful, craftsmanlike, indefatigable, a master of his instrument. And (impertinent though this may be) we shall remember him with affection and admiration because he was modest, gentle, without pettiness or bile; a rare artist, a fine spirit, equable and wise and poised.

At his farewell concert in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon he played Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 6, for strings; Scriabin's "Divine Poem," Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" Overture, and a novelty, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for piano and orchestra, with the admirable Heinrich Gebhardt, of Boston, as assisting pianist.

De Falla is one of the younger school of Spanish composers (though he will never see forty-seven again). He is known here by certain music from his ballets, chiefly by the dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat," played here first by Mr. Monteux and afterward by Mr. Damsch. De Falla has lived much in Paris and is almost as French in style as he is Spanish. The spirit of Debussy broods over these Iberian nocturnes—not always to their advantage. We should like to have known how Mr. De Falla himself feels about Spanish nights—he did not need to go to various piano pieces and orchestral scores of Debussy for harmonic and instrumental effects, for in other works De Falla has spoken for himself. Nevertheless his "Noches en los Jardines de España" contains some fascinating music—principally in its first movement. Later it resorts to a somewhat disaffecting prettiness, and the sentimental lure is unduly perceptible.

Mr. Gebhardt, who is heard far too seldom in New York, is a pianist of rare gifts. An accomplished virtuoso,

he never plays for virtuosity's sake. He is first the poet, the man of warm and delicate fancy, the sensitive musician, and his great skill is made to serve the ends of the interpreter. His playing yesterday was beautifully proportioned, always within the frame, justly contributory to the delightful performance achieved by Mr. Monteux.

The playing of the orchestra was of memorable excellence throughout the afternoon, and Mr. Monteux was at the top of his form. He was applauded at every point where applause could be interjected, and the friendliness, appreciation and regret of the audience were unmistakably manifested. (There was also—need we add?—a wreath).

And thus passes Monteux from the contemporary orchestral scene. But we shall be greatly astonished if we do not see him again some day, his

baton in hand, on the stage of Carnegie Hall, which has witnessed stranger recrudescences than that would be.

*Philharmonic Children
Andrea Schenker Retiring
"Carmen" G. D. M.
The Harmonic
April 7, 1924*

Mr. Mengelberg

Yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House the Philharmonic Society gave its last subscription concert of the season, and Mr. Mengelberg made what might be called his semi-final appearance for this year. He will be heard again within the same walls next Sunday afternoon in a special concert in conjunction with the Schola Cantorum, when he will conduct performances of Bach's solo cantata, "Selig ist der Mann" ("Blessed is the Man"), No. 57, and of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and he will be heard yet again on Thursday evening, April 17, at Carnegie Hall, in a repetition of that program. But the Philharmonic subscribers will hear him no more in the "regular" series until January, 1925.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Mengelberg's to choose as his concluding number yesterday afternoon the "Heldenleben" of Richard Strauss, for Mr. Mengelberg is never more impressive than when he conducts Strauss. He had played "Tod und Verklärung" the night before at Carnegie Hall, with beauty and power and pathos; but "Ein Heldenleben" is a far greater work than "Tod und Verklärung," and Mr. Mengelberg's conducting of it is correspondingly a more remarkable achievement.

We are well aware that "Ein Heldenleben" is now almost as scornfully regarded as is Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony; and no critic who is nervous about his reputation for musical respectability would dream of saying a good word for Strauss's Opus 40. But it happens that we, having sunk so low upon several occasions as to venture a kindly word for the "Pathétique," are cautiously prepared to say that "Ein Heldenleben" still seems to us a mighty work—music of amazing strength and of heroic beauty. We still find the closing pages, with the grave and intimate dialogue of horn and solo violin, music of noble and tender loveliness. It was of these final pages that Philip Hale once dared to say that they were "worthy of Beethoven in his supreme moments of rapt meditation"; and yesterday this praise seemed to us as just as it was courageous. For it was as reckless to praise Strauss then, when he was considered a dangerous radical, as it is now, when he is antiquated, and safe, and sane.

The great qualities of Mr. Mengelberg are never more impressively revealed than when he conducts his beloved "Heldenleben." Then he is as an Old World bard, declaiming epic verse, and the orchestra is his gigantic harp. He made his customary effect with the music yesterday afternoon; and after the great E-flat chord at the end had died into silence, and the eighty-second season of the Philharmonic Society was a memory, there were plaudits, and cheers, and shouts—almost as if the audience thought they had been listening to great music, greatly played.

Mr. Ernest Schelling was also present, as composer of his stirring tone-poem, "A Victory Ball," and he was called upon to rise in his box and receive the praise of the audience. Richard Wagner was on hand, too, in the surge and thunder of his "Flying Dutchman" overture, with the Dutchman from Amsterdam securely riding the tempest.

Mr. Golschmann

While Mr. Mengelberg was reaching for his hat at the Metropolitan, another conductor, new to America, was ringing the orchestral doorbell at Aeolian Hall. This was Vladimir Golschmann, of Paris, who had been invited by the Symphony Society to conduct a special post-season concert with its orchestra. Mr. Golschmann is young—he is, we believe, in the unbelievable twenties. He is the conductor of the Concerts Golschmann in Paris, and is known there as the special friend of the modernists. He came to America with the Swedish Ballet and conducted a miserable orchestra at the opening performance of that ill-starred organization. Yesterday he had an orchestra of the first rank at his disposal, and he was able to demonstrate that he deserved a hearing. He had selected for his program the "Euryanthe" Overture,

Haydn's G major Symphony (No. 13), Debussy's two instrumental Nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fêtes," and the "Secherazade" Suite—a cannily chosen list.

Mr. Golschmann is slim, erect, energetic, decisive and confident, militaristic in pose and gesture, suggesting a boyish Bodanzky. He knows what he wants from his orchestra and knows how to get it. His vitality is remarkable, and he evidently has temperament and intelligence. His feeling for rhythm is vivid and clear, and he has an unusual power of climax-building—he sent Rimsky's ship crashing upon the magnetic rock with a truly hair-raising shock and roar.

His imagination seems sharp edged and objective, rather than poetic and luminous and interior. There was little distance, little sense of sky and space and impalpability in his version of Debussy's marvelous and melancholy fantasy of drifting clouds; and his shaping of the melodic line, as in the idyl of the Young Prince and the Young Princess, was a bit rigid and insensitive. His outstanding qualities are his vitality, his command of his orchestra, his power and intensity. He is a magnetic and stimulating conductor, unmistakably a man of talent.

His reception yesterday was enthusiastic, and his success beyond question.

Children Given Prizes

For Orchestra Essays

Philharmonic Ends First Season of Monday Series; Three Awards Are Made

The Philharmonic Children's concerts, launched by the Philharmonic and American Orchestral societies, reached the end of their first season yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, where Mr. Ernest Schelling led the final performance of the Monday series and announced the winners of the medals for the best sets of notes and observations on the programs.

The three prize winners were Allison Grace, seven years old; Edith Baker, eleven, and Alice Hunt, eleven. Six received honorable mention—David Schulte, seven; Elsie Grace, eight, a sister of Allison Grace; Carol Barnes and Rita Mitchell, nine; Arthur Turnbull, ten, and Maddie Aldrich, thirteen.

Before there were proclamations Mr. Schelling gave the Alborada from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Capriccio Espagnol," the Tchaikovsky Andante Cantabile, Debussy's "Golliwog's Cakewalk," and after remarks on and demonstrations of the percussion instruments, Schellinger's concerto for tympani and percussion, with Messrs. Friese, Schmehl, Risch and Katz as soloists. The "request" number was the adagio of Haydn's Farewell Symphony, played in candlelight, shading to darkness as the candles were put out one by one. After the recipients of medals and of honorable mention had mounted and left the stage, the Berlioz Rakoczy March and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner brought the end of a successful series.

By Deems Taylor

THE WELCOME GUEST.

Now dawns the season for orchestral concerts by what are tactfully called guest conductors, who take over the regular symphony orchestras—by invitation or otherwise—for isolated concerts for the purpose of showing New York what they can do. These guest concerts are likely to prove trying ordeals for every one concerned; for the conductor generally gets too little rehearsal time in which to prepare any but the most hackneyed works, and the audience in consequence generally gets Chykovsky's "Pathétique," the "Tannhaeuser" overture and "Leonore" No. 3—or anything else that the orchestra can play in its sleep.

There was a guest concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and it proved a decided exception to the rule by being an interesting and at times brilliant event. It was given by Vladimir Golschmann, conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Golschmann may be remembered as the young French conductor who wrestled so valiantly with a badly balanced and unskilled orchestra during the brief and inglorious run of the Swedish Ballet at the Century Theatre. Even then he showed signs of possessing a decided sense of

rhythm, but had no chance to display the really exceptional talents that he revealed yesterday afternoon.

His program yesterday, while composed of familiar enough works, was well arranged and avoided pieces that had been ridden to death during the winter. It began with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, went on to Haydn's G major symphony, led thence through Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes," and concluded with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade."

Throughout this list young Mr. Golschman revealed himself as a conductor of genuine gifts and bright promise. Above all, he possesses the two indispensable attributes of conducting, a sense of time and the ability to communicate his wishes to the orchestra. His rhythms have the breath of life in them, and if at times—as in "Nuages"—they are a little faster than one might expect, at least they never degenerate into sentimentality or heaviness.

His attacks are exceptionally clean, for he not only has the knack of keeping his players alert, but possesses a sharp, clear beat that never leaves them in doubt as to their entrances. He displayed an admirable feeling for structure both in the symphony and the Rimsky work, giving the latter, in fact, a performance that really deserves the adjective "brilliant."

The one serious fault in his readings yesterday was over-sonority. On several occasions he let the brass play so loudly as to smother everything else; but even that was probably due, at least in part, to his having misjudged the tricky acoustics of the hall. The players followed his lead with obvious interest and played with excellent tone, and his audience was deservedly enthusiastic.

OTHER MUSIC.

If you take the thesis of a musical work seriously you find an ironic contrast on the last Philharmonic program given at the Metropolitan yesterday. "Ein Heldenleben," by Richard Strauss, was combined with "A Victory Ball" by Schelling, and he triumphant outburst from the hero's battlefield mingled with the utterings of the forgotten dead in that bitter and haunting poem by Noyes. It was as if the fanfares from the Strauss victory had been echoed by the laconic answer "Now it can be told"—a musical conflict obviously enjoyed by Willem Mengelberg, who dramatized both viewpoints with impartial enthusiasm. The overture to "The Flying Dutchman" introduced the program, though there was at first some doubt as to whether the concert would ever begin at all. For the last entrance of Willem Mengelberg this season was greeted by a prolonged demonstration—much applause from the audience and much tapping of fiddlesticks from the orchestra—all of which the little Dutch conductor acknowledged with profuse bows of farewell.

Basile Kibalchich, for many years head of the Archangel'sky Choir of Petrograd, brought his Russian Symphonic Choir to Town Hall yesterday. He writes that in his various experiments with choral singing he has taken the symphony orchestra as a model and has endeavored to give to each voice the value of an instrument in a modern orchestra. The result is a volume of tone which might have come from one sensitive and perfectly tuned instrument except that these singers add their own spirit of very human joy and melancholy. Their program ranged from ancient church harmonies to a group of folk-songs which New York was once taught to hum by the Chauve-Souris.

At Carnegie Hall, Jascha Heifetz gave his last recital of the season, which was greeted by every devotee who could make his way to balcony or orchestra or to the overflowing stage. His program opened with the Kreutzer Sonata and included a group of Bach arrangements by Franko, Press and Kreisler.

In the evening, George Barrere brought his Little Symphony to the Henry Miller Theatre for the second of those intimate and friendly concerts so beloved by their Sunday night audiences.

There were bits from Carpenter

thrown in between "Les Petes" of Rameau and a Mozart concerto, "Two Aubades," by Lalo, and a vivid, splashy Spanish ballet ("The Royal Fandango") by Morales. Paul Kochanski gave a keen and sensitive performance as soloist in the concerto.

Other music of the evening was in the East Indian program of Ratan Devi and Roshanara. In the song recital of Zebelle Aram and in the usual opera concert which had Ernst von Dohanyi as soloist and a familiar group of singers. A. S.

Sunday Symphony Society.

The Sunday Symphony Society's third free concert yesterday noon filled the Criterion Theatre and again turned crowds away. Maximilian Pilzer played Bruch's violin concerto, and Josiah Zuro conducted the Largo from Dvorak's "New World" Symphony. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy and the "Huldigungs" march of Grieg, The Rev. Dr. Alexander Lyons of the Eighth Avenue Temple, Brooklyn, gave an address on "Our Supreme Need." He cited the "New World" music as typifying the brotherhood of many nationalities in America, which would mean much to mankind, and he praised the spirit of brotherhood behind these free Sunday concerts.

Ludikar With People's Chorus.

The People's Chorus of New York, led by L. Camilleri, made a new departure in opening a series of free Sunday night concerts at the Jolson Theatre last evening. Beside choral numbers from Bach, Wagner, Mendelssohn and several Americans, the program included solos by the Czechoslovak baritone, Pavel Ludikar, and an address on "Music as a Recreation," by Herbert Bayard Swopc of The New York World. Mr. Camilleri's advanced unit of chorists was heard in Dvorak's "New World" largo, the conductor's "Any Little Word of Ours" and pieces by J. H. McNaughton, G. B. Nevin and C. P. Scott.

Golschmann Conducts.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A singularly brilliant concert was given by Vladimir Golschmann and the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Golschmann was practically unknown to his audience when he stepped on the platform. He arrived in this city early in the season as conductor for the ill-fated Swedish Ballet. Appearing then under circumstances not particularly conducive to finished artistic representation, he was evidently unable to show the quality of his talent. It was known that the concerts conducted by Golschmann in Paris had been a distinctive feature of late seasons in that city, that Mr. Golschmann had also conducted concerts in Brussels and performances of the Ballet Russe, since the war, and that the Symphony Society of New York had arranged this special concert for him upon the close of Mr. Damrosch's season. The rest was discovered by a surprised and delighted audience as the concert proceeded.

The program was of familiar music: Weber's "Euryanthe" overture; the Haydn Symphony No. 13, in G major; two movements from the Debussy, "Nocturnes" for orchestra, "Nuages" and "Fetes," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite after the Arabian Night "Scheherazade." The authority of a man young in his years and enthusiasm, modest but confident in his knowledge of his art, was felt with the first brilliant flourish of the Weber overture. A few passages in this overture, it is true, indicated a tension not unnatural to the occasion, and they were not detrimental in any important way to the interpretation. No particular subtleties, for that matter, are required by this music, now rapidly fading, once wildly romantic. Its formerly glowing youth was kindled anew by the conductor and by the players, who responded to his wishes with a crispness of attack and a rhythmical life and energy positively startling! Something had happened. It was apparent in the very tone-quality of the orchestra.

Haydn's Symphony developed a crispness and nicety of phrase, a clarity and a singing quality in the strings, delightfully appropriate to the music. Here and everywhere else the conductor's beat was clean and sure, but always elastic to the inner current of the music. It was soon evident, furthermore, that Mr. Golschmann is exceptionally informed of the technical capacities of the instruments and intuitive to the feeling of the players. He did more than lead them, or suggest or remind them of matters planned in rehearsal. He permitted and encouraged them, on occasion, to express themselves. When there arrived moments of complete understanding the conductor would barely indicate the measure, confining himself to a glance or an encouraging gesture, and good it was to see and to hear what followed. The men played then with the enthusiasm of musicians and the conviction of inter-

preters. The tempo of the first of the Debussy Nocturnes, "Fetes," was taken, with premeditation, somewhat faster than is the rule with most conductors on this side of the water. The effect, to one accustomed to the slower tempo, seemed to rob the piece of a little of its quality of revelry, while it conduced to an uncommon unity and conciseness. But Mr. Golschmann, who has grown up musically in Paris, must be better acquainted with the tempo desired by the composer than most musicians over here. In the performance of the "Petes" his superlative sense of rhythm was shown, and the pagan processionals ushered in by the trumpets, at first heard far away, reached a magnificent sonority.

After these numerous excellences it was a foregone conclusion that the glittering and rhapsodic music of Rimsky-Korsakoff would bring an effective end to the concert, but even so the audience was thrilled to an extent not wholly expected. The opening was rarely impressive—as portentous as the curse of the genii who came out of the bottle! The sea music had a sweep of line and a constantly growing power of tone for which no precedent is remembered. It was not only the linear power, as one might say, of this Oriental sea scape which impressed the hearer, but the manner in which a constantly growing volume and gorgeousness of tone welled from the orchestra. This was because the conductor was able, even in so familiar a score, to discover new possibilities of resonance and brilliancy in the marvelous coloring and "spacing" of the instruments.

Much could be said of eloquent details of this performance; of the expressive nuances and articulation of each solo part in the second movement—the tale of the two calendars; and the manner in which this movement, kaleidoscopic as is its character, held together and did indeed tell a magical tale; of the use of the percussion instruments in the finale, not only for rhythm but for color, and the final superb climax. No effect of rhythm, sonority, instrumentation in the score was passed over, yet not once was an effect manufactured for the occasion, nor a single appeal made to the gallery.

It is never possible to judge a conductor by a single concert. It is also to be remembered that in two rehearsals no conductor can completely impress his wishes on an orchestra. But the net impression of Mr. Golschmann's first orchestral concert in New York is of a new and distinctive figure in the conductor's world and a figure to be reckoned with. Long after the last note sounded the audience remained in the hall to express its enthusiasm.

Russian Chorus Makes Debut

By F. D. Perkins

A Russian chorus with an interesting title, the "Russian Symphonic Choir," conducted by Basil Kibalchich, proved that interest lay in its performance as well as in its American debut yesterday afternoon at Town Hall, with a program of ecclesiastical, folk and other numbers, and earned a welcome of deserved warmth from a good sized audience.

The purport of the title is that the twenty-six singing Russians—a picturesque, exotic group in re frocks with blue sleeves—form a vocal orchestra, different singers playing the part of the different instruments.

Singing Like Orchestra

The analogy, indeed, could not be carried too far in yesterday's performance; one could not have closed one's eyes and imagined that oboes, clarinets or trumpets were being sounded on the platform, but the singers did produce effects of a remarkable orchestral kind. There were voices of varied timbre, a wide range of volume with the deepest basses suggesting a combination of double bass and tuba, giving a foundation to the whole and contrasts of song and humming, giving plenty of ingredients for Mr. Kibalchich's vocal recipe. The performance deserved admiration for its accuracy and perfect control, each of the fourteen women and twelve men of the choir seeming as much under the conductor's direction as instrumental players of a well drilled orchestra.

The type of singing was not entirely unfamiliar, suggesting that of Alexander Koshetz's Ukrainian Chorus. The program began with a fourteenth century melody, followed by religious numbers by Gretchaninoff, Archangel'sky and Lvovsky, whose "Lord, Have Mercy," produced a strikingly long diminuendo, with an equally long, even crescendo, testifying to the singers' control over their volume of sound. This was repeated.

Mlle. Ivanovna Effective

The Gretchaninoff Credo, with Mlle. Ivanovna's alto solo over an organ-like chorus, proved unusually effective. Choral transcriptions of Chopin's C minor prelude and Schumann's "Memories," op. 68, also seemed effective, if not pianistic—the second, perhaps, depending somewhat unduly on humming. Tchaikovsky's "Nightingale," an arrangement by Mr. Kibalchich, and Chesnokov's "The Maulers" followed, then an anonymous "Little Serenade"

with a strong suggestion of an air in "Hansel and Gretel." Folk songs, most of them arranged by Mr. Kibalchich, for men and women separately and for mixed chorus, completed the program, in which Mlle. Mikhailovskaya, Kochoobey, de Smitt and Ivanovna figured as soloists. A most lively Bohemian song, repeated, gave the performance a very agreeable ending.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONIC CHOIR.

Remarkable Choral Effects Produced Under Basil Kibalchich's Direction.

Basile Kibalchich, disciple of Rimsky-Korsakoff and leader of the Archangel'sky Choir and that of Petrograd Conservatory, made an American debut with the twenty-six singers of his Russian Symphonic Choir yesterday at the Town Hall. The group in long red robes, blue sleeves and, for the women, quaint gold crowns, recalled with their conductor a title of Gorky's own, "Twenty-six and One." An audience of Russian exiles and Russian-Americans filled the hall.

As the Russian Symphonic Choir is to reappear in Holy Week, it was of interest to hear Lvovsky's litany, "Lord, Have Mercy," superbly chanted and at once reduplicated at the matinee. Gretchaninoff's "Credo," with contralto monotone by Miss Ivanova won recalls for the individual artist, as did Schumann's hummed "Memories" for all the soprano choir. A "Kollada" of the Ukraine New Year, harmonized by Kochoobey, was repeated. So was a Serbian shetz, or native game song, arranged by Kibalchich with male voices of muted violin and cello quality and a startling deep bass imitation of drums.

To New Yorkers it was a delight to hear the Volga boatmen's "Ei Uchnem" as it has rarely been sung here. The male voices again gave a folksong used by Humperdinck for Gretel's air, "Ein Männlein steht im Walde," in "Hansel und Gretel." The last songs were Bohemian such as Czechoslovak soldiers sang in France during the war, the duet by Mme. Kochoobey and tenor with chorus attracting special enthusiasm.

To hear, as there was a new conductor making his American debut in Aeolian Hall.

His name is Vladimir Golschmann. He is very young, a youth of willowy build, but he has energy, knows how to keep the men under control (he had the Damrosch orchestra) and made a good impression on the audience. What he did with Weber's "Euryanthe" overture and a Hadyn symphony I do not know. Nor did I hear him play the whole of Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes," but Captain Jerome Hart and Edgar Varese assured me that he conducted them admirably.

The big piece came at the end—Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" suite. Here the new conductor opened the floodgates of melody, which surged up and down in approved fashion. He caught the spirit of the Oriental floriture and was not afraid to unleash the brasses, without marring the euphony.

Handwritten notes:
Jascha Heifetz
Roshanarat Ratan
Javi
Opera concert
Donnanyi
Rosenstein, Kingston
Lorenzetti
April 8 1924

Lawrence Gilman

The Rochester Orchestra Gives a Concert at Carnegie Hall

About a year ago that modern Aladdin, Mr. George Eastman, of Rochester, N. Y., rubbed his lamp and brought an orchestra into being. He rubbed it again about six months later and the eminent young British composer and conductor, Eugene Goossens, boarded his magic carpet and flew to Monroe County, there to whip the new orchestra into shape. Later Mr. Goossens went, and Mr. Albert Coates, once a guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, came to take his place as developer of the promising orchestral film. And now, behold, Rochester has a full fledged symphonic

orchestra, proudly entitled the "Rochester Philharmonic," which is just completing a season of seventeen concerts.

The story of Mr. Eastman's large visioned enterprise is well known by this time. It was told a recently at last Sunday in The Herald Tribune. It was the enthusiastic support and co-operation of every one who is interested in the enlargement of the public that goes to hear symphony concerts, and it Rochester has not already erected a monument to Mr. Eastman and named a boulevard after him, her vein must flow with the ice water of ingratitude. It is an immensely cheering thing that our modern equivalents of the Renaissance princes should have stopped building libraries for awhile and taken to founding orchestras.

It was, no doubt, to be expected that Rochester would want to send her Orchestra here for our inspection. We can't quite see why she should care particularly what we think of her bouncing new symphonic baby; but apparently she does, and so she shipped the infant to Carnegie Hall last night, with Mr. Coates as its temperamental nursemaid.

Doubtless Mr. Eastman, being by report a sage and understanding person,

with a large knowledge of the difficulties to be surmounted in every human undertaking, did not expect to build up an orchestral organization of the first class in six months. The Rochester Philharmonic has been playing together in its present form, we believe, only since last October; and no orchestra on earth was ever brought to a condition of high excellence in that period of time. The Rochester Philharmonic should feel pride in its ability to play competently such difficult scores as they traversed last night—Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony," a new Ballad for two pianos and orchestra by the American composer, Leo Sowerby, and that unashamedly Debussyan work by Respighi, which might well have been called "L'Après-midi d'une fontaine de Rome"—as well as a less exacting "Suite Ancienne" by Mr. Coates himself; for they discharged their tasks without mishap, and made it easy for us to realize why 3,400 Rochesterians crowd into the Eastman Theater to listen to each of the Orchestra's symphony concerts.

Mr. Coates conducted in his familiar manner, and with particular authority in that work which is almost his special property in this country, Vaughan Williams's poetic "London Symphony," with its haunting slow movement and its beautiful and imaginative use of modal effects, its largeness of style and its mastery of structure.

Mr. Sowerby's ballad (played at the pianos by Messrs. Maier and Pattison), did not show up very well beside this other Anglo-Saxon work on the program.

It is ineffectively designed—there is no focal point, no climax; the effect is one of shapelessness and incoherence. The music rambles, and stammers, and is inarticulate; and in musical substance it is trite and conventional. As for Mr. Coates's "Suite Ancienne," it has, we are dismayed to find, passed completely out of our memory within the last three hours, though we certainly heard it performed. Just what this indicates, we do not quite know, and perhaps it would scarcely be polite to guess.

By Deems Taylor

ROCHESTER ORCHESTRA.

Life is not all Brahms, Beethoven and Wagner, as any New York Philharmonic subscriber might be pardoned for believing. The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, under Albert Coates, visited Carnegie Hall last night, and, of the four numbers on its program, two were works that are heard here but seldom and two were entirely new to New York.

The first of the novelties was Mr. Coates's own "Suite Ancienne," which began the evening. Suites in the antique style are no rarity among modern music, and it is hard to write a good one. Trying to think like Rameau will not achieve success; the result is generally simple dullness. Nor will expressing a series of contemporary ideas in an antique idiom turn the trick, any more than a sign reading "Ye Olde Bunne Shoppe" turn a suburban bakery into the Wayside Inn.

The necessary—and difficult—thing is to write modern music in such wise as to convey an illusion of antiquity to ears and still keep them interested. Mr. Coates's suite does not invariably avoid either of the two pitfalls, but

as a whole it is an engaging and successful piece of orchestral writing, unpretentious, melodious and appropriately scored.

The other novelty was quite another matter. It was a ballad for two pianos with orchestra, written by Leo Sowerby, an American composer, who has been lately a resident of Rome. The work was first heard there last April, when it was played by the orchestra of the Augusteum, under Mr. Coates's baton, with the composer at one of the pianos.

As any proper ballad should have, it has a story; for it is based upon "King Estmere," a ballad in Percy's "Reliques" which relates the love of a King for a Princess, and how, disguised as a harper, he rescued her from an unwilling marriage with a paynim King. The story, however, is evidently to be taken as an inspiration rather than a scenario for the music; for the work is "absolute" in construction, with little or no attempt at literal description.

One wishes it were possible to report a more heartening impression than the one Mr. Sowerby's ballad actually produced. It is well made music, showing ingenuity in thematic development, idiomatic writing for the piano, and a sense of orchestral color. But of the indefinable living quality that distinguishes creation from invention we could find very little.

While it would be quite unfair to call the work reminiscent, it does lack any clearly defined style, ranging as it does from a mood of chromatic and diatonic dissonance that evokes Debussy and Respighi to something perilously close to Lisztian sentimentality in its romantic moments. The structure is partly to blame for this lack of definiteness, for, long as the work is—and it is too long for its material—it achieves no one definite climax, and seems, indeed, to be aiming at none.

So far as performance was concerned, it fared well. Mr. Coates conducted it with confidence and evident familiarity, and Messrs. Maier and Pattison played the solo parts with their wonted crisp vigor and perfect unanimity of intent.

Between the suite and the ballad the orchestra played Respighi's "The Fountains of Rome" (a little hurriedly at times, one thought) and ended the program with Vaughan-Williams's "London" symphony.

The orchestra itself is certainly as good as one might expect an organization to be that was founded only last March, and in some cases much better. The trombones and tuba, in particular, are excellent, both in individual quality and in their ensemble playing. The strings are numerous, but lack brilliance or power, seeming to find it difficult to hold their own with the wind sections except in the most subdued passages.

As is generally the case with new orchestras, the Rochester band is most conspicuously wanting in evenness and balance of tone. The individual instruments are too often audible in the various choirs, and their tone frequently wants refinement. The men do play, however, with unflagging energy and interest, and improved steadily in cohesiveness as the evening wore on. The audience was large and inclined to be demonstrative.

The Rochester Orchestra.

By OLIN DOWNS.

The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Albert Coates, conductor, made its first appearance in New York last night in Carnegie Hall. This orchestra had its nucleus in the band of players who performed daily in the Eastman Theater in Rochester for the moving pictures. Mr. Eastman's method in developing the visiting symphonic organization has been described by THE TIMES. Last night the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, founded one year ago, appeared for the first time outside its native city, to test its powers and secure the opinion of a neutral and critical community.

Remarks might be made concerning the wisdom or unwisdom of such a proceeding, but that is not the point here. The present question is, whether the orchestra so eager to enter the lists played well or badly.

The program consisted of three movements of Mr. Coates's "Suite Ancienne," heard for the first time here; Respighi's "Fountains of Rome"; a ballad for two

pianos and orchestra by Leo Sowerby, also heard for the first time in New York, and Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony.

The orchestra showed immediately that it could play the notes of complicated symphonic scores, play them confidently and with rhythmic swing. These players are not inexperienced amateurs. Furthermore, there are good men in most of the first desks. The thing that the tone lacks at present—and it were idle to pass the fact by—is fineness of balance and of shading, suppleness of phrase, variety of color—under the circumstances. There were a number of compensating qualities in the performances.

In the piece by Mr. Coates, of which the title, "Suite Ancienne," need not be taken too seriously, there was much sonority and climax, though with heaviness of effect, save in the minuet movement. The accompaniment of a rather worthless composition of Sowerby was a testimony to the quickness and ability of the players. The music itself, when it is most noticeable, imitates Stravinsky. Elsewhere there is much rattle of harness, but little that has importance. The scoring for the two pianos is curiously infelicitous. The two solo instrumental seldom merge with the orchestral tone. The pianists played very fast and well, and, as we have said, the orchestral forte part was highly creditable in the orchestra. The piece was very well received. Again and again pianist and, at last conductor, were recalled.

The most sensitive, the most brilliant performance of the evening was that of Vaughan Williams's symphony, a work which grows with every hearing. It has the melancholy felt in pages of Thomas Hardy, or for a closer parallel, in De Quincey's rhapsodies of the poverty-stricken streets of London. Or there is heard the gay commotion of the crowd, impudent and careless, the voice of Nelly and her young man making merry, and back of it all—a background of years and centuries—the wash of the Thames and Big Ben tolling the hour. This music seemed especially well understood by Mr. Coates. The score is one that permits of considerable virtuosity by the players. Thanks to the conviction and enthusiasm of the leader, and the warm response of the men, it was interpreted with a feeling and authority that made a strong impression on the audience. Not many are the composers today who achieve so much, and not every day does a new orchestra dare so greatly, and with as much success, as Mr. Coates and his players in this symphony.

By THEODORE STEARNS.

The Rochester Philharmonic.

Four years ago Rochester, New York, was practically unknown in musical circles. Since then George Eastman has kodaked that city into the map of musical history, with his significant "School of Music," his enormous theatre, built for grand opera purposes, and finally the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, that last night, in Carnegie Hall, made its initial bow to New York audiences, with Albert Coates conducting an extremely interesting program of modern music.

The program led off with a "Suite Ancienne," by Mr. Coates, then Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," Leo Sowerby's Ballad for two pianos, played by Guy Maier and Lee Pattison and finally the London Symphony by Vaughn-Williams. Mr. Coates's Suite and the Sowerby Ballad were last night presented for the first time in this city.

Just Impressions.

The first impression of the Rochester Philharmonic is that it possesses great vigor. Next that the string section is the best portion of the orchestra. Even the double basses have the brilliance and precision of their smaller sister 'cellos, violas and fiddles—but not warmth.

The brass section has good sonority, definite clarity and occasional richness of tone, but the entire wood wind section struck me as being cold. At the same time the general ensemble shows careful generalship, and for an organization of 100 men, an orchestra only a year old, it is already capable of saying to an audience:

"We are talking and marching fearlessly, for we have been understandingly trained."

It cannot be expected that an orchestra of this size and age, built to compete with long-standing symphony societies, can reach anything like perfection of tone and ensemble in the short space of ten or twelve months. The Rochester

Philharmonic showed the spirit of lofty sympathy and strivings for maturity of sentiment last night, but it is still in the stage of the intelligently physical.

The soul of a symphony orchestra first emanates from its creator, its conductor, and after that only through experience. Exactly as a human soul broadens and develops through experience.

A Coming Orchestra.

Albert Coates is a highly-cultured musician, but he is not a restful conductor. Giving an instant impression to the eye of a Rock of Gibraltar strength, poise and security, the moment he starts to conduct he restlessly rocks on his toes. The Rock of Gibraltar should not rock.

While his beat is beautifully broad and accurate, it conveys the impression of lost motion. At the same time his unquestioned control over his men was strongly marked, but all through the program last night the orchestra evidenced, by their playing, that they were magnetized by a strong man, a strong mind, but not by an imaginative soul.

The first movement of Mr. Coates's suite (prelude and fugue) is a fine, scholarly piece of writing and it is splendidly orchestrated. The cantus firmus of the fugue is a real melody and the counterpoint is nobly worked out. The second movement, a minuet, is musically, commonplace. It features a harp solo, played last night by Lucile Johnson Rigelow, who played her instrument much too loud.

It was one harp tone, later on, in the wonderfully-conceived Respighi "Fountains of Rome," that spoiled a lovely descending diminuendo that Mr. Coates had been carefully graduating on his orchestra. This occurred at the resolution into the final episode of Sowerby's composition.

I would go to hear the Rochester Philharmonic any time, for it bears the stamp of a coming real symphony orchestra. Such an orchestra, in the making, requires a cool hand at its helm, a level head and an aristocratic sense of honor for true music. This Mr. Coates evidently possesses to a high degree.

Rochester Philharmonic and Ernest Schelling's Children's Concerts

IT WAS most unkind of Mr. Eastman to deprive New Yorkers of the pleasure of hearing Albert Coates conduct the concerts of the Damrosch orchestra for some weeks this year as he had done for the two preceding seasons. For Rochester, however, it was a blessing that Mr. Eastman chose Mr. Coates as one of the two men—Mr. Eugene Goossens being the other—who were to give that city a great orchestra. The material was at hand—it is surprising how many good orchestral players are lying around loose in this country!—and last night, in Carnegie Hall, proof was provided that the two Englishmen had done their work well and thoroughly.

The most cordial greeting extended Mr. Coates when he came on the stage would have shown him, had he not known it before, that he has many admirers in the town. He promptly increased their enthusiasm for his gifts by conducting three numbers of a new "Suite Ancienne" of his own. It was originally written for the piano, but no one would have guessed that, for the orchestral garb fits it to perfection. It is wondrously effective.

A Delightful Novelty

It has been said of France's foremost master of the orchestra, Saint-Saens, that he could write in the style of any of the masters, old or new. Evidently Mr. Coates could run him a close race. The prelude and fugue might have been written by Bach himself, except that that king composers could not—or did not—he dle the orchestral forces as expertly Coates handles them. Style, contrapuntal weaving of parts and atmosphere were quite a la Bach, and yet the music was Coates's own.

Even more fascinating was the minuet while the finale was stunning in its grandeur. The minuet, which is delightfully a la Gluck, will surely make its way as rapidly as a prairie fire. It is bound to become a best seller.

The playing of these pieces revealed an astonishing fact that in one short season the Rochester Philharmonic has already become worthy to be named among the best visiting orchestras. Some weeding may be beneficial, but the tone is remarkably homogeneous now, and every one of the "families" that make up the band—strings, brass, woodwind, and percussion—gave a good account of itself. In shades

the players followed their leader like veterans.

The program was unfortunate. The climax came at the beginning. Why follow it up with the cerebral, artificially exogitated "Fountains of Rome" by Respighi, or the empty, aimless Ballad for orchestra and two pianos of Sowerby? Guy Maier and Lee Pattison played their parts well, as did the orchestra, but the whole thing seemed without much rhyme or reason. And why the long and, though scholarly, uninspired London Symphony of Vaughan-Williams? In view of the fact that the Rochester Philharmonic was tortured by two English musicians, some propaganda for British music may not have seemed out of place, but it was.

Mr. Coates is half Russian; he should have taken this opportunity to show off the paces of the new orchestra by having play one of the Muscovite masterworks which he leads so incomparably. He will, it is hoped, provide a more musically interesting program the next time he brings the Rochester Philharmonic to New York.

Final Children's Concert

Percussion instruments had the floor at the last of the series of concerts for children given by Ernest Schelling and the Philharmonic Orchestra. This fascinating group was interestingly exhibited in a concerto by Schreiner in which three kettle drums, four snare drums, and a big bass drum occupied the center of the stage. The performance was enthusiastically applauded, but the wildest outburst of the afternoon greeted a picture of the conductor as prodigy four and a half years old. This proved to him that his audience loves him much as he loves them.

Haydn's adagio from the "Farewell Symphony" was the "request" number which received the largest popular ballot. One cannot help suspecting that the candles and the gradual disappearance of the orchestra had something to do with this, but who wouldn't be interested in this episode? Big children as well as small have been known to wax enthusiastic over this joke of Papa Haydn.

The awarding of prizes for the best program note was another exciting moment. Three little girls, one a very little one, won the three medals awarded. There were also several "honorable mentions" in which two boys shone. One of the little girls in the latter group was the daughter of Richard Aldrich. Mr. Schelling announced that the decisions had been very difficult to make, there had been so many excellent program notes which were excellent. Next year these concerts are to be continued under the name of the Junior Philharmonic Concerts.

HENRY T. FINCK.

FAVORITES AT THE OPERA.

"Aida" and "Madame Butterfly"
Fill the Metropolitan.

Two favorite operas, "Aida" and "Madame Butterfly," crowded the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon and night, each for the last time in a season that will soon round out 200 performances. The day had its bit of novelty in the appearance of Miss Branzell as Amneris in Verdi's classic, sung for the sixth time by Retberg, Martineff, Danise and Mardones. Moranzoni conducted the matinee, as he also did last evening, when Easton, Telva, Laura-Volpi and Scotti brought Puccini's work to a seventh hearing.

Rosa Ponselle has returned and will relieve Miss Easton as Santuzza in "Cavalleria" tomorrow night. The final week starts next Monday with "Samson," when Branzell will sing Delilah.

David Robinson in Concert.

David Robinson gave a violin recital at Aeolian Hall last evening which was well attended. A Brahms sonata and the Paganini concerto in D major, at the very start, gave the measure of his powers, which were not inconsiderable. He has more than the regulation equipment expected of concert players, a ringing musical tone, ease of technique and a command of expression. He infused the Brahms sonata with considerable emotion and completed the conquest of his audience in the Paganini concerto, eliciting rounds of applause. Then Mr. Robinson, the violinist, became Mr. Robinson, the composer, with the not unfamiliar result of damping the enthusiasm which he had created by his previous execution. He ended the evening with the brilliant "Rondo Capriccioso"

of Saint-Saens, reaping additional applause. Much credit should be given to Olga Barabini for her share in the Brahms's number and the accompaniments.

Winifred Byrd, M.M.
April 9, 1924
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Caesar had his Brutus, and the Paris fire department has its annual art exhibition, but New York's banks have their glee club. It is composed of male bank employees, is at present sixty-four strong, and wound up its forty-fifth season with a concert in Carnegie Hall last evening, under the conductorship of Bruno Huhn.

The club was heard by a large audience which listened attentively and applauded so hard that one suspected it of having either relatives or office mates on the platform. It may not have been so sophisticated an audience as those that gather to hear the big college glee clubs when they visit Carnegie Hall, but it probably had a better time. For, so far, the Banks' Glee Club has been touched but lightly by the fever of intensive culture that has raged so virulently of late in collegiate circles.

We had almost despaired of hearing an old fashioned glee club concert again. Nowadays the college clubs sing Palestrina and Brahms instead of the Bullard and Nevlin of an earlier day. As for mandolin and banjo clubs, they may be extinct by now, for all the evidence to the contrary; we haven't heard the "Symphia" waltzes or the "March of the Grenadiers" for ages.

True, there were no mandolin and banjo selections at last night's concert (the banking laws probably forbid mandolin practice during office hours) but there was a galaxy of genuine, pre-war glee club numbers, with no pretensions as to excessive musical worth, presented solely with the object of pleasing a friendly crowd that had come to be pleased. The "Winter Song" was wanting, but there was Flaxington Harker's "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" to take its place; and if there was no "Creole Love Song," there were Protheroe's "De Sandman" and Nevlin's "Mighty Lak a Rose," to say nothing of Haydn's "Maiden Fair" and three excellent chanteys by Marshall Bartholomew.

Incidentally, the club sings with agreeable tone (it has an unusually good first tenor section for an amateur organization), clear diction and phrasing and dynamics that bespeak excellent training. Besides the Glee Club numbers there were an aria and a song group by Mary Mellich and cello solos by Marie Roemaet Rosanoff.

There was also an evening recital in Aeolian Hall by Eusebio Conciardi, baritone, who sang groups in Italian, English and German, as well as three operatic arias. A throaty production and diction that, except in Italian, left something to be desired, were somewhat offset by his rather agreeable voice and the undoubted sincerity of his singing.

OTHER MUSIC.

In the afternoon Lawrence Tibbett gave a belated baritone recital. Mr. Tibbett is for the moment most happily identified as the slim young Valentine of "Faust" at the Metropolitan; on the concert stage he seemed even slimmer and much younger and obviously suffering from that nervousness which attacks an opera singer who can face the vast Metropolitan audience with perfect calm under the illusion of his role, but who quakes before Aeolian Hall and the stark bareness of the concert platform. This may have been the cause of a certain constraint and tightness in his voice for the first few numbers; later, it rounded into the fullness and colorful depths which mark his best roles. His program was ill-chosen in spots; there was no particular reason

for the group of sentimental modern songs which suited his voice not at all and in which he seemed somehow to have lost interest. But the Brahms group was rich in tone and meaning and a collection of French and English ballads had the simple tenderness of a singer who knows and loves their old-world atmosphere. A. S.

Lawrence Tibbett in Recital.

Between earlier New York recitals and his return to Aeolian Hall yesterday as an assured artist, Lawrence Tibbett had put to his credit a full season at the Metropolitan, with more benefit of varied style and less shouting of voice than some overweighted singers have shown. He sang old airs harmonized by Pochon, of the Flonzaley Quartet, and an American group by Griffes, Elinor Warren and LaForge, who was at the piano. After Brahms and some Russians, the audience heard cordially his bit of opera in the baritone's air from Verdi's "Masked Ball." The singer's voice has broadened since last heard in intimate songs, yet it has retained in that perilous process a remembered warmth and resonance, sustaining well the martial emotion in LaForge's "Flanders Requiem," to which the same musician's "Retreat" served as encore.

Eusebio Conciardi Sings.

Eusebio Conciardi, a baritone, gave a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall. He was most at home in the operatic numbers, which he sang with spirited declamation. The Cavatina from the "Barber of Seville" won him warm applause, while the "Credo" from Verdi's "Otello" again disclosed his familiarity with the style of the Italian opera repertoire.

April 10, 1924
By Deems Taylor

THE MISSA SOLEMNIS.

Albert Stoessel set the Oratorio Society a heroic task last night in Carnegie Hall when, conducting the chorus, a solo quartet, and the New York Symphony Orchestra, he produced Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of its first performance.

This work of Beethoven's, one of his later and certainly one of his most difficult, was begun in 1818. He intended it for performance the following year, at the investiture of Rudolf, Archbishop of Olmuetz, but did not finish it, as a matter of fact, until 1823. Although some excerpts from the work were given in Vienna soon after its completion, the first full performance did not take place until 1824. The score was published as Beethoven's opus 124, simultaneously with that of the Ninth Symphony (opus 123). The mass attracted comparatively little attention until its performance at the Rhenish Music Festival at Cologne in 1844; after that its fame spread rapidly.

It sounds curiously unlike the blunt, foursquare Beethoven of the choruses in the Ninth Symphony or the opening movement of the Fifth. The voice parts are written almost entirely in a florid contrapuntal style that recalls Bach, and employ the device of canonic imitation with a persistence and freedom that suggest the technique of Haendel. The work is intensely dramatic in its expression, with sudden changes of mood and powerful dynamic contrasts.

It is magnificent music, but it is performed comparatively seldom; and last night's performance made it only too clear why this is so. For until a race of singers—particularly a race of sopranos—is found with vocal chords and chest muscles such as we moderns wot not of, the Missa Solemnis is almost certainly bound to fail of its effect.

It is written throughout in a merciless tessitura that makes the vocal parts of the ninth seem child's play. The unfortunate sopranos spend their time in the celestial regions that lie between high F and high B flat, with such scant relief as is afforded by an abrupt descent to a low D or middle C. The altos soar a trifle less dizzily simply because there is no room for them to go higher, but even at their most comfortable they are singing a good average first soprano part.

The tenors fare a trifle better, although much of their part hammers away on the middle—that is, the weakest—part of their voices. The basses have an extraordinary part

that takes them ever and anon to a low F sharp and spends much time on high E, the worst note in the base voice. The solo quartet parts are much as they are in the Ninth Symphony—florid and ineffective. It is all good clarinet and string writing, and all virtually beyond the powers of human voices to perform well.

It may seem trivial and pedantic to harp like this on Beethoven's bad vocal writing rather than discuss his music. But the simple truth is that Beethoven's vocal writing ruined his music last night. The chorus tried gallantly and had obviously rehearsed long and hard, but it could not accomplish the impossible. Where the vocal music was written within human range, Mr. Stoessel's choristers sang with deep expressiveness. Where it was not, they screamed. What else could they do?

Of the quartet Judson House, tenor, was the most nearly successful, singing always with distinction and beauty of tone and managing to be audible under the most unpromising circumstances. The others staggered a bit under the cruel burden that had been placed upon them. The audience was unusually large and seemed respectful rather than excited.

OTHER MUSIC.

Rosa Ponselle returned to the Metropolitan last night as a particularly vivid and emotional Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." In fact her last cry in the death scene rang out with such violence that she alarmed the cast even beyond the demands necessary for an excited populace. Her vehement spirit seemed to influence the entire performance so that the last "Cavalleria" was swept vigorously on to a flaming finale.

Combined with the Mascagni piece was "Le Coq d'Or"—the eighth and last of the season. It had a familiar cast, with Sabanieva and Galli, Didur and Kosloff and the other mimes and music-makers who have contributed to the extraordinary success of the Rimsky-Korsakoff fantasy.

The only solo recital was given by Arthur Friedheim, who came back to Aeolian Hall after several years absence. His program was made up chiefly of the Liszt numbers with which this pianist has been so happily identified. The Sonata in B Minor, the Mephisto Waltz, a "Pastorale" and the Mozart-Liszt fantasy from "Don Giovanni" were enthusiastically greeted by an audience obviously devoted to both the composer and his interpreter. A. S.

DIVORCED HUSBAND OF GALLI-CURCI DIES

Luigi Curci, Marquise of Simari and the first husband of Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, the singer, died Tuesday at Rome, Italy, it was announced yesterday in a cable dispatch received by his brother, Gennaro M. Curci of 25 West Eighty-sixth Street.

Signor Curci was only 39 years old and friends and relatives here said that grief over his being divorced by the singer in 1920 had shattered his health.

"Naturally the divorce was a great shock for Signor Curci," said his brother yesterday, "and he could not seem to forget his great love for the woman who had been his wife. They spent eleven happy years of married life and for some time previous to his last illness he had been engaged in writing an account of those happy years."

Signor Curci lived with his father in Rome. He is survived also by three brothers and two sisters. He was a painter, his canvases having been exhibited in many galleries of Europe. His brother here is a vocal and operatic coach.

Mme. Galli-Curci, whose success in this country was spectacular after she took musical New York by storm, was married to Signor Curci in Rome in 1908. They lived together until August, 1918, during which time, as she has testified at her divorce proceedings, she always treated him "kindly and affectionately."

An answer to Mme. Curci's charges of cruelty and infidelity, which Signor Curci had filed before the divorce, was withdrawn at the last minute by his attorney. He had contested the proceedings for divorce, he said, in the hope that he might win back his wife's affection.

The singer's first public act after get-

that his divorce was to take out American citizenship papers. In January, 1921, she was married to Homer Samuel, her former pianist, at the home of Mrs. Samuel's parents in Minneapolis, Minn.

GOLDSCHMAN TO RETURN.

Will Be Guest Conductor of the New York Symphony.

President H. H. Flagler of the Symphony Society of New York announced last night that he had invited Vladimir Golschmann to return here next season as a guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, jointly with Walter Damrosch and Bruno Walter. He added that the young Polish conductor had accepted the invitation.

Mr. Golschmann led a single concert of the organization in Aeolian Hall last Sunday. He is to direct six programs next Winter, from Dec. 18 to 28, one pair at Carnegie Hall, two Sundays at Aeolian and others at the Brooklyn Academy and on the Young People's series.

He is sailing Saturday on the Leviathan to resume his concerts both in Brussels and Paris, where he first became known as the "youngest conductor" in 1919 at the Champs Elysees Theatre. As leader of the Diaghilev Ballet in 1920, he conducted the post-war revival of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps."

Lawrence Gilman

That work which Beethoven himself described as his "greatest and most successful," the "Missa Solemnis," had one of its rare performances last night by the Oratorio Society in Carnegie Hall. Beethoven recommended the Mass in D to the King of France as "l'œuvre le plus accompli." He has not been left alone in that opinion. His sagacious and most devoted apostle in this country, Henry Edward Krehbiel, once unhesitatingly hailed the work as "the greatest of all compositions for voice and orchestra"; and Beethoven's French biographer, Vincent d'Indy, has declared that in the presence of the Mass in D we stand before a work with which only the B minor Mass of Bach and the "Parsifal" of Wagner can be compared.

Perhaps the first thing that should be said in any comment upon last night's event is that these towering superlatives seem not inappropriately altitudinous. This Opus 123 of Beethoven is very great music—no wonder Beethoven raved and agonized as it was born of him, "singing, howling," crying out in anguish while it was taking shape in his imagination and on his music paper, as Schindler related. Those who were about him at the time say also that he "seemed to be transported by it." He had the meaning of the Latin words of the text minutely explained to him, with their proper accentuation. During four years he dwelt with them, filled with the anguish of parturition, but also with the ecstasy that must have sustained him as sheet after sheet of the wonderful score passed across his desk; and then one day in the late winter of 1822, he set down the last note, and on the manuscript of the "Kyrie" he wrote the simple and characteristic words: "From the heart—may it go to the heart!" ("Von Herzen—Möge es zu Herzen gehen!")

Performances of the Mass in New York have been few and far between. Almost all a century elapsed after the first performance of the music in Europe before it reached New York. The first performance in America was probably by the Choral Music Society of New York in 1872. "A very inadequate one," according to Mr. Krehbiel, was performed at a festival in the 10th Regiment Armory in 1882 and by the Oratorio Society on three subsequent occasions: December 9, 1905; December 1, 1909, and March 28, 1914. Last night's performance of the Mass was apparently the sixth in New York.

Six performances in half a century of "the greatest" of all compositions for voice and orchestra certainly suggest that something is the matter, either with the Mass itself, with our producing agencies, or with the public. From the point of view of feasibility something is, of course, very decidedly the matter with the music itself. Beethoven laid aside the Ninth Symphony to compose the Mass; and much of the reckless and disdainful spirit in which he wrote the voice parts in the Choral Symphony appears to have influenced him in the writing of the Mass. Wagner pointed out that in the "Missa Solemnis" Beethoven "employed the choir and orchestra almost exactly as in the Symphony," and he called the Mass "a strictly symphonic work." Making due allowance for Wagner's somewhat leaden critical method, there is much truth in those

observations. Beethoven does undoubtedly treat his solo and choral parts with the freedom of orchestral instruments, and with a murderous disregard of the structure and true functions of the human throat.

The music of the Mass is horribly difficult to sing. Beethoven thinks nothing of asking his sopranos to move about in the region of B-flat, and at one point in the "Credo" he requires them to sustain that note for four and a half measures, at an "Allegro ma non troppo" pace. And the work is difficult and baffling in other ways—in the problems of style and of spiritual comprehension that it sets before its interpreters; in its strange blend of the purest spirituality and what seems almost like a rather obvious and external theatricality. The trumpets and drums, and the twice repeated military signal in the "Agnus Dei," shocked many of its early hearers, who repudiated the work as bare of religious spirit.

It is perfectly true, of course, that the work is unliturgical. Why it is so has been frequently pointed out. We referred in our long discussion of the Mass in last Sunday's Herald Tribune to the fact that Beethoven paid scant attention to the rubrics to institutional traditions and proprieties, to the liturgical formulas. His passionate and dramatizing imagination had not gone far in its dealing with the text when it overleaped all bounds and went its own way. For Beethoven had fixed his mind and heart less on the churchly rubrics than on the immemorial human realities that lay behind and below and above the missal text—upon the pitiful and everlasting soul of man, suffering, fearing, longing, pleading, hoping, worshipping, praying.

The square-toed character of Beethoven's melody, as we find it in the Ninth Symphony; the themes built on sections of the diatonic scale; the harmonic plainness—these traits are not the distinguishing ones of the "Missa Solemnis." Here Beethoven speaks in a different tongue—in language far subtler, more piercing, more interior,

more in the vein of the last quartets. The poignancy of certain passages is of an astonishing modernity. In the most moving page of the score, the profoundly touching "Preludium" for the orchestra just before the Benedictus in the Sanctus, the music prefigures "Parsifal" in its piercing chromatic intensity and in the harmonic color of certain measures wherein Beethoven anticipated Wagner by half a century—as in the last eight measures, so sensitively scored for divided violas, cello, woodwind and organ, just before the entrance of the solo violin (there is, by the way, another remarkable anticipation of Wagner at the beginning of the B flat Menu allegro section in the "Gloria," where the clarinets and bassoons sing a portion of one of Eva's motives from "Die Meistersinger"—forty years before Wagner contrived it).

The performance last night was in many respects an eloquent one. Mr. Stoessel, the conductor, had imparted to the excellent chorus much of his own enthusiasm and musical vitality, and they sang with stirring confidence and vigor, with precision, rhythmic life, variety of color, sonority and richness of tone. There was evident, too, a sensitive and just conception of the difficult moods of the music, and much of its peculiar quality of contrasted exultation, passion, dramatic power and spiritual brooding was communicated. The solo quartet (Olive Marshall, soprano; Helena Marsh, contralto; Judson House, tenor, and William Gustafson, bass) covered itself with a somewhat less shining mantle of glory. Mr. Stoessel conducted with inspiring authority and the orchestra of the Symphony Society played well.

The audience was enthusiastic, and was clearly moved by the noble and affecting music, with its marvelous blend of temporal passion and unearthly beauty—as if Beethoven had really heard ineffable voices murmuring in his poor deaf ears (closed though they were even to his own music) strangely comforting phrases:

As the wings of doves over their nestings, so also are the wings of the Spirit over a heart.

By THEODORE STEARNS.

Arthur Friedheim.

It was not the Arthur Friedheim of years ago I heard Wednesday night in Aeolian Hall. This is, of course, natural, but as the great exponent of Franz Liszt's heavier piano works played through his program I could not help but wish Mr.



THEODORE STEARNS

more lasting channels of coaching and conducting.

Not that Arthur Friedheim is not a great artist. Far from it. But his playing the other night seemed frosted with a halo of over-maturity. It seemed to reflect the pause before the retirement and having been, for years, one of his most profound admirers it seemed a pity that he should consent to play around to small audiences when once his mere name was a box office sell-out.

The life of a musician is bound to reach its apex, and then turn. Here is where the musician should stop. Few are great enough to do so. Singers like Schumann-Heink, or Louise Homer may continue with the twice-told maturity of Youth. It is seldom, however, that an instrumentalist may keep the pace. Particularly when their average has been 99 per cent. pure. The reason for this is plain. In order to keep in form the same industrious many hours practising must be their daily routine else their fingers will gradually stiffen and drag. With a singer it rarely occurs that more than an hour or two a day of vocalises is necessary, and this can never age a finely-trained vocal apparatus.

"Cats and Candles" (Concluded.)

After listening to Mr. Friedheim's Balakireff "Oriental Fantasy"; his Liszt "Sonata in B minor," and two of his Chopin numbers, I moped down into the

Final Oratorio Concert.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Beethoven "Missa Solemnis" was heard for the first time in ten years in this city at the final concert of the jubilee season of the New York Oratorio Society, Albert Stoessel conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. The soloists were Olive Marshall, soprano; Helena Marsh, contralto; Judson House, tenor, and William Gustafson, bass. The orchestral part of the work was performed by the Symphony Society, Gustav Tintot, concertmaster, with Philip James as organist.

It is axiomatic that this mass cannot be sung as it is written, although the chorus met its difficulties with astonishing resource. Yet the mass could stand in no other form, for no other medium than voices, and it is essentially a most harmonious and complete artistic creation. Compare it with such a hybrid composition as the Ninth Symphony, of which the finale is considerably easier to sing, and then realize the difference in unity and completeness of conception between the two works. The mass in D is surely one of the great compositions, not merely of religious music, but of any music in existence, not only because of its flaming inspiration but the fundamental symmetry and power of its form.

The radiance of the opening Kyrie prepares in a measure for what is to follow. Soon after, a more dramatic impulse is felt in the music, and wonders begin. They do not cease for the length of the work. Usually, despite the frequent exceptional complications of the part-writing, the greatest marvels are revealed by the simplest means—by a modulation which, in the hands of another composer, or not associated with the text of which it becomes so significant a counterpart would be pale and meaningless; or by Beethoven's potent manipulation of, or short phrase or figure; or by his repeating again and again a certain chord until the heavens ring with it. The music seems to rush forward with endless plenitude of inspiration and with a complete fusing of orchestra, chorus and vocal quartet in the development of ideas. This is the mass that Beethoven began to write in 1818 for the ordainment of the Archduke Rudolph, Beethoven's pupil, as Archbishop of Olmutz. Happily, in composing it, he forgot all about the Archbishop and gave one of the noblest of all compositions to mankind.

The performance was technically and as concerns interpretation a remarkable accomplishment. The chorus sang with exemplary quality and balance of tone in harmonic passages, and with rhythmic vigor and clearness of attack which saved the day more than once in passages where otherwise destruction would have been near. The sopranos soared confidently to A's and B flats, and even on occasion struck B's with admirable intonation and musical quality of tone. The male portions of the chorus seemed equally capable, although at times an inner part could have been clearer. The difficulties that confronted the singers were in most cases met with a sureness and spirit which reflected the utmost honor on the conductor. Mr. Stoessel conducted with his heart in his work. He felt the music and he made those who were with him feel it. The

quartet, which contained some good voices, was uneven in its quality and not rhythmically sure of itself in places, notwithstanding the capable singing of many solo passages. It would be no bad thing for the art of music and the public it is supposed to uplift if such a work and such a performance could be heard at least once a season.

Percy Grainger's Church Recital— "Freischuetz" Again

THE musical season now ending has been a bad one for most of the singers and players. There have been too many of them, that's all. A glut in the market. Music didn't pay in Europe, so at European musicians came over here, with the result that their art ceased to be profitable here, too.

With exceptions. Half a dozen artists with Paderewski and Kreisler in the lead, have enjoyed a record season. Percy Grainger is another of the half dozen. He has had what Westerners call a howling success. He is raking in the shekels so freely that he is now spending \$5000 in bringing over from Europe his friend, Delius, whom he considers the foremost of living composers, and producing one of his choral works in this city. That will happen on April 30. Details anon.

At the Community Church, last night Grainger gave a recital which demonstrated why he has had a prosperous season. He is so full of life, energy, personality. Music oozes out of every pore. The piano seems to play itself. He makes an audience wildly enthusiastic when he plays any of his own pieces or arrangements, like "Shepherd's Hey," the English Morris dance, or "The Sussex Mummers Christmas Carol," or David Guion's "Turkey in the Straw."

But he rouses no less enthusiasm when he plays more serious things. Grieg's plaintive "Ballade" aroused a desire for more Grieg, so Grainger generously added the stirring Wedding Day at Troldhaugen. He had to add extras after a group including Debussy's "Clair de Lune" and three Chopin pieces, an etude, a prelude, and the B flat minor scherzo.

But the most wonderful thing came at the beginning. Blessed be Liszt for rescuing the great Prelude and Fugue in A minor by Bach and making it audible for large concert audiences by arranging it for piano. Grainger is too young to have been a pupil of Liszt, yet there is not now nor was there ever a pupil of Liszt (I have heard all the big ones) who could more cleverly reproduce the grand organ style in this piano piece. How he thundered out the pedal basses! How clear the contrapuntal interweaving of parts. You need not be a musician to enjoy Bach when Percy Grainger plays him.

Weber's Freischuetz A Success

A laurel wreath for Giulio Gatti-Casazza! When Weber's "Freischuetz" was last done at the Metropolitan—more than a decade ago—it was a dismal failure. It had just been pitch-forked on the stage. Mr. Gatti's production, this year, is a sumptuous one. New scenery was provided, Bodanzky edited the score in masterly style, the cast chosen was excellent, and lo and behold, the old masterpiece is young again! The cast at last night's performance was as good as before, and the audience was hugely pleased.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The Season's Last Freischuetz.

Weber's "Der Freischuetz" was sung for the third and last time the Metropolitan last evening, with Miss Sabini in place of Marie and with James Wolf of the cast doing double duty for another artist indisposed. Leading parts were again taken by Reiberg, Taucher, Bohnen, Rothier, Meader and Schlegel, under Bodanzky's direction. There was a capacity house.

ORCHESTRA AT STRAND ENDS 10TH YEAR TODAY

Movie Theatre That First Performed Symphony Music to Celebrate During Easter Week.

Closely following the formation of new symphony orchestras among resident moving picture musicians in Rochester, Syracuse and other cities, comes the

nth anniversary today of the first lecture theatre built of opera house size and with full orchestra accompaniment that was started in New York. Carl Doudeard, chief musical conductor at the Mark Strand, talked last night of the decade of musical development, which the Strand will celebrate later during Easter week.

"When we opened this theatre, April 1, 1914, with a small orchestra," he said, "all my colleagues predicted failure, holding that Broadway was not ready for it. As a fact, 60,000,000 paid admissions have proved the contrary. Now we have fifty-three orchestra men, of whom eighteen came from the opera and seven more from symphony orchestras. We give their players fifty-two weeks' work, instead of only half the year."

Our musical library has grown from dress-suit case full of music for the opening performance to a collection costing upward of \$50,000 and comprising 5,500 scores, in the care of two librarians. I do not think it is presumptuous to say that we have created a new audience for the symphony orchestras. Symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Schumann's "Spring" symphony, Tchaikovsky's Fourth, Fifth and "Pathétique," are known and recognized by our audiences. So are the works of Bach and Brahms, Liszt, Massenet, Enesco, Rimsky-Korsakov, Boito and many more. And we have given not a few first hearings to serious works by American composers."

SYMPHONY PUPILS PLAY.

Directors of Society Hear Students Who Got Scholarships.

High school pupils of New York who have had free lessons from leading players of the Symphony Society gave a demonstration of their work before the Society's directors yesterday at the home of President H. H. Flagler. Twenty students were selected to play to those who paid their scholarships, out of a total of seventy-two receiving twenty-five lessons each during the Winter. The audition was arranged by the Symphony Society's educational committee, of which Miss Olga Dahlgren is chairman. Some of those present were Mrs. Ditson, Mrs. H. K. Knapp, Miss Elizabeth Lamont, Mrs. E. P. Mellon, Mrs. Victor Morawetz, Miss Mary Jay Schieffelin, Cass Gilbert, Edwin T. Rice and Mr. and Mrs. Flagler. Those of the Symphony Orchestra's first instruments who taught and who heard the young players yesterday included Messrs. Tinitot, LaPrade, Pollain, Kirsch and Tivin, from the strings; Barrere, Mathieu, Duques and Letellier, woodwinds; and Richard, Drucker and Wokenfuss, of the brass instrument choir.

Singer Club Concert
April 12 1934
By Deems Taylor

CHALIAPIN RETURNS.

The crowd that greeted Feodor Chaliapin in "Faust" yesterday afternoon filled every seat in the Metropolitan and stood as many deep, upstairs and down, as the laws of the impenetrability of matter and the Fire Department would allow. The performance was a benefit for the Free Milk Fund of the Mayor's committee of women, and must have netted the enterprise a huge sum. Whoever planned the affair was wise in choosing as the opera of the day a vehicle of the great Russian basso.

His singing was as incomparable as ever, and his acting performance of the role of Mephistopheles had all of its familiar merits and defects. He still elects to play Mephisto as the powdery devil of Boito's version of the Faust legend, rather than the polished gentleman-adventurer that Gounod probably had in mind.

Yet one could not help wondering, watching him yesterday, whether he could appear any more convincing when he did model his Mephisto more along the generally accepted "right" lines. It is probable that Chaliapin's shortcomings in "Faust" are hardly his fault at all.

The blunt truth is that Chaliapin simply doesn't belong in Gounod's "Faust" at all. He has too much of it. It is rank heresy to suggest such a thing, but does "Faust" matter much, one way or another? I mean, as a great work of art? Melody it has, to be sure, but of it. Some of the most delectable tickling and inescapable beauty in the world are in Gounod's "Faust." But that is just the trouble. The beauty of "Faust" is hardly de-

lightful, hardly the sort of story that one would conceive as a vehicle for song hits.

Gounod put the best he had into the "Faust" score, but the best he had happened to be something about as far from Goethe's cosmic grandiosity as it is possible to imagine. If one is to get the real joy out of the "Faust", music that there is in it, one must leave Goethe out of things entirely. The moment you begin to take the story seriously, the score begins to sound supremely silly.

And Chaliapine does make you do just that. He has such a terrific gift of reality, of turning every role he assumes into flesh and blood, that his Mephistopheles becomes real, and one begins to feel with Goethe rather than with Gounod. And there lies trouble. On the one hand, the charming, inconsequential music; on the other, the pity and terror of the Faust legend, such a story as only a Wagner or Moussorgsky could set adequately. One is disappointed, and dissatisfied; and, since it is Chaliapine who has upset matters with his confounded actuality, one blames Chaliapine.

But fear not. "One," here, means literally only one. The audience wasted no time in philosophico-musico-dramaturgic speculations, but listened and applauded and shouted with simple earnestness upon every possible occasion—and Gounod had provided many. There was plenty of applause left, by the way, for the rest of the cast, which included Mr. Tokatyan, Mr. De Luca, Mr. Wolf, Mme. Alda, Miss Howard and Miss Anthony. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

Elinor Graydon Plays.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Elinor Graydon, pianist, played compositions of Schumann, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Brahms, Liszt and Grieg last night in Aeolian Hall. Miss Graydon showed refinement in her performance, respect for the composers' thought and appreciation, though of a negative kind, for certain passages of the poetry of Schumann and Beethoven. She has not what is commonly known as a "big technic"; her tone is not very large or sonorous, and in places it was a little hard and dry; but she has physical equipment sufficient to justify her giving concerts.

What was missing in the performances of the long Schumann Novelette in F sharp minor and the Beethoven sonata in E minor, op. 109, was any distinct sign of individuality or temperament. The lack of these things may have been due in some degree to the preternatural caution that afflicts certain musical natures when they undergo in the earlier years that trial by jury known as a piano recital in a leading American city. Under such circumstances it is for many an impossibility to be natural or spontaneous in musical expression. But even acknowledging the obstacles of the moment, Miss Graydon's performances remain in retrospect unconvincing. They said little, and the little they said was not adjusted to the demands of a concert hall. There was not enough contrast of color and variety of effect in the playing. When, in Schumann's overlong though romantic "Novelette," the melody is supposed to float over a subdued accompaniment as a voice from afar, the "voice" was actually not different enough in sonority and shading from what preceded and followed for any one uninitiated of the effect intended by the composer to notice the difference.

Beethoven's sonata, again, was dutifully played. The notes were there, and many of the shadings, as indicated in score. There the meaning of the performance stopped. It had no high lights, no moments of climax or mood, and this despite the fact that the interpretation was always in good taste, intelligent, not unbecomingly in tone quality, but without that authority of spirit that is immediately felt, if it is present, by the hearer, and that certainly will come to the force eventually, if it is really a characteristic of the artist.

There was an audience of good size, cordially disposed.

Flora Negri in Recital.

Flora Negri, who gave her second song recital at the Town Hall last evening, is what the Latins call "Simpatica." Her voice does not sound large, but its carrying quality is good. The vocal line is clear, sweet and warm; it is exactly suited Haydn's "Blind auf dein Haar" and Weber's air, "Leda, leda" from "Der Freischütz." It was in her German group that Miss Negri made her best impression on the audience. There was something very appealing in her gentle emotion; her effects were much enhanced by distinct articulation in five languages: Italian, German, French, Russian and English. Mark Wornow supplied a violin obbligato to "Le Nil," which Miss Negri sang with nice expression. Madame Nire Massoli was an efficient and artistic accom-

Iravrat a
Bori Lassar
Volpi, Danie
April 13 1934
Caracas
Martinielli
Mansoni
Melissiranger
Reinhardt
Bolton
Taney
Haden van
Vollenhausen
April 14 1934

Samuel Kanter and the Hazumir Choral Society, under Zavel Silberts, sang in Carnegie Hall last night for the Jewish Home for Convalescents at Grand View, N. Y.

ZIMBALIST'S LAST RECITAL.

Violinist Going On an Oriental Tour in the Fall.

Efrem Zimbalist gave his final recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. This was also his farewell until January, 1935, as he will make his second tour of the Orient in the fall.

A novelty was the appearance of two American pianist-composers at the piano; Mr. Zimbalist was associated with John Powell in his sonata for violin and piano, and with Ernest Schelling in his concerto for piano and violin. In the Powell sonata, with its noticeably rhythmic and melodic development, there were both imagination and an underlying current of sobriety.

Mr. Schelling's concerto attracted by its romantic warmth, its exuberant fancy and its sweeping momentum. The tempo was suggested by an impression of Kreisler playing the viola. Mr. Zimbalist, Mr. Powell and Mr. Schelling were greeted by great applause and with many recalls.

The violinist was heard in two solo groups, including four pieces by Couperin, Rameau, Haydn and Dittersdorf, and by characteristic numbers from Grainger, Kreisler, Zimbalist and Sarasate.

Heifetz at Metropolitan Concert.

Jascha Heifetz took a season's leave as guest at last night's "opera concert," when a crowded house greeted the violinist in Mendelssohn's concerto, with the orchestra of the Metropolitan under Bamboschek. He also gave solos, among which were a Chopin nocturne, Joseph Achron's "Stimmung" and a "Cortège" by Lili Boulanger. The Misses Dalossy and Telva sang a duet from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" befitting the day. Others were Miss Roeseler in songs of Strauss, Sabanieva in an air from "Madame Butterfly," and Schorr in the monologue from "Meistersinger." The orchestra also won applause in Glazunov's "Baccharale" and Scriabin's "Poeme d'Eytase."

Rudolph Bochco in a Recital.

Rudolph Bochco, violinist, who has won recognition before here, gave a matinee recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall to an audience much diminished by a Summerlike day out of doors. Mr. Bochco was assisted by Joseph Adler in the Pugnani-Kreisler "Praeludium" and the concerto of Bruch. After Bach's solo chaconne, he added Achron's arrangement of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" and pieces by Brahms, Chopin, Sarasate and Zolt.

SCRIABIN CONCERT.

Russian Composer's Music Played on Eve of Death Anniversary.

Alexander Scriabin, the late Russian composer, who appeared in New York as pianist when his countryman Safonoff led the Philharmonic, was commemorated in a concert of his music last evening at Aeolian Hall. In the course of the program, Sir Paul Dukes, long resident in Russia, gave personal reminiscences of Scriabin.

Katherine Ruth Heyman played three groups from the composer's piano

works. Recalling his vast orchestral tone poems were some of these minor titles, such as "Flammes Sombres," Op. 73, and certain preludes, "Vague et Mysterieux," "Sauvage," "Lent, Contemplatif" and "Lugubre." Miss Heyman added the fourth and eighth sonatas, three études and a scherzo.

Sir Paul Dukes noted the fact that today would be the ninth anniversary of the death of Scriabin, on April 14, 1915, when but 44 years old. He recalled the "Poeme d'Extase," hissed when first produced by Kussevitzy and later successfully revived by that leader and Slioti. Scriabin in his last studies had planned, he said, a great religious drama laid in India, which would have completed the musician's cycle of development, popular, technical, scientific and mystical.

Last Concert of Little Symphony.

George Barrere, as soloist, gave a popular interlude of airs for flute by Bach, Mozart and Gluck in the third and last of his concerts as conductor of the Little Symphony Orchestra last evening at the Henry Miller Theatre. Pierre Mathieu, oboe, assisted in a symphony for wind instruments by Gyrowetz and the ensemble was heard in Curtis's "Mexican Lenten Chant" and numbers by Laparra, Albeniz, Debussy and Plierné. An amusing postlude was a "Symphony Digest" of forty quotations dozen other composers, Dvorak and Brahms, Schubert and Liszt, Johann Strauss, Mozart, Franck, Mahler, Bizet, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Masscagni. The medley was described as a "condensation of a great city's symphony life" by the veteran New York Symphony virtuoso.

The Ninth Symphony.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Bach's cantata, "Selig ist der Mann," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were performed at the special concert given for its pension fund by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem Mengelberg conductor, yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. The Philharmonic Society was assisted by the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and by Elizabeth Rettberg, soprano, Merle Alcock, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor, and Fraser Gange, baritone, in the interpretation of these works.

Noble music, fortunately contrasted, and as worshipping as any ceremony of the day! Nothing could more impressively have pointed out the difference in religious feeling between two immortals and their periods than the compositions heard on this occasion.

In the music of Bach full expression was given to that piety which is profound, tender and gray, and, at last, naïve and joyous, sweet and true as anything in music, when the soprano represents the liberated soul, which, "happy to meet its death, sings blithely, as if it were hastening from the world to its Redeemer, leaping and dancing on its way." This performance had the architectural quality and the feeling that is so deep in the music. This music presupposes a religious mood not characteristic of the present day. A tribute it was to conductor and interpreters that it was felt deeply by those who listened. Mr. Mengelberg, in addition to his orchestra, had at his disposal not only an experienced chorus but accomplished soloists. Miss Rettberg sang her music with her wonted beautiful quality of tone, and fortunately not in the modern manner. She sang it for what it was, without seeking to exaggerate or soften its sentiment. As a result, the occasional angularity of Bach's melodic line only made his unadorned and at times unvoiced sincerity more convincing. Nor must Mr. Gange's recitative be forgotten—a superb passage, though this gifted singer was heard to the best advantage in Beethoven's symphony.

The Ninth Symphony was given a reading which must be rated as by far the best it has received here this season. Mr. Mengelberg established immediately, by a trifle of an accent not in the score, but most legitimately employed, that sensation of suspense which should be, but seldom is, felt in the opening. When the great theme at last collected itself it leaped from the orchestra like a bolt from Jove. The virile and heroic emotion of the first movement was never lost, it gave place to a scherzo which moved, mercury like, very fast, but in a firm rhythmical grip, and with those occasional explosions of energy sufficient without another sign to establish the identity of score by Beethoven. The Adagio, for once, was a real Adagio, breathed very tenderly and in a most ideal spirit. Then, in the finale, Mr. Mengelberg's instinct for dramatic ef-

speaker, and Anne Roselle, grand opera soprano, the soloist at the concert of the Sunday Symphonic Society, Josiah Zuro director, at the Criterion Theatre yesterday afternoon. The programme included Beethoven's "Egmont" overture; Andante movement from Schubert's Symphony in C; "Morgen," by Strauss; "Ein Traum," by Grieg, and the "Caucasian Sketches" of Ippolitov-Ivanov.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony Given by the Philharmonic, With Bach as Prelude

But Mr. Mengelberg, being a famous and exceptionally experienced interpreter of the Ninth (he is said to have conducted it sixty times), could hardly be expected to abstain from performance of it in this tempting centenary year of the Choral Symphony; and, as the musical public have not been allowed to forget, the 100th birthday of the Ninth falls on May 7, 1924. The Philharmonic Society, also, is an old hand at performing the Ninth—they have been playing it off and on since 1846. Mr. Kurt Schindler's Schola Cantorum was willing to take part in the venture, as they did last year; and as a result, we heard yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House the first of two special performances of the Ninth Symphony by the Philharmonic Society (the second will take place on Thursday evening of this week at Carnegie Hall). The solo quartet consisted of Elizabeth Rethberg, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone. There was an audience of fair size—doubtless the fact that the Ninth had already been heard three times this season accounted for the public's lack of eagerness to increase its familiarity with Beethoven's Opus 125.

Those who stayed away missed an uncommonly effective performance—as they might have guessed if they could have heard the cheers of the audience and the gladsome “tusch” played by the orchestra at the end of the exercises, after the sopranos had stopped

The enthusiasm of the audience was justified. No one expects to hear a wholly satisfying performance of the Ninth Symphony, any more than one expects to witness a satisfying performance of "Tristan and Isolde" or "Macbeth," and yesterday's "Ninth" was by no means ideal. Beethoven might have asked for a divorce on statutory grounds, for there were evidences of infidelity to the pitch on the part of certain of the singers; the choral tone was not always perfectly fused and not always transparent; and there was some lack of unanimity. But often, on the other hand, the tone of the chorus had beauty and brilliancy and sonority, and the singers attacked with vigor and decision the staggering problems set for them by Beethoven. The solo quartet was one of the best that has sung the Ninth here in recent

Mr. Mengelberg conducts this Symphony with peculiar devotion and authority (he directed it yesterday, by the way, without a score—no small achievement). His extraordinary understanding of the orchestra, his mastery of the technique of the conductor's craft were impressively evidenced in his adjustment of sonorities, his molding of tonal masses, his elaboration of detail. The bleak, enigmatic grandeur of the first movement, with its somber and passionate austerity of speech, its brooding mystery, its immense and shrouded background, were implicit in the performance.

"The warmest admirers of Beethoven," wrote a certain musical critic a century ago concerning the Ninth Symphony, "must deplore that this Symphony has been given to the public. The friends of Beethoven who have advised him to publish this piece are certainly his worst enemies." If there were any like-minded friends of Beethoven on hand at yesterday's concert, they kept very quiet.

This music is Bach in one of his mystically religious and tenderly human moods. The writing is astonishingly poignant and deeply expressive, with a harmonic daring, an originality of invention which would repay close study on the part of the inquiring student.

Turn, for example, to the opening bass aria, and look at some of the remarkable progressions in the music that accompanies the word "Krone" at its first appearance in the text; look at the setting of "hör' auf zu weinen, bedrängter Geist," in the second aria of Jesus; and at the harmony on the second beat of the third measure before the end of the concluding choral. Look, in fact, on almost any page in the music of these cantatas (for here Bach is at his most daring and expressive, as he is not, as a rule, in the clavier works and in the orchestral music), and you will begin to realize why those musicians who know him best never grow weary of exclaiming over the inexhaustible fertility and originality of his mind and the endless wonder of his genius.

Mme. Rethberg and Mr. Gange sang their music with insight and feeling.

One of our wishes for next season would be: A moratorium for the Ninth Symphony, and more Bach cantatas. They cost less, they are easier to sing, and, with all due respect to Ludwig the Great, some of them are better music.

By Deems Taylor

MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA.

The quality of tone produced by the orchestra as a whole lacks the sensuous beauty of such organizations as the Philadelphia and the New York Symphony, but it is clear and firm, with a notable range in dynamics extending from a virtually perfect pianissimo to an impressive sonority in the fortes. The strings are fine in tone, and all their choirs, notably the first violins, play with expressiveness and good phrasing. The woodwinds are above the average, with a particularly good first oboe and first clarinet (the latter is George Grisez, by the way, who played last year with the Philadelphia Orchestra), and the brasses are well blended. The horns are susceptible of improvement, for although good in intonation they are a trifle coarse in tone.

Between "Lohengrin" and the "Victory Ball" he introduced Albert Roussel's "Le Festin de l'Araignée," a piece unfamiliar in this country, although it was written so long ago as 1913. It is a "symphonic fragment" arranged from a ballet-pantomime, and is a sort of musical version of "The World We Live In," with ants tugging at a rose petal, a butterfly dancing into a spider's web, with disastrous results, and an appropriately brief emergence, dance and death of—what is the singular of "enheimeria?"

According to the program notes, Dr. Verbrugghen introduced the work to America at a Minneapolis concert in 1923, although some sceptics last night stoutly maintained that Toscanini had conducted it in New York two years earlier. Not that it matters greatly. The "Festín" is agreeable, light music, but not distinguished by any great degree of either imagination or invention.

Roussel is the man who, after plodding peaceably along in the footsteps of Wagner and later Debussy for nearly half a century, suddenly fell among evil companions—meaning "Les Six"—and emerged an interesting and rejuvenated radical. The

The orchestra played it charmingly. However, and the audience, which was large and unusually cordial, greeted it with every sign of pleasure.

The last "Dalla" of the season arrived last night in the person of Karin Branzell, who sang the role for the first time at the Metropolitan. There was little of the wily enchantress in the rich and tender tones of this Swedish singer; she followed the sinister paths of her wooing with such gentle and sincere devotion that you could easily understand why Samson believed every word she sang. This, of course, may be the most insidious form of enchantment, but it doesn't seem exactly what Dalla meant. However, the interpretation was musically rich and colorful and it inspired Martinelli to new triumphs in the duet of the fatal garden.

Between the two numbers of the society's patron saint was the "Car-naval" of Schumann and an audience which had been applauding Beethoven reverently broke into cheers at Mr. Hofmann's march "Contre les Phil-listins." In spite of a pleading note on the program, there were repeated demands for encores.

Any hidebound Easterner who may fancy that all the good orchestral conductors in America live and operate on this side of the Alleghanies is in need of enlightenment. Able and stimulating conductors appear to be as common in the Middle West as poor ones are in Paris—and we can pay the musical Middle West no finer compliment than that. It is true, of course, that most of these excellent Western conductors were imported—we cannot at the moment think of any orchestral leader of high rank who was born or reared in Ohio, Illinois or Michigan.

But the point is that Mr. Stock and Mr. Reiner and Mr. Gabilowitch and Mr. Sokoloff and Mr. Verbruggen are now functioning in Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland and Minneapolis; that they are directing with high ability orchestras that are constantly improving in quality, and that they play music chosen for their programs with skill and imagination and an exhilarating freedom from conventionality. There is a sobering thought for the Tschaiikovskites of the Eastern seaboard in the fact that in Cleveland, for instance, two of the best sellers in the orchestral repertoire are Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and d'Indy's B-flat Symphony. Imagine a New York Philharmonic subscriber preferring the "Pagan Poem" to the "Marche Slave!"

Last night at Carnegie Hall we heard one of these inspiring Middle Western organizations—the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, which is making an Eastern tour under the musical direction of Henri Verbrugghen, now the regular conductor of the orchestra. The Minneapolis band had been heard here before, but their present conductor had not; though Mr. Verbrugghen's string quartet, in which he played first violin, visited New York early in the present season.

The gentlemen from Minnesota play well. Their strings have substance and power, there is good orchestral timber in the woodwind, and the brass needs little more than a refining and mellowing of the tone, and a smoother blending in ensemble, to be able to hold up its head among any company of haughty Eastern horns and trumpets and trombones. The orchestra has been well schooled—schooled by a sound and thorough musician, who has taught them what decision and unanimity and sensitive phrasing may do for a performance.

Last night they played Brahms's C Minor Symphony, the Prelude and the Introduction to Act III from "Lohengrin," Ernest Schelling's "Victory Ball" (which is almost as popular with orchestras this year as Deems Taylor's "Looking-Glass" suite), Berlioz's "Rakoczy March," and Roussel's "Le Festin de l'Araignée," which Mr. Toscanini introduced to America three years ago. It was an effective if somewhat oddly constructed program, and Mr. Verbruggen and his orchestra played it with admirable variety of mood and color and a right instinct for style.

Mr. Verbruggen has technique and sincerity and taste. He is a shining example of those excellent conductors who are sometimes held up to us as models because they "let the music speak for itself." Sometimes it seemed to us that he was a bit too humble in his attitude. After all, music does not speak for itself—it never has and it never can. We have heard performances of the great symphony of Brahms in which the vitalizing touch of an interpreter of extraordinary insight and eloquence and poetic power made it sound as if seldom sounded last night. And we could not help wondering if Mr. Verbruggen respected the notes of Brahms more than he loved the strong and beautiful and mysterious spirit that is perpetually struggling into life behind them. Yet it was a performance in which there was much to praise, and it won the favor of the audience, which bestowed an abundance of applause upon Mr. Verbruggen and his men throughout the evening.

A Minneapolis Orchestra.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From Late Editions of Yesterday's Times.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbruggen conductor, gave a concert last night in Carnegie Hall. The program contained matter that is not unfamiliar hereabouts: Brahms's First Symphony, the preludes to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin," Albert Roussel's symphonic fragment from his ballet "Le Festin d'Araignée," Ernest Schelling's "Victory Ball" and the "Rakoczy" march from the "Damnation of Faust."

The performance of Brahms's symphony was admirable both in proportion and spirit. Mr. Verbruggen evidently had the music at heart. He conducted with a thorough understanding of the score. He let no significant detail escape him, while presenting the whole great symphony with exceptional unity. It is not often that the finale has the sustained sweep and coherence that it had last night, for it is a very rich movement and its architecture is perilously elaborate. Because of the importance of its subdivisions and many episodes there are special dangers for the conductor. The music, which should move forward as grandly and as irresistibly as a winged victory, is likely to become episodic and lose its stride. But with Mr. Verbruggen last night there was not a weak link in the chain of ideas. His readings of the first and last movements of the symphony justified, on musical grounds at least, his choice of even so well known a work for the beginning of his program.

But why Brahms's symphony, which has been repeatedly played by leading orchestras in New York, should have been followed by two Wagner excerpts which are now the common property not only of symphonic programs but "pop" concerts and moving picture houses is a mystery not easy to fathom. Perhaps Mr. Verbruggen did not realize that too much familiarity is a bad thing for even great masterworks; perhaps he cherished the pleasing illusion that he could interpret these excerpts better than his colleagues. If so, he was in error, for Wagner's music was played in a common and noisy manner.

Much more interesting from a concert-goer's standpoint was the performance of the gossamer score of Roussel, which, if not highly original and a little too long for performance in the concert room, is nevertheless ingeniously instrumented, refined, fanciful in the manner of a composer who comes after Debussy and Ravel. The music was well played, which is not a small tribute to conductor and orchestra, for it has delicate qualities by no means so easy to attain as the brass band climax which Mr. Verbruggen essayed in the "Lohengrin" prelude.

Mr. Verbruggen has more than a competent orchestra at his disposal. The good wind in particular, as a choir, of much better quality than is customary with a relatively new band. The brass was mellow and round in quality, save at moments when the conductor, whose directing is distinguished by considerable physical vigor, overrode it. The playing of the strings was usually reliable, but rather dry. The concert, however, would have made a better impression, and probably have attracted a larger public, had common sense been used in not challenging comparison with other and older orchestras with a commonplace program. The audience was of good size, and it applauded with friendly enthusiasm.

EIGHT years ago the Minneapolis Orchestra made a trip to this city, giving a concert in Carnegie Hall of which the critics spoke favorably. The conductor at that time was Emil Oberhoffer, a hard-working genuine pioneer and a good musician.

Last night the same orchestra returned to Carnegie Hall under another conductor, Henri Verbruggen, who, I believe, used to preside over the Government's concerts in Australia. He made the mistake of beginning with the first Brahms symphony, of the first, second, and third movements of which he gave the driest, most literal and pedantic reading I have ever heard. These notes were all there, but where were the spirit, the elasticity the life which such men as Gabilowitch and Stokowsky know how to infuse into this score? Even the dainty allegretto fell flat; there was hardly any applause after it.

Then came an agreeable change. The final movement was admirably interpreted and played. Orchestra and conductor rose fully to the wonderful climax beginning with that heavenly outburst of the horns—one of the most inspired and thrilling things in the realm of music; and the variation on Beethoven's Hymn to Joy also was done with inspiring vigor. The contrast between this and the preceding allegretto fiasco was amazing. The audience was enthusiastic over this finale and the musicians had to respond by rising.

The Minneapolis Orchestra, as revealed in this symphony and what followed, is less notable for euphony (such as our Philharmonic in particular boasted under Josef Stransky) than for precision and an evident desire to do its dullest. It played the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" as if the men were all celebrating their own wedding, and in the introduction to the first act of the same opera Mr. Verbruggen achieved a notable crescendo and decrescendo.

It was pleasant to find that Schelling's "A Victory Ball" has found its way to the longitude of Minnesota. It was on last night's program, preceded by Roussel's flimsy "The Spider's Banquet" and followed by Berlioz's "Rakoczy March."

HENRY T. FINCK.

FLONZALEYS IN DISCORD.

Three Members of Quartet Sued to Prevent Use of Its Name.

Discord in the Flonzaley Quartet was disclosed in the Supreme Court yesterday when Louis Bailly, the viola soloist since the quartet was organized by the late Alfred de Coppet under the name of the country home of the founder, applied for an injunction preventing the use of the name by any quartet which does not include him. The case will be heard by Justice Giegerich today.

André de Coppet, son of the founder, as guarantor of the organization, and Loudon Charlton, manager, are made defendants with Adolphi Bettl, Alfred Pochon and Iwan D'Archangeau, members of the quartet. Bailly alleges that the four members, under a contract in 1921, which was approved by de Coppet, played together until recently, when the other members, he says, told him they intended to dissolve. He refused to consent, and they chose another viola player and contracted for concerts for the coming season, leaving him out. The papers were served on the defendants were sailing on the George Washington for France.

Branzell Sings Deiman.

With the choral voices in Saint Sacns's prologue to "Samson et Dalila," the Metropolitan season last night entered on its twenty-fourth week, an extension of one week longer than ever before and one that is already announced to be retained next season. The opera, though a fifth and farewell performance for those on the stage, again brought a new impersonation of popular interest. Following Mr. Bohnen's midnight ovation as Hans Sachs in "Meistersinger" last Saturday, it was Karin Branzell, who now for the first time sang Delilah in "Samson." The slim, tall Swedish contralto was a commanding figure and a voice of power in the ensembles. Familiar in the cast were Martinehl, De Luca, Rothier, Ananian, L'altrineri, Audsio and Reschiglian, and Hasselmanns conducted.

Lawrence Gilman

The Philadelphia Orchestra
Closes Its New York
Season

Tenth and last New York concert this season of the Philadelphia Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall.

PROGRAM

Overture, "La Grande Pague Russe" Rimsky-Korsakoff
Entr'acte from "Khovantchina" Monssorgsky
"Renard" Burlesque from Russian Folk Tales..... Stravinsky
(For Chamber Orchestra, with Two Tenors and Two Basses, personifying: The Cock, The Fox, The Cat, The Goat)
Tenors: Jose Delaquerriere, Harold Hansen, Basses: John Barclay, Hubert Linscott.
Carlos Salzedo at the Piano.
Symphony No. 4, in D minor..... Schumann
Passacaglia in C minor..... Bach
(Orchestrated by Leopold Stokowski)

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave the tenth and final concert of its New York season last night at Carnegie Hall, and thus brought to an end what it is, not invidious to call the most brilliant series of musical performances that have been given hereabouts since the season of 1923-'24 sat up in its cradle last October and began to make melodious trouble for all and sundry.

We have never been able to feel that comparisons are odious. On the contrary, they seem to us to be illuminating and helpful, and a perfectly fair and decent way of attempting to arrive at some sort of critical appraisal. It is not considered etiquette to say bluntly in print that Mme. Epi von Glottis is a better Brünnhilde than Miss Carrie Tubb, or that Mr. Rosenewski plays Schumann's "Carnaval" better than Mr. Ozias Bumpus, the dazzling but somewhat glacial young graduate from the New England Conservatory of Music. For the life of us we cannot see why such comparisons should be considered bad form. They seem to us, on the contrary, entirely legitimate and exceedingly fruitful, and no more productive of pain and grief than any other honest exercise of the critical function must often necessarily be.

Therefore we make no bones about recording bluntly in this place an opinion that is probably shared by a majority of musical observers; namely, that the New York concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra have surpassed in excellence and engrossing interest the concerts given by any of our own orchestras or the orchestras of other cities. We do not intend at the moment to attempt a comparative study of the merits of the various conductors who have been providing music for New York this season—not because we dislike to violate the rules on page 31 of the critical Book of Etiquette, but because the space, the time and the occasion are not present in harmonious confluence. But we are unable to avoid saying at least this much: that Mr. Stokowski's conducting this season in New York has exhibited an unequalled combination of technical mastery, persuasiveness of interpretation, and fineness of musical quality.

He has had, of course, a magnificently responsive instrument to play upon (one hopes, by the way, that Philadelphia realizes her incredible luck in possessing what is in all probability the finest orchestra in the world). He has had a public so extraordinary in quality and devotion that even a conductor less gifted than Mr. Stokowski might have found himself stimulated to the accomplishment of deeds far beyond his supposed capacities.

Being a sagacious and tactful person, as well as a specialist in the unexpected (when he chooses), Mr. Stokowski has not subjected his New York public to a foreboding feeding of ultra-modernism; nor has he, on the other hand, given them a diet too rich in the carbohydrates of the standard menu—there was only one Tchaikovsky symphony on his New York list this season (the Fifth). Nor did he conceive it to be his mission to acquaint us with all the symphonies of Beethoven in chronological order; he gave only the Fifth and the Seventh at his own concerts, though he joined forces with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto in a performance of the Ninth.

If one omits, as outside the symphonic list, the piano pieces that are listed in this season's repertoire under the name of Josef Hofmann as composer, and the songs by Rimsky-Korsakoff that were sung by Mme. Koshetz, the records of Mr. Stokowski's New York programs disclose the somewhat surprising but cheering fact that in number of works performed, Johann Sebastian Bach heads the list with five. Rimsky-Korsakoff holds second place, with four. Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Josef Hofmann and Stravinsky each contributed three works. Wagner and Schubert contributed two apiece. Those who appeared once only were Ernest Bloch, Glinka, Gluck, Handel, Moussorgsky (not counting his songs), Schumann, Richard Strauss, Tchaikovsky and Deems Taylor.

Mr. Stokowski, as we have intimated, was chary of novelties. He performed

only two works that had never before been played by an orchestra; and these, oddly enough, were by Bach—the two chorale preludes presented in orchestral transcriptions at the concert of April 1st. His only modern novelties were Stravinsky's "Symphonies d'Instruments à Vent" and two excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Kitesch." Mr. Hofmann's piano concerto in A-flat was heard for the first time in public, from manuscript, with the composer at the piano—though it is not a new work, and had been performed in America in private. New to the subscribers of the Philadelphia Orchestra's concerts, though given before by other organizations, were Deems Taylor's Suite, "Through the Looking-Glass," the only native composition in the Philadelphia's list, and Stravinsky's uproarious burlesque, "Renard," for chamber orchestra and four singers, which had been heard earlier in the season, under Mr. Stokowski's direction, at a concert of the International Composers' Guild.

The feature of last night's program was doubtless, in the view of 99 per cent of the audience, the infectiously gay performance of Stravinsky's delectable buffoonery, in which the four singers, Messrs. Delaquerriere, Hansen, Barclay and Linscott, repeated the expert and humorous impersonations that delighted that earlier Guild audience at the Vanderbilt Theater, with Mr. Carlos Salzedo co-operating at the piano with Stravinsky's little chamber orchestra of strings, wood and percussion. The audience was greatly amused by Stravinsky's jocund trifle (which would, however, bear cutting), though they did not attempt to compel a repetition as the earlier audience at the Vanderbilt Theater had done. But Carnegie Hall is scarcely the ideal auditorium for a work so dependent upon an intimate relationship between performers and audience.

The interlude from Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," which Mr. Stokowski introduced here in the season before last, again made a profound impression by its somber and tragic power. Schumann's D minor symphony has begun to wear; but much of it is still glowingly beautiful, and Mr. Stokowski played it for all it was worth. We shall not soon forget the singing of his violins in the Trio of the Scherzo, nor the splendid exuberance of the last measures of the Finale.

We have said that the feature of the concert was probably, in the general opinion, the hilarious performance of Stravinsky's musical nursery fable; but for us, perversely enough, it happened to be the last number on the program, the Bach "Passacaglia," as arranged for orchestra by Mr. Stokowski.

This remarkable transcription has been performed here several times before at concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra; but we do not think that it has ever been sufficiently praised. One gathers that Mr. Stokowski's transcription has not won the approval of those who like to be described as "purists." It appears to be the view of these decorous souls that Bach would not have approved of a transcription of one of his organ works for full modern orchestra—one gets the impression that the apocalyptic brasses and tympani of Mr. Stokowski's transcription are held to be a little impious, a little indecent.

But these excellent and indispensable "purists" seem to forget that Bach himself was anything but a "purist," and that he did not hesitate to rearrange his own works and those of other composers as he saw fit. Of his own works, he transcribed vocal music for the organ, violin music for the piano, and thought nothing of taking an oboe solo from one of his cantatas and rewriting it as the slow movement of a concerto for piano and strings; and he made arrangements for organ and for clavier of concertos written by Vivaldi for string orchestra. It was no ruthless musical vandal, but the incorruptibly reverent Professor Parry,

who (in his admirable study of Bach) observes calmly that, "in view of the lack of discrimination which purists sometimes display in finding fault with the performance of sundry arrangements of Bach's works, this collection [the transcriptions embodied in the Schübler set of chorale-preludes] gives an emphatic indorsement of that practice by Bach himself."

As a matter of fact, the "Passacaglia" was transcribed by Bach himself. The version in which it is best known, for organ, was not its original form: Bach wrote it in the first instance for a two-manual clavierbale (harpsichord) with pedals, and afterward arranged it for organ. It is apparently difficult for many admirable "purists" to believe that there is abundant evidence to prove that Bach was anything but a tonal buffoon. It is not difficult to imagine him listening

with delighted ears to a modern orchestra, or even to first-class jazz, and then sending one of the little Bachs post-haste for score paper three feet high and proceeding with a glad shout to write for all the instruments used in the score of "Le Sacre du Printemps."

He was often childlike in his naïveté, his love of literal tone painting and picturesque externalism (see "Le descriptif chez Bach" of Gustave Robert; also Schweitzer and Pirro). He used that abomination of all virtuous organists, the tremulant, on his organ at Arnstadt; and he added a set of bells (a pedal Glockenspiel) to the organ of the Church of St. Blasius at Mühlhausen; to the subsequent horror of all musical prigs. There was a predominant amount of Miltonic gravity and sublimity in him, of course; yet he anticipated Wagner and Richard Strauss in his passion for tonal symbolization and pictorialism; and in his liberal attitude toward the instrumental means at his disposal he strikes hands with Paul Whiteman—whom we are sure he would greatly have enjoyed.

There is not the slightest reason for supposing that he would have hesitated to score his "Passacaglia" for the full apparatus of the Philadelphia Orchestra if he had had it at his disposal; and it is our unshakable conviction that if he could have lived for a century longer so that he might have heard Mr. Stokowski's transcription, he would have walked 200 miles, if necessary, to hear it a second time, as he walked 200 miles and more from Arnstadt to Lubeck to hear Buxtehude play the organ.

Surely there is no splendor of orchestral color and sonority which could exceed the startling magnificence of the "Passacaglia" itself. It is, at its climax, heaven-storming music; and as such, Mr. Stokowski has treated it—with complete justification and superb artistic success.

By Deems Taylor

VALE PHILADELPHIA.

The program for the Philadelphia Orchestra's farewell concert last night was as variegated and thoroughly interesting an affair as the season has offered, with works by five different composers ranging in modernity from Bach to Stravinsky. One may be permitted to suspect that Mr. Stokowski had elected to wind up his New York season with some of the pieces that he himself likes best. Certainly three of them—the entr'acte from Moussorgsky's "Khovanchchina," Stravinsky's "Renard," and the Bach Passacaglia in C minor—are works that are closely identified with the musical brownings of the Philadelphia conductor.

Assuming that last night's program did represent Mr. Stokowski's own preferences it would be amusing to speculate why. Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter," with which he began the concert, probably interests him primarily as a brilliant example of orchestral technique. As pure music it is rather weak, for although it has some fine thematic material, Rimsky's imagination seems to have been little stirred by it. There is much bustle and small talk among the instrumental choirs and some impressive brass fanfare, otherwise the themes are reiterated more or less literally, with none of the diverting second thoughts that make genuine symphonic music so absorbing. The orchestral color, however, is extraordinarily clever and the piece must be fascinating stuff for a conductor to work upon. Incidentally, the Philadelphia gave a such a brilliant performance that the audience insisted afterwards upon a standing acknowledgment of its applause.

The "Khovanchchina" entr'acte needs no explanation. It is great music, a wonderful example of Moussorgsky's power to create a deep emotional impression with the simplest and liveliest means; and it is very much Mr. Stokowski's own, for he introduced it here and has played it several times.

"Renard" must have appealed to him on musico-intellectual grounds—as a keen piece of satire and a diabolically clever piece of instrumental economy. Mr. Stokowski conducted its first performance here last December, at an International Composers' Guild concert in the Vanderbilt Theatre, and presented it last night with the same players and

singers that had employed upon the previous occasion—a chamber orchestra of strings, wind, and percussion, with José Delaquerrière and the old Hanson as the tenors, John Barclay and Hubert Linscott as the basses, and Carlos Salzedo at the piano.

The work, which was wholly delightful in the Vanderbilt Theatre, while it was small enough to allow one to hear the words plainly and get the full effect of the solo instrumentation, seemed disarmingly thin and voiceless last night. For one thing, it suffered horribly by its close juxtaposition to Moussorgsky's fifty-one-bar masterpiece, and for another, its small orchestra sounded meagre and out of balance in Carnegie Hall's vast caverns. The soloists too had to enunciate much too fast to be vocally effective in the big hall.

Schumann's fourth symphony came after the intermission and the pleasant and sensitive performance that Mr. Stokowski gave it was enough to make its choice obvious. Obvious too was the selection of his own orchestral transcription of the great Bach passacaglia with which to close the concert. It is a magnificent transcription of one of the most towering achievements of the human mind working in terms of music, and it cannot be heard often enough.

The Ukrainian Chorus.

It has always been the pet ideal of poetic mankind to express itself in song. If those who industriously carved records of battle and the chase on cavern walls, tiger teeth and monumental stones had been musicians instead of chroniclers, I think the world would never have known a *Marne* or a *Verdun*, for song has ever turned aside the whiplash of wrath. Many tried to sing—down in the aisles of history—but life was impatient even then. Many



THEODORE STEARNS

a javelin was hurled at a David because music never seemed to mix well with Middle-minded politics. At the same time "many a song saved a strike," as J. K. Turner used to remark. Turner's operatives settled lots of strikes "out of court," as several New York railroad presidents might testify.

Max Rabinoff has brought some very important art into this country in the shape of the Russian ballet, then fine grand opera toured to the far-away Middle Western masses, and—by no means the least—the Ukrainian Chorus, at present singing an engagement in the Hippodrome and which I heard once more last night.

These thirty-five men and women, dressed in picturesque national costume, under the leadership of Alexander Koshetz, make folk song live again. They sing canticles and Christmas carols arranged by modern Russian composers with wonderful sonority and marvelous ensemble. They are not a chorus, nor merely a number of singers merged into one individuality so much as they are what Theosophists might call a group—soul-welded drops of notes collected into a harmonious waterfall of sound.

Reincarnated Music.

Some of their songs are as ancient as the Kingdom of Kiev into which Ukraine dug its first root, and, like the nineteenth of its windblown steppes, these songs are filled with irresistible rush. They pause in five-four, or seven-four phrases, as though to emphasize their message with quaint care. The singing of this chorus is impressionistic and suggests the freedom and Arabesqued artistry of the bees and silkworms of Ukraine and at other times like a beautiful grove of pine trees—a hitherto unknown quality of becoming color, massed into musical sound.

Frequently there intones a serenity of form so architectural that one can almost imagine the hundred-step stairway of Odessa leading down to the Black Sea. Choral singing like this is rarely heard in America, although it struck me as being familiar and I believe it did many others in the audience—as though we must have heard it thousands of years ago.

There is a deep note of sympathy between America and Young Russia. Both countries are still in the striving-for-ex-

pression age when it comes to music. We are accepting Russian art with astonishing composure and naturalness. Did Lincoln start it? Was the first help towards our freedom from slavery offered by Russia—of all the continental countries—or do I err?

Is there not the same primitive instinct to strike out in art existent in both countries today? Seems like it when one comes to think of the matter soberly and seriously. Max Rabinoff tells me that his idea is not to propagate Russian art. He says that he believes Young Russia and America are artistically in the same era—still bound by the former Isthmus across Behring Straits—and that to help the one, the other is the most logical teacher. Teacher, because Russia has the advantage of centuries-old traditions and experience and, not to be too fantastic, having given us our first North American Indian through the Siberian exodus of the Ten Lost Tribes, is still handily our shrewdest help and brother in the artistic modernism to come.

—merely a restless movement in the music. The snake and the magic apple are coldly pictured by a ponicello on the strings—which always gives a shiver down the spine.

The final reunion of the Thief and the Princess is marked by the highly artistic return of the Mosque music. Ordinarily, a composer—certainly the general run of movie directors—would naturally insist upon using the former love duet or barcarolle music. But, in a sense, the happiness of the lovers was earned through sacrifice and pain. Moonlight and magic carpets did not bring them together so much as did renunciation and patience.

Probably the most satisfactory element in Wilson's score is that he never descends to mere noise. He follows a scheme of sane restraint and, thank the Lord, does not work the oboe to death. This screen symphony is the most logically musical one I have thus far heard.

April 16, 1927

Stokowski Farewell.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A program of unusual interest was given by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Leopold Stokowski conductor, for its final New York concert of the season last night in Carnegie Hall. The first part consisted of Russian compositions which are little known. First came the Easter overture of Rimsky-Korsakoff ("La Grande Paque Russe"), an extraordinary piece of music, far more of the East than the West, ostensibly inspired by Christian ceremonial, actually pagan and of ancient times in its spiritual derivations. It is all gorgeous color. To those to whom a chord is a chord, a fiddle a fiddle, or a horn a horn the statement will seem fantastical, but there are in this music blues, reeds and golds, and all the semi-barbaric magnificence that the Russian Church brings to its religious celebrations. There is a much closer relation between the pagan Rimsky-Korsakoff of "La Grande Paque Russe" and the modern Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" than the rising generation may be willing to believe. For Rimsky was far more than a mere technician or colorist, and his knowledge of the Russian spirit went deep—deeper even than the sumptuous and glittering "Scheherazade."

The next composition was in picturesque contrast. It was a brief excerpt from the opera of Moussorgsky, which is not known here, "Khovanchina," and a superb inspiration it is. The scene on the stage is that of a Prince departing to exile, while bells toll and a chorus sings its lamentations. The orchestral passage is short—fifty-one measures, as we are told in the program book—but it has a sombre splendor and intensity of mood that only Moussorgsky and Russia might provide. This was followed by Stravinsky's "Renard," the burlesque

from Russian folk tales, for chamber orchestra, with piano and percussion instruments and two tenors and basses. The work was first heard in New York at a concert of the League of Composers last December, and with nearly the same forces. The tenors were José Delaquerrière and Harold Hensen, the "basses" John Barclay and Hubert Linscott. The voices of the Cock, the Fox, the Cat and the Goat are heard in a barnyard discussion, which is extremely amusing, and was very well represented by all concerned in the performance. Again, it is only from Russia and from a Russian that such humor, such unbuttoned laughter and satire, could come. There is the sense of folk music and nursery tale, set with the astonishing mystery and freedom of precedent which always characterize Stravinsky. The vocal parts are very funny, take-offs on the voices of the animals represented, but each instrument in the little orchestra has also its personality and its laughter, enough to make the very man from Main Street chortle.

The second part of the program consisted of Schumann's D minor symphony and the great organ Passacaglia of Bach in C minor, as arranged for orchestra by Mr. Stokowski. The per-

formance of the symphony, as is customary when Mr. Stokowski conducts, could easily be made matter for academic discussion concerning this or that tempo or phrasing, or balance, as when the theme of the romanza was played so sonorously by the cello that the solo wind instrument which doubles in this place was almost inaudible. But the salient fact of the performance is this: that of all conductors who have performed the symphony in New York this season, Mr. Stokowski gave it the greatest measure of youth, which is the essence of a composition of the most singular charm and intimacy.

Bach's Passacaglia made a memorable conclusion. The resources of a full orchestra are nobly employed for the most effective presentation of the music. The performance by Mr. Stokowski was that of an inspired interpreter, one who knows the organ well and who gloried in placing at the disposal of old Bach the resources of modern instruments. This was an evening of many pleasures, and a worthy conclusion of Mr. Stokowski's New York season.

THE FLONZALEYS REPLY.

Declare That Bailly Was Dropped Because of "Incompatibility."

Affidavits were filed in the Supreme Court yesterday in opposition to the application by Louis Bailly, former member of the Flonzaley Quartet, against Messrs. Botti, Poehon and D'Archambeau, three original members of the quartet, and the manager, Loudon Charlton and Andre de Coppet, son of the late Edward J. de Coppet, the founder, to restrain them from using the name after June 1, and for the dissolution of the organization.

The defense is that Bailly was dropped on the ground of "artistic incompatibility," and he was merely an employee, and for that reason had no right to ask for the dissolution of the organization and the sale of that part of the library accumulated since he has been a member.

Pauline de Coppet, widow of the founder, and Andre de Coppet, her son, state that from 1903 until his death in 1916, Mr. de Coppet supported the quartet and governed its activities, and gave it the name from his villa in Switzerland, for which reason the name now belongs to his son and heir.

Additional affidavits by Mme. Sembrich, Franz Kneisel, Ernest Schelling, Victor Herbert, Fritz Kreisler, William Mengelberg, Richard Aldrich, Rubin Goldmark and others state that the name "Flonzaley" is the property of the de Coppet family, and that the international reputation of the quartet could not have been achieved without the support of the de Coppet family, for which reason the name is not transferable, and no quartet may use it without permission of the family.

Crystal Waters Makes Her Debut.

Crystal Waters, soprano, who was among the earliest to sing for the soldiers in France, gave a recital announced as her local debut yesterday at the Town Hall. She brought perhaps from her war experience a singularly rich endowment in personal poise, magnetic stage presence and expressive sympathy. Of unfamiliar songs that gave pleasure, two were from the Italian Wolf-Ferrari's "Rispetti," three from Ravel's settings of Greek airs in French and several English bits, such as Bullock's "I Love My God," and Tovey's "In Dorset," sung after the manner of humble folk they portrayed. Miss Waters was artistically admirable in French lyrics, to which she added Faure's "Grands Berceaux," while her German classics also earned flowers and an encore. C. V. Bos assisted at the piano.

Final New Talent Musicale.

In her sixth and final new talent musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday morning Mme. Tagliapietra presented Michael Lepore, a promising young pianist; Miss Clara Muchling, a charming lyric soprano; Alma Dornmagen, Lydia Orlova and George Brant. The last three talented singers appeared in scenes from "La Bohème" and "Faust," which had been coached and directed by Mme. Pilar-Morin. Miss Edna Sheppard was at the piano. Honor Moscovitz, first prize violinist from the National Conservatoire of Paris, did not put in an appearance.

The Russian Symphonic Choir, which devoted its first concert to folk-songs and canticles, spent their second program mainly on religious music, anticipating Easter. It was a brilliant Easter of cherubic hymns and golden crowns and blue and scarlet costumes, for this decorative group is as cheerful to look at as to listen to. They gave their "Credo" of Gretchalinov and the "Tantum Ergo" of Gluck with due harmonious piety but, for all their serious young faces, they seemed prepared at any moment to burst into a dance from "Petroushka."

The secular group was largely Rus-

an, though there was Schumann's "Memories" and Burleigh's "Deep River," that last an irresistible contrast which made the Negro spiritual sound like the Volga boat song. An audience which seemed perfectly at home with the Russian text greeted the songs enthusiastically, with a special tribute to Kibalachich, their conductor, who might be an academic belief in spectacles.

Luisa Tosi, an Italian soprano who has been identified with opera in Buenos Ayres, gave her first recital in New York last night. She has an agreeable soprano voice, flexible and supple in tone but singularly devoid of any dramatic quality. Her program was entirely Italian and made up for the most part of the most familiar arias.

The opera was "L'Africana" with the usual cast, headed by Ponselle and Gigli. It was the fourth performance of the Meyerbeer opera—and the last.

The Kibalachick Choir.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Kibalachick Russian Symphonic choir, Basil Kibalachick conductor, gave its second New York concert of the season last night in Town Hall. Compositions by Gluck, Novello and Schumann, as well as works familiar and unfamiliar to Russian composers, were interpreted. Mr. Kibalachick's chorus is smaller than one body with which the comparison is inevitably made—the Ukrainian chorus. It numbers about thirty voices. Like the larger chorus, the singers are costumed in national attire, and their repertory is devoted principally to folk music.

The manner of concerted singing which appears to be customary in parts of Russia was again heard on this occasion. The chorus not only sings but sings, and by means of fine gradations of tone and accent associated by Americans with instrumental rather than choral music, often suggests a string orchestra. Its effects of rhythm and color are more varied than those of the choruses that follow European methods, but the music which it customarily sings is limited in its artistic scope. It is the simplicity, the great melodic and at times harmonic beauty of this music which impresses the hearer, while, on the other hand, the music itself is essentially of the village rather than the wide world. Its subject matter and its emotional implications are therefore somewhat restricted. Whether, robbed of its freshness and exoticism, such music with familiarity would retain its fascination is another question.

Mr. Kibalachick has trained industriously a body of singers which has in it much excellent material. At present the tone of the male voices, as is often the case with Russian choruses, is richer and fuller than the women's choir. There are still to be gained, also, the fine blending and balance of sonorities that years of routine training and experience bring, and unfailing accuracy of pitch. But there is much to commend as there was much to enjoy in the performances of this organization. The singing has the sincerity and the true musicality of the Russian nature, and there is the basis of a fine technical achievement. Certain songs were repeated last night in response to the enthusiastic applause of an audience of good size.

By GRENA BENNETT.

LUISA TOSI, an Italian coloratura soprano, traveled from Buenos Aires to give a song recital in Aeolian Hall last night. It was a long, long way to come from the Argentine, but her success compensated for the journey.

Signorina Tosi began nervously and sang Pergolesi's "Se tu m' Ami" and Scarlatti's "O cessate di pregarli" with a tremolo that seemed unconquerable. But when she reached the aria "Una Voce Poco fa" from "The Barber of Seville" she gained confidence and with it came brilliancy and rare vocal agility.

She is exceptional in her class, for she possesses none of those faults of uneven quality and uncertain pitch that so frequently mar the otherwise agreeable singing of coloraturas. Her negotiation of embellished passages, rapid scales and florid cadenzas was excellent. Her voice gained in color and charm after her opening numbers.

She invested romances by Chapi Gaztambide, Mascagni and Leoncavallo with finished style and good diction. The brilliant "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto"; Dell Acqua's "Villanelle" and Benedict's "Carnival of Venice" (the last two with flute obligato) ended the all-Italian programme.

Judge Delays Injunction On Flonzaley Quartet

Reserves Decision on Suit of Louis Bailly to Prevent Use of Present Name

Justice Giegerich reserved decision yesterday on the application of Louis Bailly, French viola player in the Flonzaley Quartet, for an injunction to restrain Andre de Coppet, whose father founded the string organization, and Loudon Charlton, its manager, from using its present name after June 1. Bailly contends that there is a contract between him and his three fellow members of the quartet, which expires on June, and that since he was to be dropped they have no right to continue the use of that name. He also demands a part of the music library accumulated during his term of service. Edwin T. Rice, counsel for the defendants told Justice Giegerich there was animus behind the action of Bailly, who caused the papers in the injunction proceeding to be served when the quartet, including Bailly, were about to sail for Europe for a concert tour. Mr. Rice explained that Bailly was not a member of the quartet originally but was taken in to fill a place. He ridiculed the contention there was such a contract as alleged by Bailly, saying the direction remained the same as under its founder.

April 18 1924
By Deems Taylor

BACH AND BEETHOVEN.

Last night's Philharmonic concert marked Willem Mengelberg's farewell appearance of the season as conductor, and was a repetition of the program given last Sunday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. Both concerts were benefits for the Philharmonic Orchestra Fund, and offered Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with the choral parts sung by the Schola Cantorum, and Bach's "dialogue" cantata, "Selig ist der Mann," for soprano, baritone, chorus orchestra and organ.

Mr. Mengelberg's reading of the Ninth is more or less a familiar—and excellent—one, and last night it seemed even finer than usual—sweeping in conception, vigorous in tempo, beautifully finished both as to color and instrumental balance, and at the same time more simplified, painted in broader strokes, less given to melodramatic emphasis than his version of the Ninth has been in the past. The chorus, too, was admirable, following the Mengelbergian baton with crisp incisiveness and finesse, and surmounting the vocal difficulties of the work with considerable success. The quartet was mixed in merits, with Mme. Rothberg and Richard Crooks far in the lead, and Fraser Gange and Merle Alcock holding a more modest rank.

The Bach cantata that preceded the symphony is one of his less familiar ones, but none the less a masterpiece. It is one of four that Bach wrote for the second day of the Christmas Festival, and comprises an introductory recitative and aria for baritone-bass, a long aria for soprano, a brief concerted passage for both voices, two succeeding arias for baritone and soprano respectively, and a concluding chorale.

The music is—how does one describe Bach at his best. It is cast in the poignant minor mode in which Bach finds his readiest and happiest means of expression, and from which he was never able to stray for very long; music of ineffable serenity, touched—as in all of Bach—with the profound sadness that is born of too much wisdom, too piercing a vision. It is such spacious music, so evocative of still sunlight and far horizons, so simple, and touching, and effortless that one is not oppressed but

comforted by its very greatness. A hundred times less than Wagner, and a thousand times less than Beethoven, does Bach ever assume the grand manner, seek to confound us with the magnitude of his utterance. Both the others are gods who ride the whirlwind at times; it is Bach who, sharing their power, chooses rather to create blue skies and small flowers and the songs of birds.

Fraser Gange sang the role assigned him with sincerity and admirable artistry. Of Elisabeth Rothberg's singing of the soprano role, one can only say that it was worthy of the music. That is meant as the humble tribute of one whose painful business it is to listen to many varieties of vocalism and to whom it is therefore a double privilege, because so rare, to hear such perfect singing as Mme. Rothberg offered last night.

OTHER MUSIC.

Last night, "Le Coq d'Or" was sung for the last time. It was also the ninth time, which places this amiable fantasy as the most popular of the Metropolitan list. It was given with "Cavalleria Rusticana," its most frequent curtain-raiser; a combination which has always seemed singularly perplexing. For it is doubtful if the music-lover ever lived who could enjoy both these operas. The answer probably is that half of the audience came for Rimsky's golden bird and the other half for old style Mascagni and that both departed happy and satisfied having sat through one of the two in a state of bored toleration. Last night's performances had their favorite and familiar casts and both had the exhilaration that comes with the excitement of a farewell performance.

At Town Hall Clarence Eddy gave a recital of Bach, Bosses and Horsman on the gift organ—which has become so important a factor in the music of that house. His audience was large, obviously impressed and so deeply reverent that the concert hall took on the general aspect of a hushed Cathedral. As always, Mr. Eddy drew from his music the full power and majesty of a noble instrument.

A. S.

LAST OPERA NIGHTS

Closing Performance of "Cavalleria," "Coq d'Or" and "Boris"

At the Metropolitan last night a crowded house greeted the last performance of the season of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rose Ponselle as Santuzza and Lauri Volpi as Turiddu. Both were in excellent voice, Miss Ponselle in particular giving a most dramatic and interesting portrayal of the unhappy Sicilian maiden. The Lola of Marion Telva was not inspiring. Mr. Picco was a good Alfio. Moranzoni conducted.

The ninth performance of "Coq d'Or" was given with the usual cast, Mr. Bambooschek conducting. The delights of a colorful Fairyland were again evident and the pantomimists headed by the beautiful Rosina Galli as the Princess and Alexeis Kosloff as the King were a delight to the eye. Thalia Sabanieva sang the music for the Fairy Princess, and Mr. Didur made the King vocally sonorous. Much applause and many curtain calls were an evidence of the audience's appreciation.

In the afternoon Mr. Chaliapin once more sang and acted Boris Godounoff as he alone can sing and act that lurid part. But he did not throw as many things as usual at the phantom.

17 1924

Metropolitan Crowded Again.

Meyerbeer's "L'Africans," for which the Metropolitan was crowded to the limit last night, was rather an occasion of "au revoir" than of "farewell" to the stars, most of whom take their leave in other roles before the week-end flight to Atlanta. Ponselle, Gigli, Dahlse, Rothler and Didur were again in the cast, shipwrecked on Africa's more or less "coral strand," to the plaudits of 4,000. Miss Marlo as Inez completed her season, one of credit to the young American coloratura soprano. Others were Miss Wakefield, Messrs. Ananian, Bada, Roschigian and Audisio, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Luisa Tosi's Recital Pleases.

An Italian singer in an Italian program delighted her listeners by her staccati and runs in "Una voce poco fa"

and in the even more famous "Caro Nome." These were the bright lights of Signora Luisa Tosi's performance last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mme. Tosi's voice is light and silvery, but she managed to get a great deal of execution in her florid passages and entirely captured her audience by her vocal agility. After a bond of understanding had been established, the singer received warm applause as a recognition of her efforts. Wilfrid Pelletier did good service at the piano.

April 19 1924

Music World

THE Metropolitan Opera Company observed Good Friday afternoon in its usual manner by presenting Wagner's consecration festival play, "Parsifal."

Conservatively reviewing the performance "oldtimers" had little, if any, chance to air their comparisons glorifying the casts of other days to the disparagement of the moderns. Inspiration was revealed in the efforts of each leading and subsidiary singer yesterday, and that quality carried across the footlights to an audience that sat spell-bound while the curtain was up and observed the tradition of silent approval until the last scene was over. A "Parsifal" audience would be just as likely to applaud in the opera house as it would in a church.

But, nevertheless, there was enough chattering and excitement between the scenes to make up for the lack of applause. Florence Easton, as Kundry; Friedrich Schorr, as Amfortas; Michael Bohnen, as Guremanz, comprised a trio of principals that has rarely if ever been excelled.

Their individual and ensemble performances were musically superb and eloquently dramatic. Details, significant in themselves though frequently minimized, were disclosed with the simplicity and assurance that proclaims great artistry and intelligence.

Curt Taucher sang Parsifal, Gustav Schutzendorf was Kling-sor, and the up-to-date flower maidens, some with auburn, brown or blond bobbed heads, were portrayed by Meses. Roeseler, Delaunoy, Anthony, Felva and Ryan.

Mr. Bodanzky was considerate of the singers and kept a re-

aining baton on his musicians.

In the evening, the religious atmosphere having lasted from 1 p. m. until 6 o'clock, the romantic, rollicking and sentimental measures of Puccini's "Bohème" were heartily endorsed by the day's second capacity audience. Mme. Bori and Guilford and Gigli, Scotti, Martillo, Malatesta, Picco and Ananian were the Latin quarter characters and Papi conducted.

N.Y. Syn. Club
Capt. from Pader
etc.
Diplakaron
Andrews P. N. N.
April 20 1924

METROPOLITAN CLOSES AND SINGERS GO SOUTH

Will Appear for Week in Atlanta
and Then in Cleveland and
Rochester.

The Metropolitan opera singers, after ending a reported \$2,500,000 season an hour before midnight, went aboard special trains leaving the Pennsylvania station in the first hour of this morning on their visit South. Atlanta has guaranteed \$110,000 for its gala week, as annually for some years now. In Cleveland they will open the new Public Hall the week following, for which the Ohio city already reports \$100,000 guaranteed a final two days' engagement at Rochester, N. Y., en route back to New York.

"Trovatore" was sung as the final opera of the local season to an audience that lined up its standees on Broadway before the last matinee. "Le Roi de Lahore," had ended. In the French revival, Mme. Reonhardt, Messrs. Lauri-Volpi and De Luc took their leave in spectacular fashion. Miss Ponselle, Miss Banzelle, Messrs. Martinelli, Danise and others, who sang the first and only "Trovatore," shared a shouting ovation at midnight with Conductor Roberto Moratizi, who retires this season.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who did not accompany the stars to Atlanta, is expected tomorrow to make public some of his plans for next season, for which the box office renewals are in progress now.

JULIAN BLEDSOE SINGS.

Negro Baritone Favorably Impresses Audience in First Recital.

Julian Bledsoe, a negro baritone new to the recital stage, in his first appearance at the Aeolian Hall yesterday evening fairly placed himself in the ranks of concert singers. His voice has the velvety quality peculiar to his race with the tender melting pianos which the famous Roland Hayes, his contemporary, has so successfully cultivated. It is possible that Mr. Bledsoe may run the tenor a close second in matter of popularity, for when he becomes more familiar with the technical side of the platform, he may further develop a style at once ardent and restrained.

Mr. Bledsoe's program was selected with a view to show him off at different angles. His declamation and runs in Handel's "See the Ragging Flames Arise," were noteworthy. His French and German songs, undeniably good, both as to vocal texture and as to expression, the one exception being the air from "Hérodiade," which struck one as weak. The singer later was heard to good effect in a group of English songs and negro spirituals. Mr. Bledsoe was heartily applauded throughout the evening by a critical and appreciative audience. Emil J. Polak at the piano gave the singer sympathetic support.

Young Men's Symphony Orchestra.

The Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, which celebrated last year its twenty-first birthday since the group was founded by the late Alfred L. S. Ilgman, completed another season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The musical director, Paul Henneberg, led his players in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and a concluding "Roman Carnival" overture of Berlioz. The opening overture, that of Weber's "Oberon," was under the baton of Moshe Paronov of the orchestra's "conductor class," while a young girl, Lois Phelps, was heard in Grieg's piano concerto.

CROWD CHEERS CHALIAPIN.

Scenes of Enthusiasm at Farewell Recital of Russian Singer.

An enormous crowd besieged the doors of the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon and poured into the building regardless of conventions for Feodor Chaliapin's farewell recital. It was an audience which applauded madly and shouted its preferences, to whom the giant basso was more than a singer and of the order of the demigods for the time being. Mr. Chaliapin was not vocally perfect, nor had he the concert manner, but he held the public in the hollow of his hand, and all he did was taken for granted.

The names of his songs were not printed on the program, and Mr. Chaliapin introduced a quaint and novel procedure, calling out the numbers in their order on the book of words. The first group, even to Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," was sung in Russian. The second group included the "Volga Boat

TONIGHT a final, twenty-fourth grand concert marks the end of season's activities, in New York at least, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The company began its season on the evening of Nov. 5 last, with a performance of Massenet's "Thais" that offered Maria Jeritza in the title role, with a supporting cast including Clarence Whitehill, Armand Tokatyan, Paolo Ananian, Grace Anthony and Marion Telva, Louis Hasselmans conducting. To-morrow, after twenty-four weeks in New York, it opens for a week of performances in Atlanta, and goes thence to Cleveland and Rochester. When the last curtain goes down in Rochester, the company will have given 243 performances during a season of 26½ weeks, distributed as follows: On Manhattan Island, 175; in Brooklyn, 10; in Philadelphia, 17; in Atlanta, 7; in Cleveland, 7; in Rochester, 2; Sunday night concerts, 24. This list of performances includes 16 double bills, which always make trouble for the statisticians. For, according to the Metropolitan's method of reckoning, any single evening's activities, whether they comprise one opera or two, are called a "performance," while for statistical purposes it is simpler and more accurate to call every presentation of an opera one performance. Reckoning thus (and the statistics in this article will be reckoned on this basis), we find that the Metropolitan's operatic performances on Manhattan Island this season totaled 191 instead of 175.

There were forty-three operas sung this year by Italian, German, French and Russian composers. One can list these works either according to the language in which they are sung, as the Metropolitan does, or according to the nationality of the composer. The latter seems a bit more logical, for surely "L'Africana" is a French opera, and "Boris Godunoff" is a Russian one, despite the fact that the Metropolitan sings them both in Italian. According to this classification, the various nationalities ranked as follows for the season:

Nationality of Operas.	Number of Operas.	Per Cent. of Repertoire.	Number of Performances.	Per Cent. of Performances.
Italian	21	48.8	92	48.1
German	12	27.9	44	23.1
French	8	18.6	42	22.0
Russian	2	4.7	18	6.8
American	0	0.0	0	0.0

If we accept the Metropolitan's classification, they rank like this:

Language of Operas.	Number of Operas.	Per Cent. of Repertoire.	Number of Performances.	Per Cent. of Performances.
Italian	25	58.1	108	56.5
German	10	23.3	36	18.9
French	8	18.6	47	24.6
Russian	0	0	0	0
English	0	0	0	0

PERFORMANCE RECORDS OF THE OPERAS IN THE METROPOLITAN REPERTOIRE FOR THE SEASON 1923-24.

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of performances received by each opera during the season of 1922-23.)

9 Performances:
"Le Coq d'Or" (new)

8 Performances:
"La Boheme" (7)
"Carmen" (6)

7 Performances:
"Cavalleria Rusticana" (5)
"Madama Butterfly" (6)
"Tosca" (7)

6 Performances:
"La Traviata" (none)
"Aida" (8)
"Fedora" (new)
"Marta" (new)
"Romeo et Juliette" (10)
"Thais" (7)
"Die Walkure" (5)
"Die Meistersinger" (new)

5 Performances:
"Rigoletto" (3)
"L'Oracolo" (1)
"Samson et Dalila" (5)
"Faust" (1)
"Lohengrin" (3)
"Tannhauser" (5)
"Le Roi de Lahore" (new)

"Tosca"
"L'Africana"

More Performances Than Last Season:

"La Boheme"
"Cavalleria"
"Die Walkure"
"L'Oracolo"
"Lohengrin"

Fewer Performances Than Last Season:

"Aida"
"Anima Allegra"
"Andrea Chenier"
"Romeo et Juliette"
"Thais"
"Pagliacci"
"Guglielmo Tell"
"Mona Lisa"

Dropped From This Season's Repertoire:

"Die Tote Stadt"
"Loreley"
"Don Carlos"

4 Performances:
"Pagliacci" (6)
"Guglielmo Tell" (5)
"Andrea Chenier" (5)
"L'Africana" (4)
"Anima Allegra" (5)
"Boris Godunoff" (5)

3 Performances:
"Ernani" (4)
"L'Amico Fritz" (new)
"I Compagnacci" (new)
"Mefistofele" (5)
"La Habanera" (new)
"Parsifal" (4)
"Der Rosenkavaller" (4)
"Der Freischuetz" (new)

2 Performances:
"Lucia di Lammermoor" (3)
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (3)
"Così Fan Tutte" (3)
"Tristan und Isolde" (5)
"Siegfried" (new)

1 Performance:
"Il Trovatore" (none)
"Mona Lisa" (5)

Same Number of Performances as Last Season:
"Samson et Dalila"
"Lucia di Lammermoor"

Song," which evoked shouts and cries for a repetition, but Mr. Chaliapin gave Moussorgsky's "Flea Song" and kept the upper hand till he had sung his last encore and bidden them "Adieu."

Mr. Chaliapin had his own ideas of tempo, which he indicated to his accompanist by gesture, so that Feodor Koenemann had to watch him closely to get his interpretation. Mr. Koenemann, who is also a pianist and a composer, was later heard in two pieces by Medtner, for which he received two encores.

The violinist Rudolph Polk made an excellent impression in his contributions. Waldemar Liachowsky gave him the desired support at the piano.

Metropolitan Opera Concert.

The Metropolitan's 200th and final performance by remaining members of the opera troupe on their own stage offered a concert of a dozen solo singers last night, to which the Easter crowd responded with an alacrity spurred by showers on Broadway. Two guests who relieved the embarrassment of vocal riches were Leonidas Leonardi, piano, and Joseph Borissoff, violin. All the opera folk save Mme. Roessler appeared as announced. Harpold in an air from "Elisir," Diaz from "Romeo," Delaunoy, Sparkes and Perini joining the men in the "Rigoletto" quartet, and Robertson, Egner and Gustafson closing with those heard again in the sextet from "Lucia."

Sunday Symphony Society.

The Sunday Symphony Society, which after a month of free concerts has found many subscribers of from \$1 to \$300 to its fund, expanded yesterday from the Criterion to the Cohan Theatre, where Mr. Zuro's players gave their fifth concert to an audience increased up to the capacity of the larger house. The speaker for the day was Sophie Irene Loeb, Marcel Salinger was soloist in the baritone air "It Is Enough," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Willy Stahl will play at the sixth concert, on May 4, the series continuing at the Cohan fortnightly instead of weekly, to give the program more preparation.

Feodor Chaliapin sang his farewell recital of the season yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House to one of the season's largest Sunday matinee audiences. He was greeted with a prolonged ovation and it seemed that the bravos were louder and more plentiful after each number than those shouted earlier this year. According to his delightful custom, Chaliapin announced each number, choosing Glinka's "Doubt" as the first of the afternoon.

A Rubinstein dramatic "Ballad," Malashkin's "Oh, Could I but Express in Song," Mozart's "Don Juan," Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," "Aria of Susanin," by Glinka, and many others were forthcoming, with encore after encore until it could not be determined which was a program number and which was a glaciouly given extra, the listeners applauding, shouting and demanding more.

Polk in Violin Recital

Before Chaliapin sang, Rudolph Polk, violinist, was heard in Smetana's "Au der Heimat," Kreisler's arrangement of Chaminade's "Serenade Espagnole" and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque." After the songs, Feodor Koenemann, the accompanying pianist, played two Medtner numbers, and for encores, Chopin. Mr. Polk, accompanied by Waldemar Liachowsky, reappeared and Chaliapin closed the afternoon, prolonged with calls for extra numbers.

Mr. Polk also played in the evening, taking part with Ina Bourskaya, Metropolitan mezzo-soprano, in a concert celebrating the second anniversary of the Jewish daily "Freiheit." The Freiheit Singing Society, conducted by Lazar S. Weiner, opened and closed the well-attended affair.

The Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, founded by the late Alfred Lincoln Seligman, of New York, ended its twenty-second season with its annual subscription concert at Aeolian Hall. After Weber's "Oberon" overture, conducted by Moshe Paronov, of the conductor's class, Paul Henneberg, its musical director, led the Mozart "Jupiter" Symphony, Grieg's A minor piano concerto and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture.

Young Pianist in Debut

The orchestra's performance was very commendable, with a well-blended tone of ample smoothness and distinct unity and precision in the response to Mr. Henneberg's beat. At times the vigorous playing had a certain abruptness with almost overwhelming fortissimos from the brasses, but in general the musicians played well. Lois Phelps, a young pianist, played the Grieg number with skill and no little energy and expression, and her debut was applauded at length.

Maximilian Pilzer, violinist, and his sister, Deborah Pilzer, mezzo-soprano, divided a program at Carnegie Hall, beginning with the Vivaldi-Nachez A

"Manon Lescaut" (Puccini).

Mme. Pasquali Opens N. V. A. Week at Palace

National Vaudeville Artists' week began auspiciously at the Palace Theater yesterday. Mme. Bernice Pasquali, who has appeared with Caruso and Bonci at the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a song recital as the first of the guest stars who are to augment the regular program out of compliment to organized vaudeville. Pat Rooney expanded the bill in the evening with songs and dances. This afternoon Lillian Shaw will be an added starter and Tom Burke will appear in the evening.

Pavlowa as Pleasing as Ever

Mingling old favorites and delightful novelties, Anna Pavlowa returned to the Metropolitan Opera House last night for a two weeks' engagement that opened most promisingly. In the one-act ballet "Amarilla" the danseuse and her skillful pupils revived the elaborate formality of the eighteenth century. This spectacle was followed by the other novelty of the performance, the three-part "Oriental Impressions." Here was a succession of pictures such as Pavlowa has led her admirers to expect, ranging from three "dances of Japan" to an artistically condensed "Hindu wedding" and a presentation of the appealing myth of Krishna's wooing of Rhada.

As always, the divertissements were especially pleasing. Last night they included the famous "Swan" and the ever charming "Moment Musical." "Blue Danube Waltz," and "Bacchanale."

By Deems Taylor

LAST NIGHT.

The American Association of Lovers of Music is a nationally organized movement designed to "fling out a new frontier for American art" by providing "a national clearing house for the recognition and the development of American creative and interpretative artists," so as "to attain the ultimate and justifiable recognition of American artists, which can only be accomplished by placing a premium on American artistic endeavor."

To further this aim it is giving a series of concerts in Carnegie Hall featuring a number of American singers and players who have not yet attained Nation-wide reputation. The second of these concerts took place last night, given by two singers and a pianist.

Frederic Dixon, the pianist, played MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica" and a group of Chopin; Ernest Davis, tenor, announced as "guest artist," sang two Haendel arias and an operatic aria, and Marguerite Schulling, mezzo-soprano, sang "Ecco il Punto" from Mozart's "Il Cimento da Tito" and a group of songs in German and English.

The MacDowell sonata stands up wonderfully well. It is bigly planned, eloquent music and the fact that it is not played oftener is a tribute to the laziness and conventionality of the pianistic race in general. Mr. Dixon cast his reading of it in rather too restricted a mold and his playing was marred by some technical slips, but he revealed an excellent tone and undoubted sincerity of feeling. Miss Schulling has a good voice, of wide range and unusual quality, although her command of style seemed hardly sufficiently developed for the rather exacting requirements of Mozart singing. Mr. Davis, too, revealed a good voice with some ringing top notes and immature interpretative powers. He sang a terrible "melody-ballad" as an encore to his Haendel group—which was hardly helpful to American art. The audience was moderate.

Edward Rechin, an exceptionally talented organist, gave an Easter recital of sacred organ classics at Aeolian Hall. His program, which laid special emphasis upon Lutheran church music, included C. P. E. Bach's Fantasy and Fugue in C minor.

to be professionals for the most part, drawn southward by the exciting prospect of seeing a fellow artist perform under strange auspices. Last night's seemed to belong to the customer class.

Of course, there was the usual sprinkling of serious musicians—one noticed Josef Lhevinne and Daniel Gregory Mason and Sigmund and Katherine Spaeth and David Stanley Smith, down from Yale for the occasion—and a few of the listeners one sees at symphony concerts. But the bulk of the audience, while all too obviously solvent, was not one that goes to concerts.

It was Society—regular Society: not the eccentric well-born who subsidize orchestras and support the Schola Cantorum and go to "Siegfried" and do similar strange things. No, real, live "smart" people, who came in at 9 o'clock fresh from their limousines and strolled down the aisles while the music was going on, and recognized their friends in the boxes and waved to them, and stepped on one's feet and said "Sawry," and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked all through everything with the simple, unaffected heartiness of a trainload of Bavarian peasants. It was just like a Robert Chambers novel.

But they were connoisseurs, in their own untutored way, for they had attended the Whiteman Historical Cycle at the Palais Royal, and knew most of the music by heart. "Yes, We Have No Bananas" evoked their first ripple of recognition, and "So This Is Venice" received the sort of greeting with which one meets an old and beloved friend.

"To a Wild Rose" did not go so well. It was a little too heavy, probably—but "Linger Awhile" proved so effective that the elderly gentleman in the young man's dinner coat on our right snapped his fingers and whistled the tune almost correctly for the benefit of the young lady—his ward—who sat beside him.

Mr. Whiteman's program, while differing in detail from his Aeolian Hall list, was substantially the same in form and arrangement, comprising comedy numbers, studies in contrasted scorings, serious pieces in dance rhythm, and familiar airs in jazz permutations and combinations. He played the fascinating "Limehouse Blues" with such success that it had to be encored, and offered a diverting new "Shanghai Lullaby" and "Linger Awhile."

The last-named afforded Mr. Pingatore, his banjo soloist, an opportunity to perform incredible feats of virtuosity. Ross Gorman repeated his inimitable stunts upon practically an entire music score-full of instruments, and Roy Maxon again turned his trombone into a baritone soloist by playing into a phonograph horn.

The program also included Victor Herbert's "Suite of Serenades," and George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" for piano and jazz orchestra, with the composer as soloist. This last deepened one's former impression that it is a genuine contribution to modern music and that Mr. Gershwin is a pianist of exceptional attainments.

Emmy Krueger Sings Standard Program With Excellent Group in English

Emmy Krueger, a German singer, whose activities include both lieder and opera, made her first New York appearance yesterday afternoon at Town Hall in a program of standard song—Schubert, Schumann and Brahms—and a group in English, of which tongue Mme. Krueger has a distinct command.

With a mezzo-soprano of considerable power, Mme. Krueger proved an expressive and experienced singer, understanding her songs and their different emotional moods. The more serious or tragic numbers were best suited to her manner, especially "Erlkönig"; but Schumann's "Aufträge" was rather weighty in its earnestness, although the singer could express rapture, as well as tragedy. With her vocal strength, there was an effort, or rather an absence of fluency in Mme. Krueger's singing, but her loudest notes, low and high, were clear and resonant, especially in the songs of Kramer, Earl Sharpe, James Rogers and Sidney Homer, whose "How's My Boy?" was dramatically sung.

After the closing Brahms group Mme. Krueger gave two encores by Franz and Brahms. Coenraad v. Bos was the accompanist, for an audience of very fair size.

The huge singer was in no mood to yield to this request too easily; the went serenely on through Grieg's "Swan," the comic disaster of "The Government Clerk" and the sardonic chuckles which follow "The Flea." It was evident that Chaliapin's own idea of what a program ought to be was not to be disturbed by calls from the gallery. But the shouts continued and with a lenient nod to the accompanist he finally broke into the rhythmic drone of "76"—which, of course, could be nothing but the "Volga Boat Song."

No audience of his could ever be dismissed without this river chanty into which the early memories of his amazing life are irrevocably woven, and it is the consciousness of its personal background as much as the ringing wonder of his voice that makes its repetition a constant and joyful discovery.

In this, and "The Two Grenadiers," he was at his best; there were moments, however, in other numbers when his glorious tones were clouded by hoarseness. Obviously, the giant was slinging above a cold, but singing with the dramatic power that transcends all difficulties. It was a long and generous program, so long, in fact that the numbers by his "assisting artists," excellent as they were, might very well have been reserved for a separate concert of their own.

In the evening, Aeolian Hall housed one of those surprise concerts which sometimes spring up toward the end of a season and which are so peculiarly gratifying at any time. Julius Bledsoe, a Negro baritone, gave a song recital—a robust, exhilarating performance, which for technical excellence and genuine artistic feeling, will rank with the best debuts of the song year.

Mr. Bledsoe is a medical student at Columbia University who somehow has contrived to find time in the midst of his clinic for wise and careful training of his rich and colorful voice. He sang first the conventional groups in French, German and Italian, leaving a short series of Negro spirituals till the end. The demand of Negro singers that they should not be judged by these songs alone is a perfectly just and natural one, and yet it is impossible to resist the very special sense of delight that comes with hearing them sung beautifully by a member of the race that gave them to the world. "They Led My Lord Away," as Mr. Bledsoe sang it, rose to a mounting crescendo of racial sadness and he gave "I'm Troubled in Mind" the plaintive undertones which are haunting and unforgettable.

This voice deserves a larger audience than the little group last night which, however, made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers.

A. S.

By Deems Taylor

THE WHITEMAN CONCERT.

One wonders what the American Academy at Rome is planning for its benefit concert next year—such is the insatiability of human curiosity. Last year it was three symphony orchestras amalgamated for the evening into one gargantuan super-orchestra, with five conductors in succession to conduct it. This year's concert came last night, and in the place of serried ranks of violins and cellos and bassoons and the like, the startled platform of Carnegie Hall held an enormous screen of Roycroft-Japanese design and immoral coloring, with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra in front of it, discoursing jazz amid the glory of a battery of illegal lumps.

When Mr. Whiteman gave his first "experimental" jazz concert in Aeolian Hall some weeks ago, one noted with interest that the event attracted a considerable number of visitors of unfamiliar mien and bearing, wanderers, as nearly as one could judge, from what might be termed the cabaret belt of Broadway and the Roaring Forties.

Last night's concert did exactly the same, so far as concerned bringing an audience to Carnegie Hall that was obviously not habituated to its sacred precincts.

Yet it was still another audience. The strangers at Aeolian Hall seemed

nor concerto with Harry Kaufman at piano and Mr. Allings at the organ. ss Pilzer, in arias from "The Masked Ball" and "Carmen" and a group of songs, displayed a voice of ample length and a tone of considerable richness, though its smoothness was interrupted by some rougher intervals. The violinist, who also played two pairs of solos, played with the skill and agreeable tone shown in his previous recitals this season.

New Opera Plans.

By OLIN DOWNES.

General Manager Gatti-Casazza, "having received numerous requests to deny or confirm reports that have appeared regarding the program for the coming season," took occasion yesterday to give the names of new operas and revivals, in number, which make up the complete and definite program," at present contemplated for the season 24-25.

In Italian: "Giovanni Galfurese," melodrama in three acts, by Francesco Angelantonio, music by Italo Montezzi; "La Gioconda," by Ponchielli; "Falstaff," by Verdi, and "Dinorah," by Meyerbeer.

In French: "Pelléas et Mélisande," by Debussy; "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," by Offenbach; "La Juive," by Halevy. In German: "Jenufa," opera in three acts, book by Gabriele Preis, music by Leo Janacek; "Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung," by Wagner.

Two of the operas contained in Mr. Gatti's statement, "Giovanni Galfurese" and "Jenufa," will be heard for the first time in America. "Giovanni Galfurese," Montezzi's first opera, was produced in Turin in 1905, eight years before the advent of "L'Amore dei tre re," which gave the composer international reputation. "Jenufa," based on a tragic tale of peasant life, with a core strongly influenced by folk-music, was composed by Janacek in 1901 and produced at Brünn three years later.

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" will be given for the first time by the Metropolitan Opera Company. This unique music-drama was introduced in America by Oscar Hammerstein, who gave the first performance in this country with Mary Garden, Jeanne Gerville-Reache, Jean Perier, Hector Dufranne and Felix Vienne in leading parts, on Feb. 19, 1907. A performance was given in the Metropolitan Opera House by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, Feb. 7, 1911. In all the nineteen performances of the work that New York has seen, Miss Garden was the Melisande. It is credibly reported that Edward Johnson and Miss Bori will take the title parts next season.

The most important of the revivals will be those of the incomparable "Falstaff" and of "Rheingold" and "Die Götterdämmerung." The two operas of Wagner, with "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," already restored to the repertory, will give the Metropolitan patrons a complete "Ring" cycle. Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was an old Hammerstein favorite, but has been given before by the Metropolitan, in the seasons of 1912-13 and 1913-14. "La Gioconda," "Dinorah," and "La Juive" are operas of bygone periods, only the first of which anticipates the operatic styles of today. They call for pomp and pageantry, for singing in the grand manner, and for production on the lavish scale which the Metropolitan has long since made familiar.

Before sailing for Europe, in the second half of May, Mr. Gatti-Casazza will announce the names of the artists re-engaged for next year and the new artists who will appear.

Chaliapin sang again yesterday, and the usual hnc, eager, patient and unquestioning, gathered in the Easter rain before the doors of the Metropolitan. Within, the afternoon began with the familiar, agreeable preliminaries—Rudolph Polk, playing the "Hymn to the Sun" on the violin, Feodor Koenenman rippling through Chopin waltzes on the piano. It was obvious, however, that to the impatient crowd, the concert started when the genial Russian giant ambled out on the stage and announced the first number from his little book.

His music entered on a sustained note of melancholy—"the sad songs" of the Russians, Glinka's "Doubt" and the wistful little fragments from Turgeneff which his fellow artists (including Mr. Chaliapin) take such pensive joy in setting to music. Soon, however, he reached Mozart's "Don Juan," who learned about women from such an incredible multitude; and, with their laughter, the audience took courage to shout their own demands for "76."

Three seventeenth century pieces by Kuhnau, Scheidt and Walther, his own improvisations upon the archaic hymn, "Jesus, Still Lead On," and two groups of chorales and other short works by Sebastian Bach.

Meanwhile, at the Metropolitan, a large audience was passing a delightful evening with Anna Pavlova and her ballet company. Most of the program comprised more or less familiar Pavlova favorites, including the "Chopiniana," with Mme. Pavlova, Mr. Novikoff and the company; Cherepnine's "Russian Folk Tales," with its diverting stage settings, and eight briefer divertissements. A good orchestra, under Theodore Stier's leadership, helped matters greatly.

Pavlova in the Chopiniana.

The Chopiniana, which Pavlova presented to her audience at the Metropolitan last evening was conceived in the spirit of the poet Alfred de Musset. Against a background of sombre Italian cypress, flitting hamadryads posed in fragile and picturesque groups. To the music of the Polish composer, Pavlova, wraithlike, captured for the onlooker some evanescent moments of beauty. She was supported by a clever and competent company which, whether in the colorful and boisterous Russian folk-dance or in the divertissements supplied an evening of varied entertainment. Laurent Novikoff was Mme. Pavlova's dancing partner. Miss Lucille Gibbs, coloratura soprano, sang the "Bird Song" during one of the numbers. The orchestra was conducted by Theodore Stier.

A Lovers of Music Concert.

Ernest Davis, Marguerite Schulling and Frederic Dixon appeared last evening at Carnegie Hall in the second concert of a series arranged at the season's end by the American Association of Lovers of Music. It was to have been a benefit for the Caruso memorial scholarship, but the response was not large at this time, though the program had merit. The pianist, Mr. Dixon, opened with MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica," while Mr. Davis, the tenor, added an American encore to his air from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," and Miss Schulling's later songs included those of Watts, Seneca Pierce and Miss Silberta, who assisted at the piano.

Russian, French, Jewish, English and Italian ballads.

Sara Sokolsky-Fried played piano pieces by Tschalkovsky, Chopin, Alkan and Albeniz, and violin compositions by Zimballist, Brahms-Jochim and Wieniawski were presented by Abracha Konevsky.

in need of more with met. Carol. Sec. 1. Harro. Gott. one of. and. with Schol. L. Antonin

PAVLOWA'S INSPIRATION.

Her Company Appears in Ballet That Prompted Her Career.

According to her memoirs, the ballet that inspired Anna Pavlova to her career was "The Sleeping Beauty," music by Tschalkovsky. Part of this was presented yesterday by Mme. Pavlova's company at the matinee at the Metropolitan to an enthusiastic audience. It was ballet pure and simple, with nothing more to express than could inherently be expressed by dancing, and accordingly it was more successful than many ballets that endeavor to "interpret" symphonies and what not. It showed her company at its best, and the world can be glad that Mme. Pavlova received her inspiration from such a lovely fairy tale. Hilda Butsova, M. Oliveroff and Mlle. Lake were the principals. Pavlova herself did not appear until the second number, "The Fairy Doll," sufficiently familiar here. The program closed with seven divertissements, including the ever-fresh "Swan" and Laurent Nockoff in the "Warrior Dance." Pavlova is one of those artists who can make the audience forget trains and dinner, as was demonstrated when she was repeatedly recalled at the end of the matinee.

In the evening the program was "A Polish Wedding," "Amarilla" and seven divertissements.

Years ago, when there was a city called St. Petersburg where the Imperial Russian Ballet flourished a very young and much frightened dancer whirled out into her first important stage entrance. She was, in fact, almost paralyzed with terror at the cavernous house whose shadows were dotted with white faces, and at the agile requirements of "The Sleeping Beauty," which seemed beyond her age and experience.

But there was something in the poetry of this thin young figure that arrested the wandering attention of the audience and drew them into the fugitive enchantment of the familiar fairy tale. The magic grew with every scene until at the close an agitated crowd was turning programs in search of a name. It was, they discovered, a new-comer, called Anna Pavlova.

It may have been as a tribute to that night that Pavlova brought the "Visions" from "The Sleeping Beauty" back to her program for the first time yesterday. Her sentimental impulse, however, did not induce her to dance in the role herself; it was Hilda Butsova who floated in as the most acrobatic and hard working of the visions. She made a lovely and glamorous picture and so did the sylphs, or whatever it is that pirouettes out of the wood when the head Princess waves her wand.

It was a naive and ingratiating performance done in the best Hans Christian Andersen manner, with the bright reds and blues that decorate those absorbing picture books. Nevertheless you feel rather cheated that Pavlova did not dance it herself. Or still more cheated that you missed that first performance long ago.

A. S.

FLONZALEY QUARTET WINS.

Court Denies Plea of Bailly, Violinist, to Stop Players Using Name.

The application of Louis Bailly, former violinist in the Flonzaley Quartet, for an injunction restraining the other members, Adolfo Bettl, Alfred Pochon and Iwan d'Archembeau, and Andre de Coppet, guarantor of the organization,

from continuing to use the name Flonzaley unless he is a member, was denied yesterday by Supreme Court Justice Glogerich. The Court said that he had "such grave doubts as to the plaintiff's right to equitable relief that I do not feel warranted in granting the injunction." The Court accordingly vacated a temporary injunction obtained several weeks ago.

The papers were served on the players on the steamship George Washington fifteen minutes after it had left for Paris on April 8. They notified their attorney, Edwin T. Rice, by wireless to defend the action. The defendants contended that Bailly had no interest in the name Flonzaley, because it was given to the organization by the late Edward J. de Coppet, who financed the quartet for many years before his death, on April 30, 1916, and that his son Andre had since guaranteed each member \$3,000 a year.

Mrs. Pauline de Coppet, widow of the founder, said that her son had decided to continue the family interest, because on the day Mr. de Coppet died of heart failure the quartet had been brought together to play for him and he was unable to hear it.

A statement by the defendant members said that Bailly was disagreeable and sometimes did not speak to them. They also alleged that "his idea of quartet playing is principally a matter of solo and not ensemble work."

Michael B. Binner

April 26 1924

Godfrey Ludlow in Recital.

The second New York recital of Godfrey Ludlow, the Australian violinist, at Aeolian Hall last evening, displayed his sincerity and talent. Mr. Ludlow forsook the beaten path of program-making and introduced his audience to works which had never been heard in New York before; they numbered eight out of the ten and were a fair criterion of the violinist's tastes and abilities. Mr. Ludlow and Guy Vincent Marriner collaborated in two sonatas, the first by Ireland, the second by Ippolitoff-Iwanoff. Both were played with tonal beauty and a high appreciation of their melodic contents. Three of the shorter pieces received the assistance of Clarence Dickinson at the organ.

Marian Anderson Sings.

A song recital of a promising character was given by Marian Anderson last evening at the Town Hall. The singer has a mezzo of volume and strength. She was heard in a varied program, which included Handel, Strauss, Brahms, Donizetti and Dvorak and was encored after several of the groups.

A SPRING OPERA SERIES.

Performances at Weekly Intervals Begin at the Manhattan.

"Aida" was sung at the Manhattan Opera House last evening as the first performance of a Spring festival of opera, to continue at weekly intervals with "The Barber," "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" and "La Boheme." Ambitious plans have been outlined by the director, A. Salmaghi, for a Summer series in a Brooklyn stadium. Local Italian business men have proposed also to bring over a famous composer and veteran conductor from Italy in the Fall. The cast for Verdi's work last night comprised Bettina Freeman, Dorothy Pilzer, Nicola Zecola, A. Zagaroli and others. Cesare Sodero was the conductor and the dances were in charge of the former Metropolitan ballet master, Luigi Albertieri.

PAVLOWA'S SECOND WEEK.

"Adjanta" and "Dionysus" Among Ballets on Her Program.

Mme. Pavlova danced before two audiences at the Metropolitan yesterday, the matinee reviving Drigo's "Magic Flute" by the young members of her ballet. It was the tenth of the larger and more formal ballets in a week's program that ended with the "Chopiniana" and "Oriental Impressions" last evening. Two further additions will be tomorrow's "Adjanta," after Greek frescoes, and on Tuesday the curious "Dionysus" of dual scenes revealed by changing lights on a single canvas. In today's lighter divertissement, Pavlova herself ranged from a native "Russian Dance" to the highly imaginative "California Poppy," drawn from her previous American tours.

Levi J. B. Binner

April 26 1924

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA.

Miss Frances H. Mayer Leads First Violins Successfully.

At the ninth concert of Louis J. Cornu's Junior Orchestra at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Miss Frances H. Mayer was concert master, Miss Clementine Chappel led the second violins and Miss Rose Stanger led the cellos. The strings were all young, the second violins decidedly so, in fact juvenile, but they gave an account of themselves in Beethoven's First Symphony which was more than encouraging. Especially in the third and fourth movements the spirit and neatness of the performance left a sensation of lightness and cheer, sometimes entirely absent from more ambitious efforts. Applause was shared alike by orchestra and conductor.

A group which included Grieg, Chamblade and Tchaikovsky gave further evidence of careful preparation. An Italian caprice by Tchaikovsky served as a finale. The youthful musicians played it with vivacity and carried off the climax with a flourish. Miss Chappel played a Spanish dance by Rehfeld with such ease and confidence that the audience insisted on an encore.

GOUTMANOVITCH PLAYS.

Violinist Heard in His Second Recital at Aeolian Hall.

In his second recital at Aeolian Hall last night Jacques Goutmanovitch was at his best in his legatos and the slower passages, where he displayed an appealing tone, smooth and silky in texture.

The sonata by Gabriel Fauré opened the program. M. Goutmanovitch and Harry Kaufman, his accompanist, gave it a pleasing interpretation which culminated in the Andante.

The Beethoven minuet scored a success, and the Pergolesi aria was repeated. A Mozart concerto and the Carnival Russe of Wieniawski gained additional applause.

MUSICIANS MAKE TERMS.

Agreement With Philadelphia Orchestra Has Been Reached.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26. — Wage differences between musicians of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the management have been settled, Thomas M. Rivel, President of the Musicians' Protective Union, announced today. A meeting held at the headquarters of the union to consider the management's latest proposal for settlement took final action. "Backing up the adjudicating committee to the fullest extent," Mr. Rivel said details of the basis of settlement were withheld pending formal completion of the negotiations.

It was reported that the basis was an increase for half the minimum-paid players to the \$70 minimum demanded by the union. Notification of the action of the union is expected to reach Arthur Judson, manager of the orchestra on Monday.

The deadlock between the players and management lasted approximately six weeks. At first, it was said, a minimum wage of \$75 a week was asked, and was definitely refused. The basis of settlement is expected to be made public later in the form of a joint announcement.

Counting the afternoon concert at Town Hall, in which Cantor Rosenblatt took part, the total was ten, of which seven were in the evening.

At Town Hall, the Novello-Davies Choir, organized and conducted by Mme. Clara Novello-Davies, made its debut in a program of English and American choruses with the "Hallelujah" Chorus from the "Messiah," songs by A. Walter Kramer and Elgar for the women of the choir, with violin obbligatos by Olcott Vail and Israel Krasse, and, for full chorus, songs by Bishop, Sullivan and O'Hara.

For a chorus only four or five weeks old the choir did very good work, singing with spirit and expressive shading, while preserving a strict unity and conveying the impression of an experienced personnel. Their tone was strong, but there was room for further rounding and smoothing. There were numbers for the men alone, including Deems Taylor's "Tricolor," and others for the women and the full chorus. Rafaelo Diaz was the assisting soloist in operatic numbers, Spanish songs, and others by Franz, Lawrence Townsend, H. O. Osgood and Hageman, plus encores. An organ solo from Richard Keyes Biggs opened the concert, which was under the patronage of the British and Peruvian ambassadors and the British Consul General in New York.

Cornu's Junior Orchestra

The ninth annual concert of Louis J. Cornu's Junior Orchestra was held yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, with Beethoven's First Symphony as the principal number. The young players under Mr. Cornu eighteen

under, it seemed—gave this a most commendable performance, with a good, smooth tone, unity and assurance, and were well rewarded by a large audience. Skill and a smooth,

warm tone were shown by Clementine Chappel, a young violinist of the orchestra, in two solos.

In the evening Jacques Goutmanovitch, violinist, made his second appearance here, selecting an unfamiliar but an agreeable sonata, Gabriel Fauré's Op. 13, which melodious work brought out a satisfactory tone and ample technical skill on the part of the Russian musician. Mozart's E flat major Concerto and Wieniawski's "Carnaval Russe" were the other major numbers of the program, accompanied by Harry Kaufman.

Dancing occupied all or part of three programs last night. At the Booth Theater an all-Indian program entertainment was provided by the Trio Ragini, with dance and song by Ragini Devi, a graceful figure of sinuous, serpentine motion. The local color of her performance was matched by those of her colleagues; Sarat Lahiri, who played the esraj, a stringed instrument played with a bow, giving a thin, exotic tone, and also explained the numbers; and Arjun Govind, who sang with a pleasing voice and played the sitar and tabla (drum and a species of cymbals). His numbers included Shakespeare in Hindustani, Romeo's Lament, sung with the chant-like recitative that marked other numbers.

Oriental dances also ruled at the Little Theater, where Princess Nyota-Inyoka gave her third performance, with "evocations" of ancient and modern India and Egypt—graceful, unusual dancing, which again charmed its witnesses.

East and West in Dances

Occidental as well as Eastern dances and characterizations were given at the Belmont Theater by Angna Enters, who danced to Japanese music and to that of Frescobaldi, Kuhman, Richard Strauss, Debussy and Beethoven. Versatility and the ability to express much with economy of motion marked her performance. She was equally effective as what seemed a Cockney girl in "Promenade," by Julien Fredman, and in the Japanese "Kyo No Shiki." There were also violin numbers played by Helen Jeffrey and modern French songs by Dorothy Bigelow, who also figured as a composer in one of Miss Jeffrey's numbers.

At the National Theater last night Florence McGuinness, an Irish soprano, gave her first New York recital, singing Irish songs and, for an opening number, the aria, "Thou Brilliant Bird," from the Pearl of Brazil, by Felicien David. Miss McGuinness has a clear, flexible soprano voice of wide range and sings with pleasing expression. Assisting were Raymond Ellery Williams, flutist; Beatrice Weller, harpist, and Jessie Vose at the piano. A large audience heard the recital.

At the Princess Theater at the same time Miss Helen Osgood was presenting a program of poems, character and dialect readings and songs to an equally large audience.

Completing the tale, an afternoon program was provided at the little Triangle Theater by "Kay" (Kathryn Sutherland) in costume songs: Carpenter's "Water Colors," Irish songs and selections from "Carmen" and Gilbert and Sullivan, and by Ernest Fritz Kuhn in piano numbers of his own.

Mathilde Harding Plays.

Mathilde Harding, a young pianist from Washington, Pa., gave a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall before an appreciative audience. The Bach Prelude and Fugue, which opened her program, showed her to be of the Amazonian type of player; while her subjects were outlined clearly, they were expressed in a forcible, not to say heavy-handed, manner. The Brahms variations on a theme by Paganini were taken in a lighter vein, with some reflections of mood and sentiment, but still with moments of remorseless realism. The reactions of the audience were entirely favorable to the pianist, whose ideas on Debussy, in contradiction to her lucidity in Bach, made his vagueness still more indefinite. These were merely points of view. The fact remained that Miss Harding had plenty of execution, and that she knew how to interest her listeners in her program.

ORCHESTRA PEACE FAILS.

Musicians and Philadelphia Management Are Still at Odds.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28.—Settlement of the Philadelphia Orchestra wage controversy appeared distant today, despite assurances by Thomas M. Rivel, President of the Musicians' Protective Association, that differences with the management had been obliterated. Mr. Rivel declared Saturday a settlement

had been reached. "Later, however," he announced today, "I found to my dismay we were no nearer a settlement than when we began negotiations."

"Conferences which members of the union held with the Philadelphia Orchestra Association resulted in their putting a proposition to us, details of which I cannot divulge, but which would mean an aggregate increase of \$7,300. The musicians are asking for an increase of \$12,000 for the thirty-week season, and inasmuch as we have made practically all the concessions that have been made, we feel we must stand by our demands."

Arthur Judson, manager of the orchestra, refused to comment on the situation.

The Orchestral Society.

By OLIN DOWNS.

The final concert of the present season by the American Orchestral Society, Chalmers Clifton conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. Ernest Hutcheson was soloist in the performance of MacDowell's D minor piano concerto. The purely orchestral compositions were Cesar Franck's Symphony and Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan."

Franklin Robinson, in a short speech delivered after the performance of the concerto, reviewed briefly the purposes with which the American Orchestral Society was instituted. It is not the primary purpose of this society to give concerts, but to give young orchestral players the opportunity of experience in rehearsal and before the public; to give soloists opportunities; to develop conductors; to give native composers as frequently as feasible a hearing. It is now felt by those responsible for the existence and welfare of the American Orchestral Society that it has given proof of its usefulness and its ability to fulfill these objects. Tribute was paid Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who has financed and sponsored the organization for three seasons, and Mr. Clifton, who has brought it to its present stage of development.

The character of the performances justified the statement that the band had passed through its experimental stage. They were the performances of a young orchestra, but they were not performances of a groping or school-boyish character. When there was a technical short-coming it did not assume the glaring importance which it might have done had the conception of the music itself been less mature. On the contrary, the performances had sweep and cohesion from beginning to end. The players had been well instructed; they understood what they were doing and the reasons for the phrasings and dynamics they produced. Technical details, fortunate or unfortunate, were relegated to their proper place, so that the listener found himself enjoying the music, feeling its spirit, sharing the youth and enthusiasm of the players and forgetting to be nigardly and captious about small things.

Nor should it be assumed from the foregoing that the quality of the performances as a whole lacked brilliancy and high creditable achievement. A defective attack of a wind instrument, a chord imperfectly balanced or a false entrance barely avoided did not impair the general unity of effect and homogeneity of the tone. There was clearness and precision of attack, pervasive rhythm and truly plastic phrasing. Mr. Clifton conducted authoritatively, without extravagance, reminding the players of tasks well prepared in rehearsal. If his tempo in the middle movement of Franck's symphony seemed a shade too fast, it is also true that he thus avoided sluggishness of pace in a place where it can be peculiarly destructive. He read the music with perception of its beautiful details as well as of its great lines, and he gave the glowing rhetoric of Strauss its due.

Mr. Hutcheson's playing of the concerto was not only an exhibition of masterly musicianship and virtuosity of the highest order, but it was also and very evidently an inspiration, as Mr. Robinson remarked, to the members of the orchestra. The pianist's rhythm and authoritative conception of the music was as a rock for the young musicians to rest upon. In his hands the concerto again took its place as one of MacDowell's strongest creations and as a work which, because of its style and its poetic feeling, ranks high in the limited repertoire of worth-while music for piano and orchestra. Mr. Hutcheson was applauded very heartily and repeatedly recalled.

Twenty-seven students will graduate this year from the American Orchestral Society. Two of them will immediately join the Cincinnati Orchestra. Auditions for other graduates have been arranged with symphony orchestras of St. Louis, Minneapolis and New York. Fourteen American-taught soloists have played with the American Orchestral Society this season. Its activities will be considerably extended in the season to come.

By Deems Taylor

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

Nothing is more cheering, to one who would like to see music in this

country as soundly based upon native native interest as it is in Europe, than to watch the appearance and development of organizations like the Civic Orchestra in Chicago and the American National Orchestra and American Orchestral Society in New York.

All three organizations have approximately the same aims: to encourage Americans to study orchestral instruments and give them a chance to acquire orchestral routine and a familiarity with symphonic literature; and to provide an orchestra that will be a sort of proving ground for American composers.

Only one of these organizations, the American-National, is wholly professional; and none of them is, technically speaking, a first-class orchestra—which is just why they are valuable training schools for the aspiring symphony player.

The American Orchestral Society gave its closing concert of the season yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall, under the conductorship of Chalmers Clifton. During the year the Society has given free concerts in Cooper Union and various high school auditoriums, has given fourteen young American soloists an opportunity to appear at its concerts, and is graduating twenty-seven student players, two of whom have already been accepted as members of the Cincinnati Orchestra.

Yesterday's program comprised the Cesar Franck symphony, MacDowell's second piano concerto (with Ernest Hutcheson as soloist) and Strauss's "Don Juan." The playing in general was amazingly good, the only serious defects being a want of volume in the cellos and a not unnatural lack of blending and occasional faulty intonation among the wind instruments. The violins were really fine in tone, and the energy and technical surety of the young players were heartening to hear. Mr. Clifton is not only to be recommended for his intelligent and musicianly readings but deserves an added vote of thanks for the devotion and hard work that made yesterday's good showing possible.

OTHER MUSIC.

Irvin Cobb walked out on the stage of Carnegie Hall last night with a manner so basso and so profundo that you expected an aria from "Mefistofie" at the very least. He had an air of considering this and deciding against it—instead he told the story of the Pullman porter and the Old Soak, and from here, by easy stages, he drifted into a discussion of American music. Mr. Cobb is so blandly persuasive that it was possible to accept all he said and applaud for more. One gasps a bit, however, over the assertion that we are producing the best music in the world right here in this country—"the best" is such a dangerously challenging term and there are still a few of the original sources left to meet it. He added that he would leave us to "an American program," which also was baffling, for the first numbers brought you no nearer Plymouth Rock than Handel, Debussy and Chopin. McDowell finally emerged, however, with a "Concert Etude" and Deems Taylor with "Captain Stratton's Fancy." Without regard for national limitations, it was a graceful and harmonious program, deftly interpreted by James Stanley, Winifred Byrd and Carolyn Wells Bassett. This was the third concert by the American Lovers of Music and by far the most expert and stimulating of the series.

The Margaret Eldredge concert was postponed and the only solo recital was given by Leonida Coroni, a young baritone from the Isle of Crete, with a voice which is powerful and tender and somewhat the worse for very rugged wear. At the Metropolitan, Pavlova danced through the classic orgy of "Dionysus" and the colorful "Russian Folk Lore." A. S.

By GRENA BENNETT.

IRVIN COBB fired his first shot for native music and musicians in Carnegie Hall last night. He delivered a five-minute witty and interesting address at the beginning of the programme, arranged by the American Association of Lovers of Music. True to form

and in his best vein, he told the tale of "The drunkard, the darky and the two poached eggs." Then, with characteristic cleverness, led the way for a eulogy of American-made music and artists.

The address over, James Stanley, basso, began the regular programme with three French songs, which he delivered in a

pleasing voice and with excellent diction. Eleanor Stanley played the accompaniments.

Winifred Byrd, pianist, presented a Debussy Prelude, the black key Etude of Chopin and MacDowell's Concert Etude (the latter the first native work of the evening).

Karolyn Wells Bassett, whose youth and good looks are among her valuable assets, gave her first New York account of her ability as a coloratura soprano. Her debut was a year earlier than she had planned, but despite this her efforts in the highly embellished Polonaise from "Mignon" and smaller pieces by Delibes, Strauss and herself promised much for her future success.

Andre Polak in Recital.

André Polak gave a violin recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, with the assistance of Anton Blott, pianist, and the Lenox String Quartet. Mr. Polak is a pioneer in introducing American music in Europe. He has a predilection for first performance, doing that service to the Gruenberg and Strossel violin sonata in Europe and America, the Henry Hadley suite and the Buxton and Lazzari Sonatas in this country and the Pizzetti Sonata in Paris. He opened his concert yesterday afternoon with the Pizzetti Sonata which was found less pleasing than the concerto for violin solo, piano and quartet by Ernest Chausson, which followed it. This work has been heard in Philadelphia and will be played again at the Pittsfield Festival. It received a highly finished reading by the instrumentalists and proved the most interesting number on the program. Mr. Polak was later heard to advantage in a varied group of shorter pieces. Rex Tillson was his accompanist.

By Deems Taylor

THE GRAINGER CONCERT.

There were several "first time in New York" numbers on the program of choral and orchestral music that Percy Grainger sponsored last night in Carnegie Hall, chief among them being the appearance of the Bridgeport Oratorio Society, an organization of more than 200 voices that achieved more than local prominence under the late Arthur Mees, but which had never before been heard here.

In vocal material the society seems to be no more than moderately equipped, its soprano section being the only one that approaches real distinction of tone. It has, however, an excellent conductor in Frank Kasschau, who has his singers under excellent command and has imbued them with some good ideas concerning dynamics and phrasing. He conducted the two purely choral numbers last night with considerable success.

The two "Psalms" that made up the first choral group not only display Greg's wonted breadth and clear directness but reveal the great Norwegian as a choral writer of uncommon skill and effectiveness. The second in particular has a fascinating middle section in which a baritone solo in B major is maintained without the least sense of strain against a sotto voce choral accompaniment in B minor.

Alois Havrilla, whose baritone voice is engagingly fresh in quality, sang the solo parts in both numbers with intelligence and feeling. The other choral group comprised two of Rachmaninoff's fine motets on traditional Russian Church melodies. The second, "Laud ye the Name of the Lord," was encored by an insistent audience.

The remainder of the program was devoted to works by Mr. Grainger and by Frederick Delius, for whose music

he has—as the program notes testify—a boundless enthusiasm. The Delius pieces, which were played by a large Philharmonic-looking orchestra under Mr. Grainger's spirited baton, were "North Country Sketches" (Autumn, Winter Landscape, Dance, The March of Spring) and "The Song of the High Hills," the latter calling for chorus and soprano and tenor soloists as well as the orchestra.

It is possible to understand Mr. Grainger's admiration for this music without sharing it. There is deep—almost frightening—sincerity in Delius's work; distinction of orchestration, beautiful reticence and freedom from sentimentality. It is the product of a keen, sensitive, poetic mind that yet fails, somehow, to be creative.

For one thing, he is reminiscent; not in thematic material, which would not greatly matter, but in his handling of that material. Too often one recognizes in his work not the melody and harmony but the emotional and intellectual outlook of Debussy, Chykovsky, Wagner and Brahms.

His structural sense, too, is weak. His material is always appropriate, distinguished even; yet the finished edifice has no skyline. If he were a little less lofty in purpose, a little more obvious, a little cheaper, he might be more successful, artistically speaking. If there could be pretty good great music it would be Delius's, but there is no such thing.

Mr. Grainger's compositions were his "Marching Song of Democracy," for chorus (singing wordless syllables) and orchestra, which had fine sonority and energy, but was a little lazy in outline; his familiar and rather sentimental "Colonial Song" heard in its original guise, for two soloists and orchestra; and his equally familiar and altogether irresistible orchestral transcription of "Shepherd's Hey."

OTHER MUSIC.

Andre Polah and the Lenox String Quartet joined forces yesterday afternoon in one of the most interesting and provocative concerts of the waning season. Mr. Polah is one of those intense musicians who could infuse ardor into even those stereotyped violin numbers worn flat by inevitable repetition. As it happened, his program yesterday was in itself unusual and stimulating. It opened with the Pizzetti Sonata in A and continued with Chausson's Concerto, in which Anton Bilotti and the quartet merged their plaintive rhythms. There was also a group of wild, tormented snatches from Zsolt, Juon and Loeffler and from them the violinist wrung their uttermost, bitter-sweet significance. "Triste" and "Furioso" ran the markings—a perfect characterization of the entire concert. Though mostly it was furioso.

The only solo concert of the evening was a song recital given by Charlotte Harvis, who looked like a young figure out of Greuze and who sang of "les papillons" and "jeunes fillettes" in a bright, if fragile, coloratura. A. S.

Voices of Bridgeport.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A choral and orchestral concert was given last night in Carnegie Hall by Percy Grainger and Frank Kasschau, conductors, and the chorus of the Bridgeport Oratorio Society, numbering 250 voices, which made its first appearance in this city. The program consisted of Mr. Grainger's "Marching Song of Democracy," for chorus and orchestra, conducted by the composer; Grieg's Two Psalms, op. 74, for unaccompanied mixed chorus and baritone solo; Fritz Delius's "North Country Sketches" for orchestra; "Two Songs of the Church," op. 37, of Sergei Rachmaninoff; Colonial Song, arranged for soprano, tenor and orchestra, and "Shepherd's Hey" for orchestra, Percy Grainger, and Selma's "Song of the High Hills," for mixed chorus and orchestra, heard for the first time here.

A note in the program explained that this concert was planned by the late Dr. Arthur Mees and by Mr. Grainger several years ago, with a nearly identical program. In bringing the Bridgeport Choral Society to New York and interpreting the music heard last night

Mr. Grainger felt that he was carrying out an obligation and fulfilling a purpose interrupted by Dr. Mees's death.

One may or may not share Mr. Grainger's partiality for Delius as a composer, but there was no question last night of the popularity of his own compositions, or of the deep impression made by the compositions of Grieg and Rachmaninoff and by the singing of the chorus. This is an admirable choral body. It has a superb sonority in climaxes and also a very fine quality of pianissimo. There is a sure attack and a fine clarity in the movement of the inner voices. Moreover, the different voices retain a marked individuality of color and quality as well as range. Usually there was exceptionally clean English enunciation and the straightforward manner of certain English choruses and choirs. The deep feeling which characterized the singing of Rachmaninoff's Psalms and the blithe performance of Mr. Grainger's "Marching Song of Democracy" found a very genuine response in the audience.

As for the compositions themselves, the ones that haunt the memory after an initial hearing are those of Grieg and Rachmaninoff. The simplicity and the profound Nordic feeling of Grieg's compositions place them among the greatest works of his later period. In an entirely different manner the music of Rachmaninoff, founded on ancient Greek chants, embodies the noblest traditions and religious conceptions of his race.

The extraordinary "go," sentiment, and technical facility of Mr. Grainger's scores are more familiar. His "Colonial Song" and "Shepherd's Hey" had each to be repeated in response to the applause. The former was heard in a new and very effective arrangement for solo voices with chorus. The latter remains one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Grainger, the composer.

The four pieces of Delius, "Autumn," "Winter Landscape," "Dance" and the "March of Spring," did not awaken marked enthusiasm. They have a certain poetic, if lugubrious mood, are slight in substance and much too long.

Mr. Grainger conducted quietly and with authority. Mr. Kasschau has reason indeed to be proud of the choral body he has developed and his own complete mastery of his singers. There was a large audience, evidently delighted with the performance.

FREDERICK DELIUS was not able, after all, to come across the ocean to be present in Carnegie Hall last night at the performance of his "North Country Sketches" and "The Song of the High Hills" under the direction of his devoted friend and colleague, Percy Grainger. On the way from Italy to France, prior to embarking for New York, he was taken very weak (he has been an invalid for years) and his doctor told him it would not be safe to proceed; so he went to a sanitarium at Cassel.

While the audience last night was thus deprived of the opportunity to see Delius (audiences do love to look on and applaud real live composers, especially when they are as famous as Delius is), his music, after all, was the main thing. It was performed by the Bridgeport Oratorio Society and the New York Philharmonic. At Bridgeport the same program was given and went "riotously well," as one hearer put it.

The same description may be applied to last night's performance. At Bridgeport Grainger's "Shepherd's Hey" and "Colonial Song" made such a stir that it was decided to add them also to the New York program, which, in addition to the two Delius pieces, included Grainger's "Marching Song of Democracy," "Two Psalms," opus 74, by Grieg, and "Two Songs of the Church" by Rachmaninoff.

Marching Song of Democracy

The opening number, Grainger's "Marching Song of Democracy," had been heard before only at Worcester. In it are employed the so-called "nonsense syllables," a new experiment in choral technic (dating back to 1901) which has been copied by several modernistic composers. It consists of polyphonic music without words—"nonsense syllables" such as children use in their thoughtless singing.

This composition is frightfully difficult—it reminds one of Beethoven's Ninth and his great mass; but the chorus tackled it valiantly and came out victorious. Originally Grainger had planned to have it performed by a chorus of men, women, and children singing and whistling to the rhythmic accompaniment of their tramping feet as they marched along the street. A nice mess they would have made of it! There was a big outburst of applause after its performance last night. The work is dedicated to the composer's mother in whose honor—she died just a year ago—last night's concert was given.

It is impossible to imagine anything more adorable than the two Grieg Psalms which followed. I have often referred the modernists to Grieg's works as showing how dissonance can be made euphonious. No one would think that in the second verse of "God's Son Hath Set Me Free" the melody, sung by baritone solo, is consistently in B flat major, while the accompanying harmonies sung by the chorus are in B flat minor. "Blues" they call this in jazz; but what jazz blues come within a million miles of this inspired work—euphonious, melodious, and altogether delectable. What a master of choral writing Grieg was! He knew how to wed words and music so closely that every word of the text was understood by attentive listeners. In choral music that is little short of a miracle.

This number was sung under the direction of Frank Kasschau. Bridgeport folk have every reason in the world to be proud of him and their choir. For anything equal to their performance of this number and of Rachmaninoff's lovely "Laud ye the Name of the Lord" (which had to be repeated) and of Delius's "Song of the High Hills" (under Grainger's baton) one has to go back to the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto in its golden age, or to the Metropolitan chorus singing the

"Wachet Auf" in Wagner's "Meistersinger."

The audience, which was a very big one, was immensely delighted with Grainger's own "Colonial Song" and "Morris Dance." Both simply had to be repeated. The first of these was for the first time given here with the original orchestration. And how admirably Percy handles the orchestra! This deeply emotional piece seemed perfect as played by its creator on the piano, but, after all, a piano is no orchestra. The effect of this music on the feelings was much heightened by the vocal duo, beautifully sung by Anita Atwater and William Owen Gilboy. In the "Morris Dance" the whirlwind effect produced by Grainger, by gradually accelerating the pace, made the audience wild with delight.

As Mr. Grainger's admirable description of the two Delius works he conducted was cited in full in this journal last Saturday, it will suffice here to offer a critical estimate. The "North Country Sketches" are four short pieces for orchestra alone. They are a new kind of nature music; without actually being "programmatic" they convey a deep impression of autumn winds sighing in the trees and a winter landscape. There are glimpses of English folk music, but otherwise this music recalls no predecessor, it is Delius in every bar.

More deeply still was I impressed by the "Song of the High Hills." It is intended to express the joy and rapture felt in the Norwegian Alps and to depict the lonely melancholy of the highest altitudes and the widest expanses. This work incontestably proves Delius a genius in the highest sense of the word—a creator of music that is new, music that fascinates and thrills. It is beautiful as played by orchestra alone, with the pianissimo celesta for color—a new touch; but when the chorus enters it becomes sublime—sublime like the Norwegian Alps themselves. The audience enjoyed and applauded both the Delius works tremendously. May his New York triumph help to cheer him up in his hospital retreat.

HENRY T. FINCK.

"Sketches" Akin to Grieg

Such a concert, with almost the same program, had been planned by Mr. Grainger and the late Dr. Arthur Mees, who was conductor of the Bridgeport chorus during his last few years, some time ago, but the two Delius works were not heard in America until Monday night, when they were given in Bridgeport. Both have strongly individual characteristics—a brooding, reflective mood, a touch of vague melancholy, subtly, skittish shaded color; music of an essentially Northern atmosphere, not without a kinship with Grieg. The "Sketches" bore out their titles, there was no mistaking the wind sighing in the trees and the pale-hued winter landscape. But Mr. Delius, in his meditative mood, seemed sometimes to have forgotten time, and

the woodlands, meadows and moors had been contemplated at some length before the end.

There was also much that was impressive in "The Song of the High Hills," in the composer's skill in producing the desired atmosphere in his use of his orchestra. In his gradual building-up of climaxes and especially in his interweaving of the choral and orchestral sound, treating both as a unit. But, again, Mr. Delius appeared lost in his own reveries, the music dwelt for many minutes about the same point. Passages of arresting beauty were separated by others when attention flagged, yet the work gave a strong impression that Mr. Delius was well acquainted with his chorus and his orchestra.

André Polah, a violinist who is not addicted to the conventional program, gave various unfamiliar numbers yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. With Anton Bilotti, he began with Pizzetti's violin and piano sonata in A, played in March by Jerome Goldstein—a work not of the extreme modernism, and not averse to melody, but inclined to wander yesterday. Then the Lenox Quartet joined Messrs. Polah and Bilotti for Ernest Chausson's "Concert" for solo violin, piano and quartet. It was melodious, in the post-Franckian manner of the composer's symphony, and making good use of the unusual combination of instruments, but, again, hardly concise, dwelling on favorite ideas to undue length. Still, it is a work well worth hearing now and then.

With Rex Tillson at the piano, Mr. Polah played pieces by Zsolt, Frederick Jacobi and Paul Juon and arrangements by himself, Arthur Hartman and Charles M. Loeffler.

By GRÉNA BENNETT.

CHARLOTTE HARVIS, last night's debutante soprano, was heard by a large, friendly audience in Aeolian Hall. Her programme was rather a large order for a beginner, but her

assurance, supported by ambition, guided her through many difficult vocal problems.

Her voice is almost as light as a gossamer and trembled quite as much as does that delicate thread in a breeze. But even the lack of volume and the constant tremolo were evidently enjoyed by her enthusiastic auditors.

A COLLECTION of Chopin's most alluring compositions inspired the opening number of Pavlova's bill at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. And the delicate grace and charm of Pavlova proved even more alluring to lovers of the dancing art than the melodies of Poland's poet musician.

Here are some facts about the Beethoven Symphony Society—now an organization of eighty-five members—(it has given over two hundred free orchestra concerts in New York public schools and charitable and public institutions since March, 1910. At that time this first, permanent, non-professional People's Orchestra filled Public School 62, Manhattan, with an overflowing audience.

It was the pioneer orchestral organization to introduce free concerts in public schools of New York and the first to volunteer its services to the Government when called upon to give concerts for immigrants detained at Ellis Island.

From the original enrollment of fifty the membership has grown to eight hundred.

Any organization standing for educational or public improvement, any recognized institution, may have the services of this orchestra by inquiry 50 St. Mark's Place.

Last night, in the auditorium of Public School 62, another free concert was given by this Beethoven Symphony Society, with Estelle Liebling, soprano, and Sylvia Buchman, pianist, as soloists and Henry Lefkowitz conducting. The program included selections from "Faust," Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto No. 25, and other songs and instrumental numbers.

"The Dancer of Shamahka."

Frank Saddler used to say of Irving Berlin's music; "There is a racial wail and throb beneath that man's songs that goes back four thousand years." Maeterlinck is credited with saying substantially the same about Armen Chanian's oriental face and, according to the booklet furnished by this dancer, Anatole France was similarly impressed.

Armen Chanian comes originally from the Caucasus—from Shamahka, a Tarter town since earthquake'd off the map. Young Armen's family then became the victim of patriarchal dissolution and finally the girl found herself in exile in Persia. She says, in her booklet, that her first unforgettable girlhood impression was when she witnessed an Armenian girl, doomed to death, perform a dance in order to drive the devils out of her body.

With a background like this, Armen drew upon the fatalism peculiar to the Oriental mind, called herself "The Dancer of Shamahka" and last night in Aeolian Hall gave a recital of out-of-the-ordinary dances. A native Armenian chorus and two Persian musicians accompanied her interpretations. There was also an orchestra of four pieces: piano, violin, flute and cello, that played at some ambitious music but it strikes me the less said about that part of the entertainment the better.

The Soul of Asia.

The stage of Aeolian Hall was lavishly carpeted with Oriental rugs. A backdrop of post-Ursian art—black, old, green and garnet—was outlined by a cutdrop of cobalt covered with golden mosque-like lettering, and in between these two drops was a pillowed couch. Shortly after the "overture" by the foresaid four-piece orchestra, the fast-approaching audience started to thicken. A big contingent of Armenians pushed and rowded down the aisles in the dark, as rowds do in a second-rate picture show. The ushers were helpless. In the resultant confusion it was therefore difficult to hear Armen's speech. But as he stood there with her delicate, graceful body lightly swathed in white silk, I heard her explain that if her audience expected to see mere technique they would be disappointed.

"What I try to express with my dancing," said Mlle. Ohanian, prettily "is the soul of the East." Thereupon followed one of the most atmospheric dance and folk song recitals it has been my privilege to witness.

Sub-conscious Drama.

To a costumed prince reclining on the couch, and to the accompaniment of a Persian guitar and hand drum, Mlle. Ohanian gave a "Dance of the Harem." It was frankly natural, sub-consciously rhythmic. There was a roll and sway and abandon about it of a purring, Persian pussy cat. Over it all hung an atmosphere of melancholy—of unrequited love, so question about that.

The next dance, "In Chabins," was symbolic and wonderfully, weirdly effective. Mlle. Ohanian's bare feet scarcely touched the floor at times. Again, she writhed on the rugs in graceful despair, as though unobserved and alone, she hid bare the soul-struggle against artificial barriers that beset those who are torn to passion and tragedy. Truly dance is part of the life of the Oriental. In "The Courtesan of Shamahka"—a folk dance of her native town—she appeared delicately wrapped in black with a girdle of Byzantine gold and a feather in her peaked cap. Her expressive eyes shot melted fire and the singing an Occidental woman tries to indicate with a luring smile, she expressed with a single flashing step.

"The Curse of Salome" Armen again dressed in black—more elegant and darker than her other costumes—with a trailing red cloak sweeping behind her, she carried, as though she were nestling an infant, a mangled mass of clutched hair, dripping with red fringe—which minded one of what was left of John the Baptist after Salome got through with him.

Her conception of this drama was that of a crazed soul searching the world over for the body of her beloved.

The folk songs scattered through the program were sung by six men and women in costume and these performers were deliciously ingenious. Had they tried to be accurate—as a choir—they might have ruined the effect. They strolled on and off as they would in their sun-baked, awning-shadowed courtyards. These folk songs were mostly just two notes, starting with the fifth of the scale and invariably ending on the sixth. The art of Armen Ohanian is the art of Asia rolled into the Cleopatra rug that should have enveloped Helen of Troy.

By Deems Taylor

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD."

There is so much music in "The Thief of Bagdad" that a music critic might, for once, venture timidly into the ordinarily exclusive territory of the movie reviewer without becoming too outrageous a trespasser. The music begins even as one enters the lobby of the Liberty Theatre, when one's ears are assailed by the mellifluous yowling of three possibly genuine Arab musicians, who accompany their songs on a rebab (and why should it not be called a rebab?), a sort of jingle-less tambourine, and an abednigo—or possibly it is a mandolin.

The film proper commences to the burden of more Arab walls. These, however, soon give way to an elaborate score arranged and composed by Mortimer Wilson. It is difficult to watch a film and listen critically to its score at one and the same time, but even a single hearing of the "Thief of Bagdad" score indicates that while its thematic material is neither extraordinarily graphic nor individual, it is unobtrusively appropriate and much more smoothly constructed than most motion picture scores manage to be.

The orchestra, as is usually the case with movie productions, suffers from lack of sufficient strings to give proper body to the quasi-symphonic character of the music. This defect aside, however, the scoring displays considerable ingenuity in utilizing a comparatively small body of instruments so as to extract from them the maximum amount of sonority and dramatic effectiveness.

OTHER MUSIC.

Aeolian Hall, which was so exceedingly Ming through the dynasty of Paul Whiteman, was turned into an Armenian garden for Armen Ohanian last night—somewhat to the surprise of the sedate little hall, which always wears an air of polite distress at these sudden and inexplicable transformations. Against a background of flaming clouds and Persian hieroglyphics the dancer of Shamahka retraced the languorous steps of her pantomimes; she was Salome and a Persian slave and the chief antagonist in the familiar struggle between passion and the Persian Mrs. Grundy. They were all pensive sketches—she had warned the audience that they would be "a little melancholy"—but the lighter touch was added by a group of native singers who wandered on and off the stage with the most naive and joyous irresponsibility.

Part of the charm of this wholly delightful performance was the thoroughness with which the performers ignored the audience. It might have been a scene from almost any village, with the neighbors dropping in for whatever is the Armenian for a rousing Sunday afternoon. The music had been gathered from many sources, Cui and Kreisler, Hubay and Rimsky-Korsakoff. But, played and sung as it was by "a native Persian orchestra" and "a native Armenian choir," it all sounded strangely alike in a medley of throbbing drums and wailing reeds. A. S.

May 4 1924

The Symphony Society's highwater-mark this season in the matter of novelties was the production of "Le Chant du Rossignol" last November for the first time in New York (Mr. Stokowski had given the first American performance a fortnight earlier in Philadelphia). The remainder of the Symphony Society's new productions are assembled in the subjoined list:

- †Boccherini—Concerto for violin.
- †Bridge—Two poems for orchestra.
- †Fairchild—Tableau musical, "Shah Feridoun."
- †Goldmark—Tone-poem, "The Call of the Plains."
- †Hanson—Symphonic poem, "North and West."
- †Holst—Ballet music from "The Perfect Fool."
- †Holst—Fugal concerto for flute and oboe.
- †Piérne—Suite from "Cydalise," Part I.
- †Piérne—Suite from "Cydalise," Parts II and III.
- †Saminsky—Tone-poem, "The Vigils."
- †Schreker—Dance Suite.

*First performance anywhere.
†First performance in America.
First performance in New York.

None of these works was of capital importance; yet we would not willingly have foregone the opportunity of hearing even the least consequential of them—which was probably the tegid and derivative suite of Schreker. The Boccherini concerto, a recent exhumation from the dust heaps of the eighteenth century, need not have been disinterred. Mr. Bridge's two tone-poems were sensitively poetic, written with taste and skill, but unnecessarily subservient to the French occupation of English music a decade ago. And that is true also of Mr. Fairchild's "Shah Feridoun." Mr. Goldmark's "Call of the Plains" and Mr. Saminsky's "Vigils"—both exhibited on the same program—were old works revamped: Mr. Goldmark's dates from 1915, Mr. Saminsky's from 1912. They should have been left in silence and obscurity, for neither composition is representative, and both of them exhale what Mr. Yeats once called "the stale odor of spilt poetry." Mr. Hanson's symphonic poem, "North and West," would have impressed us more if it had seemed a little less confident, a little less sure of itself: for it is not sufficiently individual and significant to justify its rather blatant manner of address. The Ballet Music from Gustav Holst's opera "The Perfect Fool" has charming pages—particularly the "Dance of the Spirits of Water"; but the rest of it is far from being Holst at his best. His concerto for flute and oboe is a mildly amusing trifle. The music from Piérne's "Cydalise" is feeble in ideas and undistinguished in style. Widor's "Marche Americaine" was contrived, we believe, as a sort of tonal birthday cake for his good friend Mr. Darnowsky; and we are quite willing to let it go at that.

Throng Attends Concert

Efforts of Symphonic Society Warmly Applauded

A large audience attended the sixth free concert of the Sunday Symphonic Society yesterday at the George M. Cohan Theater, the only orchestral recital of the day. Willy Stahl, assisting artist, won liberal applause for his rendition of the Lalo Espagnole. Josiah Zuro, conductor of the orchestra, had arranged a special Music Week program, which met with cordial approval. Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," the Chopin polonaise, the march from "Tannhauser" and the Rienzi overture were greeted with particular enthusiasm. Mr. Zuro, at the conclusion of the recital, remarked that the attendance and warm applause indicated that there was no need for the music season coming to an end in the spring, since there was patronage for concerts from January to December.

Mischakoff Appointed Symphony Concertmaster

Russian Violinist Was Chosen From 500 To Be Soloist in Stadium Concerts

Mischa Mischakoff, a Russian violinist, who was the only player among five hundred candidates in the Stadium auditions chosen to appear as soloist in last summer's Stadium concerts, has been named concertmaster of the New York Symphony Orchestra, according to an announcement from Harry Harkness Flagler, president of the Symphony Society. Mr. Mischakoff, who succeeds Gustave Tintot, will begin his duties with the new season.

Mr. Mischakoff was born in Proskurov, Podolia, in the Ukraine, in 1897, studied under Korgueff, a pupil of Auer, and was gold medal graduate of the Petrograd Conservatory in 1913. He was concertmaster of the Petrograd Orchestra under Albert Coates in 1917, held a similar position at the Moscow Grand Opera for the season of 1920-1921, and later with the Warsaw Philharmonic. He has made recital tours in Russia, Poland and Germany.

Mr. Mischakoff's first American appearance was at the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall in April, 1923. In July he played at the Stadium, and has given three recitals in Town and Carnegie halls in the latest series, as well as appearing as soloist at a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Richard Singer Makes His Bow in Recital Here

Pianist Gives Varied Program With an Expression That Pleases Audience

Richard Singer, a pianist who has been known in European concert halls for years both as soloist with the more important symphony orchestras as well as in his own recital programs, made his New York recital debut yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. His program was varied enough to suit the cosmopolitan tastes of any audience, for it included a Busoni arrangement of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Liszt's "Après une lecture du Dante," Chopin's "Andante spianato e Polonaise," three of the pianist's own compositions—a Prelude, "Mondnacht auf Capri" and a tanatella Debussy and MacDowell.

The audience was not large, but received Mr. Singer's expressive playing most enthusiastically. His rendition of the Liszt number was particularly effective, a little given to the emotional type of interpretation rather than the strictly technically brilliant manner.

Pavlowa Raises \$10,000 Charity

Ten thousand dollars, it was announced, was obtained for Anna Pavlowa's home for Russian refugee children in Paris through last night's benefit performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Snowflakes" and "Autumn Leaves" were the principal ballet numbers chosen for her season's farewell.

For the next group, Efrem Zimbalist, about to catch a train, changed places on the program with Ina Bourskaya, supplementing his set numbers with three encores. Mme. Bourskaya, who began with "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila," also was liberally encored. May Fine played her accompaniments and Emmanuel Bay those of Mr. Zimbalist. The third assisting soloist of the evening was Roshanara, who danced Hindu numbers during the divertissements which closed a most generous program.

Manhattan.
Am. B. Allat. 4th floor
Rasch + Co.
Times sq. Theat

Mme. Pavlova is to reappear here on October 16 for a farewell engagement of three and a half weeks at the Manhattan Opera House.

At Town Hall Mme. Anna Shomer Rothenberg was the central figure of the evening in a program of Jewish songs, including folksongs and numbers by local or neighboring composers. The Y. M. H. A. Choral Society, which opened the concert with a song by A. W. Binder, the accompanist of the evening, assisted Mme. Rothenberg in two more of his numbers. A group of songs by M. Gelbart, Mr. Binder and Savel Silberts preceded a scene from the singer's folksong operetta, "Amoll Is Gevehn a Meise," with Mme. Rothenberg and Chaim Kotlyansky, barytone, followed by folksongs.

Mme. Rothenberg's voice was not a particularly large one, but she used it skillfully and expressively. Her interpretations proved effective and were relished by an audience of respectable size.

There was singing last night also at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, where Yvonne Du Barry, soprano; Carmine Giovanni, tenor, and Louis Chartier, barytone, shared a recital with Dr. Cav. Luigi Constantino, pianist.

ORCHESTRA, UNION REACH AGREEMENT

Philadelphia Symphony's Salary Settlement Not Divulged—Mr. Stokowski to Remain

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 5 (Special)—After two months of conference, during which it often seemed as if a deadlock would remain unbreakable, an understanding whose terms are not divulged has been reached between the Philadelphia Orchestra Association and Local No. 77, American Federation of Musicians, of which Thomas M. Rivel is president.

The crux of the difficulty was the minimum wage, which the orchestra had set at \$60 a week, and the union sought to raise to \$75 a week. In each of the noncommittal and guarded statements given to the public, Mr. Rivel had stress on the statement that the last thing sought by the union was the disruption of the orchestra. He paid tribute to the place it had made for itself and its value established as a civic asset and desirable advertisement. But, he said, the musicians must be assured a wage compatible with their standing as virtuosi.

The position of members of the orchestra was that they felt pride in the acquired prestige of the organization and disavowed the smallest desire to wreck or to impair it, so that they wished the public to regard the effort made in their behalf by the union as one from which they were detached personally, though naturally the desired to profit by a successful outcome.

Just before March 1 the union issued instructions to the 104 members of the orchestra not to renew their contracts with the Orchestra Association. Some of the players—none of them prominent—forthwith entered into new agreements with motion picture orchestras and amusement enterprises. But the majority have been content to await the outcome of the long debate between Arthur Judson, manager of the orchestra, and Mr. Rivel.

To grant the full demands of the union would have meant an addition of perhaps \$100,000 a year to the wage scale. It was pointed out that the orchestra could not continue if such a concession were made. The permanent endowment fund is about \$2,000,000, and to meet in full the musicians' demands it would be necessary to add about \$1,500,000 to this fund.

It is not believed desirable to increase the price of seats, for, as it is, the privilege of attendance has come to be much of a family heirloom for affluent season subscribers.

Members of the orchestra, it is learned, felt aggrieved when they heard that by the terms of his contract of two years ago Mr. Stokowski was to be paid a salary of \$40,000 a year. Thereafter they were unwilling to accept the management's plea

that there was not enough money in the treasury to raise the salaries of the rank and file.

It did not assuage the discontent when it was made known that Otto Kahn was willing to pay as high as \$100,000 a year to induce Mr. Stokowski to go to New York. For the present the Philadelphia conductor evidently does not desire to make the change. He has plans for a mammoth chorus for the Sesquicentennial, when the music from Philadelphia will be radiocast throughout the world.

discussed in paper, 10 cents

Monday May 5 1924

3 sets of papers. 50 cents

May 9, 1924

By Deems Taylor

THE PEOPLE'S CHORUS.

"The People's Chorus sang in the Town Hall last night." Somehow the sentence looks a little anachronistic in the columns of a New York morning paper of the year 1924. It sounds more as if it belonged on the front page of a country journal (one page general news, one page local gossip, two pages boiler plate and foreclosure sale notices) of more than one generation ago; the words are so irresistibly evocative of melodeons and wax flowers and Dore's Bible and buggy riding.

Except, of course, that a generation or so past one would not have called it the People's Chorus, but a Singing School; and there would probably have been no public concert, for the simple reason that most of the able-bodied public would have been singing in it.

Essentially, however, the People's Chorus that gave its spring concert last night is, both in organization and aims, a recrudescence of the old-fashioned country singing school. Like its almost forgotten ancestor, it is founded on the assumption that most people like to sing, particularly to sing together; and that those who don't sing very well would probably like to sing better and should have a chance to learn.

There are several branches of the People's Chorus—which, by the way, was founded in 1916 by L. Camilleri, its present conductor. Last night's progress, for instance, was given by the advanced unit, which rehearses every Friday night and whose members are supposed to have had some vocal training and to be able to read music at sight. It is recruited from the other units, one meeting on Thursday evenings for elementary sight-reading, one on Monday evenings for advanced sight-reading and one on Saturday afternoons for those who have no free evenings.

There was nothing formal about yesterday evening's affair. M. Camilleri acted as his own accompanist, directing his forces from the piano, and the choristers remained seated while they sang. The program was a mingling of solid classical fare with less pretentious pieces that still managed to remain above the level of bal-ladry. It included Haydn's "The Heavens Are Telling," Haendel's "Largo" and Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, Cornelius's "Ein Ton," the "Blue Danube" waltzes, Shelley's "Twilight and Vesper Bell" and a popular group that introduced "Mah Lindy Lou" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." In addition there were Mimi's opening air from "La Boheme" and a song group by Idalia Hare, soprano and a speech upon "Music From a Business Man's Point of View" by William C. Breed.

It was not an occasion to call for the professional ministrations of a music critic. The People's Chorus was there to give its members a chance to sing and to give pleasure to its audience; and as it accomplished both aims, it would take a pretty ponderous critic to wax clinical

over the evening's work. One can say without reservations that the chorus sang accurately and on the pitch and with an interest and evident enjoyment that are too often missing in the concert halls.

Perhaps the singing school idea is coming back. America makes music at present much as it plays baseball—by proxy; and a little less professionalism and a little more general good time might be a healthy thing for our arts and our athletics. One might misquote Ernest Newman to the extent of remarking that choral music that is worth singing at all is worth singing by amateurs.

Mlle. Rasch Spans Globe With Dances

A moment before Albertina Rasch, sometime premiere danseuse of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, and her brilliant ensemble of youthful and comely dancers embarked upon their deferred program at the Times Square Theater yesterday afternoon a man in a blue sack suit, soft hat in hand, appeared before the curtain. The audience rustled.

"Is it still Sunday?" somebody inquired audibly.

"I am not a member of the Sabbath Committee," the man before the curtain began. He was interrupted by prolonged applause before he could continue with his announcement of changes from the printed program.

Report has it that Mlle. Rasch is a stern and unrelenting mistress of ballet. If this be true—and how could such effortless technique be achieved otherwise?—her gracie youths and maidens may well console themselves for the rigors of her discipline by reflecting upon the consequent perfection of their dancing. A performance so finished in its choreography, so warm in its interplay of color, so exquisite in its expression of value and mood is not often given.

Mlle. Rasch herself is a dancer of the distinguished accomplishments and of a versatility which seems to have no frontiers. She spanned the globe lightly in selecting her program. Arabian, Caucasian, Czech-Slovakian, Polish, Viennese, Spanish, Indian and Hungarian dances, interspersed with the more classic forms, followed one upon the other in vivid succession. Her distinctly Oriental beauty is highly plastic; she creates a character as well as a dance with each new impersonation.

Her ensemble is almost uniformly excellent, a fact which Mlle. Rasch recognized by giving up the stage for many numbers to the very personable young women of her company. If it is not invidious to single out any for special mention, a word of praise might be given to Mary Parsons, who danced a barbaric "Invocation" accompanied only by the distant and mysterious beating of a gong, and to Louise and Stella Rothacker for their agile grace in "Danse des Esclaves."

Gatti-Casazza, Sailing. Announces Offerings for Year Beginning November 3

General Manager Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who will sail this morning for Europe on the steamship Paris, yesterday made his annual spring statement outlining his plans for next season, which will begin Monday evening, November 3.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza confirmed his previous announcement of his complete program, stating that he will give during the season the following novelties: "Giovanni Gallurese," by Italo Montemezzi, in Italian.

"Jenufa," by Leo Janacek, in German.

In addition there will be the following revivals:

"La Gioconda," by Ponchielli, in Italian.

"Falstaff," by Verdi, in Italian.

"Dinorah," by Meyerbeer, in Italian.

"La Juive," by Halevy, in French.

"Les Contes d'Hoffmann," by Offenbach, in French.

"Pelleas et Melisande," by Debussy, in French.

"Gottterdammerung" and "Rheingold," by Wagner, in German.

"Petrushka," ballet by Igor Stravinsky.

Mr. Gatti said further that he took pleasure in announcing the engagement of the following new artists:

Tullio Serafin, who has been chief conductor at the Teatro alla Scala, of Milan.

Miss Nanny Larsen-Todsen, soprano, from the Stockholm Opera House.

Miss Maria Muller, soprano, from the Munich Opera House.

Miss Toti Dal Monte, soprano from alla Scala, of Milan (by arrangement with Charles L. Wagner).

Miss Joan Ruth, soprano (American).

Miss Mary Bonetti, contralto (American).

Ralph Errolle, tenor (American).

Francesco Seri, basso.

The artists who have been re-engaged are as follows:

SOPRANOS

Frances Alda	Nina Morgana
Grace Anthony	Frances Peralta
Lucresia Bori	Rosa Ponselle
Ellen Dalossy	Delia Reinhardt
Yvonne d'Arle	Elizabeth Reithberg
Florence Easton	Laura Robertson
Minnie Egner	Marcella Roselli
Amelita Galli-Curci	Charlotte Ryan
Annette Gulford	Thalia Sabanleeva
Louise Hunter	Leonora Sparkes
Marie Jeritza	Marie Sundellus
Queenie Mario	Marie Tiffany
Mary Mellich	Phradie Wells

MEZZO-SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS

Merle Alcock	Kathleen Howard
Cecil Arden	Marie Hattfeld
Karin Branzell	Margt. Matzenauer
Ina Bourskaya	Sigrid Onegin
Julia Claussen	Marion Telva
Raymonde Delaunoy	Henriette Wakefield
Jeanne Gordon	

TENORS

Angelo Bada	Rudolf Laubenthal
Max Bloch	Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Mario Chamlee	Giovanni Martinelli
Rafael Diaz	George Meader
Miguel Fleta	Gordiano Patrineri
Beniamino Gigli	Curt Taucher
Edward Johnson	Armand Tokatyan
Morgen Kingston	

BARYTONES

Vincente Ballester	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Edmund Burke	Titta Ruffo
Thomas Chalmers	Carl Schlegel
Louis d'Angelo	Friedrich Schorr
Giuseppe Danise	Gustav Schützendorf
Giuseppe De Luca	Antonio Scotti
Arnold Gaber	Lawrence Tibbett
Millo Picco	Clarence Whitehill

BASSOS

Paolo Ananian	Pomilio Malatesta
Paul Bender	Jose Mardones
Michael Bohnen	Giovanni Martino
Feodor Chlaphin	Leon Rothier
Adamo Eldur	James Wolf
William Gustafson	

CONDUCTORS

Giuseppe Rambo-schek	Louis Hasselmanns
Artur Rodanzky	Gennaro Papi

ASSISTANT CONDUCTORS

Fausto Cleva	Wilfrid Pelletier
Riccardo Dellera	Karl Riedel
Antonio dell'Orefice	Georg Sebestyen
Carlo Edwards	Vittorio Verse
Paul Eisler	

Chorus Master

Giulio Setti

Technical Director

Edward Siedle

Stage Directors

Samuel Thewman

Wilhelm von Wymetal

Stage Manager

Armando Agnini

Assistant Stage Managers

Oscar Sanne

Lodovico Viviani

Premiere Danseuse and Ballet Mistress

Miss Rosina Galli

Ballet Master

Ottokar Bartik

Premier Danseur

Giuseppe Bonfiglio

Mime and Danseur

Alexis Kosloff

Solo Danseuses

Miss Florence Rudolph, Miss Lillian Ogden

Mr. Gatti-Casazza will be abroad the greater part of the summer.

LOUIS D. HIRSCH

Louis D. Hirsch is gone.

The passing of the popular composer a victim of pneumonia on Tuesday night was the cause of much mourning up and down the Broadway his music had helped to make famous all day yesterday, and delegations of every theatrical club in the city will attend the funeral service at 3 o'clock to-day at Campbell's Funeral Church.

Mr. Hirsch's passing followed only a brief illness. Recently he suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork and in his weakened condition he caught cold. Pneumonia set in last week and his condition became critical on Tuesday. Efforts of his physicians proved unavailing and the end came that evening.

Hirsch was forty-two years of age and is survived by his mother, father and brother, Clarence, all of this city.

Was Noted Composer.

Louis Hirsch was one of the best known writers of popular music in the country and during his short, crowded career he had turned out the scores to some of the leading successes of the last decade on the American and European stages.

Hirsch was born in this city, educated in the public schools and then graduated from City College. Taking up the study of music, he then went abroad to pursue his vocation and gained further and expert knowledge of harmony and counterpoint in the conservatories of Berlin and Vienna.

It was in 1900 that he first began to write and from the start, success crowned his efforts. Song writing soon gave way to productions, and from 1900 to 1922 he wrote six successive "Follies" and three "Midnight Prunes" for the vaudeville stage.

He also wrote the first five Winter Garden shows, numbering among them the famous "Gaby Gide," which broke the music-elling records. This song, sung by the late Gaby Deslys, was turned out in less than twenty minutes. Hirsch also wrote the scores for the last two "Greenwich Village Follies," as well as for "Mary" and "The O'Brien Girl," which George M. Cohan produced. "Going Up," "The Rainbow Girl," "Around the Map" and "The Grass Widow" were his, as were "A Kiss Waits," "Beautiful One," "The Merry Whirl," "My Home Town Girl," "Whirl of Society" and "He Came from Milwaukee."

He also did two plays for Anna Held and one each for Weber and Feltus and the Rogers Brothers. Hirsch's last work was another of the Hirsch compositions.

Minstrel Show His First.

Hirsch's first efforts in the writing of a show were directed toward one of Lew Dockstader's minstrel productions some fifteen years ago.

His music was highly popular abroad and he is credited with having introduced so-called ragtime to the English stage. At the outset of the war no less than twelve shows from his pianoforte were running simultaneously.

Hirsch was popular in the theatrical profession and his sympathetic regard for the troubles of others won him legions of friends. His was a lovable personality and the theatre will miss him.

Il Bello bel Canto.

It was a vocal feast all right—at own Hall last night—and it should have been a sharp

lesson to American shouters for American musicians to see how the Italians turned out to hear their native singers. There was standing room only and very little of that.

The occasion was a recital of Italian songs arranged by Ernesto De Curtis, who was billed as "the eminent Italian composer," and who played all the

accompaniments, and the artists were Beniamino Gigli and Giuseppe Danise, of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Caterina Gobbi, soprano; Maria Di Lorenzo, violinist, and Vito Carnevali, concert pianist.

Town Hall was jammed and nothing at Italian was heard as the audience crowded in.

"Come sta Danise sta sera?" inquired man sitting in front of me.

"Male!" answered a worried-looking man emerging from the stage door and ushering up the aisle. "Male" was right. Danise was sick it afterward transpired.

Don't Say It With Flowers.

Vito Carnevali led off with two piano pieces—a Spanish dance by Albeniz, and the Chopin No. 5 Scherzando. Carnevali was billed as "Cavaliere," but if that was a tribute to his piano playing then titles are cheap in Italy. Car. might pass in South Sullivan street, but not in Town Hall—as a concert pianist.

"Che pensate del pianista?" rushed past my ears from the row behind me. "Cattive! Terribile!" In other words,

extremely bad. Meanwhile the standees up stairs were shouting hoarsely for "Cantol Cantol!" and presently a handsome young chap came out on the stage, and delivered a rapid fire explanation in Italian. Sure enough, the gist of it was that Danise was sick—was unable to sing, and those who wished their money back could obtain it at the box office. Nobody left for at that moment Gigli came out and with him the composer, Signor De Curtis.

The first two songs were "Tu Sola" and "Seranata." What gorgeous vocalism it was. Perfectly gorgeous, but nothing to do with intellectuality. Just pure animal expression, but a voice—last night—as liquid, clear and perfect as real olive oil or twenty-four carat gold. Bel canto decanted from a golden throat into a world of susceptible thrills.

Then Gigli's encores commenced—everything composed by De Curtis. The songs themselves were old fashioned, but true to type—all winding up on a ringing high note.

Gigli used no restraint to speak of. He was not at the Met. His audience was almost exclusively Italian. He let

himself go with the utter lack of self-consciousness and abandon of a tiger cub. Furious and frantic were the shouts and bravos.

Enter Bill Guard!

One of his encores was called "Good-bye, Marie"—in English—words by the Italian journalist Fredrick Mennella, so I discovered. Later on another English song was sung, the words also by Mennella.

Gigli never touched his tone with a consonant. He slid over into the next vowel just as he does in his Italian songs and roles. Put the message over, though.

Caterina Gobbi has a big dramatic soprano voice, clear and fairly free from vibrato. There is too much push in it, however, but her middle register is very musical. She sang two or three songs and then her encores commenced. After a while who should rush out on the stage but Bill Guard, press representative for the Metropolitan Opera company.

"Here is one of the greatest dramatic sopranos I ever heard," said Bill. "Inasmuch as Miss Gobbi has no manager I can't help taking it upon myself to announce that she will sing the role of Leonora in 'La Forza del Destino' at the Manhattan Opera House on the evening of May 24th."

Great applause greeted Bill's enthusiastic speech.

SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Conductor Zuro Asks Audience to Contribute to Fund.

Marcel Salzinger sang baritone airs from "Tannhauser" and "Don Giovanni" to a capacity house at the free concert of the Sunday Symphony Society in the Cohen Theatre yesterday noon. The orchestra played Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," a movement from Franck's symphony and Liszt's "Les Preludes." Josiah Zuro, the conductor, spoke in place of Murray Hulbert, who was unable to attend. Mr. Zuro said the last until Fall. He thanked the orchestra, which has volunteered its services this season, and urged the audience to contribute to a fund for the continuance of free Sunday orchestra concerts another year.

Art Patrons Read.

Even Spring could not keep a capacity audience from crowding the George M. Cohan Theatre Sunday, where the Sunday Symphonic Society under the direction of Josiah Zuro gave its seventh free concert. Murray Hulbert, who was to have been the speaker of the afternoon, was unable to attend. Mr. Zuro spoke instead, urging the audience to contribute toward the concert fund and thanking the members of the orchestra for volunteering their services throughout the series of concerts.

Marcel Salzinger, baritone, was well received for his rendering of "Evening Star" from Tannhauser and "Don Juan Serenade," and was recalled to the footlights many times. The orchestra played the overture from "Marriage of Figaro," "Allegretto" from "Caesar Franck's Symphony in D," and Liszt's "Les Preludes." The last number was the subject for prolonged applause.

The next performance of the society, June 1, will be the last concert of the season, a new series to begin in the Fall.

HARVARD ORCHESTRA PLAYS

Youthful Musicians Give Good Program Directed by Walter Piston.

What is technically known as the Plerian Sodality, and more intelligibly as the Harvard University Orchestra, gave a pleasing performance Saturday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The youthful musicians had both spirit and skill. They also had a conductor, Walter Piston, '24, who knew how to evoke their powers.

It would be idle to pretend that this orchestra had at all times the finish of more famous aggregations, but its delightful rendition of such compositions as Mozart's Symphony in E flat was testified to by warm and well deserved applause. Other numbers included the prelude to the third act of "Louise," Arthur Foote's aria for strings, and Edward Ballantine's tone poem, "By a Lake in Russia."

Assisting soloists were Mme. Anita Atwater, soprano, who sang a group of songs, and Joseph Lautner, tenor, who stirred the enthusiasm of the audience by his singing of two compositions by Purcell.

Transcription of Frank's Variations Is Heard

Orchestral Arrangement for Organ by Charles Courboin at Wanamaker Auditorium

Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra, with the orchestral accompaniment arranged for the organ by Charles Courboin, was the piece de resistance at the fourth silver anniversary concert in the Wanamaker Auditorium yesterday afternoon. Mme. Germaine Schnitzer was at the piano and M. Courboin played his own transcription.

It is safe to say that Franck, who was scarcely less distinguished as an organist than as a composer, himself would have made a transcription for organ had he seen fit. His reasons for not doing so were abundantly justified yesterday. If M. Courboin, one of the foremost masters of the instrument, finds himself unable to substitute organ for orchestra so that at least the orchestral parts be recognizable, then it were the wiser course to leave the symphonic variations untouched.

M. Courboin opened the program with a nobly conceived and superbly executed performance of the Bach Passacaglia. Mme. Schnitzer gave two groups of shorter pieces in her usual brilliant style, but she was at her best in the Franck, which she played with admirable comprehension and sweeping power.

and interpretative powers; he delighted his hearers, who gave him several recalls. Dr. Alexander Lyons in a short address urged the claims of music on the American public.

Carmen Garcia-Cornejo Sings.

Another time when a Carmen Garcia-Cornejo sings in Carnegie Hall she will probably face a much larger audience, for, while a little careless in some of her descending scales, Mme. Cornejo is a true coloratura soprano type. She has a very pretty voice, it filled the hall easily and it was heard to best advantage in "Ah! Fors e Lui" and an air from "Lucia"; these were sung in the operatic manner and with a degree of vocal certainty which spoke the seasoned artist. The remainder of her program was interestingly drawn from Spanish, Peruvian, Argentine, Mexican and Cuban sources. A Spanish song, "El Ruiseñor," of the florid kind with flute obligato by Juan Rojas, was repeated. Enrico Barrafa, whose arrangements figured on the program, acted as accompanist.

Ah! Fors e Lui, from "La Traviata".....Verdi
At dawn.....Cadavid
The Magic Touch.....Cadman
Urutau (in English).....Barrafa
Ohi sumao (sacred Inca hymn, in Keshua).....Robles
Il dolce suono, from "Lucia" (flute obligato).....Donizetti
Te quiero (Jota).....Sanmartin
Valencia.....Christobal
La Partida.....Alvarez
El Ruiseñor (flute obligato).....Penella
Sueno de Amor.....Campos
Alma llanera.....Martinez
Cuba (Habenera).....De Fuentes
Victoria.....Contreras
Por un beso de tu boca (Bambuco).....Cadavid
Ay, Ay, Ay!.....Freire
Pajarillo errante; La Alondra.....Garcia-Cornejo
Terneras.....Sanchez
Estrellita.....Ponce

Belmont Choir Sings To-night

The Belmont mixed choir of 125 voices will present several new choral works when it celebrates its fifteenth anniversary with a concert at Hunts Point Palace, 163d Street and Southern Boulevard, to-night. The choir is under the direction of the Rev. Francesco Magliocco, and will be assisted by an orchestra of forty-five pieces from the Metropolitan Opera. The new works to be sung are "Moss d'Averni," by Bossi; "Laudate Pueri," by Capocci; "Transfiguration of Christ," by Perosi, and an "Ode," by Sapio. Well known soloists will be heard.

PARK CONCERT THROGGED.

Crowd Fills All Available Places for Goldman Program.

A crowd, even larger than on the opening night, packed the spaces at the Mall in Central Park last evening to listen to the Goldman Band. To get a front seat people came as early as 7:30, and all the approaches were lined with automobiles. It was an extremely orderly crowd, eagerly attentive and applauding heartily.

The band again proved its capabilities in a program which called for many contrasts. Mr. Goldman's control and leadership was responsible for an ensemble which could be thoroughly enjoyed, either in the martial strains of the "Marche Slave" or in a choral and fugue of Bach. Waino Kauppi, the popular cornetist, again showed his proficiency in the air from "Samson and Delilah."

At noon today at the City Hall the Goldman Band will play at the presentation of a flag of the city to Edmund Guggenheim by Mayor Hylan in appreciation of the gift by the Guggenheim family of the series of sixty concerts to the city.

Australian Makes Debut

Allan Prior Gives Popular Recital, Zalic Jacobs at Piano

Allan Prior, an Australian tenor, made his American debut last night in a recital at the Bijou Theatre with a program of popular selections. He won the most applause in his presentation of Verdi's "La Donna e Mobile," from "Rigoletto." Other selections effectively sung were "The Little Irish Girl," by Lohr; "Macushla," by Macmurrough, and "Vesti La Giuba," by Leoncavallo.

Zalic Jacobs, a young pianist, gave some selections, among which were the Fourteenth Hungarian Rhapsody, by Liszt, and "Soirees de Vienne," by Schubert-Liszt. Mr. Prior was accompanied by Yvette Bruyere.

Sunday Symphony Concert.

The eighth and last concert of the Sunday Symphonic series took place yesterday afternoon at the George M. Cohan Theatre under Josiah Zuro and before a large audience. As a tribute to the memory of Victor Herbert, the orchestra played the prelude to the third act of "Natoma." It gave an expressive and enjoyable reading of the "Egmont" overture, and furnished further reasons for its continued existence in the sensitive accompaniment it afforded to Peter Mercenblum in the Paganini violin concerto. Mr. Mercenblum, being an Auer disciple, has a secure technique, a tone tuneful and true,

Summer Performances of Opera in New York

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, June 22—Two renowned tenors, Messrs. Salazar and Ferrari-Fontana, appear in opera tonight in Carnegie Hall, under the auspices of the Music Lovers' Association. Mr. Salazar sings the rôle of Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Mr. Ferrari-Fontana that of Canio in "Pagliacci." The conductor is Aldo Franchetti. Besides the two short operas, a ballet program will be given. Armen Ohanian, the Persian dancer, and her company performing.

"Aida" was presented in the open air theater at the Polo Grounds on the evening of June 24, by the Civic Opera Association, which opened its season auspiciously with "Carmen" last week. "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" are on the program of this organization for the evening of July 1, and "Trovatore" for the evening of July 8. The artists taking part include Frances Peralta, Grace Anthony and Bettina Freeman, sopranos; Carmela Ponselle and Gertrude Wieder, contraltos; Manuel Salazar and Dmitry Dobkin, tenors; Giuseppe Interrante, baritone; and William Gustafson, bass. The conductor is Cesare Sodero. W. P. T.

New York Music Notes

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, June 24—Ferrari-Fontana, the tenor, took part in a performance of "Pagliacci," given under the auspices of the Music Lovers' Association, Aldo Franchetti conducting, at Carnegie Hall last night. He appeared toward the close of a long evening's entertainment that included a representation of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a program of dances by a ballet company. He returned to town with a weak voice, and he came before the public as a member of a rather inferior, better-sketcher organization, having no associate of distinction but Emanuel Salazar, who had the tenor rôle in "Cavalleria," and Armen Ohanian, Persian dancer, who led the ballet.

But, oh! how Ferrari-Fontana, small in vocal power himself and pitiable in respect to musical and dramatic support, distinguished himself! If one tenor in every dozen with high notes and loud tone could but sing with half his force of characterization and half his interpretative insight! Old words come into new definition in the light of Ferrari-Fontana's work. Passion and sentiment are among them. Nobody listening was compelled to recall the Ferrari-Fontana of before the war, to take satisfaction in his efforts on this occasion. Nobody had to think how remarkable he used to be as Avito in "L'Amore dei Tre Re" to be delighted with his Canio in "Pagliacci."

To look forward from summer opera to next winter's musical schedule, it is said that Mme. Karsavina, the Russian dancer, who was so earnestly expected in the United States when the Diaghileff Ballet made its first visit to the country, has yielded to the proposals of the managers and is to make a tour in 1924-25 with a company and an orchestra.

And speaking of performances given under the auspices of musical associations, the concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Havana at the end of January and the beginning of February, 1925, are sponsored by the Sociedad Pro-Arte Musical, according to announcements. Two concerts will be for members of the society and two for the public.

Willem van Hoogstraten is busy with rehearsals for the open-air concerts, which he will give, as conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, at the stadium of the College of the City of New York. He will have 105 players, mostly regular winter members of the organization, including Scipione Guidi, concert master.

At the first concert, on the evening of July 3, he will present Beethoven's fifth symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy, Wagner's overture to "Meistersinger," and some Strauss waltzes. The season lasts seven weeks, Mr. Hoogstraten directing all but the two weeks at the end of July and the beginning of August, when Fritz Reiner will take the baton.

W. P. T.

A Summer Song Recital by Hipolito Lazaro

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, June 26—Hipolito Lazaro, the tenor, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall on the evening of June 25, with Mr. Gagliano playing the piano accompaniments. His selections included some songs in Spanish, a couple of songs in English by Cadman and Ronald, and opera arias of three Italian styles: Donizetti's "Spirito gentil," Verdi's "La donna è mobile," and Puccini's "E lucevan le stelle." For such a great artist, the audience was small; but it was appreciative in a way that aggregations of listeners in New York seldom prove. The occasion no doubt was to be taken as illustrating the attitude of the public in a Span-

ish or a South American town toward music. If so, the citizenry of the United States ought to have been represented in greater numbers for the purpose of learning enthusiasm. Lazaro appeared on a summer night, presumably to let New Yorkers judge whether he will not be worth their attention when the next season opens. It will have to be a remarkable tenor, truly, in splendor of tone, brilliancy of style and appropriateness of interpretation, that they prefer to him.

W. P. T.

Solo Players of New York Symphony Society

June 26, 1924

Olegin, Easton, Spalding, and Others Coming for Next Season

WITH the single exception of the concert-master, Mischa Mischakoff, the first instrument players of the New York Symphony Society will be the same as last year. Of the twenty soloists, thirteen have been under the baton of Walter Damrosch for three years or more.

George Barrere, solo flute, begins his nineteenth season with the orchestra, and is the veteran. Karl Glasman, tympani, begins his seventh season, and those in their sixth season are Ernest La Prade, first second violin; Rene Pallain, solo viola; Morris Twin, solo bass; J. Kestenbaum, percussion; Quinto Maganini, solo piccolo; Pierre Mathieu, solo oboe; Fred Parme, solo bass clarinet; Louis Letellier, solo bassoon, and Max Wockenfus, solo trombone.

Josef Pizzo, solo harp, begins his fourth season, and those in their second season are Lucien Kirsch, solo cello; Ferdinand Roche, oboe d'amore; August Duques, solo clarinet; A. Moser, solo tuba; Vladimir Drucker, solo trumpet, and A. Yegudkin, solo horn.

George Engels, the manager, has been associated with the society for fifteen years; Rudolph Rissland, the personnel manager, thirty-five years, and Hans Goettlich, the librarian, twenty-eight years.

Soloists to appear with the orchestra during the coming season already engaged are Sergei Rachmaninoff, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Paul Kochanski, Sigrid Olegin, Florence Easton, Samuel Dushkin, Alfred Cortot, Felix Salmond, Albert Spalding, René Chemet, Adela Verne, Lionel Tertis, and others.

June 29, 1924

THE seventh season of the Stadium Concerts will begin on Thursday night, July 3, at the Lewisohn Stadium, and concerts will be given every evening thereafter by the Philharmonic Orchestra, augmented to 105 players, under the direction of Willem van Hoogstraten, with Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, as guest conductor. The Stadium season has been extended to seven weeks this year. The extension of the time and scope of the concerts is made possible by the generosity of the guarantors.

As last year's audiences showed an increase of about 40 per cent. over the attendance in 1922, the Stadium officials have made provision for still larger audiences this season. The orchestra stand has been moved back

thirty feet, which has made it possible to place 3,000 additional seats in the Stadium. In order to eliminate the congestion at the entrances, several additional ticket booths have been built. Tickets will be on sale at the Stadium every day, and also at the offices of the Stadium Concerts, 230 West Fifty-seventh Street, from 11 to 4 daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The personnel of the Philharmonic Orchestra for the Stadium Concerts will be the same as that engaged for the regular Philharmonic concerts next season, with a few exceptions. All of the first desk men except Leo Schulz, the veteran cellist, will be at their accustomed places. Scipione Guidi, the Philharmonic concertmaster, will make his Stadium debut this Summer.

The programs, it is announced, will be of the highest possible standard.

"The Stadium Concerts do not follow the old tradition that Summer concerts must consist chiefly of light, popular music," said Arthur Judson, manager of the Stadium Concerts. "The conductors have built their programs on the principle that nothing is too good for the Stadium audiences, the only limitations being those imposed by the fact that these concerts are played out of doors. Most of the standard symphonies and symphonic poems are listed for performance, as well as many unfamiliar works by classic and modern composers.

"For the first time, also, a choral work will be produced at the Stadium. We have been working on the details of this performance for several months and we hope to make a complete announcement within a short time."

Mr. van Hoogstraten will conduct the first three weeks of the Stadium Concerts. Mr. Reiner will take charge on July 24 and continue for two weeks, and Mr. van Hoogstraten will then take up the baton again for the balance of the season.

The Auditions Committee has heard hundreds of young singers, violinists and pianists in the past month, and so high

has been the standard that the judges have not yet been able to select the artists who will appear as soloists at the Stadium this Summer. Mrs. William Cowen, Chairman of the Auditions Committee, says that the announcement of the winners will be made before the opening of the concerts, if possible.

For the opening night on Thursday, the program will consist of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture-Fantasia, Johann Strauss's "Wiener Wald" waltzes and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." On Friday evening, July 4, the program will begin with "The Star-Spangled Banner," and half of it will be devoted to American composers. The works to be performed are "A Negro Rhapsody" by Goldmark, the Love Song and Village Festival from MacDowell's Indian Suite, and Victor Herbert's American Fantasy. Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony completes this program. On Saturday evening Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite, Strauss's "Wiener Blut" waltzes, the prelude to "Lohengrin" and the First Suite from "L'Arlésienne" by Bizet will be played.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 3.

- (Opening Concert, Seventh Season.)
- Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven
- Address by Adolf Lewisohn
- Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikovsky
- Waltz, "Wiener Wald," Johann Strauss
- Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Wagner

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 4.

- "The Star-Spangled Banner," Rubin Goldmark
- "A Negro Rhapsody," Goldmark
- (First time at the Stadium.)
- (a) Love Song, (b) Village Festival, MacDowell
- from the "Indian Suite," MacDowell
- American Fantasy, Victor Herbert
- Intermission.
- Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Tchaikovsky

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 5.

- Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven
- Suite from "Peer Gynt," Morning Mood, Aase's Death, Anitra's Dance, In the Hall of the Mountain King, Grieg
- Waltz, "Wiener Blut," Johann Strauss
- Intermission.
- Prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner
- Suite No. 1, from "L'Arlésienne," Bizet

The fifth week of the Goldman band concerts on the Mall in Central Park, under the direction of Edwin Franko Goldman, will feature three programs of special music. On Monday, June 30, the first part of the program will be devoted to Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique"; Wednesday, Italian composers will be heard, and on Friday, July 4, the entire program will consist of the compositions of American composers. Two of them, Gustav Saenger and N. Clifford Page, will conduct their own works. The concerts have been attracting enormous crowds five times a week and even

when the weather is unfavorable there is still a large gathering. The soloists during the coming week will be Walno Kauppi, the cornetist; Frances Sobel, soprano, and Helen Yorke, also a soprano.

The New York Civic Opera Association will stage the double bill of "Cavalleria

Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" on Tuesday evening at the Polo Grounds. Carmela Ponselle, the sister of Rosa Ponselle, will make her debut in the part of Santuzza and Dmitry Dobkin will sing the rôle of Turiddu. Dmitry Dobkin sang the part of Don José in "Carmen" the opening night of the series. He was born in Petrograd and made his debut in "The Barber of Seville" in Venice in 1910. Mr. Dobkin made his first bow in New York as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall in 1921. He has since then made both concert and operatic appearance in this country.

ANNA CASE AT STADIUM.

Opera Singer Soloist at Second Open-Air Concert.

Anna Case was soloist at the second Stadium concert last night. She repeated two patriotic songs which had been endorsed so enthusiastically by delegates at the opening of the convention, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." A large audience was urged to join in the chorus and responded nobly.

The orchestral part of the program included Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody," which was played under direction of Willem van Hoogstraten for the first time at these open-air performances. There were also selections from MacDowell's "Indian Suite" and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.

July 4, 1924

Winning Sta

THE winners of the Stadium Auditions are six in number. Four of them are Americans and they have been selected from over 600 applicants to be soloists at the concerts this Summer. They are: Frances Paperte, mezzo soprano, born at Coloma, Wis.; studied in Chicago and for two years with the Chicago Opera Company. She will make her New York debut at the Stadium concerts. Virginia Rea, soprano, born in Louisville, Ky.; already known through her phonograph records. She has sung with the Society of American Singers and with the De Feo Opera Company, Baltimore. Frank Johnson, baritone, born in Columbus, Ohio; holder of several church positions, winner of five Eistedfods in the Middle West; appeared with the American

ium Soloists

Symphony Orchestra of Chicago. This will be his first appearance in New York. Miron Poliak, born in Kleff, violinist, pupil of Auer; has played in Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, with some concerts in this country. Benno Rabinoff, violinist, pupil of Auer at the Chicago Musical College. He has been engaged to play at the Maine festival next Fall. His Stadium appearance will be his public debut. Ignace Hillsberg, born in Poland, made his first appearance with a symphony orchestra at the age of 9 with the Warsaw Philharmonic; won a scholarship and graduated from the Petrograd conservatory. He toured the Orient and was made Chevalier of the Chinese Empire after a concert at the Palace, Peking. He has been in America about a year.

July 6, 1924

BEETHOVEN'S Ninth Symphony, with a chorus of 200 voices from the Oratorio Society, will be one of the features of this week's Stadium concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Willem van Hoogstraten. This performance, which is said to be the first open-air production of the work in New York, will take place on Friday evening. The soloists will be Ruth Rodgers, soprano; Helena Marsh, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor, and Frank Gange, baritone. The symphony will be preceded by the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven. This occasion, which marks the thirty-fifth performance of

symphony by the Philharmonic, will be the New York debut of Mr. Tchaikovsky's Ninth Symphony, the tenor in the quartet. Mr. Tchaikovsky, formerly a song leader in the lines, has sung in the Ninth Symphony with the Boston, Detroit and Philadelphia Orchestras in the past season. Miss Rodgers was heard in the k here with the New York Symphony also sang it with the Detroit orchestra. Miss Marsh is well known Stadium audiences. Mr. Gange was heard in the Ninth Symphony with the Philharmonic this Spring.

novelty of unusual interest in the k's programs is Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony. In recent years, only Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies Tchaikovsky have appeared on musical programs in New York, and performances of the Second, especially, have been rare. This work, composed about 1875, is sometimes known as the "Little Russian" symphony, and makes use of several popular Russian folk melodies. The second movement, "In the distance," is a foreshadowing of the famous march in the "Pathetic" symphony. The Tchaikovsky Second Symphony will be played on Tuesday evening. Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," will also give its first Stadium performance at this concert.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem Van Hoogstraten conductor.

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 13.
Symphony in D minor.....Cesar Franck
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Chaconne in D minor (orchestrated by Raff).....J. S. Bach
(First time at Stadium.)
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....Richard Strauss

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 14.
"Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Tone poem, "Finlandia".....Sibelius
Italian caprice.....Tchaikovsky

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 15.
Symphony No. 2, in C minor, Tchaikovsky
(First time at Stadium.)
Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
Symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," Rachmaninoff
(First time at Stadium.)
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 16.
Symphony in C major.....Schubert
Symphonic poem, "Hungaria".....Liszt
(First time at Stadium.)
Dream Pantomime from "Hansel and Gretel".....Humperdinck
Waltz, "Artist's Life".....Johann Strauss

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 17.
Symphony, "From the New World".....Dvorak
Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....Wagner
Salome's Dance.....Strauss
Nocturne from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Marche Slav.....Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 18.
"Leonore" Overture, No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony No. 9.....Beethoven
(First time at Stadium.)
Chorus of 200 voices from the Oratorio Society. Soloists: Ruth Rodgers, soprano; Helena Marsh, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 19.
Dance program.
Invitation to the Waltz.....Weber
Dance Fantasy, Op. 35, Julius Weismann
(First time in America.)
Tephisto Waltz.....Liszt
Waltz, "Fruchlingsstimmen".....J. Strauss
"Nutcracker" Suite.....Tchaikovsky

The seventh week of the Goldman and concerts under the direction of Edwin Franko Goldman on the Mall at Central Park promises to be one of the most interesting of the season. On Monday the entire program will be devoted to the works of French composers to commemorate the taking of the Bastille, July 14, 1789. The first part of Wednesday's program will include the andante in Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony and Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. Tchaikovsky and Tchaikovsky will divide the evening between them on Friday. Next will next be centered in the 19th Band contest, which takes place July 1, and in the music memory contest, which will be held Aug. 4.

MONDAY, JULY 14.
French Program.
"Marche Lorraine".....Ganne
Overture, "Fidèle".....Massenet
"The Swan".....Saint-Saens
Excerpts from "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas
"Carmen".....Bizet
Pena Ponorova, Soprano.
1) Barcarolle, "Tales of Hoffman".....Offenbach
2) Aragonaise, "La Cid".....Massenet
Excerpt from "Parsifal".....Gounod

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.
Symphonic Program.
Andante, "Surprise" Symphony.....Haydn
"Unfinished" Symphony.....Schubert
Tone poem, "William Tell".....Rossini
Solo, "A Soldier's Dream".....Rogers
Solo, "The Evening".....Goldman
Solo, "The Evening".....Strauss

6. Excerpts, "Babes in Toyland"....Herbert
FRIDAY, JULY 18.
Wagner-Tchaikovsky Program.
1. Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
2. Scenes from "The Valkyrie".....Wagner
3. Excerpts from "The Mastersingers".....Wagner
4. Two Movements "Pathétique" Symphony Tchaikovsky
5. Solo, "None but the Lonely Heart".....Tchaikovsky
6. (a) "Chanson Triste".....Tchaikovsky
(b) "Song Without Words".....Tchaikovsky
7. Overture, "1812".....Tchaikovsky

The Harry Truax Opera Company will open a series of seven operas in English at the Caruso Theatre, 235 Bowery, Monday evening, July 14, with "The Mikado" at popular prices. The principals will be Alvina Barth, Florence Crozer, Victor Huot, Asta Mober, Ethel Wallace and Harry Truax. The object of the association, which is cooperative, is to create a repertoire for new singers and to promote opera, both grand and light, in the English tongue. Mr. Truax, himself a baritone singer of talent, is the impresario and will appear in principal roles, ultimately devoting his efforts to management.

Last night William van Hoogstraten brought Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony out of its cloistered hiding-place into the open air of the Stadium concerts. July 16, 1924

To some ardent devotees, this was the first intimation that there was a Second Symphony or that their beloved composer had not, with the pardonable eccentricity of genius, absent-mindedly begun to number his works as the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies.

This delusion has been encouraged by the orchestras of the last five seasons, which seemed to proceed on the unwritten law that no program could possibly be finished without at least one of these three symphonic sisters. But the Second, the C minor, has been mute and inglorious since 1911, when it was played by the Philharmonic under Gustav Mahler.

The reason for this neglect is just another of those mysteries in program making. For the piece, as revealed last night, is a thing of persuasive and wistful charm, shot through with the color of Little Russia, from which it takes its name.

For all its imperial interludes it is the peasant's symphony made up of the simplicity of their folk-lore, the measures of the gopak and the mazurka and beneath it the broad, meandering sweep of the Volga. This nationalistic character is vague and fugitive at first, but grows stronger until the finale breaks frankly into the folk-song of "The Crane," and on this note it ends.

Mr. van Hoogstraten led forth the neglected stranger with an air of almost paternal solicitude. And like a parent he kept it rigidly within its musical boundaries. Here was a careful and balanced reading and certainly any temptation which Tchaikovsky may have felt to sentimentalize over Little Russia was sternly suppressed by Mr. van Hoogstraten.

The "Pathétique" will have no rival in this earlier work, but its revival is another triumph for the summer Philharmonic and a strong hint to the winter concert halls. A. S.

July 19, 1924

If you ask the comely and obliging young woman in the Victrola shop who Charles G. Dawes is, she will tell you. She will hesitate a moment as her mind runs down the long list of records in the Victor catalog. At last, triumphantly, she finds it. "Dawes," she will say, "wrote that 'Melody in A Major' which Kreisler plays.

So much for "Hell an' Maria." So much for the Director of the Budget. The name on the phonograph disk is "Gen. Charles G. Dawes," but it is overshadowed by the magical name of Kreisler. In any case the "Gen." sits with an air of incongruity on a piece of Kreisler music. After you have heard the music the title is more than incongruous, it is incredible. Dawes's "Melody in A Major" is a lyric fragment of shy and plaintive overtones. It begins with the six-

eight rhythm of accompaniment which heralds a barcarolle; the splashing of water against the stones of Venice—or the shores of the Ohio River. Through this the thread of a simple, sentimental melody is woven, naive and questioning above the slender ripple of sound. It begins its song with engaging simplicity and very simply it ends, having uttered its mild, limpid thought in a few brief bars.

Obviously this should have been written by a dreamer with nothing more to do than watch the shadows of leaves drift down to an autumn pond. Or, if a Brigadier General must write music, it should be heavy with the raucous cries of battle or commerce. If the stout Babbitt voters ever hear this piece they will choke back such disloyal thoughts as these. Yet, out of the sturdy traditions of bluntness and profanity, of supply systems and international parleys, the classification of the Victrola girl survives. This, to his eternal distinction, is the Dawes who wrote the melody that Kreisler plays. A. S.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Lewisohn Stadium

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, July 19—Had Beethoven been able to glance ahead a century and behold well above 15,000 of his New York devotees taxing the broad confines of the Lewisohn Stadium on a summer evening, eagerly listening to an all fresco rendition of his Ninth Symphony, surely quite beyond the pale of expression must have been the Bonn master's satisfaction.

There was reason for more than passing rejoicing, it would seem, on Friday evening, July 18, when, during the present-day epoch of overworked jazz and syncopated rhythm, an all-Beethoven program sufficed to attract a devout musical multitude of sufficient proportions to have filled downtown Carnegie Hall some six times or more. And this feat accomplished, too, on a mid-July night at the apex of the vacation season.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem Van Hoogstraten, conductor, with the assistance of a chorus of 200 voices drawn from the Oratorio Society of New York and a solo quartet, gave utterance to the first hearing of the Ninth Symphony at the Stadium. And it might here be asked what mattered it, after all, if some, yes, if many of the subtle nuances and details of the 75 minutes' performance were carried far afield on the gentle breezes wafting themselves through the vast spaces of the open auditorium and athletic field adjoining the imposing group of the College of the City of New York buildings on Washington Heights?

The legion hosts of Beethoven disciples were out seemingly en masse to pay homage to their hero who wrought this, his final symphonic masterpiece, more than 10 years ago, and apparently were undaunted by mere defects here and there, due to out-of-door lack of resonance in the main.

All unavoidable shortcomings considered, let the fact be here recorded that the contributing factors of the event measured up to the standard of requirements, artistically speaking, the well-balanced chorus in the closing fourth movement of the choral symphony giving a faithful account of itself, responding correctly always to the sharply indicated cues of Mr. Van Hoogstraten. The soprano-enunciated lines by Ruth Rodgers were delivered with clear-voiced precision. Helena Marsh acquitted herself well of the task set for the contralto. Charles Stratton was a robust and satisfying tenor, and Fraser Gange's sonorous and resonant haritone voice was easily heard at distant points from the music stand.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten guided his orchestra through the first three movements of the symphony with discrimination, and achieved brilliant results in the final vocal movement, in which he held his combined instrumental choral and solo forces firmly in hand.

Preceding the symphony, Beethoven's familiar Leonore Overture, No. 3, received a smooth and lovely intoned treatment at the hands of the 105 Philharmonic Orchestra players and their leader. The two figures in this score indicating distant trumpets

were impressively delivered by musicians placed a couple of hundred feet distant from the stage atop of the stadium.

The changed seating of the orchestra is said to effect better results for stadium purposes. Mr. Van Hoogstraten has massed the cellos, string basses, bass reeds and heavy brass sections to his right; all of the violin choir, French horn, high-voiced reed choir and percussion to his left. This may work out all right enough in theory and practice, as it is reported to be doing, but to at least one listener, seated about 100 feet from the center of the stage in the field, it seemed as though the orchestra sounded just a bit unbalanced more than once during the Beethoven program. H. I. B.

Original Operetta by St. Louis Writers

ST. LOUIS, July 16—To close its sixth season, Municipal Opera in St. Louis will make its first original production on July 28, presenting "The Beggar Princess," an operetta in two acts, with ballet. Sylvester Maguire wrote the book and lyrics, and Noel J. Poepping the score. Maguire, native of St. Louis, has spent many years in the theater, as a manager for the Frohmans, and as playwright and librettist. Noel Poepping for 25 years has been a member of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, in the meantime having his own brass band, a feature of many civic celebrations here. He was assistant conductor of the Apollo Club under Alfred G. Robyn, and is composer of songs, marches and dance music together with incidental music for the St. Louis Masque and Pageant, the 1918 Fashion Pageant, the Missouri Centennial Celebration at Sedalia in 1921, and in the same year the "Missouri One Hundred Years Ago" pageant and drama in St. Louis. He is a member of the symphonic orchestra of 50 which is one of Municipal Opera's features.

THE debut of Fritz Reiner as guest conductor, a repetition of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the first Stadium performances of two works of Stravinsky, two symphonies of Brahms and a program of French music are some of the features promised for the Stadium concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra this week.

Fritz Reiner, who makes his New York debut at the Stadium on Thursday evening, is conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, which organization he has led for the last two years. So successful has been his career in Cincinnati that his engagement has been extended for several additional seasons. He comes to the Stadium directly from the Prague Music Festival, where he introduced many new works, and he has scheduled many novelties for his programs. Mr. Reiner is a Hungarian by birth, but makes his home in Italy. He will conduct the Stadium concerts for two weeks, after which Mr. Van Hoogstraten will return for the balance of the season.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten's program for his temporary farewell concert on Wednesday evening includes Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Strauss's "Don Juan," "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltzes and Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture. Several special features are planned for this event, announcement of which will be made later.

Stravinsky, probably the most discussed composer of the day, will be represented for the first time at a Stadium concert tonight, when his suite from his "The Fire Bird" ballet will be played. Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony and the "Rosamunde" Overture of Schubert are the other selections on the program.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with 200 picked voices from the Oratorio Society of New York and Ruth Rodgers, Helena Marsh, Charles Stratton and Fraser Gange as soloists, is listed for Monday evening. In the event of rain, this performance will be postponed until Tuesday, and an orchestral program will be played in its stead in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

Willem Van Hoogstraten, conductor.

Sunday Evening, July 20.

1. Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica").....Beethoven
2. Suite, "The Fire Bird".....Stravinsky
First time at Stadium.
3. "Rosamunde" Overture.....Schubert

- Monday Evening, July 21.
1. "Leonore" Overture No. 3.....Beethoven
 2. Symphony No. 9.....Beethoven
 - Chorus from Oratorio Society of New York. Soloists: Ruth Rodgers, soprano, Helena Marsh, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone.
- Tuesday Evening, July 22
1. Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
 2. Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Brahms
 3. (a) Sarabande, (b) Danse (first time at Stadium).....Debussy-Ravel
 4. "Wotan's Farewell" and Magic Fire Music.....Wagner
- Wednesday Evening, July 23.
1. Symphony No. 5.....Tchaikovsky
 2. Tone-poem, "Don Juan".....Richard Strauss
 3. Waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube".....Johann Strauss
 4. Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
- Thursday Evening, July 24.
- Fritz Reiner, guest conductor (New York debut)
1. Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
 2. Fourth Symphony in E minor.....Brahms
 3. "Fire Works".....Stravinsky
 4. "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....Richard Strauss
- Friday Evening, July 25.
- Fritz Reiner, guest conductor.
1. Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
 2. "Iberia".....Debussy
 3. "Coppella" suite.....Delibes
 4. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice".....Dukas
 5. Suite from "L'Arlesienne," No. 2.....Bizet
- Saturday Evening, July 26.
1. Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
 2. Symphony No. 4.....Tchaikovsky
 3. Ballad of the Gnomes.....Respighi
 4. Ballet and march from "Aida".....Verdi

The eighth week of the Goldman Band concerts, under the direction of Edwin Franko Goldman, will bring forth some interesting programs. The special features will be a Bohemian program on Monday, devoted largely to works by Smetana and Dvorak; a Verdi-Puccini program on Friday and a Johann Strauss program on Saturday evening.

These concerts will continue nightly except Tuesdays and Thursdays until Aug. 24. On Aug. 1 there will be a band contest in which nine boys' bands will compete. After all the bands have performed individually the massed boys' bands, numbering almost 600 boys, will perform one selection in conjunction with the Goldman Band. This number will be directed by Edwin Franko Goldman. Great interest has been displayed in this contest, and it is to be made an annual event.

- Programs for:
- Monday, July 21.
1. March, "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
 2. Largo, New World Symphony.....Dvorak
 3. (a) Humoresque, (b) Slavonic Dance.....Dvorak
 4. Fantasia, Bohemian songs.....Verdi
 5. Overture, "Raymond".....Thomas
 6. Aria, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
 7. Waltz, "Waino Kauppi, cornetist".....Strauss
 8. Festival march, "The Bohemians".....Hadley
- Friday, July 25 (Verdi-Puccini).
1. Excerpts from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
 2. Excerpts from "La Boheme".....Puccini
 3. Excerpts from "Madame Butterfly".....Puccini
 4. Excerpts from "Aida".....Verdi
 5. Overture, "Meritane".....Wallace
 6. Aria, "O Don Fausto".....Verdi
 7. "Kammerlied-Ostrov".....Rubinstein
 8. March, "On the Mall".....Goldman

Arthur Judson, manager of the Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestras and advisory manager of the Cincinnati Orchestra, has issued a statement refuting the charges made before the Committee of Education of the House of Representatives that more than 50 per cent. of the players in American orchestras were foreign-born musicians. Mr. Judson gives these figures: The Philharmonic Orchestra consists of 104 players. Of these 87 are full citizens, of whom 45 are native-born Americans; the remaining 17 all hold first citizenship papers. He believes the same percentage obtains in the New York Symphony Orchestra, and rehearsals in both orchestras are conducted in English. Mr. Judson quotes figures for the Philadelphia and Cincinnati Orchestras and concludes that almost 50 per cent. are native-born Americans, more than 25 per cent. are fully naturalized and the remainder have all taken out their first papers.

The State Opera Company will present Verdi's "Otello" on Wednesday evening, July 30, at the National Theatre, 208 West Forty-first Street. Nicola Zerola, tenor, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will sing the title part; Emily Day, Desdemona; Alfredo Zagaroli, Iago; Paolo del Pino, Cassio. There will be a large cast, orchestra and chorus under the direction of Gabriele Simeoni.

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "Alpine" symphony, Schubert's "unfinished" symphony, three symphonies of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" music are some of the features promised for this week at the Stadium concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Reiner, guest conductor.

Tonight's program introduces a Stadium novelty in the form of a Serenade for small orchestra by Leo Weiner, a Hungarian composer whose works thus far are little known in this country. Beethoven's Fifth symphony, Liszt's "Les Preludes" and the "Oberon" overture of Weber complete the program.

Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony will be played on Monday evening. Mr. Reiner's performances of this work with the Cincinnati Orchestra aroused much discussion in the Middle West, and Stadium patrons will have an opportunity to compare the guest conductor's interpretation with some of the readings of previous seasons. Strauss's "Don Juan," Dvorak's "Carnival" overture and the Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah" also will be played.

Beethoven's Seventh symphony, Smetana's symphonic poem "The Moldau," the "Carneval Romaine" of Berlioz and "Tannhauser" overture make up Tuesday's program.

A suite from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" is the feature for Wednesday evening. This will be the third work of Stravinsky to have been played at the Stadium this season. The coming visit of Stravinsky seems to have stimulated the already notable interest in his compositions, and Stravinsky apparently is becoming something of a Stadium drawing card. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish Caprice, the Polovetzian dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor" (this sounds like another tribute to Stravinsky), and Tchaikovsky's "1812" complete this program, which consists entirely of Russian compositions.

Beethoven's Eighth symphony is listed for Thursday evening, making the third Beethoven symphony to be played this week. The ballet music from Carl Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," the overture, scherzo, nocturne and wedding march from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the prelude to "Lohengrin" also are to be played.

Strauss's "Alpine" symphony, perhaps the most spectacular feature of the week, will be played on Friday evening. This work, unheard in New York since its first performance here by the Philharmonic in 1916, enlists the services of an augmented orchestra. The regular strength of the Philharmonic Orchestra for the Stadium concerts is 105 players. About twenty-eight additional musicians will participate in the performance of the Strauss work. The symphony describes musically the sights and sounds encountered in a day in the Alps and is played without pause. Two Wagnerian excerpts will preface the symphony.

Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony will be played on Saturday evening. A novelty on this program will be a ball scene by Hellmesberger, for string orchestra. Suppe's "Beautiful Galatea" overture, two Hungarian dances of Brahms, Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" waltzes and Johann Strauss's overture to "The Bat" complete the program.

The management of the Stadium concerts announces that the two performances of Beethoven's Ninth symphony on July 18 and July 21 under the direction of Willem van Hoogstraten were attended by more than 21,000 listeners, and that the average attendance promises to run well ahead of all previous records.

- The Philharmonic Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, guest conductor.
- Sunday Evening, July 27.
1. "Oberon" overture.....Weber
 2. Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven
 3. Serenade for small orchestra.....Weiner
 - (First time at Stadium.)
 4. "Les Preludes".....Liszt
- Monday Evening, July 28.
1. Overture, "Carnival".....Dvorak
 2. Symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic").....Tchaikovsky
 3. Tone poem, "Don Juan".....Strauss
 4. Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens

- Tuesday Evening, July 29.
1. Carneval Romaine.....Berlioz
 2. Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
 3. Symphonic poem, "The Moldau".....Smetana
 4. "Tannhauser" overture.....Wagner
- Wednesday Evening, July 30.
1. Spanish Caprice.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
 2. Suite from "Petrouchka".....Stravinsky
 - (First time at Stadium.)
 3. Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor".....Borodin
- Thursday Evening, July 31.
1. Prelude, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
 2. Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven
 3. Ballet music from "The Queen of Sheba".....Goldmark

4. Overture, nocturne, scherzo and wedding march from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
- (Wagner-Strauss Program.)
- Friday Evening, Aug. 1.
1. Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
2. Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
3. "Alpine" Symphony.....Richard Strauss
- (First time at Stadium.)
- Saturday Evening, Aug. 2.
1. Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea".....Suppe
2. "Unfinished" Symphony.....Schubert
3. Ball scene for strings only.....Hellmesberger
- (First time at Stadium.)
4. Two Hungarian dances.....Brahms
5. Waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier".....Richard Strauss
6. Overture to "The Bat".....Johann Strauss

1924

THE first presentation of "La Légende du Point d'Argentan," by Felix Fourdrain, at Ravinia Park took place July 28. The principals were Ina Bourskaya, Thalia Sabanleva, Leon Rother and Louis d'Angelo. Louis Hasselmanns conducted. The story is as follows: In the village of Argentan at the end of the eighteenth century there lived a poor family whose little son was dying of want. The father, Pierre, enlists as a soldier, leaving his wife, Rose Marie, to take care of the child. The village has been famous for its Point d'Argentan lace, but the secret of the design had been lost. For its rediscovery, Mgr. le Rohan had offered 1,000 écus d'or for a robe to be presented to the Virgin. Rose Marie prays to the Virgin to send her the inspiration. A poor woman knocks at the door and asks for shelter and food. Rose Marie offers both, and tells the legend of the lace, which was copied from a miraculous design supernaturally suspended on the diadem of the statue of the Virgin Mary. Rose Marie falls asleep and the old woman is transformed into the Blessed Lady, who bids her angels weave a magnificent garment of Point d'Argentan lace for the coveted robe of honor.

To close its sixth successful season, the St. Louis Municipal Opera gave its first original production, "The Beggar Princess," an operetta in two acts with

a ballet, on July 25. Sylvester Maguire wrote the book and lyrics and Noel J. Poepping the score. Maguire, a native of St. Louis, was for many years manager for the Frohmans and has many libretti to his credit. Noel Poepping is the great-great-grandson of the first white child born in St. Louis. He has been a member of the St. Louis Orchestra for twenty-five years, besides conducting his own brass band, and has composed many songs, marches and incidental music.

"Alpine" Symphony Proves Admirable Open-Air Number

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, Aug. 2—Strauss's "Alpine" symphony, presented at the stadium concerts on the evening of Aug. 1, Fritz Reiner conducting, proved an admirable open-air number. Being descriptive of a mountain climb, it drew advantage from exposure to the breezes. The "Domestic" symphony might not have fitted the case so well.

The "Alpine" symphony is perhaps too long and rambling for many listeners, and possibly it lacks the energy and surprise of the earlier of Strauss's orchestral works, but it contains many passages of delightful sonority, whatever may be their pictorial force. The episode of the cow bells is one of fine fancy; humorous, yet contemplatively rather than ironically so, and a refinement over the clap-trap wit of the sheep-bleating scene in the tone poem "Don Quixote."

Mr. Reiner disclosed an especial knack at making orchestral music intelligible in out-of-doors performance. He conducted at a very deliberate pace both the symphony and some Wagnerian pieces, and in a way that permitted the phrases to unfold neatly. He kept his orchestra breathing comfortably, no matter how broad and sustained the utterance he called for.

FRITZ REINER, guest conductor at the Stadium concerts, concludes his two weeks as leader of the Philharmonic Orchestra on Wednesday evening, and Willem van Hoogstraten will return on Thursday to conduct the concerts for the remaining two weeks. Mr. Reiner's appearances have met with great enthusiasm and have attracted large audiences. Mr. Van Hoogstraten, now in his third season as conductor of the Stadium

concerts, seems to be more popular than ever, and it is expected that the attendance at the remaining concerts of the season will run well ahead of previous records.

Three American works are to be played tonight under Mr. Reiner's direction. One of these is Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass," which has its first Stadium performance at this concert. Mr. Reiner produced this composition in Cincinnati last Winter. H. H. Wetzler's overture to "As You Like It," played here by the Philharmonic under the direction of Mengelberg, also is listed for a Stadium debut. A waltz, "Children's Songs," by Allen Lincoln Langley, completes the list of American works for tonight. Mr. Langley is a member of the viola section of the Philharmonic and has written a number of waltzes for orchestra, several of which have been heard at the Stadium in previous seasons. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony makes up the second half of the program.

No less than eight compositions are listed by Mr. Reiner for performance Monday night. The program will begin with the overture to "The Sicilian Vespers," by Verdi, followed by three popular compositions by Percy Grainger—"Molly on the Shore," "Irish Tune" and "The Shepherd's Tune." Berlioz's "Rakoczy" march, Johann Strauss's "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Liszt's First Hungarian Rhapsody and the "Marche Slav" of Tchaikovsky comprise the rest of the program.

Brahms's First Symphony is to be played on Tuesday evening. The attendance statistics at the Stadium this season indicate that Brahms is beginning to rival Beethoven and Tchaikovsky as drawing cards. The First, Second and Fourth Symphonies of Brahms have already been played this season, and the Third will be performed before the concerts are concluded. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Strauss's "Death and the Transfiguration" complete the program.

Mr. Reiner will make his final appearance on Wednesday night in an all-Wagner program which includes "Rienzi" overture, "The Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla," "The Ride of the Valkyries," the end of Act III, of "Siegfried," "Siegfried's Funeral March" and the finale from "Götterdämmerung."

Willem Van Hoogstraten again assumes the leadership of the Stadium concerts on Thursday night, when Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" will be the principal number on the program. Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" and Johann Strauss's "Wiener Blut" complete the program.

Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the Philharmonic, will be represented on Friday evening's program by his Second Symphony, "The Four Seasons," played under Mr. Van Hoogstraten's direction. "The Preludes" of Liszt, Dvorak's Two Waltzes for string orchestra and Tchaikovsky's "1812" are also to be performed.

Tchaikovsky's First Orchestral Suite is listed for Saturday night. A "scene pastorale for orchestra and trumpet obbligato" is also to be played, with Harry Glantz, first trumpet of the Philharmonic, playing the solo passages. The composer of this work is H. Maginn, a New York musician. A Wagnerian excerpt and Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody are the other numbers on the program.

The six soloists chosen at the Stadium auditions will appear on Wednesday evening, Aug. 13. They are Virginia Rea, soprano; Frances Paperte, mezzo-soprano; Frank Johnson, baritone; Miron Poliakin, violinist; Behno Rabinoff, violinist, and Ignace Helsberg, pianist. The audience will be asked to assist the management in choosing the winners of recitals and cash prizes to be awarded to the soloists by voting. The details of this concert will be announced shortly.

Arnold Volpe, conductor of the Stadium concerts in their first two years, has been invited to lead the concert of Tuesday evening, Aug. 12, by the Stadium management and Mr. Van Hoogstraten. Mr. Volpe will present a Tchaikovsky-Wagner program on this occasion.

- THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.**
- Fritz Reiner, guest conductor.
- Sunday Aug. 3.
1. Overture, "As You Like It".....Wetzler
 2. Suite, "Through the Looking Glass" (first time at Stadium).....Deems Taylor
 3. Waltz, "Children's Songs" (first time at Stadium).....Allen Lincoln Langley
 4. Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica").....Beethoven
- Monday, Aug. 4.
1. Overture, "Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi

Stadium Concert

WITH four concerts beginning tonight the Stadium concerts will close their seventh season on Wednesday evening. Some of the features for the season's end include a repetition of Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" Suite tonight, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" on Monday, Brahms's Fourth Symphony on Tuesday and a request program, including Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" on Wednesday.

The request program was chosen by the audiences attending the Stadium concerts from July 31 to Aug. 6, and thousands of ballots were cast. The Tchaikovsky "Pathetic Symphony" received more votes than any other symphony. "Die Meistersinger" proved to be a favorite overture. Liszt's "The Preludes" led the symphonic poems, and Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz was selected as the "miscellaneous work."

In the voting it developed that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony stands next to the ubiquitous "Pathetic" as a Stadium favorite, with Tchaikovsky's Fifth, Beethoven's Ninth, Cesar Franck's D minor, Dvorak's "New World" and Brahms's First Symphony following in the order named. "Tannhäuser" and "Oberon" shared the first three places among the overtures with "Die Meistersinger." "Scheherazade" gave "The Preludes" keen competition among the symphonic poems, with three works of Strauss—"Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration"—following. Other compositions which won large votes were Tchaikovsky's "1812," Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite, and the Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

The Stadium audiences did not confine their votes to popular favorites. Ballots were cast for "The Fire Bird," "Petrouchka," "Song of the Nightingale" and "Rites of Spring" of Stravinsky. Among the other novelties and infrequently performed works which were represented in the balloting were the Third, Fifth and Ninth Symphonies of Mahler, Arthur Bliss's "Elegy," Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" and "Also Sprach Zarathustra," Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," Brahms's "Requiem," Scriabin's "Prometheus," the A flat symphony of Elgar and the First Symphony of Kalinikoff.

Some of the ballots revealed startling information. One voter credited "The Messiah" to Wagner. The "Oberon" overture was attributed to Mozart. "Finlandia" to Berlioz. "The Beautiful Blue Danube" both to Wagner and to Richard Strauss. Thomas's "Mignon" and "Raymond" overtures to Saint-Saëns and Beethoven, respectively; "William Tell" to Wagner, Lortzing and Verdi, "Die Meistersinger" to Strauss, "The Magic Flute" to Saint-Saëns, "The Preludes" to Tchaikovsky, "Poet and Peasant" both to Rossini and to Offenbach and "Don Juan" to Weber. There was a request for "The War of 1812" and one for Beethoven's "Egbert Symphony."

The most ambitious program suggested for the closing night was one which consisted of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Strauss's "Alpine" Symphony and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony. The least pretentious was a ballot which asked for "The Lost Chord."

received the warm approbation of the audience.

Five soloists appeared on the evening of Aug. 13, comprising Virginia Rea, soprano; Frances Paperte, mezzo-soprano; Frank Johnston, baritone; Ignace Hilsberg, pianist, and Miron Poliakin, violinist. They were the successful competitors in

the auditions held under the auspices of the Stadium concerts organization early in the summer.

The weight of approval seemed to be with Mr. Poliakin, who presented a portion of the Tchaikovsky violin concerto. Mr. Poliakin, really, is no beginner, but is merely the latest comer among the violinists from Russia that have been engaged for 15 years in the artistic conquest of the United States.

The open-air orchestral performances in the Stadium of the College of the City of New York, given by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor, come to a close on the evening of Aug. 20, the present season being the seventh.

W. P. T.

Six Soloists Next Week in Stadium Closing Concerts of Philharmonic Orchestra Summer Season

THE APPEARANCE of the six Stadium Auditions winners at a single concert, with the audience voting for its favorites, the return of Arnold Volpe, the first conductor of the Stadium Concerts, for a guest appearance, and a special program of the works of Richard Strauss are some of the features promised by William van Hoogstraten and the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Stadium Concerts next week.

The program for soloists' night will begin with the overture to Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," played by the Philharmonic under Mr. Van Hoogstraten's direction. Virginia Rea, soprano, will be heard in "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto." Miron Poliakin will play the Bruch D minor violin concerto, No. 2. Frank Johnson, baritone, will sing Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." Benno Rabinooff, violinist, will play the fourth Viëuxtemps, concerto in D minor. Frances Paperte mezzo-soprano, will sing "O Mio Fernando" from Donizetti's "La Favorita," and Ignace Hilsberg will close the program with the first movement of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor piano concerto.

The sixtieth birthday of Richard Strauss has prompted many Strauss festivals, and Thursday evening's concert will be a tribute to him. "Ein Heldenleben," never before heard at the Stadium, will be played, as well as the "Burleske" for piano and orchestra, which also has its Stadium debut on this occasion. Elly Ney will play the solo part in the "Burleske."

The final program of the Stadium season, on Wednesday, August 20, is, as usual, to be a request program. The audiences of next week will have an opportunity to indicate their preferences on ballots distributed with the programs, which will be as follows:

This Evening

Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
Suite No. 1.....Tchaikovsky
Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla.....Wagner
Scene Pastoral for Orchestra and Trumpet
Obligato.....Maganini
Solo trumpet, H. Glantz
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt

Tomorrow Evening

Symphony in E minor, No. 2.....Rachmaninov
(first time in Stadium)
Spanish Caprice.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Waltz, "Spirit of Autumn".....Allan Lincoln Langley
Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor".....Borodin
Monday, August 11
Overture to "Russian and Ludmilla".....Glinka
Song without Words.....Tchaikovsky
Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razin".....Glazounoff
Gaussian Sketches.....Ippolitoff-Ivanoff
Italian Caprice.....Tchaikovsky

Tuesday, August 12

Symphony No. 5.....Tchaikovsky
Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde"
Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Götterdämmerung"
Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal".....Wagner
Overture to "Holländ".....Wagner

Wednesday, August 13

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
"Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Virginia Rea, soprano
Violin Concerto in D minor, No. 2.....Bruch
Miron Poliakin

Song, "Land of Hope and Glory".....Elgar
Frank Johnson, baritone
Violin Concerto in D major, No. 4.....Viëuxtemps
Benno Rabinooff
"O Mio Fernando" from "La Favorita".....Donizetti
Frances Paperte, mezzo-soprano
Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor (first movement).....Tchaikovsky
Ignace Hilsberg

Thursday, August 14

"Till Eulenspiegel".....Richard Strauss
"Burleske" for piano and orchestra (first time at Stadium).....Richard Strauss
Elly Ney
Tone-Poem, "Ein Heldenleben" (first time at Stadium).....Richard Strauss
Violin solo: Scipione Guidi

Friday, August 15

Symphony No. 3.....Brahms
"Istar," Variations Symphoniques.....d'Indy
(first time at Stadium)
Suite, "Impressions of Italy".....Charpentier

Saturday, August 16

"Sakuntala" Overture.....Goldmark
"Unfinished" Symphony.....Schubert
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Waldweben from "Siegfried".....Wagner
Excerpts from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
(a) Introduction to Act III; (b) Walter's Prize Song; (c) Prelude.

Goldman Band to Play

VICTOR HERBERT MUSIC
EDWIN FRANKO GOLDMAN has a

series of interesting concerts on the Mall in Central Park coming, beginning with a program in memory of Victor Herbert tonight, when five numbers from the works of the dead composer will be preceded by Chopin's "Funeral March."

The usual varied program will be given tomorrow night and on Monday night the second half will be devoted to eight numbers by Goldman. Wednesday night the band will play operetta music by Sullivan, Offenbach, De Koven, Lehar, Von Suppe and Herbert, and Friday night the first half of the program will be Wagnerian; Saturday will be children's night.

After that there will be one week more of these concerts, which have been possible only through the liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel and Mr. and Mrs. Murry Gugenheim, who assumed the entire expenses of the twelve weeks in which sixty concerts will have been given.

It is estimated—it is manifestly impossible to make an accurate count of the hundreds of thousands of lovers of music who have attended—that over a million and a half of people will have attended by the time the season ends on August 24 with a special program. The programs for the coming week are as follows:

Tomorrow

Marche Militaire.....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Rosamunde".....Schubert
Air, "Rinaldo".....Handel
Menuet, "Samson".....Handel
Procession of the Knights, "Parsifal".....Wagner
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
The Lost Chord.....Sullivan
Waino Kauppi, cornetist
"Valse des Fleurs".....Tchaikovsky
"Old Folks at Home".....Roberts

Monday, August 11

"Marche Slav".....Tchaikovsky
Overture to "Ispagnia".....Gluck
"Kammermusik Ostrow".....Rubinstein
Excerpts from "Carmen".....Bizet
"The Emblem of Freedom".....Goldman
"On the Mall".....Goldman
"The Love I Have for You".....Goldman
"Why?".....Goldman
Lotta Madden, soprano
"Star of the Evening".....Goldman
"A Bit of Syncopation".....Goldman
"Cherokee".....Goldman
"The Pioneer".....Goldman

Wednesday, August 13

"March of the Peers".....Sullivan
Overture, "Beautiful Galathea".....Suppe
Entr'acte, "Mlle. Modiste".....Herbert
Oriental Dance.....Herbert
Excerpts from "The Mikado".....Sullivan
Excerpts from "The Grand Duchess".....Offenbach
"Oh Promise Me".....De Koven
Waino Kauppi, cornetist
Excerpts from "The Merry Widow".....Lehar
Excerpts from "Elnafore".....Sullivan

Friday, August 15

March, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner
Overture, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner
Elsa Entering the Cathedral, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Excerpts from "Lohengrin".....Wagner
"Old Folks at Home".....Roberts
Aria, "O Don Fatale".....Verdi
Gena Fonarjova, soprano
Quartet, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
March, "Cherokee".....Goldman

Saturday, August 16

"Marche Militaire".....Schubert
Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
Andante, "Surprise Symphony".....Haydn
"Blue Danube" Waltz.....Strauss
"In a Clock Store".....Orth
"A Soldier's Dream".....Rogers
Waino Kauppi, cornetist
"The Music Box".....Liladow
"Angel Chorus".....Verdi
"March of the Toys".....Eucalossi

Sunday, August 17

"Marche Solennelle".....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
"Chanson Triste".....Tchaikovsky
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture, "Zampa".....F. Chopin
Habanera from "Carmen".....Bizet
Gena Fonarjova, soprano
Waltz, "New Vienna".....Strauss
Excerpts from "Faust".....Gounod

(a) "Molly on the Shore" (b) "Tristan Tune"; (c) "Shepherd's Tune".....Grainger
"Rakoczy" March.....Berlioz
Rhapsody No. 1.....Liszt
Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods".....Strauss
"Marche Slav".....Tchaikovsky
Tuesday Evening, Aug. 5.
Symphony No. 1.....Brahms
"Egmont" overture.....Beethoven
"Death and Transfiguration".....Strauss
Wednesday Evening, Aug. 6.
(Mr. Reiner's last appearance.)
Wagner Program.

"Rienzi" overture.
"Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla."
"Ride of the Valkyries."
"Siegfried Climbing the Rocks to Brunnhilde."
"Siegfried's Funeral March."
Finale, "Götterdämmerung."

Thursday Evening, Aug. 7.
Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor.
"Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
"Academic Festival Overture".....Brahms
Symphonic fantasy, "Francesca da Rimini".....Tchaikovsky
Waltz, "Wiener Blue".....Strauss
Friday Evening, Aug. 8.
Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor.
Symphony No. 2 in F minor, "The Four Seasons".....Henry Hadley
"Les Preludes".....Liszt
Two waltzes for string orchestra, Dvorak
Overture, "1812".....Tchaikovsky
Saturday Evening, Aug. 9.
Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor.
Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana

2. Suite No. 1.....Tchaikovsky
3. "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla".....Wagner
4. Scenes pastorales for orchestra and trumpet obbligato.....Maganini
Solo trumpet, H. Glantz.
5. Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt

Among the novelties arranged for this season in conjunction with the Goldman Band concerts on the Mall in Central Park is a music memory contest, which will take place on Monday evening, Aug. 4. This is the first time a contest of this kind has been held in connection with these concerts, and, according to Mr. Goldman, it is arousing unusual interest. Numerous letters of inquiry arrive daily. On this particular occasion the Goldman Band, under the direction of Edwin Franko Goldman, will play short excerpts from about forty compositions and the names of the composers and selections will not be announced. The contestants will be requested to write down the name of each composition and its composer as it is played. The excerpts played for this contest will be chosen from among the many works that have been given during the Summer. Three prizes will be awarded to those having the greatest number of correct answers. The prizes will be one silver and two bronze medals. This contest is open to all except professional musicians. Special programs will be printed for this occasion, which will be arranged so that the answers can be written directly on them. Those desiring to take part in the contest are requested to bring pencils or fountain pens. This contest will prove interesting in many ways and will give a general idea as to how familiar the public is with the works of the masters and other standard works.

The contest proper will occupy the first half of the program and the second half will consist of four numbers by the Goldman Band:

Overture, "Mignon".....Thomias
Excerpts from "The Valkyrie".....Wagner
Excerpts from "The Grand Duchess".....Offenbach

Waino Kauppi will be the soloist. This evening the program will be devoted entirely to Russian composers, and Gena Fonarjova will be the soloist. Arnold Volpe, organizer and first conductor of the Stadium concerts seven years ago, at the invitation of Edwin Franko Goldman, will conduct the first part of the program, which is as follows:

1. "Marche Slav".....Tchaikovsky
2. Overture, "1812".....Tchaikovsky
3. "The Music Box".....Liladow
"Song of the Volga Boatmen".....Russian folk song
4. "Pathétique Symphony".....Tchaikovsky
5. "Kammermusik Ostrow".....Rubinstein
6. "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht kennt".....Tchaikovsky
Gena Fonarjova.
7. "Prelude".....Rachmaninov
8. "Cortège du Sordare".....Ivanov

Arnold Volpe Conducts

1924 Stadium Concert

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Arnold Volpe appeared as conductor of the Stadium concert on the evening of Aug. 12, presenting Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony in E minor and a group of Wagnerian selections. He

Closing Concerts of the Summer Season

Final Programs in the Stadium and Central Park

WITH WEDNESDAY NIGHT'S concert in the Lewisohn Stadium the summer season of the Philharmonic Orchestra comes to an end. As usual the closing program is by request from those attending the concerts of the first week in August and many thousand votes were cast, the winning numbers being Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony," Liszt's "Les Preludes," prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

The most ambitious program suggested for the closing night was one which consisted of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Strauss's "Alpine" Symphony and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony. The least pretentious was a ballot which asked for "The Lost Chord."

The complete programs follow:

Tonight

"Sakuntala" Overture.....Goldmark
"Unfinished" Symphony.....Schubert
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Waldeween from "Siegfried".....Wagner
Excerpts from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
(a) Introduction to Act III; (b) Walter's Prize Song; (c) Prelude.

Tomorrow Night

Introduction to Act III, "Lobengrin".....Wagner
Adagio from Symphony in C minor, No. 8.....Bruckner
Overture on Negro Themes.....James P. Dunn
Overture, "Pinnal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Suite, "The Fire Bird".....Stravinsky

Monday, August 18

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
"Unfinished" Symphony.....Schubert
"Finlandia".....Sibelius
Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre".....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Tuesday, August 19

Symphony No. 4.....Brahms
Overture, "Romeo and Juliet".....Tchaikovsky
Salome's Dance.....Richard Strauss
Huldigungsmarsch (March of Homeage).....Richard Wagner

Wednesday, August 20

(Last Night of the Season. Request Program, as Chosen by the Votes of the Stadium Audiences)
"Pathetic Symphony," No. 6.....Tchaikovsky
"The Preludes".....Liszt
Waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube".....Johann Strauss
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

Closing Goldman Concerts

The season of sixty concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park given through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel and Murry Guggenheim comes to a close one week from tomorrow night.

It is estimated that over a million and a half of people will have attended the concerts at the end of the twelve weeks. The closing programs follow:

Tomorrow Night

"Marche Solennelle".....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
"Chanson Triste".....Tchaikovsky
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture, "Zampa".....Herold
Habanera from "Carmen".....Bizet
Waltz, "New Vienna".....Strauss
Excerpts from "Faust".....Gounod

Monday, August 18

March, "The Thunderer".....Sousa
Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
Fritze, "Mlle. Modiste".....Herbert
Oriental Dance.....Herbert
Popular songs of the past.

"A Soldier's Dream".....Rogers
Excerpts from "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini

Wednesday, August 20

Overture, "Merle".....Wallace
Irish tune from "Twenty Derry".....Gralinger
Three famous Irish songs.....Lover
"The Low Backed Girl".....Old Irish
"Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow".....Old Irish
"Killarney".....Balle
Reminiscences of Ireland.....Godfrey
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
"Homing".....Del Riego

"A Birthday".....Woodman
Lotta Madden, soprano
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
"The Emblem of Free Love".....Ponchielli
"Dance of the Hours".....Ponchielli

Friday, August 22

"Marche Slave".....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "1812".....Tchaikovsky
"Chanson Triste".....Tchaikovsky
"Song Without Words".....Tchaikovsky
Two excerpts, "Pathetic Symphony".....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Concert Fantasia.....Clarke
Waino Kauppi, cornetist
Quartet, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
"Pan-American".....Herbert

Saturday, August 23

"Marche Slave".....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
Andante, "Surprise Symphony".....Haydn
Excerpts from "Faust".....Gounod
"Procession of Knights".....Wagner

"If Flowers Could Speak".....Mana-Zucca
Frances Sebel, soprano
"Kamennol Ostrow".....Rubinstein
"Evolution of Dixie".....Lake

Sunday, August 24

"Marche Militaire".....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
"None But the Lonely Heart".....Tchaikovsky
Waino Kauppi, cornetist
Intro. to Act III & Bridal Chorus.....Wagner
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas
Aria, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Lotta Madden, soprano
Waltz, "New Vienna".....Strauss
Second Rhapsody.....Liszt

Victor Herbert on the Scene

And that brings us naturally to the third epoch, that of Victor Herbert, for the first operetta of this great composer, whose death has left a void which is yet to be filled, "Prince Ananias," having been produced in November, 1894, nine months after "Utopia Limited," the last of the series of Gilbert and Sullivan in this country, had been heard here at the Broadway Theatre, there were few years after that in which a new Herbert operetta did not make its appearance. In passing, it might be remarked that De Koven's second opera, "Rob Roy," came to town the same October.

Just how many operettas Victor Herbert wrote is not in the records, but as far as the writer's memory extends there were over twenty-five, with one grand opera, "Natoma," to say nothing of much of the music in recent "Ziegfeld Follies," and that gloriously beautiful "Butterfly Ballet" in "Sally." But he did not confine his energies to light music, for he wrote a number of pieces for cello and orchestra, and one of the latest of them was that dream of melody "Indian Summer," so often played by the Philharmonic.

For Frank Daniels Herbert wrote his second and third operettas, "The Wizard of the Nile" in 1895 and "The Idol's Eye"

in 1896, and later "The Ameer" and "The Tattooed Man." For the Bostonians he wrote "The Serenade" and "The Viceroy"; for Alice Nielsen "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl"; for Fritz Scheff "Babette," "Mlle. Modiste," and "The Prima Donna"; for Francis Wilson, "Cyranos"; for Lulu Glaser, "Miss Dolly Dollars"; for Montgomery and Stone "The Red Mill," and "The Lady of the Slipper"; for Emma Trentini and Orville Harrold, and, skipping the years to more recent times, "Princess Pat," in which every one rejoiced with Eleanor Painter.

Inexhaustible Well of Melody

Victor Herbert's well of melody seemed inexhaustible, lasting to the very end, for "The Dream Girl" is as full of joyous song as the many that have gone before. And why not? He was only sixty-five when he went to the beyond and apparently as full of life, youth and vigor as ever. He had lived for his art and in his art, which kept him always young, and nearly forty years of his life was in New York, where most of his music was written, and, although born in Ireland and educated in Germany, he was a true American at heart.

Grandson of Samuel Lever, the great Irish novelist and character Irish song writer, he inherited the wit of his grandfather, as is frequently seen in his music, which is full of quaint turns, mischievous tempos and always the unexpected. It was not at all surprising that he should have taken up the cello as his instrument, for it is melody itself. How

it sings and how it dances under the master's hands and when Herbert was first 'cello in Seidl's orchestra his moods were reflected in his instrument. Now it sang, now it danced, now it wept and he took its glorious tones with him into his music.

Although Herbert had a most extraordinary command of the technique of composition, no one ever enjoyed more than he his many violations of rules. He seemed to be laughing up his sleeve as he made his puppets dance in rhythm to his most unrhythmic moods, and as they danced the rhythm became perfect and his hearers rubbed their eyes and wondered why they didn't recognize the perfect form of music at the outset.

And those melodies, he shook them from

his finger ends in unending procession. Now grave, now gay; now stately, now humorous, and always full of wondrous beauty. He revelled in contrasts. Listen to "The Babes in Toyland" and that stirring march of the toys, the frivolous "Put Down Six and Carry Two" and then that glorious music of the raft scene with its splendid harmonies. Then recall the quaint rhythm of "Absinthe Frappe," the swinging "Gypsy's Love Song" and "Kiss Me Again," and the contrasting wonders of the lilting dances and the superb church music of "Natoma," when the audiences laughed and mourned with Natoma as Mary Garden portrayed her. He painted music as did Mrs. Whitney her verse:

In pearly colors, for life is
Sad and rich with tender purples,
Veined even with black;
Yet glad with contrasting and prevailing gold,
The sunshine that lies always at the heart of it.

The Goldman Band

EDWIN FRANKO GOLDMAN and his band of sixty musicians ended their seventh and most successful season last Sunday in Central Park. In regard to length of season and average attendance no other organization has ever equaled its record. During the twelve weeks which began June 2 and ended Aug. 24, the Goldman Band played to estimated audiences totaling 1,500,000. Its programs embraced works by Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Verdi, Puccini, Liszt, &c. Not only were they greatly enjoyed, but they were of a high educational and artistic order. On the last evening Mr. Goldman received an ovation from a crowd of 60,000 persons.

Sixty concerts were given and the compositions of 106 composers were played. The following list alphabetically arranged consists of the names of the composers and the number of times their works appeared on the programs:

Adams	1	Litolff	2
Auber	4	Lover	1
Bach	3	MacDowell	9
Bagley	1	Mana-Zucca	8
Balle	2	Mancinelli	2
Barnby	1	Mascagni	4
Beach	2	Mason	1
Beethoven	12	Massenet	13
Berlioz	1	Mendelssohn	10
Bishop	1	Meyerbeer	3
Bizet	5	Mozzowsky	3
Boccherini	1	Mozart	7
Brahms	6	Nesvada	2
Brandels	3	Nevin	2
Bucalossi	2	Nicola	2
Cadman	1	Ocho	3
Chopin	3	Orth	1
Clarke	1	Offenbach	3
Coleridge-Taylor	1	Paderewski	3
Debussy	2	Page	1
De Koven	2	Planquette	1
Del Riego	1	Ponchielli	5
Donizetti	1	Puccini	8
Dvorak	2	Rachmaninoff	4
Elgar	1	Rimsky-Korsakoff	4
Felov	1	Rameau	3
Fowler	1	Roberts	3
Ganne	2	Rogers	6
Gluck	8	Rossini	9
Godfrey	3	Rubinstein	11
Goldman	20	Saenger	2
Goldmark	4	Saint-Saens	7
Gounod	12	Scharwenka	3
Gralinger	1	Schubert	14
Granados	2	Schumann	5
Grieg	9	Sibelius	8
Hadley	4	Skilton	1
Handel	10	Smetana	2
Hartman	1	Sousa	2
Haydn	1	Speaks	2
Herbert	17	Stravinsky	18
Hosmer	1	Sullivan	10
Ivanow	1	Suppe	2
Kelley	1	Sydensen	2
Kozmak	1	Thomas	3
Lake	1	Tchaikovsky	41
Lehar	1	Verdi	16
Leoncavallo	1	Wagner	13
Liberati	1	Wallace	2
Lidow	1	Weber	2
Liszt	11	Woodman	1
		Ziehrer	1

From the above list it will be seen that Wagner leads with 53 performances, followed by Tchaikovsky with 41. The list is a truly remarkable one for a band, and many of the numbers performed were never heard previously except when given by a symphony orchestra. A high standard has been set by the Goldman Band and it is recorded that the largest audiences were attracted by Wagner and Tchaikovsky programs.

American composers were well represented with the following twenty-six names: Adams, Bagley, Mrs. Beach, Cadman, Clarke, De Koven, Fowler, Goldman, Hadley, Herbert, Hosmer, Kelley, Lake, MacDowell, Mason, Nevin, Orth, Page, Roberts, Rogers, Saenger, Skilton, Sousa, Speaks, Woodman and Mana-Zucca.

New and enlarged plans are being laid for next season. Mr. Goldman announced at the last concert that arrangements were in progress for a transcontinental tour, to take place early in the Spring.

COMPOSERS REPRESENTED ON DIUM PROGRAMS, 1924.

Composer and Number of Performance
Wagner.....39
Tchaikovsky.....24
Beethoven.....13
Richard Strauss.....12
Liszt.....9
Johann Strauss.....9
Brahms.....8
Mendelssohn.....8
Rimsky-Korsakoff.....5
Verdi.....5
Two Performances—Borodin, Bizet, Delibes, Dukas, Carl Goldmark, Ippolit Ivanoff, Langley, MacDowell, Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

One Performance—Bruckner, Charpentier, Debussy, Delibes, D'Indy, Donizetti, Elgar, Franck, Glazounoff, Grieg, Goldmark, Grieg, Hadley, Hellmesberger, Janini, Respighi, Rossini, Taylor, Tchaikovsky, Von Suppe, Weber, Weismann, Wilson, Wilson, Saint-Saens.

STADIUM NOVELTIES, SEASON 1924.

(Works presented first time at Stadium.)
Beethoven—Symphony No. 9.
Debussy—"Iberia."
Debussy-Ravel—"Danse 'Sarabande'."
D'Indy—"L'Isle."
Glazounoff—"Stenka Razin."
Carl Goldmark—Ballet music, "Queen Sheba."
Rubin Goldmark—"Negro Rhapsody."
Hellmesberger—Ball Scene for strings.
Langley-Waltz, "Children's Songs"; waltz "Spirit of Autumn."
Liszt—"Hungaria."
Maganini—"Scene Pastorale."
Rachmaninoff—"Isle of Death"; Symphony No. 2.
Respighi—"Ballad of the Gnomes."
Strauss—"Alpine" Symphony, "Burlische Stravinsky-Suite, "The Fire Bird," first works; suite, "Petrouchka."
Taylor—"Through the Looking Glass."
Tchaikovsky—Symphony No. 2.
Wagner—Finale, Act III, of "Siegfried."
Weiner—Serenade for small orchestra.
Weismann—Dance fantasy.
Wetzler—Overture to "As You Like It."

WILSON-SUITE, "Thief of Bagdad." Dunn—Overture on negro themes.

SYMPHONIES PERFORMED AT STADIUM SEASON 1924.

Beethoven—3, 5, 7, 8, 9.
Brahms—1, 2, 3, 4.
Bruckner—8 (adagio only).
Dvorak—"From the New World."
Franck—"D minor."
Hadley—"The Four Seasons."
Rachmaninoff—No. 2.
Schubert—C major, "Unfinished."
Strauss—"Alpine."
Tchaikovsky—2, 4, 5, 6.

Next Monday evening at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Clemente de Macchi, executive director, and his company will begin a two weeks' engagement, including "Traviata," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," "The Barber." The cast includes Edoardo Ferrari-Fantana, Benicene de Pasquelli, Eleanor de Cisneros, Nocola Zerola, Carlo Petrucci, Albert Terrasi, Constance Wardle, Adelaide Vilma, Gertrude Bianco, Dorothy Edwards, Giovanni Guerieri, Alfonso Attanasio and Ella Palma.

Sept 14 1924

LAST evening's performance of "Aida" by the Manhattan Grand Opera Association, at the Manhattan Opera House, inaugurated the season of music-drama in New York City. The regular fortnightly engagement of that organization opens tomorrow night at the former Hammerstein house in Thirty-fourth Street with "La Traviata," wherein Mme. Adriana Bocanera, the newly arrived Italian coloratura, will make her American debut.

Mme. Bocanera, according to the Manhattan management, is the coloratura personally chosen by Mascagni some weeks back, in Italy, when that noted musical personage thought of coming to America again himself. The singer is said to possess a glorious voice and exceptional ability as an actress, although she is but 26. She has sung in the prominent opera houses of Italy and Austria, and her most successful roles are reported to be in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Aida," "Lucia," "Donizetti," "Mazda," "Leda," "Giselle," "The American premiere, Signor Roselle Baldoni, tenor, and Jorgen Bendix, baritone, from the Royal Opera, Copenhagen, will be in the cast.

Tuesday night's "Tosca" (changed from "La Gioconda") will be staged in honor of Lieutenant Antonio Locatelli, famous Italian aviator, and his fellow-American fliers, Mme. Beatrice Melaragno, Italian-American soprano, will have the title part; Signor Giuseppe Radasoli, the new Italian tenor, and Mr. Bendix (as Scarpia) will be in the cast. Wednesday: Double bill—"Cavalleria Rusticana," with both Nelson as Santuzza, "Pagliacci," with Frances Calzavara as Nedda.

Thursday: "Norma"—Mmes. Clara
Bo, Frances Paperte; Messrs. Ol-
li, Oliviero, Ruisi.
Friday: "Rigoletto," with Mmes. Boc-
cana, Pilzer; Messrs. Baldri, Zaga-
Palazzi.
Saturday: "Il Trovatore"—Mmes.
Maragno, Nelson; Messrs. Radaelli,
Zaroli, Ruisi.
The second week's repertoire promises
a number of novelties and will be duly
announced.

"da" Opens Season at Manhattan Opera House

An enjoyable performance of "Aida" on
Saturday night gave a propitious start to
the two weeks' engagement of Alfredo
Sinaghi's company at the Manhattan
Opera House. It was New York's first
chance to hear opera this season, and the
enthusiasm of the audience testified to the ap-
preciation of the opportunity. What must
be delighted the management is that
the crowd was as enthusiastic as it was
large. No purveyor of operatic fare could
have a more ebullient set of hearers than
the one which filled the Manhattan to over-
flowing. If singers are inspired by the
applauds of those in front of the footlights
the members of Saturday night's cast
must have been at their best.

These singers were new here, but they
gave a good account of themselves in a
popular performance of one of the most
popular of all operas. They attempted
nothing more than to exploit the familiar
melodies of Verdi's gorgeous work and they
were more insistent upon emphasis than
on ornament. This, however, was exactly
what the audience expected and desired,
and it showed its satisfaction in unmis-
takeable fashion.

Madames was sung by Giuseppe Radaelli,
who proved to be the star of the per-
formance. Like his fellow singers he had
a tendency to mistake violence for power,
his exaggerations were unable to con-
vey a note of genuine dramatic force in
his voice and his acting. His efforts
toward his audience to wild acclaim, a
circumstance which unfortunately is not
likely to tempt him to infuse the needed
vitality into his vocal and dramatic ac-
tivities.

The title role was sung by Martha Du
Lac, who was better in the ensemble
parts of the opera than in less crowded
scenes. This unevenness detracted some-
what from her presentation of the hero-
ine, but on the whole she gave a pleasing
impression of the tragedy beset maiden.
Dorothy Pilzer's "Amneris" deserved a
more favorable setting than was afforded
by the vigorous singing and acting of
her associates. Her voice could not cope
with theirs and consequently its good
quality was not always displayed to the
advantage.

Monasro, as depicted by Alfredo Zaga-
ro, was unduly barbarous. This singer is
endowed with a fine baritone voice, but he
does not give it an opportunity to do itself
justice. He continually forced it out in
explosive bursts instead of allowing it to
pour itself forth in a rich, full stream.

Much of the credit for the success of the
performance belongs to the orchestra. This
is somewhat remarkable in view of the fact
that it was small. Individual skill plus the
excellent conducting of Emilio Capizzano
overcame this handicap. If every con-
ductor made as good use of the means at
his disposal as the conductor of the Man-
hattan Grand Opera Company, Orchestra
troups of his, the average of orchestra
troups in this country would be materially
improved.

After the sound and fury of "Aida,"
the languishing cadences of "Travi-
ata" fell on grateful ears at the Man-
hattan last night. On Saturday, the
enjoyable performance of the new Ital-
ian opera company gave vent to the
least Nile that has ever beaten
the walls of the old Hammer-
stein temple. With this second per-
formance, however, the hubbub of
the band and orchestra was toned down
and the perfumed drawing-room
of the lady of the camellias and the
it was a much more finished and

agreeable production for performers
and audience alike.

One of the reasons for this was
the arrival of Adriana Boccanera, a
young singer from La Scala, who
chose Violetta for her debut in New
York. Her voice has resonance and
natural clarity, though it often
seemed suddenly muted by a certain
apathy, and it is altogether lacking
in the dramatic warmth which the
role demands. For Violetta, though a
coloratura role, depends also upon the
fervor and frenetic power of the dy-
ing woman, grasping frantically at
her ebbing hours of delight, and each
singer faces this difficulty. Violetta
must die, but she needs must sing as
well, and the choice usually leaves
the stage to an incredibly robust con-
sumptive. Boccanera was no excep-
tion, but she did manage to achieve
a certain plaintive lyricism which was
often appealing.

She was supported by a cheerful
chorus, clad in costumes of at least
three different periods, and by Bald-
rich as Alfredo and Ganeoli as
Giorgio. As on the opening night,
the house was packed to the back row
of standees and to the highest box
seats, whose occupants almost pre-
cipitated themselves to the stage in
the violence of their enthusiasm.

A. S.

"TRAVIATA" AT MANHATTAN.

Italians Warmly Greet Adriana
Boccanera at Her Debut as Violetta.

Italians of New York sympathetically
reinforced by the local Spanish colony,
again crowded the Manhattan Opera
House last evening at the second per-
formance of Italian opera. Singers
brought here in advance of the season
by Messrs. Salmagel, Ferrari and other
associates. It was a gala audience, as
well as one of wholly foreign aspect,
that greeted with true Latin warmth
the debut of Miss Adriana Boccanera
as Verdi's Violetta. Assisting were
Rogelio Baldri and Giuseppe Maero,
a tenor and baritone long known here
in occasional opera festivals of their
compatriots. Emilio Capizzano con-
ducted "La Traviata" as something
more than a tinkling accompaniment to
the voices, notably in its borrowed death
scene from "Camille," and the leader
deservedly shared in the recalls.

The young coloratura soprano, Miss
Boccanera, merited in no small degree
the audience's evident curiosity regard-
ing her. In spite of a too persistent
tremolo suggesting a permanent wave,
she sang with assurance, clear-cut
phrase and correct pitch the famous
airs of other days. An effort to be
dramatic is inevitable on the modern
stage. In gesture Miss Boccanera was
not always happy, but the touch of
awkwardness carried out an illusion of
youth, where the voice had rather the
note of maturity.

At the first curtain Miss Boccanera
received baskets of flowers, from which
she scattered blossoms over the orches-
tra, while again after the second act
she and her more experienced compan-
ions received a popular ovation.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late
editions.)

The Manhattan Opera Company
chose "Tosca" last night as the
opera to honor Lieut. Antonio Loca-
telli. This left a strained political
situation on both sides of the foot-
lights. For while Mario was bewail-
ing his political intrigue on the stage
a detail of police were guarding the
opera house entrance to prevent
further clashes between the pro and
the anti-Fascisti. When the young
aviator arrived, however, late in the
second act, he was greeted by cheers
and the Roman salute, and only a
few hisses were smothered in the
crowd. He also gallantly contrived
to enter the box reserved for him
without disturbing a note of the
"Vissi D'Arte."

Aside from excitement surrounding
the young visitor, it was an unevent-
ful performance with Radaelli as the
reliable type of Mario and Gandolfi
as a suave and sinister Scarpia.
Beatrice Melaragno, the Tosca,
seemed so badly frightened in the first
act that her voice was strangled to
incoherence. Later, it opened into
greater clarity and flexibility, but her
manner refused to relax and she
knifed her foul villain with an air of
nervous apology. Emilio Capizzano
conducted his small orchestra with
unusual care and sympathy.

In spite of the advertised "honor
performance" the crowd was far less

than at "Aida" and "Traviata." Per-
haps opera audiences are shy of honor
performances. Or perhaps it marks
only the box-office ratings of Verdi
and Puccini.

A. S.

OPERATIC TWINS HEARD.

Edith Nelson, Soprano, Makes Debut
in "Cavalleria" at Manhattan.

The Manhattan Opera Company gave
last night as their fourth offering those
inseparable operatic twins, "Pagliacci"
and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

In the latter Edith Nelson, an Ameri-
can soprano, made her debut in the role
of Santuzza, supported by a group of
principals and chorus well known to
these audiences. "Pagliacci" was chiefly
distinguished by the Nedds of Frances
Cairore. Emilio Capizzano conducted
both operas.

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A. S.

Daca, the collector and singer of cow-
boy songs, will give a series of six Sun-
day afternoon recitals at the Triangle
(between Eleventh and Perry, on Sev-
enth Avenue), Sept. 14, 21 and 28 and
Oct. 5, 12 and 19. Dacs's repertoire,
besides his own collection of cowboy,
negro, mountaineer and other American
folk songs, includes specimens from the
principal folk and art treasures of the
world. Gypsy lullabies, Spanish seren-
ades, Mexican love songs, find a place
on his programs, as well as German,
French and Italian songs.

Last night the Manhattan Opera
House revived "Norma" as the fifth
offering of its fortnight operatic sea-
son. Agnes Robinson and Oldrati and
Zagaroli were in the principal roles.
The opera for to-night will be "Rigo-
letto."

THE eighth annual New York sea-
son of the San Carlo Grand
Opera Company will open at the
Jolson Theatre Monday evening,
Sept. 22, with "Rigoletto."

The repertoire for the week includes
many popular works, with Verdi
and Puccini dominating. The usual mid-
week matinee on Thursday will not be
introduced until the second week of the
engagement. The Pavley-Oukrainsky
Ballet Russe, which proved such a popu-
lar feature last season, will make its
first appearance on the opening night
after the conclusion of the opera, dan-
cing a series of divertissements.

For the first week the repertoire is as
follows:

Monday, "Rigoletto," with Josephine
Lucchese, Ada Bore, Demetrio Onofrei,
Mario Basiola, Pietro de Biasi and Na-
tale Cervi. Dancing divertissements by
Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet. Musical di-

rector, Cav. Fulgenzio Guerrieri.

Tuesday, "Aida," with Bianca Sarova,
Stella de Mette, Gaetano Tommasini,
Mario Basiola, Pietro de Biasi and Na-
tale Cervi. Incidental ballet by the
Pavley-Oukrainsky company. Fulgenzio
Guerrieri, musical director.

Wednesday, "Tosca," with Anne
Roselle, Manuel Salazar, Mario Valle,
Pietro de Biasi, Francesco Curci, Ful-
genzio Guerrieri, musical director.

Thursday, "La Traviata," with Tina
Paggi, Miriam Mounet, Demetrio Ono-
frei, Mario Basiola, Natale Cervi; inci-
dental ballet by the Pavley-Oukrainsky
company; Alberto Baccolini, conductor.

Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with
Gladys Axman, Stella de Mette, Gaet-
ano Tommasini, Giuseppe Interrante,
Aldo Franchetti, conductor. Followed
by "Pagliacci," with Anne Roselle,
Manuel Salazar, Mario Basiola, Ful-
genzio Guerrieri, conductor.

Saturday matinee, "Madame Batter-
fly," with Tamaki Miura, Ada Bore,
Demetrio Onofrei, Mario Valle, Pietro
de Biasi, Natale Cervi, Francesco Curci,
Aldo Franchetti, conductor.

Saturday evening, "Il Trovatore," with
Clara Jacobo, Stella de Mette, Manuel
Salazar, Giuseppe Interrante, Pietro de
Biasi; incidental ballet by Pavley-
Oukrainsky company; Alberto Bacco-
lini, conductor.

By Deems Taylor

"RIGOLETTO" AT JOLSON'S.

If the musical season in New York
might be compared to a vaudeville
performance—and it hereby is—the
San Carlo Grand Opera Company
might be called its trained seals. Not,
one hastily adds, that the two per-
formances are alike, except in excel-
lence of discipline; for the San
Carlovingians display more variety in
costume and infinitely better vocal
resources. But like the seals, For-
tune Gallo's songsters open the bill.
Every year they arrive punctually in
September to remind a scarcely
seated audience that the lyric feast
is on.

The company opened this season
last night at Jolson's Theatre with
a performance that possessed the
enormous distinction of not being
"Aida." That comes this evening.
Last night it was "Rigoletto," a
choice from which an amazingly
large audience, considering the rain,
seemed to derive great comfort.

The performance, while it was
strictly a routine affair, was smooth
and satisfactory. Its only striking
newcomer was Demetrio Onofrei, a
young tenor with a pleasant voice
and personality who sang the role of
the Duke with confidence and consid-
erable effectiveness. There was a
very good performance of the title
role by Mario Basiola and a fairly
good one of Sparafucile by Pietro di
Biasi, with Josephine Lucchese, in
fine voice, as a charming Gilda.

The chorus was not over numer-
ous, but it was industrious, and Ful-
genzio Guerrieri, one of the late
Boston Opera Company, kept his or-
chestra in laudable subordination to
the singers without the aid of a
baton. The audience, as hinted be-
fore, was rapturous.

VARIOUS MUSIC EVENTS.

Joseph Bobrovitch, a Lithuanian tenor,
gives the season's first recital this eve-
ning at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The Women's University Glee Club be-
gins its second season tomorrow eve-
ning at Allerton House, 130 East Fifty-
seventh Street, led by Gerald Reynolds.

Frank Laforese, baritone, sailing for
Italy, had a concert in the Town Hall
last night, assisted by Rose Calvano and
Rogelio Baldri.

Baron Sebastian Droste is to give a
performance of exotic dances on Oct. 14
at Carnegie Hall, assisted by Countess
Milodecki.

By Deems Taylor

"LA BOHEME" AT JOLSON'S.

Fortune Gallo elected to begin the
San Carlo Opera Company's second

week at Jolson's Theatre with "La Boheme," and had his judgment triumphantly vindicated by an audience that crowded the house four deep with standees.

The opera fits well into a comparatively small house, and last night's performance went swimmingly. Chief credit for its success should perhaps go to Puccini, Fulgenzio Guerrieri and William Fink, in the order named. Puccini provided the show. Mr. Guerrieri conducted it with much variety and energy and Mr. Fink lighted the stage most effectively.

The singers labored diligently, but not quite so successfully. The most interesting of them was Mr. Onofrei as Rodolfo. He was by no means in perfect voice, but he acted gracefully and looked the young poet to perfection. Any tenor who can preserve such a waistline as Mr. Onofrei's may be forgiven much.

The other three Bohemians, sung by Messrs. Valle, de Biasi and Interante, were a very serious little group of madcaps, keeping a vigilant eye on a conductor and romping strictly to a schedule. Mr. Cervi doubled as Benoit and Alcindoro, and was very rying.

Anne Roselle sang Mimi with great gusto, and seemed to be much admired. Hes was scarcely a timid Mimi. Madeline Collins, a newcomer, made a comely and spirited Musetta. Her voice is good but untrammelled.

At the conclusion of the "La Boheme" performance the prodigal Mr. Sallo gave his audience an extra evening's measure by presenting the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet company in a series of divertissements. As the home town papers say, the party broke up at a late hour.

1924 October's Three

- 3-Leonida Coroni, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 4-Frie Arbelter Stimme, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 5-Colin O'More, tenor, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 6-Rhys Morgan, tenor, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 6-Mark Gunzberg and Sascha Fildelman, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 8-Alexander Brachocki, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 9-Carmen Reuben, mezzo-soprano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 10-Hugo Kortschak, violin, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 11-Bernardo Olschansky, songs, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 11-Milton Schwarz, violin, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 12-Alma Gluck, soprano, afternoon, Manhattan Opera House.
- 12-Mischa Elman, violin, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 12-Anna Furst, soprano, afternoon, Town Hall.
- 13-George Fuchs, violin, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 13-Dorely Miller Duckwitz, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 14-Harold Samuel, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 14-Beatrice Maek, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 14-Substant Droate, dancer, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 15-Rod Piniagua, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 15-Harold Berkley, violin, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 16-Patrick Williams, songs, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 16-Philharmonic Society, evening, Carnegie Hall.

- 17-Philharmonic Society, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 17-Vladimir de Pachmann, piano, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 17-Harold Samuel, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 17-Anna Pavlova, evening, Manhattan Opera House.
- 18-Florence Stern, violin, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 18-Andrew Haig, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 18-Rosa Ralea, Giacomo Rimini, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 18-Sigmund Schwarzenstein, violin, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 19-Ira Kremer, songs, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 19-Fedor Chalapin, basso, evening, Manhattan Opera House.
- 19-Carlos Sedano, violin, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 19-Godfrey Ludlow, violin, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 20-Edwin Ideler, violin, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 20-Cara Clemens, songs, afternoon, Town Hall.
- 20-Vladimir Rosling, songs, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 20-Sara P. Grossman, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 21-Arthur Hartman, violin, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 21-Philadelphia Orchestra, evening, Carnegie Hall.

- 21-Anna Carbone, organ, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 22-Alberto Sclarettili, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 22-State Symphony Orchestra, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 22-E. Robert Schmitz, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 23-Ruth Breton, violin, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 23-Arnie Fittin, songs, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 24-Loretta Chatman, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 24-Ota G. gl and Maryon Vadie, afternoon, Town Hall.
- 24-Paul and Harris, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 24-Maria Theres, dancer, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 24-Aur Hull and Mary Howe, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 25-Ossip Gabrilowitsch, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 25-Roland Hayes, tenor, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 25-Hipolito Lazaro, tenor, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 25-Nina Tarasova, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 26-Louise Homer and Louise H. Stires, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 26-Ruth Raymond, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 26-John McCormack, tenor, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 26-Dora Doso, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 27-Clara Clemens, songs, afternoon, Town Hall.
- 27-Bertha Farmer, songs, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 27-Beethoven Association, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 28-Gordon R. Thayer, piano, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 28-Soprano Barozzi, violin, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 28-Yvonne Abaz, violin, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 28-Rober Johnston, violin, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 29-Philharmonic Society, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 29-Winifred McBride, piano, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 30-New York Symphony, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 30-Rose Thornton, songs, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 30-Philharmonic Society, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 30-Eva Gauthier, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 31-Philharmonic Society, afternoon, Carnegie Hall.
- 31-Florence Mulford, songs, afternoon, Aeolian Hall.
- 31-Mischa Leon, songs, evening, Aeolian Hall.
- 31-New York Symphony, evening, Carnegie Hall.

By Deems Taylor

THE ONLY GENUINE.

The San Carlo Opera Company gave its first repeat performance at Jolson's last night, offering "Madame Butterfly" for the second time in five days. Puccini's perennial best-seller seems as much a favorite as ever, to judge from the size and behavior of yesterday evening's audience. Incidentally, the suggestion, broached in Prof. Brown's column the other day, that Admiral Plunkett's janissaries investigate the opera's scandalous reflections on the United States Navy, seems to have been ignored. At least there were no cries of "shame" when Pinkerton and Sharpless discussed the relative merits of milk punch and whiskey, and Lient, Pinkerton's deplorable goings-on with Cho Cho San met with nothing but the heartiest applause from the shameless auditors.

The Pinkerton of the evening was, by the way, a much more credible American naval officer than he usually is—thanks to Mr. Onofrei, who both looked and acted the part. A little more singing experience and a bit more confidence in his stage business should make the young Roumanian tenor a real addition to the operatic ranks.

The title role was enacted by Tamaki Miura, who, more than any Butterfly we have ever seen, suggests a real Japanese. Mme. Miura gave her familiar vital and moving performance, one that is all the more extraordinary because it is achieved with the slenderest of vocal means. What she lacks in voice she more than makes up for by the skilful technique, dramatic power and utter sincerity that she brings to the role. Granted its vocal shortcomings, Tamaki Miura's Cho Cho San is by far the most satisfying to be seen on the contemporary operatic stage.

The remainder of the cast were competent but undistinguished, with Mr. Valle as a conventional Sharpless, Ada Bore as Suzuki, and Mr. Cervi, who is fast becoming our favorite buckeye comedian, as Yamadori. Mr. Franchetti conducted well. There being no ballet in the opera, the Pavley-Oukrainsky Company appeared after the regular performance, presenting five divertissements.

San Carlo Opera Company Sings Well in "Otello"

The San Carlo company's "Otello" on Saturday evening was so well sung that it was a double pity that the production as a whole did not carry conviction. For this the scenery and costumes were largely responsible; when so many periods and styles are mixed together as they were here they cancel each other out, and we are left with just—opera, that is to say, a form of art that has no resemblance to any life that any man has ever known, a thing that is wholly the creation of librettists and scene painters and machinists.

The method of production did nothing to dispel this feeling of all-wrongness that the scenery gave us. By no effort of the historical imagination can we picture to ourselves Otello strolling down stage reading a book so obviously of today in its get-up; he looked as if he had just got it from the local circulating library, and was in hopes of settling down to a quiet reading of it in his dressing gown, if only that worrying fellow Iago would leave him alone for five minutes.

The chorus work was mechanical, as it had been in the two or three other productions of the company that I had seen during the week. The chorus produces tone enough for all purposes, but it never seems to think that it is its duty to take an intelligent interest in what is going on around it: it just lines up and sings, like a concert party in costume. Particularly in "Otello" is intelligent chorus work necessary, for Verdi's choral writing here is too often a hark-back to the conventions of his early and middle period. Against the finer, closer texture of the solo portions of the opera they show as a rather clumsy patch. The way to make us less conscious of this is for the chorus to put a dramatic life into its action that is not in the music; to line up like lay figures and merely sing is to make us too conscious that what it is singing is second-rate stuff that is only there because Verdi and Boito were still slaves to operatic convention.

But the singing was very good, particularly that of Mr. Manuel Salazar as Otello and that of Mr. Mario Basiola as Iago. Mr. Salazar's softer tones, beautiful as they were to the ear, rather destroyed for me the illusion that he was Otello, who should surely preserve something of his bull-like power even in his more melting moments. Mr. Basiola's acting was not as subtle as one could have wished, but his voice was always a pleasure. Miss Bianca Saroya, as Desdemona, had to face the usual paradoxical difficulty: to act the ingenue well a woman has to be an experienced actress, but in the case of opera singers the experience shows unconsciously in the timbres of the voice, so that every effort to suggest youthful innocence in the bearing and gestures is frustrated by the sophisticated vocal inflections. But if Miss Saroya did not quite give us Shakespeare's heroine, she at any rate presented us with a well-sung operatic character.

The smaller parts were all well done, and Mr. Fulgenzio Guerrieri got a good deal of animated playing out of the small orchestra.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

San Carlo Company Repeats "Aida."

The San Carlo Opera Company opened its third week at Jolson's Theatre with Verdi's "Aida." This second performance of the opera saw a few changes in the principals. Mme. Bianca Saroya sang the leading rôle, Stella de Mette the part of Amneris, Manuel Salazar appeared as Rhadames, while Mario Valle and Pietro de Biasi filled the other important parts. Fulgenzio Guerrieri directed. The incidental dances were given by the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet.

Brachocki, Pianist, Plays Again.

Alexander Brachocki gave his second New York recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. The program included Beethoven, Bach and Chopin, and of the three Mr. Brachocki seemed more spiritually akin to the first than to the others. This does not mean that he was an ideal interpreter of any of them, for in the

Koussevitzky to Begin Directing Boston Symphony Orchestra This Week

I UNDERSTAND that Koussevitzky gives his first concert with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a day or two. It will be interesting to see how the Bostonians and later the New Yorkers take to him. He will have, I suppose, his fanatical admirers and his irreconcilable detractors; but I am sure that with the main body of sensible American music lovers he will quickly make good.

One little misunderstanding with regard to him had better be got rid of at once. In a recent very able article on conductors in an American magazine I read something to this effect (I cannot remember the exact phrasing of the earlier part of the sentence)—that in getting Koussevitzky to succeed Monteux Boston had exchanged a serious artist for a prima donna conductor. I do not think that sentence could have been written by any one who ever heard of Koussevitzky.

We all know what the prima donna in general is. She is a lady with one or two striking qualities that blind the uncritical mass to her many obvious defects. She has many faults, but even her worst enemies have never accused her of being particularly intelligent or particularly musical; her knowledge of the art is limited, her repertory consists of a few stale works and her apparatus of a few old stunts. Here and there a prima donna escapes this classification; but this, roughly, is what the world of music means when it uses "prima donna" as a term of reproach.

In no sense whatever does the term apply to Koussevitzky. He is a musician of the first order. He is interested in every period and every phase of music. The prima donna would go on to doomsday with her "Caro nome" and "Una voce," and "Ah, fors e lui"; Koussevitzky's repertory is a large one, and he is always adding to it not only from the present but from neglected works of the past. And the comparison finally breaks down on the most important point of all. The prima donna is not in the least interested in music, but only in herself and the effect she can make on the audience. Koussevitzky, for all his individuality, has never once given me the impression of doing anything for effect. We may differ from this or that reading of his of a familiar work; but on reflection we have to admit that nothing has been imposed upon the music from the outside, but that Koussevitzky has simply passed it through his own intellect and his own temperament as an actor does with his part.

In trying to remove what seems to be a slight initial prejudice against Koussevitzky I must guard myself against seeming to attempt to arouse an initial prepossession in his favor. He will be in New York soon, and music lovers here will be able to judge him for themselves. And though I personally would rank him among the three or four greatest living conductors, I have no desire to force my opinion in advance upon a public that has not yet heard him. There will be opportunity enough to discuss his readings in detail after his New York concerts, when musicians can judge the critic as well as the conductor.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

works needing faultless or brilliant execution the pianist did not make any indelible impression, but in the Beethoven he did create a bond of sympathy and understanding and open a door to contemplation.

Much that he did gave a pleasurable reaction and kept the too critical analysis in abeyance, but there was no scaling the heights or sounding the depths. Mr. Brachocki kept to the safer and more commonplace paths and gave his audience an evening of enjoyment, for which they repaid him in applause and recalls.

San Carlo Company Sings "Faust."

"Faust" was sung to a crowded house last evening at Jolson's Theatre, where it was the fifteenth opera staged by the San Carlo Company this fall. Beyond most of its predecessors, it filled the stage with life and action, notably in a kirmess scene with the Pavley-Oukrainsky dancers. Leading rôles, too.

were better sung than in many performances on a like popular scale abroad.

Miss Roselle gave to Marguerite the familiar French of Gounod's version, which was that of her training. Italian, however, was the language of the company as a whole, and Mr. Martino, lent by the Metropolitan to the younger troupe, had learned Mephisto anew in that tongue. Mr. Onofrei was Faust, a shy lover, young and slender as Goethe pictured him, but not faint-hearted when he sang. Others were Basilio, the Misses Bore and Palea, and Mr. Guerrieri conducted.

J. C. D.

Carmen Reuden in Song Recital.

Carmen Reuden gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening before an audience friendly and responsive in its attitude. And, indeed, the disarming simplicity and earnestness of the singer made amends for some of her obvious shortcomings. One thing, Miss Reuden had prepared an attractive and unhackneyed program of songs, graceful and melodious. Some of them she sang quite well, others not so acceptably, but she has recalled after every song group, and after the third received a quantity of flowers. She was excellently accompanied by Charles King, one of whose songs (in manuscript) also figured on the program.

second trip to the Continent.

MUSIC

By Deems Taylor

A PROFESSIONAL CALL.

"A Portrait of a Music Critic Seeking His Prey" might have been this scribe's title as he prowled about yesterday afternoon seeking what he might devour. The scheduled matinee of "Marta" by the San Carlo Company suffered a postponement, as such things occasionally do, so we decided to attend the matinee of "Bevitched," which somebody said had nusk in it. Unfortunately "Bevitched" had no Thursday matinee, which rather interfered with our project. So we finally took refuge in the Rivoli, finding there some real music and considerable food for thought.

The real music was a group of Russian folksong transcriptions, arranged by Josiah Zuro and sung as prologue to the Gloria Swanson picture, and the food for thought was the reflection that if it had been one half so well in one of the concert halls it would have been hailed with considerable critical acclaim. The songs comprised a fascinating ve-four "Maids' Chorus" from Linka's "A Life for the Czar," one each from Rimsky's "May Night" and "Snow Maiden" and an unfamiliar bit from Smetana's "Dalibor." They were sung in costume by Miriam Lax, soprano, and a small chorus of girls, in a stunning quasi-oriental setting by John Wenger. Miss Lax displayed a high, clear voice of excellent quality, and her supporting choir sang with freshness, good intonation and an ease that bespoke diligent rehearsal.

The overture at the Rivoli this week down on the program as Smetana's "Veselrad." Willy Stahl conducted capably, and his orchestra played well on the fact that the piece happened to be Chykovsky's "Marche Slave," instead of what was announced, deducted no whit from the audience's evident enjoyment of it.

More slender fare followed, a Riehnfeld "Classical Jazz" number entitled "The S. S. Rivoli." Behold the orchestra, chastely luted in those hit things that gobs wear, playing wild maritime medley drawn from "Pinafore," "The Tales of Hoffman," a "Flying Dutchman" overture, the flor's hornpipe and others too numerous, and anonymous, to mention. (It much tooing of whistles, rattling of hawsers, thunder, lightning, in and moonlight, and such other real and visual effects as would enhance the impression of an eventful voyage. It isn't exactly highbrow entertainment, but it is better music than Saint-Saens's much-advertised "Carnaval des Animaux," and infinitely more fun.

The Russian Primitives—Most of the Wilder Music of the Day From That Country

DR. STOKOWSKI'S remarks on his recent musical experiences in Europe are very interesting. He found European jazz playing inferior to American, except in one or two of the big capitals, while "the new modern Russian music is vastly different from that of some years ago." It is "brutal sounding, terribly elemental, and quite unsuited for American taste." Unfortunately he mentions no names. I presume he is not referring to such composers as Stravinsky, but to young "Reds" like Herwen, who tells us that he has "abolished tonality," written a piece in C sharp that does not contain a single C sharp and done other wonderful things.

Russia seems to be the starting-point of most of the wilder music of the day. The French only play at being wild; the other European nations keep a cool head on their shoulders, in spite of an occasional extravagance. But some of the Russians not only kick over the traces but make matchwork of the cart and mince meat of the driver. With them it is not a mere case of painting the town red for the pure fun of the thing; they really see red.

An Interesting Phenomenon

The phenomenon is a very interesting one, and makes us speculate as to what will come out of it. Besides personal heredity there is a racial heredity which shows in a certain uniformity of outlook and of manner in the art or the literature of any given nation. And in music there is a European heredity as well. There being no language bar to separate the musicians of the various countries, they have always assimilated each other's music and learned from each other. This has resulted not only in a general European musical language and technique but in a general European stock of musical ideas. For it is with music as with literature. While the thought conditions the expression, it is true also that the means of expression condition the thought; a Frenchman or a German, to some extent, thinks as he does because his language favors the expression of certain kinds of thought and is not sympathetic to other kinds. And in music, the possession of a common European language has insensibly led to a certain European way of thinking, that is recognizable even when the forms it takes are most diverse in individuals and nations.

It is across this standardized European thought, rather than the European forms, that some of the Russians have cut so violently. They have none of the European culture heredity. Europe has been insensibly moulded by the pressure of the same culture forces ever since the Renaissance. But the Renaissance left Russia untouched, and the culture forces that have moulded her are very different from those of Italy, France, Germany, Spain and England. A vast part of the Russian consciousness must have remained quite primitive as compared with the average European consciousness; and it is this primitive Russia that is now beginning to try to express itself in music. The result is something for which Dr. Stokowski has found the right words—brutal, elemental.

There are touches of it in Stravinsky, especially in "The Rite of Spring." But Stravinsky's general musical thinking is essentially simple and clear. There is a good deal of the primitive in him, but very little of the wild man. It is the new wild men who are the problem. They will find, I think, that feeling and ideas are not enough. These can be expressed only through a language and a grammar. The Russians have tried before now to discard much of the Western musical grammar, but soon learned that it was difficult to get on without it. Will the new men be any more successful? Their feelings are undoubtedly new; some of them seem to be, mentally, very much where an ancient Scythian would be. But the emotions of a savage cannot be expressed in the language of civilized man. If the musical savage uses, for coherence' sake, the ordinary musical language, he is bound to

weaken his thought and confuse it. His problem, then, is to find a new musical language for his strange primitive feelings; and it is in the convulsive effort to do this that he makes what seem to us such inarticulate noises.

ERNEST NEWMAN

Soldiers Applaud a New "Tosca."

Gladys Axman, for some years one of the young American sopranos at the Metropolitan, realized an ambition to appear as the prima donna of Puccini's "Tosca" as an incident of that opera's repetition by the San Carlo company at Jolson's last night. Tall and dark, tiger-like in intensity, she gave a well considered interpretation, vocally adequate and approaching the melodramatic quality of Sardou's play. At the second act's quick curtains the stage was filled with flowers. Messrs. Salazar, Valle and Conductor Guerrieri shared the recalls. Two hundred seats in a crowded house were occupied by uniformed men of the 212th Field Artillery, many of Italian birth, who marched from their Columbus Avenue armory to a theatre decorated in their honor with American and Italian flags.

HUGO KORTSCHAK HEARD.

Shares Applause in Smith's Sonata With Composer in Balcony.

Besides a valuable and serviceable technic, Hugo Kortschak, who appeared in a violin recital last evening at Aeolian Hall, had the indispensable quality of temperament that made his program interesting. He opened with David Stanley Smith's sonata in A minor, published by the Society for the Publication of American Music, dedicated to Mrs. F. S. Coolidge and heard for the first time in public here. In four movements, the sonata was more than reminiscent of Debussy, with a strong modern tendency and moments of individualism. It was well played by Mr. Kortschak and Francis Moore at the piano, and well received by the audience, which extended its applause to the composer, present in the balcony.

The violinist further affirmed his qualifications in Bach's sonata in G minor, which elicited bursts of approval, and closed the program with Heinrich Noren's suite in E minor, a melodious and frankly emotional composition which Mr. Kortschak gave with a great deal of charm. Miss Vera Giles accompanied on the piano.

KOUSSEVITZKY

By OLIN DOWNES.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 10.—Serge Koussevitzky made his American debut this afternoon in Symphony Hall as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is a conservative statement to say that he made an excellent impression upon the audience, which rose to greet him when he appeared on the platform, and remained at the end of the concert to applaud him long after the last score of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" had sounded.

Koussevitzky is not the prima donna type of conductor that some have called him, but he is a striking figure on the stage. His authority is so complete that it is sensed before it is demonstrated, and when there is an occasion for a dramatic gesture he can make one. His gestures, however, are not excessive. There were moments when he allowed the orchestra to play itself, giving the players their heads, with no animating effort on his part save the extremely mobile play of feature and communicating eye. At other moments he was the imperious leader, a hand and forefinger outstretched in command, a picture of dynamic, compelling energy. In a word, Mr. Koussevitzky has the qualities and the "magnetism" especially valuable for public success in this country, of the virtuoso conductor. He has these but he has more. It is possible to say, after a single concert, that at the least he is a musician who feels deeply his mission, who interprets with flaming temperament and communicative power.

The program consisted of the Vivaldi concerto for orchestra and organ in D minor, assisted by Alexander Siloti; Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, the Brahms "Variations" on a theme of Haydn, Honegger's symphonic movement, "Pacific 231," and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

New Music Heard.

The music of Vivaldi and Honegger was heard for the first time in America. The concerto and the Brahms-Handel variations were played in a way calculated to dispose at once of the idea originated somewhere in Europe that Mr. Koussevitzky was irreverent and eccentric in his treatment of classic masters. Both compositions were given straightforward, substantial and health-

ily musical readings—the Vivaldi music lacking in places a measure of the finesse of execution which it is reasonable to expect later and on an occasion perhaps of less tension—Handel's work being played with a breadth and musicality which was neither exaggerated nor academic. There was all the clarity of and proportion in this reading that a conservative would have desired and a spontaneity and force most desirable and often missing.

As the concert progressed enthusiasm grew. The Berlioz overture, it is true, had a certain stiffness in the introduction and varied perilously on noise at the conclusion, which, nevertheless, evoked a storm of applause. The climax of the concert came with the compositions of Honegger and Scriabin.

Honegger's piece is not only interesting and very well made; it appears as a genuine expression of certain characteristics of this age. "Pacific 231" is a great locomotive. "Pacific 231" is the musical composition concerning which Honegger said, prior to the performance last Spring in Paris: "I have always had a passionate love of locomotives. To me they—and I love them passionately, as other are passionate in their love for horses or women—are living creatures." He has attempted to give a total portrayal of the great monster, the joyous giant as it stands motionless, just breathing; as it starts its movement; as it hurtles through the night at 120 miles an hour. The music is superbly made; it is witty and joyous, full of youth, a laughing welcome to the day and its dynamic power.

The cumulative, hastening rhythms, which extend and metamorphose themselves in different parts of the orchestra in turn generate a song, the music grows in co-ordinated clamor, movement, swiftness. The conclusion is admirably conceived and might not have been carried out so successfully by a less gifted composer. For the thing comes to a stop logically, effectively, in a few measures. The gigantic tonal evolutions as one might call them slow up and with crashing and splendidly discordant harmonic combinations bring the end.

Sweeps His Audience.

A less gifted conductor than Koussevitzky could hardly have failed—provided he could marshal and control its rhythms—in making a success with this piece, and the same thing is true in a degree of "Le Poème de l'Extase," which followed. But this latter work is evidently peculiarly his and he swept his audience from its feet with it. Moreover, he gave the music a character, proportion and significance which it usually lacks. Any conductor will mount to the final climax, but few conductors will refrain from too quickly anticipating it. Under Koussevitzky the mounting ardors and exultations of whiffs essentially a bacchanale, a Venusberg if there ever was one in tones, are held in superb control. They advance and recede, as waves advance and recede, but always advance farther.

And when at last the great climax came, it came with a brilliancy, with a drenching richness of color, which had almost the effect of blinding light on the eyes. Every choir of the orchestra contributed its tint to the rainbow, and there stood Mr. Koussevitzky, his features and his nervous hands betraying his own excitement in the music. There will, of course, be divisions of opinion concerning his readings, but there was no mistaking the excitement of the audience and the enthusiasm of his welcome. It is plain that there is a new and significant figure among conductors in America today, and that he is at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Oct 12 1924

"La Boheme" and "Carmen" Sung.

"La Boheme" and "Carmen" were sung to large audiences yesterday afternoon and evening at Jolson's Theatre, where the San Carlo singers completed three weeks of a month's engagement. The casts were familiar and the operas were again reinforced with added dances by the ballet. Tonight two Gallo companies go afield in benefit performances of "Trovatore," the ensemble from the Jolson appearing at Newark while a special touring company is opening at Waterbury, proceeding thence to Stamford and Bridgeport, Trenton and the South. After the parent company closes in New York next Saturday it is to open a new theatre at Memphis, Tenn., returning East for more extended engagements in Philadelphia and Boston.

Oct 13 1924

By Deems Taylor

It must be five years since Alma Gluck last appeared in a public concert in New York, and the audience that greeted her yesterday afternoon—an audience that filled the Manhattan Opera House even to standing room—was an impressive tribute to the hold this singer had upon the concert-going public and the admiration and affection with which it has remembered her.

In arranging her program Mme. Gluck followed the custom, still active on the road but rather unusual in New York, of engaging an assisting artist to share the afternoon's burden.

Her choice, happily, fell upon Yasona Bunchuk, a young 'cellist who has been heard here in recital before and who is well worth attention on his own account. Mr. Bunchuk opened the program with a sonata by Ecclesse and a scherzo by Van Goanz, and played a second group later, displaying a good technique and warm tone that pleased his hearers mightily.

Mme. Gluck offered three groups. The first included Haydn, Mozart, Handel and Beethoven; the second, sung in Russian, English and German, contained Rimsky's "Song of the Shepard Lehl," two Little Russian folksongs transcribed by Efrem Zimbalist, Schubert's "Die Post," Brahms's "Botschaft" and others, while the third was devoted to songs by American and English composers, with the exception of Erich Wolff's "Fairy Tales."

While the temptation to sing in a large auditorium before an enormous audience would have been a hard one to resist, one could wish that Mme. Gluck had resisted it, and had chosen a smaller hall for her return to the concert stage. Extreme nervousness was undoubtedly responsible for her shortness of breath in the first group; but though she was infinitely more at ease in her later numbers (the Loewe "Canzonetta" was really fine), her voice seemed to lack resonance and tonal variety—effects that might have been attributable to the effort entailed in filling the Manhattan. Her diction, particularly in English was always of exceptional clarity and distinctness.

Samuel Chotzinoff played the accompaniments for both singer and 'cellist with his wonted effortless artistry.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Alma Gluck was assisted by Yasona Bunchuk, 'cellist, and Samuel Chotzinoff, accompanist, at her concert yesterday afternoon in the Manhattan Opera House. The proportions of the audience, which packed the theatre and waited without loss of temper for nearly three-quarters of an hour beyond the time announced for beginning, testified to her popularity. The same audience insisted on many encores and in every way showed its friendship and appreciation of the singer's efforts.

The program contained a number of the songs with which the charm and intelligence of Mme. Gluck's art are intimately associated. Their technical demands, in many instances, are not slight. Neither, for that matter, are the technical demands of any song, when it is interpreted with true art. But Mme. Gluck, in view of the fact that her voice is not today in the best of condition, could have chosen her program, in certain respects, more wisely. She could have avoided songs which make special requirements upon her uppermost register. She could have specialized in those airs which lay more in the middle of her voice, which retains much of the color and the limpid beauty which are among its characteristics. When practical requirements did not embarrass her, she showed her fine feeling, her sense of line and dynamic proportion, her knowledge of the manner in which to combine tone and text effectively. Elsewhere she was less fortunate. The upper tones were as a rule lacking in roundness and body, in faultlessness of attack and ease of emission. It was the performance of a singer whose art is essentially fine and charming and personal, but a singer laboring, in this instance, under tension and lacking the full measure of physical resource needed to reach her objects.

Mr. Bunchuk showed himself a 'cellist of sound and musically qualities, with a resonant and agreeable tone. He played a sonata of Henry Ecclesse of the seventeenth century; the Scherzo of Van Goanz, and smaller compositions by Tchaikowsky, Glazounoff and Elman. Among Mme. Gluck's songs were the airs "With Verdure Glad" and "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" of Haydn; Mozart's "Warning," Handel's "I from 'Semele,'" "Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" "Beethoven's 'Der Kuss,'" Russian songs by Rachmanninoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff; two Russian folksongs arranged by Zimbalist; Schubert's "Die Post"; Loewe's "Canzonetta," Brahms's "Botschaft" and smaller songs by Horsemann, Hadley, Wolff, Hagaman and Cottenet.

ELMAN GIVES A NOVELTY.

Violinist Plays Dupuis's "Fantasie Rhapsodique" for First Time Here.

A large audience greeted Misena El-

man yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. His program consisted of the Bach-Nachz Partita in E minor; Beethoven's Sonata in G major, op. 30 No. 3; "Fantasie Rhapsodique" by Albert Dupuis, played for the first time in America; and shorter compositions by Ernest Elman, Rode-Elman, Kamen-Ton-Elman, and Wienlawski. Mr. Elman played with his wonted virtuosity, his sense of effect and that warm and every tone which has been one of his great assets as a virtuoso; a tone his rich and personal, which would carry an artist less accomplished in other directions than Mr. Elman to a 2d place in the public esteem. In response to his enthusiastic reception, a violinist added to the program.

Oct. 4, 1924

By Deems Taylor

BLESSED ARE THE PUNCTUAL.

Along about the middle of October, any year, an earnest compiler of useless statistics would probably discover that the newsstand on the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and 42d Street begins to do an exceptionally heavy business in La Vie Parisienne, The American Boy and Snappy Stories. Investigating this phenomenon further, the E. C. of U. S. would undoubtedly unearth the fact that it was caused by the music critics' purchases of reading matter for the Aeolian Hall recitals.

Not (perish the foul thought!) that the critics read while the music is going on. But the relation between the advertised hour of the average recital and the actual time of its commencement is a vague and distant one, and the reviewer who arrives at Aeolian Hall at 8.15 without at least twenty minutes' worth of light reading is likely to find much time heavy on his hands before the hostilities actually begin.

By which lengthy preamble one arrives at the fact that Dorothy Miller Duckwitz's piano recital, advertised to begin at 8.15 in Aeolian Hall last night, actually began at approximately that time, thereby establishing a season's record. For this relief, much thanks. One is likewise grateful to Mrs. Duckwitz for offering a program that, although familiar enough in content, possessed some individuality in arrangement. Instead of trying to present assorted samples of every kind of piano music written, she confined herself to three groups, each representing a single school. The first comprised Bach, Lully and other seventeenth century masters, the second was all Chopin, and the third, Cyril Scott, Ravel and Debussy.

The pianist's playing was less distinctive than her program. She displayed a reasonably good technique (somewhat blurred by nervousness at first) and a familiarity with the traditions of interpretation; but a matter-of-fact tone and a somewhat inhibited imagination kept her readings rather too much on the surface of the music to render them more than moderately interesting.

Anatole France and Massenet—Authors and Composers

THE DEATH OF Anatole France reminds us not only that a couple of his stories were turned into operas by Massenet but that music generally lags a long way behind contemporary literature.

There are exceptions, of course. Strauss's music to "Elektra" is contemporaneous, in every sense of the word, with Hugo von Hoffmansthal's poem; and his music to "Salome" even makes Oscar Wilde's drama look old-fashioned. Debussy, again, has written for "Pelleas and Melisande" music that is of exactly the same period as Maeterlinck. One or two other cases might be cited; but as a rule it will be found that it takes music a generation or two to catch up with the most characteristic thought of a particular age.

For example, with all our admiration for "Figaro" we cannot say that it inhabits the same world of ideas as Beaumarchais' play. The Frenchman's Figaro is all agility, wit, cynicism. Mozart's Figaro is more lovable, but nothing like so clever. His mind does not move at half the speed of the real Figaro's; he has humor, but hardly any wit; and of cynicism he has not a trace. Music in Mozart's day was unequal to the task of translating a Beaumarchais or a Voltaire into music.

No musician of Goethe's day was capable of setting "Faust" to music worthy of it. One would have said, a priori, that this was just the subject for Beethoven, whose whole life, whose whole thinking, was a Faust-like struggle of the spirit against incomprehensible powers within him and without. But Beethoven's settings of some of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" lyrics show how far from ready the musical idiom of that day was to mate itself on equal terms with the subtlest poetic thought of the day. Schubert wrote beautiful immortal music for some of Goethe's poems, but even his idiom and technique were not equal to the task of setting others of them adequately; for a genuine musical equivalent of "Prometheus," for instance, the world had to wait till Hugo Wolf came, nearly a century later.

The problem, however, is not so difficult for the song writer. Wolf set the contemporary Moerike as perfectly as he did Goethe; and other composers, from Schubert down to the present day, have shown themselves the intellectual equals of the lyrics of their epoch. But as a rule the musicians either fail when they touch the bigger or subtler poetic and dramatic thought of the time, or they discreetly leave it alone. Massenet's failure with "Thais" is typical. He never gets past the rind of Anatole France's story; of the irony that lies at the core of it he does not seem to have the slightest inkling. And in any case "Thais" and "The Juggler of Notre Dame" are the simplest France.

I should like to see Monsieur Bergeret and the Abbe Colnard reproduced in music as Goethe's Faust has been reproduced by Liszt and Schumann. But for this, I am afraid, I must wait another seventy-five years or so.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Oct. 15, 1924

Harold Samuel faced his first New York audience yesterday under the overpowering circumstances of an all-Bach program. It is a heroic test both of an audience and a performer, but in this case the pianist was so thoroughly a part of his music that you forgot the magnitude of the undertaking with the first sure notes of the D major Fugue.

Mr. Samuel takes the lovely, stark Bach outlines—as bare and inevitable as Euclid—and gravely builds from them beautiful figures which, for all their eloquence, never lose their clarity. After the irritating echoes from the Chopinized Bach heard in some halls, the reverence and authority of this playing fell on grateful ears.

The sarabande of the English F major suite had just such simple values in the embellishments, which other hands so often twist into linked sweetness, decorative, saccharine and almost anything but Bach. A group from the forty-eight preludes and fugues and the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue wove the same spell of strength and serenity. And one listener, at least, who approached the concert hall somewhat appalled at the vastness of the program, found it was huge as sea and winds are huge, and quite as thoroughly reassuring.

Carnegie Hall, which was lighted last night for the dances of Baron Sebastian Droste, was suddenly darkened and the crowd that had gathered before the doors took the hint and departed. No announcement had been made, but the rumors that filtered through the disappointed audience varied from a nervous breakdown on the part of the Baron to non-arrival on the part of the

scenery. Ticket-holders were assured the program (described as one of "horrors, rices and ecstasies") would be given later.

So the only recital of the evening was that of Beatrice Mack, a young American soprano who made her New York debut an evening of wistful charm and very definite promise. Her voice has the true lyrical quality which recaptures the fugitive moods of her old Spanish and Italian songs and, if the German lieder group was a shade too robust for this style, the modern series was utterly captivating.

The opera was "The Barber of Seville," with Mario Basiola as a hearty and rollicking Figaro.

A. S.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The recital of Bach's composition by Harold Samuel yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall introduced to the New York public an interpreter of exceptionally serious and interesting qualities, and emphasized anew the enduring greatness and fascination of Bach's music. No other composer, with the possible exception of Chopin, emerges so triumphantly from a program consisting wholly of his works. Other pianists than Mr. Samuel have proved this. A further significant fact is that in these days of ultra-modernity the public is becoming increasingly aware of Bach's richness, and responsive to it. A Bach program well arranged and interpreted, brings an audience and arouses its enthusiasm.

The program yesterday consisted of the Adagio in G major; the Fantasia and Fugue (Toccata) in D major; the English Suite in F major; four preludes and fugues from the "Well-Tempered Clavier"—those in A flat major from the first book, and C sharp minor, B flat major, F major from the second, and, finally, the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue."

It was a well chosen list, and the music was presented with technical clarity and musicianly gusto by Mr. Samuel. He did not find it necessary to blur contrapuntal passages with the pedal, or to sentimentalize in the "Chromatic Fantasia" to convince the audience that Bach was romantic. Bach spoke for himself, was played with reasonable though not pedantic adhesion to the manner of his period, with true feeling, a fine sense of proportion, and always with direct, human impulse.

The pianist's style varied appropriately with that of the composition. A wayward gaiety, an Italian suppleness and sparkle characterized the B flat major fugue from the "Well-Tempered Clavier"; this following the simple, powerful motives, the splendor of detail and the noble and mystical color of the fugue in C-sharp minor.

The performance of the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" was fittingly the capstone of the occasion. This composition was played with so much sincerity and poetry, with such excellent co-ordination of qualities of analysis and imagination, that the listener paid Mr. Samuel the highest compliment possible; he forgot the performer in becoming absorbed in the familiar miracle of the music.

Mr. Samuel was warmly applauded by a very attentive and appreciative audience. In response he added performances to those announced on the program.

HAROLD SAMUEL, who has won such popularity for himself as a Bach player in London that he can play Bach every day for a whole week to crowded houses, gave his first New York recital at the Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He did not fully find himself till half-way through his programme, but from that point to the end he was at his best. There are a hundred ways of playing Bach, and there is something to be said for each them. The special virtue of Mr. Samuel's way is that it has the air of leaving the music to speak for itself. I lay stress upon "has the air." "Leaving music to speak for itself" may mean, and often does mean, playing like a machine. Mr. Samuel's Bach playing is packed with art, but it is perfectly balanced, so thoroughly under control, that nothing comes between and the music, and we get the illusion the compositions being improvised at the moment of performance.

Mr. Samuel makes no attempt to make the piano sound either like a harpsichord or like an orchestra. His nimble set staccato is just fast enough to suggest that these works were written for an instrument that ran more lightly than a modern piano, but there is no suspicion of false archaism. On the other hand the piano always remains a piano, not an abtative orchestra, and the music remains keyboard music, not half-baked orchestral music. Mr. Samuel finds delight in music just where Bach found it.

stencilling of themes and the lively confidential interchange of talk between them; and it is this delight that he communicates to us. The part-playing is extraordinarily clear, the rhythms never rudely but always alive.

Though Mr. Samuel seems, so perfectly as his art conceal art, to be merely leaving the music alone to play itself, one has to hear him in, say, a dozen works of Bach to realize that while all of them are genuine Bach they have a great variety of mood. Technically Mr. Samuel's method yesterday was the same in the Gigue of one of the English Suites, the C sharp minor figure from the first of the "Well-Tempered Clavier," and the B flat major fugue from the Notebook for Anna Bach; but the Gigue was the pure spirit of the dance, the C sharp minor showed us Bach as the forerunner of romanticism, and the B flat major was sheer fun. The F major fugue, from the Notebook for Anna Bach, was as nimble as quicksilver from the moment when the queer little subject seemed to peep roguishly at the round the edge of the door before coming quite in; while the Chromatic Fantasia was built up in masterly style.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Beatrice Mack's Recital.

The song recital given by Beatrice Mack last night in Aeolian Hall had a number of commendable features. It was announced for the unusual but convenient hour of 8:45, and it began at the time promised. Other recitals given in this city have begun at 8:45, but they were announced as beginning half an hour earlier. Add to this the fact that Miss Mack has a fresh and beautiful voice, which she uses intelligently and with a good technical foundation; that she dresses with taste, and has a pleasing presence on the stage. These are not negligible features of a song recital, and they should not go unnoticed.

The program included arias from Mozart's "Figaro," songs of Franz Schubert and florid songs of Italians; German songs by Strauss, Wolf, Alexander Schwarz and Leo Blech; French songs by Moret, Debussy, Koehlin, Florent Schmitt and Jacques Dalcroze; songs in English by Winter Watts, Edward Lornman, Carl Beecher and C. Linn Heller, and one of the Hebrides folk-songs harmonized by Marjorie Kennedy Fraser. The songs of the earlier part of the concert revealed the lovely quality of the voice, the presence of real breath control and respect for the melodic line. Always Miss Mack sang with a youthful sincerity and freshness of feeling which delighted her audience and overrode as a rule the stiffness and excessive caution which deprived such a song as Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung" of its atmosphere and of the exquisite tapering beauty of the musical phrases. Such moments were to be expected. That Miss Mack should betray her youth and her relatively limited concert experience was inevitable; the more gratifying the fact that she was able to meet trying conditions with substantial mastery of her voice, without her performance losing poise and artistic quality.

Some of the songs were unfamiliar. Schwartz's "Winterabend" sung with true feeling, made a lasting impression. The playful songs of Blech, "Heimkehr vom Feste" and "Herr Hahn und Fraulein Huhn" and the lighter French songs found a felicitous interpreter, and one who was never trivial or commonplace, whatever her subject-matter. The French songs of Moret had color and accent which duly distinguished them from the songs of German composers, especially the "Chant d'Amour," in which the final cadence glided deliciously through the finest registers of the voice. As a rule there was good action, though this is a limitless field for an artist's development.

Miss Mack added to her program in response to hearty and long-continued applause.

Miss Madeleine Marshall Simon played fluent but at times heavy-toned accompaniments.

By GRENA BENNETT.

PAUL PANIAGUA is a young Spanish pianist who gave his first New York recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. His beginning of the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue was enthusiastic when, after a few bars, he found one of the pedals was obstinate. A mechanic was called, took practically the entire action apart and, after a wait of a quarter of an hour, Mr. Paniagua made a second, and this time satisfactory, start.

This work reflected sincerity and scholarliness, though in both the Bach number and in Brahms' thirty or more variations on a Händel theme, his performance was scarcely that of a mature musician. Other names in the composer's column were Liszt, Chopin, Campbell-Tifton, Ravel, d'Albert, Rachmaninoff and Panlagua.

HARRY BERKELEY'S evening violin recital in the same hall realized much of the promise of his former appearance. Bach, the almost inevitable programme opener, Conus, Szymanowski, Hubay, Spalding and Sarasate contributed to a programme of unusual variety.

By Deems Taylor

Raul Paniagua began his recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon under more handicaps than any young pianist should have to bear. The program misspelled his name, to begin with, announcing him conservatively as "Paul," and as if this were not enough, the damper pedal of his piano stuck, so that after a few painful bars of a Bach fugue (toccata and fugue in D minor, Tausig's transcription), he was obliged to retire until the offending instrument could be tinkered into usable condition. (Incidentally, Mr. Paniagua's management volunteered no explanation why a piano in such condition managed, apparently, to evade even the most casual inspection beforehand.)

One cannot conscientiously report that the demands of fiction were later met by Mr. Paniagua's revealing himself as an extraordinary artist. His playing is too immature to be entirely successful. Technique he has, in abundance; but it frequently tricks him into playing much too fast, simply because he can. He took many of the rapid passages in the toccata—and in the Brahms variations that followed it—at such a reckless pace that they became merely a blur of sound, without any articulate meaning. Nor did he help matters by talking other passages with exaggerated leisureliness. The result was only to rob the music of most of its propulsive power, so that it went by jerks, giving none of the sense of momentum that comes from good rubato playing.

He has much in his favor, however, and exhibits what music critics hideously call "promise." His finger dexterity is prodigious, his tone is good—though it could be more varied—and his interpretations, if rather gaudy, show individuality. Less fatal brilliance and a broader interpretative perspective would make him a decidedly interesting player.

OTHER MUSIC.

Harold Berkley plunged heroically into Bach with the opening of his program last night. He played the suite in E minor with a curious mingling of competence and a sense of strained effort which is hard to analyze in the face of his obvious technical ability. He relaxed somewhat in the dance rhythms of a Jules Conus concerto and a Sarasate caprice was undoubtedly gay—but conscientiously gay and certainly not abandoned. It was the young violinist's return to this concert stage after a silence of three years since his first New York recitals.

At the San Carlo opera, "Il Trovatore" was repeated for the benefit of the usual eager crowds who love to follow the melodious and terribly muddled woes of the luckless Leonora. The cast was as before, except for Yvonne Trava who made her debut in the role of Inez.

BETWEEN THE INTERVALS of watching the Sullivan-Ballerina and the other fights at Madison Square Garden last night, I found myself thinking of Dr. Vaughan Williams's opera "Hugh the Drover," that was produced in London three months or so ago. It has a fight with fists in it—the first of its kind, I think, in all opera. There have been many suggestions during the last few years for turning opera from a conventional into a living art; but none of them seems better, to me, than that of alling it with another and livelier ring than Wagner's.

Opera has always been content with touching only a very small segment of the great circle of life. Wagner used to be fond of telling a story of how, when he was once tramping in North Italy, he wanted to ask one of the peasants for a drink of milk, but found he did not know the Italian word. His limited knowledge of Italian had been picked up by conducting third-rate Italian operas in his youth, and now he realized that while wine is a beverage frequently mentioned in Italian opera—especially by the chorus, who are always exhorting each other to drink—nowhere is there any mention of milk. So poor Wagner, like the dog in the nursery rhyme, got none.

Opera Deficient in Thrills

Opera is equally deficient in up-to-date fighting thrills. Differences there are usually settled with sword or dagger, or even (like "Tosca") a table knife; occasionally with a pistol, but never with modern artillery. (I should like to see Kriemhild, in the last act of "Tristan," defending the entrance to the castle with a Lewis gun.) Now opera is a primitive world, inhabited mostly by primitive people; and so it is odd that the one form of fighting never practiced there is the most primitive form of all—with fists.

A start is made in "Hugh the Drover"; but I found the fight a bit disappointing. The story is of a fair village maiden, Mary, who is engaged to be married, by her father's will but against her own, to a hulking bully named John the Butcher. Hugh the Drover comes along (a tenor, of course), falls in love with Mary at first sight, and offers to fight the Butcher for the girl and twenty pounds, which is all the money he (the Drover) has in the world. A ring is made in the middle of the village fair, and the move-in referee's contest, which ends as might be expected, is a knock-out by Hugh. (These tenors have all the luck.)

Nietzsche says somewhere, "Men tell you that a good cause sanctifies a fight; but I say unto you that a good fight sanctifies a cause." In the ordinary course of things I should have said that a good fight would sanctify even an opera; but the night in "Hugh the Drover" was a disappointment. Both men were obviously in bad condition, and neither they, nor the referee, nor the spectators seemed to know that in the early nineteenth century (the date of the opera) the ring was not governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules. I had a strong suspicion quite early on that the result had been arranged probably by the prettist and the composer. The men were in poor training, and to every one's eye except that of the referee it was obvious that they were not trying.

Referee Should Be Disqualified

The referee, indeed, should have been disqualified from ever handling a fight again; but he known his job better, he would have declared it no contest, collared the stakes and married the girl himself. But somehow things never happen in opera as they would in real life.

"Hugh the Drover" was a great opportunity badly missed. All it wanted was a producer who knew his business. In Strauss's opera, the Salome is not expected to dance as well as sing; a professional dancer usually takes the singer's place at this point. I do not see why a tenor and a baritone should be expected to fight as well as sing.

The management ought to do what is

done with "Salome"—substitute, at the right moment, the professional for the amateur. A real fight, scheduled to go on in less than five rounds, between a couple of good welterweights, with a change of program slightly, would fill the house every time. A British heavyweight champion, even, could not have put up a more show than the one I saw in "Hugh the Drover." It was, like seeing Salome's dance done by the charwoman. All that "Hugh the Drover" wants to make is a success is a producer who knows it. If they think of putting it on at the Metropolitan, Mr. Gatti Casazza ought to call in the services of Mr. Tex Rickard.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Parish Williams in Recital.

The recital of Parish Williams, a baritone, at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon illustrated the fact that German lieder are solidly constructed, that expression counts for everything, and that beauty of voice or correct production takes a secondary place. Mr. Williams was not happy in his Italian songs, as they depend greatly on these two requirements, but he was quite successful in his German group, where he won an encore for a brace of interesting numbers by Richard Trunk. French and American songs completed a program which had much to recommend it in the matter of variety of choice and intrinsic melody.

THE HERALD TRIBUNE

Lawrence Gilman

A New Italian Symphony at the Season's First Philharmonic

Was it not Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, discouraged by the sieve-like quality of the mind of his stage pupil, Ray Dooley, who used to observe so plaintively to his audience, "She don't retain"? Mr. Hitchcock—if it was he—could never reasonably have lodged such a complaint against Ottorino Respighi. Signor Respighi is, as all concertgoers know, the accomplished Italian composer who wrote that favorite piece of contemporary program music, "The Fountains of Rome," which our conductors delight to turn on for us whenever they feel that their programs are becoming too dry. In "Fontana di Roma" Signor Respighi retained so clearly in his mind the seductive idioms of the composer of "Pelléas" and "La Mer" and the "Faun," that he succeeded in giving us a watered variety of the milk of the Debussyan paradise that is almost as delectable as the real thing.

But we had not suspected the full extent of Signor Respighi's retentiveness until we heard the Philharmonic Society perform last night at its first concert of the season in Carnegie Hall his "Sinfonia Drammatica." This symphony, hitherto unheard in New York, is an earlier work than "Fontana di Roma" (it was composed in 1914), and Molinari, to whom it is dedicated, conducted it for the first time at the Augusteo, Rome, in January of the following year. But even in 1914 Respighi had learned to retain. He had not at that time, apparently, fallen under Debussy's spell. But he had succumbed to Tchaikovsky and to Strauss and, above all, to Wagner, and he was fast in the clutches of the old Enchanter of Bayreuth.

It is amazing that a composer should be able to reproduce the characteristics of other men's styles and not be aware of the sedulousness of his apeing—for we have not the slightest doubt of Signor Respighi's sincerity, nor of his complete unconsciousness of the degree to which he is indebted to his models. We are certain that the suggestion of plagiarism would shock and distress him. It is not possible to imagine him paraphrasing the reply of Charles Reade to those who accused him of literary pilfering in one of his books: "I milked 300 cows for it, but the butter I made is mine." Respighi was a less eclectic milkman than that; he milked, for the nourishment of this symphony, only a few cows, and we are convinced that he was asleep when he did so, and knows nothing about it to this day.

Respighi is generally grouped with that Young Italian School which includes Casella, Malipiero, Pizzetti, Tommasini and the rest of those uneasy Latins whose passionate desire it is to free and purify Italian music; to lead it out of its Puccinian bondage into the promised land of which they dream—a land enriched and beautified by a revivification of the great

traditions of the Italian past; by a renaissance of the foundational traits of the Italian genius as one perceives it across the years. The Young Italians (who are not so young as they were when they began to organize for the Italian Purity League before the war) seek a rejuvenated classicism, destined to unite, in Signor Casella's words, "all the newest conquests in the field of sonorous experiment, Italian and foreign, with the qualities of old Italian music—grandeur, severity, robustness, sobriety, simplicity of line."

Respighi is the eldest of this group (he is forty-five), and he is the least adventurous. His interest in "the newest conquests in the field of sonorous experiment" has not led him much further than Debussy and Richard Strauss—Respighi's "Ballata delle Gnomidi," introduced here by Mr. Toscanini three years ago, is as obviously patterned upon "Till Eulenspiegel" as "Fontana di Roma" is upon Debussy and the "Sinfonia Drammatica" upon Wagner and Tchaikovsky. As for his "neo-classicism," it has at least purified his music to the extent of keeping it free from theatricality and self-consciousness—though it has not always saved his style from sentimentalism and saccharinity. But there is no question of Respighi's sincerity. He is obviously a man of deep and genuine feeling—that is plain upon every page of his score.

Just what this "Dramatic Symphony" is all about nobody seems to know. It is evident that the work is based upon a program; but what that program is Signor Respighi has not avowed. He appears to think that it is a perfectly equitable thing to compose music based upon an unmistakably definite program and then offer it to his hearers as "absolute music"—a procedure concerning which there will always be dispute among musical moralists. It is an old trick of Strauss's, and one is sorry that Signor Respighi saw fit to emulate it.

The drama that underlies this music was surely a tragedy. There is here no winning through to triumph or liberation or release. If it is a contest with Fate that the music illustrates, Fate wins out and has the final word, a word stern and sombre and unrelenting. The music wraps itself in sable garments at the close, and raises despairing, frenetic arms to a stormy and pitiless sky.

For the tragic tale that his symphony unfolds, Signor Respighi has found accents of true poignancy. His music has potency and weight and tension; it knows how to establish and drive home a mood. The stream of tone is for the most part a turbulent and a plangent one; and even though it bears upon its surface, as it surges by you, certain familiar objects—Alberich's Tarnhelm, Isolde's veil and headdress, bits of the scenery from the third act of "Siegfried," a pillar from the Temple of the Grail, Scheherazade's turban—it is, nevertheless, impressive by reason of its intensity and its power, and a dark beauty that it often has. It is not great music; it is not even first-rate music. In its invention it is sometimes undistinguished, and it says nothing both memorable and new. But it is never dull, it is never mawkish. It is an imposing and honest and often moving score, expertly and sonorously orchestrated; and it is a useful addition to the exceedingly limited stock of modern symphonies.

Mr. van Hoogstraten and the Philharmonic Orchestra played it as if they liked it and believed in it. Mr. van Hoogstraten's distinguishing qualities as a conductor—his true and deep feeling, his fine sincerity, his taste, his scrupulous musicianship—were happily exerted upon the new score, and he and his men accomplished a shrewdly calculated and eloquent performance, which was rewarded by warm applause from the audience. It was a cordial house and it welcomed the Ancient and Honorable Philharmonic (now at the beginning of its eighty-third season) and its undeniably popular conductor, as if it were truly glad to confront them once more in Carnegie Hall at their 1,877th concert.

There are a few changes in the make-up of the orchestra. Mr. R. M. Willson, the excellent young American flutist who played at the Stadium last summer, is now established as third flute of the Philharmonic. Mr. H. Lange (once concert master under Mengelberg in Frankfurt) is the new assistant concertmaster. There is a new third oboe, a new clarinet, a new second trombone; and there are eight new men among the first and second violins. The tone of the orchestra sounded rich and coherent last night; the playing was sensitive and precise. It is a better orchestra than it was last year—more euphonious, more flexible

and responsive. There was much and deserved applause for it at every point where applause was invited in the course of Mr. van Hoogstraten's cannily devised program, which ran, in its completeness, as follows:
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber
Sinfonia Drammatica.....Respighi
Intermission
Symphony in E flat (K 543).....Mozart
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILHARMONIC.

One must make due allowances, naturally, for the fact that it was the first orchestral concert of the new season, and that the sound of a hundred instruments falls rather overwhelmingly upon ears that have had a summer in which to forget, even so, the Philharmonic sounded uncommonly fine last night in Carnegie Hall. The organization that swallowed the National Symphony three years ago (retaining the best features of both, no doubt) has at last, apparently, digested it. Mr. Van Hoogstraten had his men playing with a homogeneity and beauty of tone and a precision of attack that they have not always displayed in the past.

His program, as befitted an opening night, was three-fourths of it drawn from music indubitably familiar and indisputably great. It opened with a vigorous and colorful performance of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture and concluded with the Mozart E flat symphony and the "Meistersinger" prelude.

The other fourth was Ottorino Respighi's "Sinfonia Drammatica," a symphony that was introduced to this country by the Philadelphia Orchestra last February, but which has never before been heard in New York. Respighi wrote it in 1914, so that it is six years younger than his "Ballata delle Gnomidi," which the Boston Orchestra played here last season, and three years the junior of the fascinating "Fountains of Rome." It is in three movements, and although so pointedly dramatic in content that its composer must have had some specific program in mind, is accompanied by no motto or scenario.

It is masterfully scored for a huge orchestra, as Respighi's music always is, and has moments of eloquence and great beauty. The impetuous and steadily mounting opening of the first movement is superb, and the first part of the finale, likewise marked "Allegro Impetuoso," is almost as good. Indeed, wherever Respighi is handling violent or grotesque moods he is at his best and most individual.

The lyric passages and the sections that call for broad, sustained power betray a Respighi somewhat immature and somewhat reminiscent. The end of the first movement is Tchaikovsky and Strauss; the second half of the slow movement is Tristanesque, and the concluding pages of the finale are decidedly "Parsifal." Not that there are note-for-note resemblances, but the music shows strong influences of the craftsmanship and mental processes of other men.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave it what seemed to be an exceptionally articulate and well-studied performance. His audience, then as at other times, was enthusiastic.

OTHER MUSIC.

Parish Williams gave a baritone recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. He sang absinth-tinted snatches from Verlaine and Debussy and pensive elegies of Dupac with a sure delicacy which recaptured their fugitive charm. But he has permitted his style to become more than a little set and precious and this seems an arbitrary handicap inflicted by Mr. Williams himself through a too sensitive consciousness of limitations. For he came to grief in a phrase of the Gretchaninow "Le Captive"

which was not a shade more trying than others he had sung before. It may be added that he returned with a gallant gesture which proved him not only an excellent baritone but an amazingly good sport. In the French and German songs of moods and characters he was at his best—and Mr. Williams's best is thoroughly gratifying.

There are some performances through which you can pick out the groups that have come to the opera for "Pagliacci" and those that are there only for "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the San Carlo production last night, however, the crowds that jammed the theatre were impartially overcome with joy by both. They heard a vigorous performance given by such lusty singers that they almost drowned out the orchestra, which was less affected emotionally.
A. S.

AT THE OPENING concert of the Philharmonic Society last night, Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave the first performance in New York of Respighi's "Sinfonia Drammatica." The work dates from 1914, and though Respighi has outgrown a good deal of it since then, in essence it is thoroughly characteristic of him. He is an eclectic who has assimilated the styles of too many other composers to have a definite style of his own. The genius can absorb any amount of other men's substance and convert it into tissue of his own—witness Bach, Mozart, and Wagner.

With the talent the absorption is never quite complete; we always remain conscious that his work is "composition," not so much in the sense that it is composed as in the sense that it is composite. Respighi has bathed in many waters, and come out now with a bit of Wagner sticking in his hair, now a bit of Strauss, now Tchaikowski, now Liszt, now Rimsky-Korsakov. There is hardly a phrase that is definitely derivative, but there can be no mistake about the influences at the back of the phrases.

In one form or another we seem to have heard all this music before. The instruments always do the expected thing; an oboe or an English horn, for example, invariably has something to say that is so typical of the generality of oboe or English horn phrases since Wagner that the instrument seems to present its professional card as it introduces itself to us. Respighi has all the formulae at his fingertips, but he cannot give life to them. His music has all the accents and all the gestures of great music, but the eloquence is lacking.

His rhetoric, *qua* rhetoric, is excellent, but there is nothing behind the rhetoric; he invites our careful attention to what he is going to say, and then says nothing that amounts to anything. In his tragic moments he parades all the apparatus of grief without convincing us that there is really anything to grieve over; the funeral procession is impressive as a spectacle, with its draped bier and its mourning attendants, but the corpse is of no great account, and the solemn mutes are too obviously hired. The whole work is a distillation from the experiences of other and bigger men; these are not emotions that Respighi himself has felt, but emotions that Respighi has felt he ought to have felt.

The symphony was given an admirable performance under Mr. Van Hoogstraten. In the "Euryanthe" overture, also the Mozart symphony in E flat and the "Meistersinger" Prelude, the orchestral playing was excellent, both in the mass and in solo work. But I could not see eye to eye with Mr. Van Hoogstraten in some of the things he did. He seemed to me to give us each movement in sections, every section well-carpeted in itself, but not fitting in with the others. This was most noticeable in the "Meistersinger" Prelude. Changes of tempo there have to be in it, of course; but surely they should be so managed that they suggest that they are all merely ripples upon the surface of the one basic tempo, which we ought to feel sub-consciously in every bar.

Last night, if we watched the burghers (they carried rather too big a paunch, by the way, for my fancy) we lost sight of the lovers, and when we were listening to Eva and Walther we were no longer in old Nuremberg. In such passages, again, as the main phrase of the Mozart Minuet, the modeling of the melody was just a trifle too meticulous; this was not the art that conceals art, but the art that exhibits it; the goods were put in the window too frankly in the presence of the passers-by. I found myself more in agreement with Mr. Van Hoogstraten in rapid movements, where the temptation to over-model could not be yielded to. The sparkling repartee between the strings and the wind in the finale of the symphony was deliciously done.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Other Music

Two American singers were featured last night in the San Carlo Opera in the Johnson Theatre. Elda Vettori sang with fine voice and considerable acting ability the part of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and was triumphantly beautiful. In "Pagliacci" Abby Morrison, a New York society girl, sang Nedda. She has a sweet young voice, which should grow.

MUSIC

New York Chamber Symphony Orchestra's First Concert

THE NEW YORK Chamber Symphony Orchestra, composed of some thirty players under the conductorship of Mr. Max Jacobs, gave its first concert in the Earl Carroll Theatre. There is ample room in our musical life for these small organizations, that can introduce many works that the bigger orchestras consistently neglect. Last night's playing was workmanlike, if occasionally a little rough. We were given Mozart's "Titus" overture, symphony in G minor by Mehul (announced as "first time"), the Vocalise of Rachmaninoff (a small work, but unmistakably his in every phrase), the Musette of Sibelius and a Serenade by Lalo, and a new tone poem, "In the Bayou," by Mr. C. Linn Sells, the composer of "Great Musk." Sells's music always has the charm of the expected; in his bayou, sentiment and space in a series of dead seats.

The Mehul symphony may not be worth very much in the current coin of music, but it is an exceedingly interesting work to the student of historical developments. Mehul was an opera writer rather than a symphonist, and he is at best in his instrumental music when he obviously feels something of the kind of emotion with which a librettist would supply him. The slow movement of the symphony is genuine Mehul; the central theme of it might be one of those gentle, appealing melodies that are so characteristic of his serious operas, and of which the well-known song in "Joseph" may be taken as the type. But without the stage action to guide him, Mehul has little sense of proportion. The slow movement seems interminable; Mehul is like a boy who knows it is time to terminate his call, but does not quite know how to get out of the room, and so keeps his host as well as himself on tenterhooks for ten minutes. The pizzicato minuet was probably a novelty for those days. Mehul was fond of experiments of this kind; his opera "Uthal," it will be remembered, had no violins in the score. The first and last movements of the symphony have many piquant touches that remind us of the delicious overture to "The Two Blind Men of Toledo,"—a work that Mr. Jacobs might give us some Sunday.

Miss Alma Simpson sang a number of Spanish songs in a way that showed us that she has her own ideas on the subject of pitch.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

GALLI-CURCI WINS BIG LONDON SUCCESS

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LONDON, Oct. 12.—Mme. Galli-Curci made her first appearance in England this afternoon at Albert Hall, which accommodates 10,000 people and which was packed to the limit. She was greatly applauded and there was no doubt of her tremendous success from a popular standpoint.

H. C. Colles, musical critic of The London Times, writes: "London, for as much of it as could be packed into Albert Hall, heard Galli Curci sing for the first time this afternoon. Another audience will be able to enjoy that experience next Sunday and there will be later opportunities so that by the end of the year every one who has marveled over gramophone records which have made her fame on this side of the Atlantic will be able to compare her actual performance with them. Great as are the uses of gramophone advertisement, it is possible that an artist who like Mme. Galli Curci is blessed with a perfect recording voice and style may find that it brings moments of embarrassment only when an unblemished record goes out from the shop and it creates a standard to which she must live up to on the concert platform."

"To emerge from beneath the Albert Hall organ and face for the first time an audience whose expectations have been raised to the highest pitch by these means must be rather nervous work even for one as hardened to publicity as Galli-Curci presumably is. That is where the film artist who enjoys publicity has the advantage of a famous singer. He is not expected to repeat his performance in real life."

"Galli Curci began with old Italian arias, a brave thing to do since Bononcini and Pergolesi are not the sort of thing to take by storm such an audience as hers. A little inequality in certain parts of the former and curiously long breaks between phrases of the latter's 'Se La Alami' were possible evidence of her anxiety. Then she plunged into recitative and 'Aria Li Carina' from Meyerbeer's 'Dinorah,' in which the brilliance of her vocal mechanism had its effect, but she made a tactical mistake in choosing Schumann's 'Schneeglöckchen' for an encore because her precise and businesslike way of singing it brought back the chill which Meyerbeer's glittering ornaments had begun to disperse."

"The musical box style of Bishop's 'Pretty Mockingbird' suited her better. She had no difficulty in putting to shame phrasing of Manuel Benquer's flute. Then a little Spanish song, 'Clavitos,' which she sang a second time, turning so that the audience behind her might see the full benefit of her wonderful lipwork, pleased those who might not have realized all the virtuosity displayed in the Meyerbeer performance. After this she was on excellent terms with her audience, to whom she offered those time-honored battle horses of the prima donna, Polonaise from 'Mignon' and mad scene from 'Lucia,' the former, by the way, we have heard sung with more rhythmic verve and abandon by singers of less technical accomplishment."

"Generally what one admires about Galli-Curci is that she can do so much with a voice confined to one color and that a pale one. She is herself the pretty mockingbird of which she sings with such agility. One must not expect to be emotionally swayed by her or hope for new light on masterpieces of song. She cannot give what she has not got, but what she has she gives unstintingly, the piquant conjunction of mercurial personality and perfect mechanism."

Pavlova in New York Appears as Dulcinea

Special from Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Mme. Anna Pavlova opened her season at the Manhattan Opera House tonight, presenting the ballet, "Don Quixote," music by Minkus, taking in Act 2 the part of Dulcinea. She also presented her solo number, "The Swan," to the music of Saint-Saëns, in a program of divertissements. She was assisted in the ballet by Messrs. Novikoff and Volinin and Mme. Butsova, and numerous minor members of her company. She had as her orchestral conductor Mr. Stier, who is her perpetual Quixote and champion, though he must be described as a knight of cheerful, rather than of woeful, countenance. She employed for the representative of the title personage, Mr. Domoglavski, if his name is material to the case; certainly, as far as the technical concerns of dancing go, his presence on the stage, to speak only of the second act, was of small consequence.

Mme. Pavlova distinguished herself in the rôle of Dulcinea more as the

skillful executant of classic ballet stepplings and balancings than as the impersonator of character and the mime. And in this aspect she proved quite as remarkable as she has in any former season. What more can be said? Mme. Pavlova returns to the United States better, let there be no hesitation in granting, than ever before. Just go and see her, as the Lady of Toboso, stand on her toe and tie the ribbon, sash or whatever it is, around the shoulder of the kneeling cavalier of La Mancha! See her again as the Swan, swim and flutter in the melancholy moonlight! But the play bill will make little difference. See her in any group of selections from her repertory. The theme is always Pavlova, and the variations are always an assemblage of gay, somber, fantastic moods, which you recognize as your own. W. P. T.

Oct-19-24

By OLIN DOWNES.

Florence Stern, Violinist.

Florence Stern, a young violinist who played two seasons ago in New York, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Her program was sufficiently ambitious, including the Violin-Nachos concerto in A minor; the Bach 'Chaconne,' and other pieces by Sarasate, Dittersdorf-Kreisler, Gluck-Kreisler, Wagner-Wilhelm and Wieniawski. The predominant musical characteristic of this recital was a rich and vibrant tone which is evidently personal with the artist, and, when not impaired by some technical fault, an extremely ingratiating character.

Miss Stern has also musical enthusiasm, which, properly conveyed, is contagious. It was evident to those who had heard her on the occasion of her previous concert that she had gained in technicality and in interpretive conviction since her last appearance here. But Miss Stern needs more technical security and virtuosity than she has to fulfill her intentions, and she should also aim at a substantial musicianship to sustain her and to minimize the effects of nervousness which were evident in more than one place yesterday.

There was a large audience, cordially disposed toward the artist, who added to the program.

Pavlova Dances "Fairy Doll."

The "Sleeping Beauty" and the "Fairy Doll," followed by divertissements, constituted the matinee program of Anna Pavlova and her company yesterday afternoon in the Manhattan Opera House. The fanciful and decorative nature of both the principal ballets made an admirable background for the performances not only of Mme. Pavlova but of the exceptionally gifted companion dancers with whom she has most wisely and fortunately associated herself in her tours. The ensemble of the "Fairy Doll" is less a series of concerted numbers than a succession of the most brilliant and charming performances by virtuosi who appear daily in her troupe.

This ballet has one incongruous note—the scenery, which is wholly Russian, as contrasted with the music, which is evidently of Viennese quality. Granting this minor discrepancy, it remains that the superb performance was a veritable 'Jeu d'esprit,' warmly appreciated as such by the audience. In no rôle is the more classical aspect of Mme. Pavlova's dance shown to better advantage than in this delightful conceit of the Fairy Doll holding carnival with her companions of the toy shop and honest folk are deep in sleep and dreams.

The divertissements which followed were capriciously danced. Each had a beauty wholly its own—now mocking, now tender, or wildly hilarious—a whimsy of pictures and moods, ending with the Russian wedding dances of Mme. Pavlova and her brilliantly gifted companion soloist, Mr. Stowits. With a lesser principal than herself, these divertissements would have been worth a journey.

SAN CARLO ENDS SEASON.

Company Gives "Lohengrin" and "Aida" and Leaves for Memphis.

An indifferent performance of "Lohengrin" yesterday afternoon at Jolson's Theatre marked the last appearance but one of the San Carlo Opera Company in New York. For some reason, especially in the first act, the hard-worked organization sang off pitch, which especially included Elsa and the chorus, the latter showing signs of instability in much of its work.

As Mme. Edith Delys took the part of Elsa instead of Miss Bianca Saroya, absent through indisposition, much can be excused. However, this made no difference to the audience, which recalled the principals after every act, especially the second, in which Stella de Mette as Ortrud made the most of the opportunity. Gaetano Tommasini made a resplendent Lohengrin and sang the part with good effect. The Telramund of Mario Valle and Pietro de Blas's King

Henry were in safe and competent hands. The conductor, Fulgenzio Guerrieri, shared in the curtain calls.

"Aida" closed the San Carlo season in the evening. Immediately after the performance the company took a special train for a 1,500-mile journey to Memphis, Tenn., where they will on Monday evening dedicate the new \$2,000,000 Civic Auditorium with a gala performance of "Aida."

ROSA RAISA IN CONCERT.

Opera Star, in Russian Songs, Applauded by Compatriots.

Rosa Raisa's return in concert drew a crowd to Carnegie Hall last evening, when the famous woman star of the Chicago Opera was assisted by Giacomo Rimini, her husband, and by the pianist, Magdeleine Brard. Carol Perrenot accompanied the singers in arias from "Trovatore" and "Gioconda" for soprano, and from "The Barber" and "Carmen" for baritone, with a final duet from "Don Pasquale." Miss Brard played Chopin's andante spianato and polonaise and a group from modern French masters.

Mme. Raisa was applauded by compatriots when she sang, midway in the bill, in her native Russian, three songs by Arensky, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky.

Andrew Haigh in Piano Recital.

Andrew Haigh, already heard last season, appeared at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, playing for the first time here a sonata in G minor, op. 22, by the Russian pianist and composer Medtner, who is soon to open an American tour. A large audience for the early season greeted Mr. Haigh. He is a young artist of much earnestness and facility, and his music ranged the classics from Bach, Schubert and Schumann, a Brahms group, Debussy's "Reflets dans l'Eau" and the "Petrarch" sonata of Liszt.

Schwartzstein, Violinist, Plays.

Sigmund Schwartzstein, violinist, was assisted by Alberto Rimondi in his first recital last evening at Aeolian Hall, playing Goldmark's concerto, and contrasting works such as Corelli's "La Pollia," arranged by Cesar Thomson; a nocturne of Hugo Kaun and a melody and dance by Cyril Scott. The player gave most space to lighter technical pieces, from Zelenski and Bazzini to Vieuxtemps, and a triple finish of Targhini.

—From Europe.

The San Carlo Opera departed Saturday in a blaze of glory and a fine flourish of the horns of "Aida." It was a lusty and vigorous finale to an unusually successful season. "Lohengrin" in the afternoon, however, was a cruel error. After weeks of "Trovatore" and "Butterfly" the company seemed to have been set down suddenly on the banks of the Scheldt with only a dazed consciousness of their surroundings.

This bewilderment was shared by the present listener, who always finds "Lohengrin" in Italian a baffling and incongruous enigma. No magic can turn anything like "Mio Cigno Canoro" into "Mien Lieber Schwan," certainly not Gaetano Tommasini, who gave his resplendent and melodious Lohengrin all the traditions of a very Latin Manrico.

Edith Delys, thrown at the last moment into the rôle of Elsa, felt the strain and showed it, and only Stella de Mette gave evidences of competence and surety with the vindictive fury of her Ortrud. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, who conducted, won toward the close a game but almost hopeless struggle to keep the chorus in unison; nothing, apparently, could keep them on the pitch. Moreover, they were arrayed like the pack of cards which flew down from the jury box on the astonished Alice. "Lohengrin" of all operas needs an adequate production, and this amazing assortment of costumes and scenery was far from the engaging simplicity of the company's earlier productions.

They returned heroically in "Aida," however, to the delight of a crowded house. And with this assurance they departed for Memphis, where they will open a new auditorium with the same opera.

Music Ernest Newman Daily Column

BOTH MME. ROSA RAISA and Mr. Rimini, at their recital in Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening, were inclined to stray a little from the pitch. An Eton boy, asked, in a musical examination, what the sign

for a flat meant, answered, "When you see this sign you go a bit to the left." Mme. Raisa was generally inclined to go a bit to the left in the matter of intonation; but matters were about equalized by Mr. Rimini's tendency to go a corresponding distance to the right. In his case the aberration was probably not connected with the small tone produced from the piano by the too self-effacing accompanist.

Bull-fighting is probably a nerve-racking game, but to let it affect you to the point of singing the Toreador's Song from "Carmen" a steady third of a tone sharp all through is carrying emotional realism rather to excess. The true explanation turned out to be that Mr. Rimini was not really as scared as he sounded, but simply that the piano did not give him the pitch distinctly enough; for in the song that he gave as an encore he was well in tune again, in spite of a vibrato that hardly left him all the evening. He reeled off the rapid patter of Rossini's "Largo al factotum" with a good deal of ease.

Mme. Raisa's voice improved somewhat as the evening wore on. Tone and technique were both lacking in an aria from "Il Trovatore"; but some Russian songs were sung with a good deal more freedom of voice and of expression.

Chaliapin's Recital

Chaliapin gave a recital in the Manhattan Opera House last night. He sang the familiar things in the familiar way, thereby relieving the critic of the necessity of following him through his program in detail. He was mostly in excellent voice, though he had to resort to falsetto now and then to help him out of a difficulty. He was, as usual, at his best in the Russian songs that allowed him full scope as actor as well as singer, and especially the songs with a strong humorous or satiric flavor.

The "Government Clerk" of Dargomizky was a little masterpiece of vocal and facial characterization. Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea" was doubly interesting in that it showed Chaliapin's dramatic variety. I have heard him sing the song many times, but this was a new reading; last night's flea was a specimen of a quite different fauna; he hailed, perhaps, from the Seine, not the Volga.

Chaliapin was as unsatisfactory as he always is in the songs that are outside his vein and particularly in the German Lieder. He over-dramatized Flegler's "Le Lied" and turned Grieg's "Old Song" into a German and Schubert's "Serenade" into a German.

He seems to have difficulty in realizing that a lyric is a lyric, not a dramatic song, and requires a technique and a spirit of its own. He makes matters worse in songs of this kind by subduing his accompanist as he does. If he wants to turn the Grieg song into a colored feuilleton he ought at any rate to see to it that the piano part is equally highly colored; but with him laying on the crimsons and purples and Mr. Rabinovitch painting in the most delicate gray and silver, the final effect is sadly incongruous.

When he sang the "Serenade" as it should be sung, with the utmost beauty of tone and the utmost breadth of phrase, he was magnificent; but long before the finish he was Russianizing and Chaliapinizing it in a way that it simply would not bear.

Schubert's simple sincerities have no need of these fidgetings and posturings to bring them home to us.

As for "The Two Grenadiers," I can only wonder at an artist of Chaliapin's caliber persisting in singing that classic in a Russian version that mutilates Schumann's melodic outline again and again in order to add the extra notes required by the Russian double endings.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Mr. Chaliapin's At Home: the Russian Singer Returns to Town

The titan Mr. Chaliapin returned to town last night, equipped with

...ar phonetics and appurtenances... what travel-stained... of trick... gold-handled... favorite tassetto, his heguil... of the... his eloquent... and... unguished genius. He... to the stage of the Manhattan Opera House... approximately ten... bowed elaborately to the... and joyously applanisive... in clear and careful English: "I am very glad to see you every one again," glanced through his lorgnette at the music in his hand, and announced, as is his familiar custom, that he would sing "Number Fifty-two." Thenceforward the recital proceeded according to the ritual established at these affairs in the course of the last four seasons.

Mr. Chaliapin, as is his wont, published his program in advance. He announced each song from the stage, identifying it by its number in the book of words distributed to the audience—a system which works very well when the number announced by Mr. Chaliapin happens to be included in the book of words; less well when it is not the case. It did not work very well last night, for when Mr. Chaliapin informed us that he would sing "Number One Hundred and Four One... Four" (as he carefully enunciated) the hurried rustling of the leaves of 3,000 program books proved to be in vain, for the numbers stopped at 101. This did not disturb Mr. Chaliapin, who merely smiled sweetly and announced that he would sing "a French song by name unimpeachable, obviously, to most of the audience." It turned out to be a song by Flegier, sung by Mr. Chaliapin in French.

But no one bothered about these little mishaps (there were at least two others in the course of the evening); for did not Mr. Chaliapin end his first group with Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," sung in Russian, as only he, one fancies, has ever sung or attempted to sing it? And did he not sing Schubert's "Serenade" in his own peculiar way?

It is not a way that we should like to hear (and see) any one else attempt. Mr. Chaliapin is a lyric dramatist of unparalleled genius; but he is a wayward and undisciplined artist. He is, indeed, too exuberant and tornadic a genius to be a wholly inerrant artist. He can accomplish marvellous and unforgettable things in his projection of the imaginative content of a song. He can cast a spell; he can evoke images of heauty and terror and mysterious, unearthly tenderness; he can expose the heart of a tragedy by an inflection, the shaping and coloring of a phrase, or by a blending of gesture and facial expression and lyric speech; and at his best he is consummate and unapproachable.

But he is undependable. He is not always the piercing, revealing, necromantic and overwhelming genius. He has defects of taste that at times betray him. No one with a fine instinct for the true character of Schubert's style could subject the innocuous and innocent "Serenade" to the peculiar kind of extravagance that Mr. Chaliapin expends upon it. Sometimes one wonders if his feeling for style, for the distinguishing traits and characteristics of a composer is as sure and intuitive as one might wish.

But it matters little, after all. Fine and scrupulous artists are fairly abundant along the highways of music; whilst an interpretive genius who can subdue the spirit as Mr. Chaliapin does again and again, opening new pathways into the dark forest of the heart and yielding us unforgettable disclosures of our poor human ways—such a genius is not so common a phenomenon that we can afford to be niggardly in our praise of him.

Mr. Chaliapin was assisted by Abraham Sopkin, violinist, and Max Rabinovitch, pianist, who also played the accompaniments for Mr. Chaliapin's songs. The Russian's next appearance will be at the Metropolitan, in the opening week of the opera season, when he will return to that stage in his matchless impersonation of Boris.

Lawrence Gilman

CARLOS SEDANO IN DEBUT.

Young Spanish Violinist Displays Power and Variety of Tone.

Carlos Sedano, a young Spanish violinist of considerable artistic as well as physical stature, made his first bow in public here last evening before less than a capacity house at Carnegie Hall. With a shade more of temperament, he could

...on command crowds, for he has power and variety of tone, a sure feeling for southern rhythm, all but the basic emotion to vitalize each phrase, such as life in a single line later.

...how pieces, of which Tartini's "Devil's Trill" with an old-fashioned cadenza was one, he made appropriate and individual choice of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole"—rarely done with true Spanish dance measures—and a little "Serenade Espagnole" arranged by Kreisler. Two arrangements, a waltz and melody of Tchaikovsky's, were by the veteran Leopold Auer, whom the young man followed to America after he already was a successful "prodigy" in Madrid.

Sedano, now grown up, looked tall even beside the gigantic Richard Hageman, former Metropolitan conductor, seated at a piano and his accompanist. Their program further included Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Songs," Ries's "Perpetuum Mobile" and the "Rondo des Lutins" of Bazzini.

Jean Nolan in Irish and Lea Kremer in Russian Songs Please.

Lovers of Irish and English folk-songs should have been at Jean Nolan's Aeolian Hall recital yesterday afternoon. There was a pleasing quality about the singer and her work. Miss Nolan was especially at home in the Irish airs, some of them traditional, but with modern arrangement by Herbert Hughes; some so beautiful that they lingered on the ear and touched the heart. Among them was a new song by Dermot MacMurrough, "The Shepherdess," which did not lose by its neighborhood.

The diction of Miss Nolan was practically clear and, though her tragic note is one of gentle melancholy, her humor was deliciously unforced and free. The neatness of her style was observable in a charming composition, "The Clock," by Sachnowsky. The range of Miss Nolan is not very wide, but within its limits she has specialized to good purpose.

Armed with the imprimatur of Leopold Auer, Carlos Sedano, a nineteen-year-old violinist, made his first American appearance last night at Carnegie Hall, and gave the impression that even without making an allowance for his years, he is a remarkable violinist.

The products of that notable manufactory of violinists conducted by the veteran Russian teacher can be depended upon, of course, to maintain a certain standard, to be able to produce a tone of agreeable, usually impeccable smoothness, and to have the dexterity to overcome the worst tangles in the regular violin repertoire at their fingers' ends. But young Mr. Sedano seemed to have all these assets to an unusual degree, in a program which tested tone and technique, though it was not very revealing as to the player's expressive capacity and emotional power. He dashed through the familiar deviltries of the "Devil's Trill" with success, and then embarked on the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole"—the first time it has been played this season, but not, certainly not, the last.

The outstanding feature in an excellent performance of this familiar work was Mr. Sedano's tone—an unusually fluent, crystalline quality in the higher notes, and a rich and mellow warmth in the lower ones; seeming to flow from his violin instead of, as it seems with many of our average recitalists, giving an impression of being extracted with some effort. Then, when it came to display passages, there was an effect of effortless ease, emphasized by the calm manner of the player. An encore number brought out a capacity for fine nuances of tone with a delicate touch in double stops on muted strings.

Arrangements of Tchaikovsky numbers by Mr. Auer and other old inhabitants in the recital repertoire concluded a much applauded program, skillfully accompanied by Richard Hageman. Mr. Sedano seems a notable addition to our lists of violinists, and it will be interesting to note what more serious numbers may reveal.

At Aeolian Hall, Godfrey Ludlow, an Australian violinist who did some good playing here last season, gave a "concert recital" of a type which has been given here in past seasons, pitting a Stradivarius against a new American

violin by playing Schubert's "Ave Maria" and an arrangement of his own on both instruments. This proved at least that the American violin, on which a Handel sonata and other pieces were also played, was a very good one. The recital, which concluded the two-day convention of violin makers, was introduced by a discussion of the merits of the native instrument by Julius D. Horvath.

The interesting small orchestra under Max Jacobs, the New York Chamber Symphony, introduced a modern French novelty last night at the Earl Carroll Theater in the shape of Arthur Honegger's "Pastorale d'Ete," and this school was further represent-

ed by Darius Milhaud's series of short pieces for contralto with orchestra, the "Catalogue des Fleurs," with Irene Wilder as the soloist. Another unfamiliar number was a "Symphoniette on Russian Themes," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, while another soloist was Nicholas Kouloukis, State Symphony flutist, in the closing Ballet Suite arranged by Mottl from Gluck's operas.

Oct 21 '24

Music Ernest Newman's Daily Column

LIKE MANY OTHER Russian singers, Mr. Rosing is happiest in the songs that lend themselves to dramatic characterization, but he has a good sense of where the line should be drawn between the concert room and the theatre. When purely lyrical singing is required he gives it us, as he did in his Arensky and Gretchaninov and Duparc last night, and in the opening section of Lensky's aria from "Eugene Onegin"; though one could have wished he were not so enamored of final falsetto effects. Grieg's lovely "Dream" was interesting less because of the amount of Grieg there was in it than because of the amount of Rosing: the song was not dramatized, it is true, but its lyrical quality was partly destroyed by the feverishness of the style and the constant changes in the tempo. The interpretation certainly had a life of its own, but it took us rather too far away from Grieg to be satisfying.

In the more realistic songs, Mr. Rosing got all his effects of characterization without exaggerating anywhere. His readings of Moussorgsky's "Death Serenade" and "The Goat" are now well known; they have lost nothing of their old pathos or pungency. New to me were his performances of Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre" and Debussy's "Noel des Enfants." The former was an admirable piece of etching. The latter was very moving; one realized afresh how profoundly the war must have shaken Debussy to wring this cry from him; it is one of the half-dozen things that alone will survive from those terrible years.

No Russian recital, of course, would be complete without the Volga Boatmen's Song. As Mr. Rosing sings it, it becomes an ingenious combination of a ventriloquial exhibition and our old friend, the Turkish Patrol. At the finish, the boatmen had receded so far into the distance that only a microphone and a telescope could have picked them up.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Pavlova in Revivals

A large and appreciative audience greeted Anna Pavlova and her Ballet Russe in two revival ballets last night at Manhattan Opera House. Pavlova herself appeared in more numbers than usual during the evening, dancing first in Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," followed by Liszt's "Les Preludes," and later contributing two of the divertissements. The former, perhaps the more effective of the two ballets of the evening, had not been presented in the city since 1914. In this number, arranged by Zaglich, Pavlova was assisted by Alexandre Volinine and her entire company. Weber's music lends itself especially well to ballet arrangement and the production was provided with effective scenery and costumes. "Les Preludes," last seen here in 1916, was arranged by M. Fokine and founded on Lamartine's "Meditations Poetiques." The setting was well done here also, and the dancer was ably assisted by Laurent Novikoff and the company.

Pavlova was superb as always. Appearing in "Coquetterie de Columbine," one of the shorter numbers following the regular program, assisted by Volinine and Novikoff, she was encored again and again. This number was one of the most effective among the divertissements, all of which seemed particularly interesting last night. The enthusiasm of the audience mounted steadily throughout the evening, reaching a climax in the Columbine number. The performance closed with a Russian dance by Pavlova, assisted by M. Algeranoff.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Vladimir Rosing's Recital.

Vladimir Rosing, the Russian tenor whose song programs have been conspicuous features of late musical seasons in America, gave a recital last night in Carnegie Hall. His performances had familiar excellences and deficiencies. He seemed to be in unusually good voice, and in songs by certain Russians thrilled his hearers by his imagination and emotional power. He has the flare for dramatic effect. He makes the most of a text, and understands the potency of tone color, as witness the interpretation of the grisly "Death's Serenade" of Moussorgsky. The air from the "Fair at Sorochinsk" was interpreted with reticence and proportion. "The Goat" had the racy accent and spirit of a Russian Rabelais. This song is artistically in direct line of descent from Dargimzky's incomparable little invention, "The Miller," interpreted last night in the manner of broad comedy. Then there was the singing of the chant of the Volga Boatmen, entirely without accompaniment, beginning very faintly, swelling to a fortissimo, fading again into silence—the effect of a real folksong.

Elsewhere Mr. Rosing was sentimental and mannered. He just revelled in pianissimo of the languishing and well-nigh inaudible kind. He employs falsetto at times with taste and imagination, but it is a device which he abuses through overindulgence. He often distorts a melodic line or dwells on a syllable for the sake of emphasis which is unnecessary. Music and text can say much for themselves if presented as the composer intended, but this was seldom enough for Mr. Rosing. The danger of his methods, stirring as they often are, was demonstrated. It is possible and at times desirable to ignore principles of finished vocalism for the sake of emotional expression, but such practices tend to coarsen the style and obliterate the line between what is realistic but sincere, and what is exaggerated and melodramatic. Mr. Rosing's audience would have thought more and not less of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Southern Night" and Lensky's "Farewell Aria" and Debussy's "Noel des Enfants" if these songs had been more simply and directly treated.

Mr. Rosing's large following listened to him very attentively, applauded warmly, and insisted upon encores.

Edwin Ideler in Violin

Recital at Aeolian Hall

Gives Excellent Rendition of Bax's Sonata and Viextemps in Debut

Edwin Ideler, a violinist making his recital debut here, gave a very good account of his talent yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. He began with the modern British school, represented by Arnold Bax's sonata in E, and then turned to the more familiar field with the Viextemps D major concerto.

The Bax sonata was a rather deliberate, reflective work, with some passages of distinct beauty, but, on the whole, a rather unvaried pale gray atmosphere and a tendency to ramble with no particular destination in sight. By the time that the composer had finally rediscovered the main theme of the last movement, and repeated it again much higher up the scale at the close about forty-five minutes had passed. The Viextemps concerto, in contrast, seemed a much more workman-like composition, serving its purpose of providing some tuneful music and giving the violinist a chance to display his power.

Mr. Ideler did this to good effect, showing a tone of most commendable quality and smoothness, except for a thin patch or two, and unlabored technical agility able to cope with all the difficulties Viextemps offered. He gave the slow, rather dreamy passages in the Bax work considerable warmth, while Harry Kaufman fared well in the piano part. A Corelli sonata and various shorter pieces closed a well-attended concert.

At Aeolian Hall Sara Phyllis Grossman, a fifteen-year-old pianist, played Tausig's arrangement of a Bach Toccat and Fugue, Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations, Chopin, Grieg and Liszt. Miss Grossman's fingers flew swiftly enough, but she had not yet learned to moderate what seemed an inclination toward an almost continuous forte.

Town Hall housed last night one of the concerts largely devoted to the Italian songs of Ernesto de Curtis, whose fellow countrymen formed a major part of the large audience. The singers, whom the composer accompanied, were Caterina Gobbi, soprano, who first appeared here last season, and again seemed to have an exceptional voice last night, and Giuseppe Danise, Metropolitan barytone. Instrumental numbers by other composers were given by Mischa Goodman, violinist, accompanied by Mr. Spiegel-Kantrowitz, Maria Rosa Vidal, harpist, and Mary Menk, pianist. F. D. F.

Time was when Bruckner was a portentous name in symphonic neighborhoods, when orchestras played his works and critics discussed them with some heat and no small acrimony. Yet so completely has his sun set that last night's performance, given to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of its composer's birth, was the first hearing the third symphony

had had in several years.

One comes from hearing it wearied and a little saddened at the thought of the precious ink and paper and eyesight that must have gone into its fashioning; a little bewildered, too, to think that this man was once taken with enormous seriousness, and that his admirers confidently nominated him as Brahms's rival for the Beethoven succession.

It must have been Bruckner's industry that won him his place. Musicians are such a lazy lot, ordinarily, that even to-day a composer who could write eleven symphonies and get them performed would probably win considerable renown.

In one respect, at least, Bruckner does resemble Brahms. For the finale of his first symphony Brahms wrote a theme that is first cousin to the finale of Beethoven's ninth, and for the opening of his third Bruckner wrote a theme that is simply the first half of the opening theme of Beethoven's ninth. There the resemblance between the two junior B's ends. Brahms manages to say certain things with his theme that Beethoven had overlooked; Bruckner merely makes you wonder, irritably, why on earth he doesn't finish the phrase.

The bulk of his symphony is honest, ponderously built, utterly sincere. Keppelmusik, a string of amiable, muddily orchestrated platitudes, standing in about the same relation to Brahms that Gene Stratton Porter bears to Samuel Butler. If he had talent it was for popular music. The third movement contains a pretty waltz, and the finale has a nice one-step; if both were not so clumsily put together and sandwiched in between the most appalling quasi-Beethovenistic banalities they would be rather cheering.

Mr. Strinsky's men weathered the fifty-five minutes of Bruckner with admirable endurance and generally commendable skill, although the brass and woodwind were not always of one mind regarding the pitch. A sizeable audience greeted the conductor with evident friendliness and was even amiable about the symphony.

OTHER MUSIC.

E. Robert Schmitz emerged last night from the Franco-American Musical Society with Twelve Etudes of Szymanowski in his grasp. "It is," confides the program, "the first complete performance of this work in New York," which indicates that fragments have been heard before at other concerts. This is difficult to reconcile with a certain erratic continuity which weaves the twelve studies together. Mr. Schmitz recaptured the uncanny quality of chattering thoughts in this work with vivid understanding and sympathy. It is a theme after the hearts of the composers somewhat vaguely called "modern" and yet it is done without the aggressive dissonances and freaks of phrasing which this school so conscientiously applies.

For the rest there was Liszt (in which Mr. Schmitz was much less happy), and the B minor Sonata of Chopin and a bitter-sweet Sonatine by Roussel. The pianist's technique is not flawless and there are sudden incredible false notes from his nervous fingers.

A. S.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.
State Symphony Orchestra.

The centenary of Anton Bruckner was observed by the performance of his third symphony at the concert of the State Symphony Orchestra, Josef Strinsky, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. The remainder of the program consisted of Wagner—the one in whose company, of all composers, Bruckner would have been happy—represented by the "Faust" overture, the overtures to "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser," and the "Traume," originally a study for "Tristan and Isolde."

The greater number of Bruckner's symphonies played here have been his later works, which are those of his Wagnerian period (who, once hearing them, forgets the Bayreuth tubas of the elegy of the finale of the Seventh? The

Third Symphony is less familiar, and it comes very evidently from the days before Bruckner had become overwhelmingly enamored of the Wagnerian idiom. There are earlier influences in this Third Symphony, and the first and most evident is that of Beethoven. The first theme is so close to that of the opening of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony that the resemblance is inescapable, first of all in its contour, tonality and orchestral color, and finally in its spirit of mystery and suspense, with the stark theme at length unleashing itself and crashing through the orchestral chaos. The opening of the slow movement, in turn, is after the manner of the Beethoven of the broad adagios.

Now and again emerges the later Bruckner of the gorgeous brasses, the chorale passages, the curious pizzicato figures for the basses and the broad melodic curves which are inseparable characteristics of his music. The symphony as a whole, however, is the weakest of Bruckner's works that we know. It has already, full grown, the faults which disfigure the frequently gigantic conceptions of the later scores. There is the endless preparation for a commanding climax that is either frittered away or does not arrive at all. The finale commences with typically Brucknerian alarms and excursions, fanfares and shoutings enough to welcome the judgment day. And then there is a pause, a scratching of the head on the part of the composer. "Let me see—what was I going to say?"

The strongest movement of this symphony is probably the scherzo, of which the first part is full of energy and humor, and the trio a true "lander" in peasant style—and what a peasant, at the bottom of his soul, this strange, half-childish, half-apocalyptic Bruckner! In all the other movements are lofty thoughts, but they alternate with symphonic papier-mâché that looks plausible on paper and crumbles to nothing at a wing of the conductor's baton.

It cannot be claimed that the performances of either this symphony or of the "Faust" overture that preceded it were of particular brilliancy. Mr. Strinsky displayed his familiar attributes. He made much of certain climaxes in the "Faust" overture and slackened his tempi more than some conductors would in other places. The music itself did the rest, and attested once more to the erving pity of the fact that Wagner did not write the complete "Faust" symphony which he once planned; to his power of musical psychology, even when the "Faust" overture was first sketched; to his anticipations, in the love of music, of his chromaticism and the poignancy of "Tristan and Isolde." There was an audience of good size, which cordially applauded the conductor.

Lawrence Gilman

It was a pleasure to welcome Mr. Strinsky and his State Symphony Orchestra at their first concert of the season last night in Carnegie Hall; for Mr. Strinsky had chosen a provocative program, and Mr. Strinsky himself was in his best form: buoyant and vivid, and filled with contagious enthusiasm for the task that he had taken in hand, which, in its chief phase, was nothing less than a performance of one of the seldom heard symphonies of that strange and pathetic genius, Anton Bruckner.

The symphony was Bruckner's Third, in D minor, performed by Mr. Strinsky in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Bruckner's birth, which fell on September 4. Bruckner was born at Ansfelden, Upper Austria, in 1844 and died at Vienna in 1896. He was nine years older than Brahms (against whom he was absurdly pitted by his unwise adherents) and eleven years younger than Wagner, whom he worshiped. He wrote his first symphony in the year of the first production of "Tristan and Isolde," and he laid down his pen while Richard Strauss was sketching "Till Eulenspiegel." His work, that is to say, spanned the period during which romanticism reached its splendid summit and began to decline, and Bruckner's eyes caught something of that radiance.

He was a patient, humble, naive, sensitive and pitiable soul—the best-hated composer, saving his idol Wagner, of the nineteenth century. He dedicated his second symphony to Franz Liszt, his third "to Master Richard Wagner, in deepest reverence"; his sixth to his landlord (though he afterward annulled this), his seventh to the King of Bavaria, his eighth to the Emperor of Austria; and he intended to dedicate his ninth to God—at least there is a legend to the effect that he purposed to inscribe it "to the dear Lord"; but he died of dropsy before the finale was composed.

What was not said of his music by the partisans of Brahms! Elizabeth von Herzogenberg, from whose letters to her devoted Brahms we quoted yesterday, called him "an inflated wind-bag," and could find nothing in his music but "one or two not quite impossible

motifs, like grease spots swimming on the top of weak soup." Bülow called him "the Asiatic Bruckner." As for the powerful and unbridled Hanslick, he abused Bruckner like a pickpocket, pursued him and harassed him with a venom that knew no bounds.

And still there is rancor and disagreement concerning the music of Bruckner. For some he was and is a seer and a prophet, the master, at his best, of a strangely exalted discourse, grazing the sublime, though his speech was both halting and prolix; he stammered and he knew not when to stop. But sometimes he was among the stars, and often he was at the heart of life. For many, though, he is still the abomination of desolation. In New York his music has never thrived, though persistent efforts have been made by

various conductors to acclimatize it here. Mr. Strinsky has been one of his dauntless champions. He performed Bruckner's Fifth Symphony in his first season (1911-'12) as conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In the season of 1912-'13 he played the Sixth Symphony. In the season of 1917-'18 he repeated the Fifth, and he played the Eighth in the season of 1919-'20.

The Third Symphony, which he played last night, was new here under his baton, but the work was not new to New York, for Walter Damrosch conducted it thirty-nine years ago at a concert of the Symphony Society, for the first time in America. Bruckner composed it in 1873, packed it in his portfolio with the scores of its two predecessors, and journeyed to Bayreuth to lay his music at the feet of his beloved Wagner. It is said that Wagner was greatly pleased with these works, and that he willingly accepted the dedication of the Third.

This symphony is less characteristic of Bruckner than are the later ones—especially the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth. It offers fewer examples both of his faults and of his virtues. On the one hand it is shorter and less garrulous, it sprawls less awkwardly, it goes about its business more expeditiously. On the other hand, it is, at its best, far less imposing in substance. Its ideas are slighter. Sometimes they are merely blatant and vacuous, as in the case of the chief theme of the first movement, which is scarcely worth the breath that the trumpet has to expend on it. Or they are sanctimoniously Beethovenish, without the noble simplicity of Beethoven at his best, as in the opening string theme of the slow movement. Or they are exasperatingly trivial, as in the second theme (F sharp major) of the Finale, for the first violins. Yet now and again the irrepressible genius of Bruckner wells up into the music, as in the beautiful second subject of the first movement, with its lovely accompaniment figure for the violins twining about the theme in the horn and violas; and then for half a dozen pages you get writing that is truly captivating and distinguished—though scarcely the essential Bruckner.

That Bruckner is to be found only in the maturer symphonies—in, for example, the matchless Adagio of the Eighth. Mr. Strinsky might well put that monumental score (using the cuts that he has skillfully made in it) on one of his future programs. His audience last night was unmistakably pleased with the Third; it might be deeply stirred by the Eighth. For that is music in which the true Bruckner emerges: the Bruckner who saw visions and dreamed dreams as colossal, as grandiose, as awful in lonely splendor, as those of William Blake.

The rest of Mr. Strinsky's program was all Wagner: the "Faust Overture," which began it (as prelude to the Bruckner); and the Overtures to "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser," with "Traume" between them. Mr. Strinsky and his orchestra read the symphony with fervor, with intense conviction. Mr. Strinsky was in his element, for he knows and loves the music of Bruckner, and he had evidently kindled the enthusiasm of his players. The audience was cordially demonstrative.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.
Miss Breton in Debut.

Ruth Breton, violinist, made her debut yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She has evidently a sensitively musical and emotional nature. Her tone is rich, brilliant and personal in quality. Her sincerity and enthusiasm in interpretation were contagious. These characteristics conquered the nervousness of a first performance and certain minor defects of execution which this nervousness engendered. Others play their "Vitali" ("Chaconne") and Lalo ("Symphonie Espagnole") with the glibness of well-taught youth, but few young

musicians who give first recitals in this city possess Miss Breton's imagination, feeling and inherent individuality.

In addition to the compositions by Vitali and Lalo, which in her hands demands of different kinds upon the performer, Miss Breton played, in pieces, "Elegie," by Cyril Scott; "Tango," Poldowski; "Hills," Cecil Burleigh; "Agite," Dont-Auer; "Le plus que lent," Debussy; "Scene from the Czarada," Hubay. These compositions were well selected. They displayed different aspects of the violinist's art and made entertaining contrast in the program. Cyril Scott's piece is not highly original, but is good from the performer's point of view. Poldowski's "Tango" bears in the score the sub-caption, "d'une façon canaille." It is a witty invention, unpretentious, and well contrived for violin and piano.

The composer says no more than she can, and says it with the spirit of a feminine chabrier. Cecil Burleigh's "Hills" is very simple; none the less did Miss Breton, in performing it, show the qualities of style, of taste and a fine-spun legato which distinguish pupils of Leopold Auer. The Dont-Auer composition is the dexterous treatment of technical problems and musical figures native to the violin. In these small pieces Miss Breton was eloquent without pretense or exaggeration. She revealed an ingratiating personality and the instincts of the virtuoso. Even when she was tremulous she showed spirit and authority. Experience of the concert stage should do much for her and accelerate her development. She is today a violinist of substantial achievement and future promise.

In response to hearty applause Miss Breton added to the program.

MUSIC Ernest Newman's Daily Column

Music and the Next Generation

I HAVE been looking over the musical plans of various American cities for the season that is just commencing and have been struck by the number of "students' concerts" and "concerts for young people." We in London have recently begun to give orchestral concerts, with explanatory remarks, for children; and such concerts have been given for some time in Edinburgh, Liverpool, and other towns; but I fancy that America was the pioneer in this enterprise.

If anything could make a country musical, it ought to be this: again and again I have heard the pessimists declare that the present generation is hopeless, and that the only hope is in the children. Can any one tell me what the results so far have been, or is it too early yet to look for results? The interest that the children take in their concerts is undeniable; but do they remain interested in music when they grow up? I am not asserting the negative, I am only asking for information.

Nobody who is frank with himself can deny that hitherto what has passed for musical education has lamentably failed to make people musical in the full sense of the word. Students learn how to sing, to play the piano or the violin or some other instrument; but comparatively few of them become really musical. Their interest begins and ends with their special instrument; about music as a whole the majority of them know little and care less. I speak from a pretty wide experience of conservatories and students in England. Let me illustrate my point by a couple of typical cases.

I once lived in an English provincial town of nearly a million inhabitants. It had a conservatoire in which every branch of music was taught. It had some very capable teachers, especially of the string instruments, and something like a thousand students each term. Taking the violin and cello students alone at about 200 per term, and allowing for the large number of private teachers in the town, it would be pretty safe to say that in ten or fifteen years something like 10,000 people must have learned to play a string instrument. Here, one would have thought, was an ample public for chamber music, yet the melancholy fact is that it was exceedingly difficult to get together a subscription list of a hundred for four quartet concerts per annum. The only conclusion I could come to was that the teaching of these people had had may have taught them how to play the violin or the cello, but it had not made them musical, or even fond of music.

Or take the case of the vocal students. Again and again I used to be asked to find a young soprano or contralto the more of some opera or other that con-

ed an aria they wanted to learn. I
ed after a time that the pages of the
were becoming very soiled, but that
rest of the score was not. It was
ent that all that these bright young
tures were interested in in "Louise"
"Depuis le jour," in "L'Enfant Pro-
e," the aria of Lia, in "Madam Butter-
"One fine day," and so on. If it was
enor, all he wanted to know in the
stersinger" was the Prize Song and the
Songs; if a bass, and I lent him
is Godounov," he merely turned to
Czar's aria "My power is absolute."
e of these people seemed to have the
curiosity about the opera as a whole.
the literature classes at our univer-
s did little more than produce students
had no use for Shakespeare except
et up two or three of the more hack-
d speeches and spout them in public,
ould opine that there was something
g in our way of teaching literature.
n an equivalent thing to this happens
usic, what conclusion can we come to
pt that there is something funda-
ally wrong with our methods of
ing music? Hundreds of thousands
udents during the last ten years must
taken an appreciation course in
c, or read one of the many books on
subject. I should be glad to be able
believe that all these people have be-
enthusiastic concert-goers, but the
of our English concerts, at any rate,
not encourage that belief.
haps most young people in the past
been forced to approach music from
wrong direction. It has been made a
h of pedagogics, instead of a joyous
ature. Perhaps the right way to
people love music is to let the con-
on unconsciously soak into them that
jam, not medicine. The new method
iving very young children music, in-
of teaching it to them, seems more
ful than the older rigid pedagogic
ods.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

marilla and Oriental Impressions
marilla" and "Oriental Impressions"
tuted the ballets of Anna Pavlova's
rmance last evening. The former is
d favorite and was heartily received.
perhaps not as colorful as other num-
in her repertoire, being along the more
ntional lines of the ballet, but it was
tfully and perfectly executed. "Orien-
oppressions" consists of dances adapted
the Japanese and Hindu. The dances
pan are mostly a matter of form and
t, difficult of comprehension by an Oc-
tal mind not versed in their lore. The
wedding dance was interesting and
and that of Krishna and Rhada a
t, exotic thing.
divertissements were also old favor-
and for that reason one was glad to
hem again. Particularly well liked
"Californian Poppy," a solo dance by
Pavlova, and "Bacchanale," danced
her partner. Novikoff also pleased
his "Warrior Dance."
ere is an ominous note about this fare-
and one fears that it may be true. It
t be a pity. Such grace, beauty and
ness as Pavlova has given us are irre-
table.

25 724

Harry Farberman, Violinist, Heard.
Harry Farberman gave a violin recital
at Aeolian Hall last evening, honored by
the presence of his former master, Aucr,
and of an audience cordial to his free
and spirited playing. Four years of
concert tours to South America and
Australia had developed the self-com-
mand of a young artist, broadening his
vie beyond mere student technique to
ut of an individual interpreter. He
ve with Max Rablownitch the sonata
of Franck and achieved a dashing vic-
tory in Saint-Saens's concerto. To short
pieces by Achron, Kreisler and Wilhelm
added an old-time "Russian Car-
aval" of Wienlawski.

26 192-

By OLIN DOWNES.

Roland Hayes Sings.
Roland Hayes, the colored tenor whose
markable success in late seasons has
justified by the sincerity and in-
fluence of his art, gave his first New
recital of the season yesterday

afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He sang
the Mozart aria "Per pietà, non ricer-
cate"; "An die Leier," Schubert;
"Geisternahe," Schumann; "Beherzi-
gung," Wolf; "In a Myrtle Shade,"
Griffes; "I Know a Hill," Whelpley;
"A Caravan From China Comes," and
a final group of negro spirituals. It
is in songs of intimate emotional appeal
rather than in bravura passages or in
music which demands a robust and
dramatic character of voice that Mr.
Hayes makes his deepest impression.
There he seems most completely and
distinctively himself. Contrary to pop-
ular misconceptions of the musical tem-
perament of his race, it is not in special
rhythms, sentimentality or the broader
type of comedy that he is interested,
but in songs that require exceptional
refinement and sensibility. When such
songs lie well for a voice which is
beautiful but of limited capacities they
are sung with admirable legato and
shaping of phrase, with fine nuances
and a true simplicity that stirs the
listener.

The Mozart aria showed a greater
roundness and agility of the voice than
it had two years ago, but it was in
later songs that Mr. Hayes came most
fully into his own. Of these were Wolf's
"Beherzigung," and the two Schubert
songs sung as encores after this group.
The melancholy and loneliness of Schu-
bert were felt by the performer and
the audience. Griffes's song is for the
writer one of the best that this com-
poser produced. It has a mood of its
own, and a fine harmonic background
which does not usurp but admirably
sets off the voice part. In the song of
Storey Smith there was not only the
painting of an exotic scene, but some-
thing of the wonder and wistfulness
that the thought of a distant and
evanescent beauty may invoke.

Mr. Hayes achieved his ends by ex-
cellent diction as well as vocal control,
and by imagination and the instinct for
the subtle and finer sides of the art
of interpretation. He is increasing his
repertory and range of expression with
the seasons, but he might do well, when
he has broadened and enriched his
musical taste as he desires, to select
certain songs which are peculiarly his
own, and concentrate upon their pres-
entation to his audiences.

Nina Tarasova Again in Folk Songs.

Nina Tarasova reappeared last evening
at Aeolian Hall, singing in costumes by
Soudelkine, artist of the Chauve Souris,
her familiar folksongs and art songs of
Russia, with echoes from Latin lands
visited in Summer travels. Besides a
popular Naples tarantella, there were
Schindler's arrangements of a Sala-
manca muletter's chant and an Irish
war ballad of Napoleon's day, as well as
Tiersot's version of the French "Pas-
sant par Lorraine." Mme. Tarasova's
varied and vivacious treatment of hum-
ble themes, tender or tragic, won her
audience's cordial appreciation. Lazar
Weiner assisted at the piano.

Five years ago Roland Hayes gave
a concert in a little upstairs room in
135th Street with a group of his own
people about him. Yesterday after-
noon he packed Carnegie Hall to the
doors with as varied a collection of
races and professions as that staid old
building has ever held. It was a tri-
umph for true music, but at what cost
and after what struggles only Roland
Hayes knows.

Something of this heartbreak is im-
prisoned forever in his voice and has
found its way to his program. The
songs he sings are all a little pen-
sive, a little wistful. Even the Negro
folk-songs which you hear shouted in
uprarious glee are tender rather than
hilarious. Whereas the "Spirituals"
have a simple poignancy which breaks
down all defenses. Yesterday after
the Mozart aria he sang a lieder
group, a few fragments of Griffes, and
then crooned his way into the songs
of Jesus and the soul which by and by
would lay this burden down. His voice
has the same magical gifts of true
depth and feeling and light, discern-
ing skill with which he follows the
delicate contours of his melody. There
were moments when you felt that he
grew suddenly conscious of the size
of Carnegie Hall and when you longed
to beg him not to force that lovely
tone against its vast walls. But this
was only an occasional note; for the
most part his voice seemed to have
gained in strength and sweetness.
Certainly it wove its usual spell over
a huge audience which begged clam-
orously for encores. A. S.

JOHN McCORMACK

John McCormack's admirers jammed
the utmost capacity of Carnegie Hall
last night, frankly rejoicing to find their
tenor hero in prime form at the outset
of a new season. The singer met them in
a mood of high musical endeavor, such
as has for years given artistic interest

to his annual return. Punctual to the
starting hour and sparing of encores, he
was compelled at last to give the crowd
its way with many recalls for his Irish
folksongs and the kindred lyrics of mod-
ern composers.

Bach's air from "Ich bin ein guter
Hirt," sung in English, and one from
Handel's forgotten Italian opera, "Glu-
stino," arranged by Samuel Endicott,
drew as encore an unfamiliar song. "The
Heavy Hours." The quaint piece is of
unknown authorship, "discovered" by
the same adapter, Endicott, in a Bos-
ton collection. To a superb outburst in
the German "Mahnacht" of Brahms and
Rachmaninoff's "Before My Window,"
beautifully enunciated as McCormack
can, he added the Russian composer's
"The Children" and Schubert's "Ave
Maria," a favorite greeted with instant
applause.

The Irish and other ballads were, as
usual, fresh results of constant research
and loving care with which McCormack
has lavishly enriched the older battle-
horses of popular repertoire. Lauri Ken-
nedy assisted in cello solos, accom-

panied by Dorothy Kennedy at the
piano, while the tenor's songs were
played, as for many seasons past, by
Edwin Schneider.

Rose Raymond in Piano Recital.

Rose Raymond appeared in a piano
recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian
Hall. It was not till Miss Raymond
reached the Beethoven Sonata that one
appreciated the fact that she had more
than a confusing turn for speed. The
balance in her favor was turned by the
indestructible composer.

Her Schumann suffered from the same
haste in the fast measures that had
spoiled her Bach, but made up for it in
moments of real sensitiveness and feel-
ing. The remainder of the program in-
cluded the "Cathedral enloutie" of
Debussy and a Rhapsodie by Dohnanyi.

Dora Rose Pleases in Songs.

Dora Rose, diminutive and dainty both
in presence and voice, appeared for the
first time last evening at Aeolian Hall,
singing modern Italian and American
lyrics and somewhat more classic Ger-
man and French. She sang pleasingly
many light soprano airs, including those
of Kramer, Watts and Mana Zucca,
while at the close she attempted the
chromatic air from "Coq d'Or" and
Rachmaninoff's "Ecstasy of Spring." In
the intimate hall the young singer
showed good command of her resources.
Emilio Roxas assisted at the piano.

The Friends of Music Give a
Bach Program at Their
Opening Concert

The Society of the Friends of Music
heartened their friends and confounded
their imaginary enemies by presenting
yesterday afternoon at their first con-
cert of the season in the Town Hall a
program of uncommon interest. It was
not only an all-Bach program—a wel-
come thing in itself—but it offered as
its chief feature a performance of one
of Bach's most touching and beautiful
works, the church cantata "Gottes
Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit" (the
"Actus tragicus," No. 106 in the edi-
tion of the Bachgesellschaft); music in
which the young master—for he was
then in his twenties—brooded with awe
and tenderness and exaltation upon the
supreme enigma. For this cantata is
a song of mourning; the theme is
Death—its inevitability and its mys-
tery, conceived as the devout Teutonic
mind of the youthful Bach, an eight-
eenth-century Protestant of genius,
would necessarily have viewed it; with
piety, with infinite compassion, with
serene, unquestioning faith in the
promises of the Redeemer, with an un-
shakable assurance of the consolatory
love of Christ.

The epigram of Spitta, echoed by
Schweitzer, that this cantata is the
development of an antithesis between
the Old Testament dread of death and
the New Testament joy in death, be-
tween the wrath of a vengeful God and
the atoning love of Christ, is strik-
ing and plausible; but there is far less
of dread and terror in this music than
of pitiful tenderness and elegiac grief,
and at the end, jubilation and songs of
praise.

The work has been attributed to
Bach's early years at Weimar, but it
is now surmised that it may possibly
belong to an ill-remembered time
he was organist at the Church of St.
Blasius, in Mühlhausen. Spitta thought
that Bach wrote the cantata for the
funeral of the rector of the Weimar
school, Philipp Grossgebauer, in 1711;
but a more recent conjecture is that
Bach composed it for the funeral of
his uncle, Tobias Lämmerhirt, who was
buried at Erfurt in September, 1707;
and if this is so, in all likelihood the
cantata belongs to the Mühlhausen day,
and the words—a pastiche, consisting
for the most part of Scriptural texts—
may have been compiled by Bach's
friend, Georg Christian Eilmar, god-
father of Bach's first child and pastor
of the Church of the Blessed Virgin at
Mühlhausen.

The depth and intensity of expres-
sion compassed by the youthful Bach
in this score is a thing to marvel at;
and long ago the human and spiritual
beauty of the work endeared it to mu-
sicians. The poignant expressiveness
of the score exhibits at times an as-
tonishing modernity, especially in its
harmonic speech. It is an uncanny
experience to hear the veritable voice
of the Wagner of "Parsifal" speaking
out of this music, more than a century
and a half before "Parsifal" was
thought of. Yet there, in the music
which Bach has set to the words, "Thou
hast redeemed me," in the alto solo,
"Into Thy Hands," is the very chord,
and in the very key, to which Wagner
so long after was to set the strangely
similar words of Amfortas in the tem-
ple scene of the first act of "Parsifal."
"As in our Redeemer." It is at
least a curious coincidence that the
thought of Christ the Redeemer should
have suggested, precisely the same har-
monic expression to the two supreme
masters of music in two different cen-
turies.

But for the most part it is Bach
alone—Bach lonely and unparalleled—
who emerges from this music. Did he
ever achieve a more perfect blend of
profound expressiveness with grave
ornateness of the vocal line than in

the noble and lovely floriture of the
bass solo, on the words "... in
Paradise to-day"? And how exquisite
and moving is the treatment of the
chorale melody "Mit Fried' und
Freud" by the alto voices against the
floral embroidery of the bass and the
instruments in the succeeding passage!
Here, truly, is music that is not un-
worthy, in its compassionate, assuag-
ing tenderness, its transfigured and
mystical beauty, of association with
those sublime words that must have
been in the mind of Bach himself.
"They shall hunger no more,
neither thirst any more. ... For
the Lamb which is in the midst of the
throne shall feed them, and shall lead
them unto living fountains of waters;
and God shall wipe away all tears from
their eyes."

Bach scored the work for a remark-
able assortment of instrument, two
flutes and two violi da gamba, with the
usual "continuo" for basse and organ.
The viola da gamba, long obsolete, was
a six-stringed instrument, a "knee-
viola," as opposed to the "viola da
braccio," occupying a place between the
viola and the cello, a little smaller in
size than the latter, though with a flat
back. Bach was fond of the instru-
ment, and used it in his Passion Music
and cantatas, in the three sonatas for
gamba and clavier, and in the Sixth
Brandenburg Concerto. The tone has
been described as akin to that of the
viola, "though not so cadaverous."

Evidently Bach wanted a tone
color of veiled and somber quality,
lacking the sensuous warmth of the
cello; and this he planned to secure
from the two gambas and the two
flutes, which he used in this score, for
the most part, in the lower portion of
their scale. In yesterday's perform-
ance an edition of the score by Frank
van der Stucken was used—an ampli-
fied version made with a view to in-
creasing its effectiveness under the
conditions of the modern concert hall.
Mr. van der Stucken's additions to the
instrumental accompaniments are heed-
ful and discreet. He has added both
wine and string parts, and has given
the gamba passages to cellos and violas.
But one wishes it were possible to hear
this cantata performed, for once more
nearly as Bach conceived it—with a
small chorus and fewer instruments on
the stage; though doubtless there are
few gambas outside the walls of mu-
seums, and few gamba players in cap-
tivity, and one would have to do with
substitutes.

Marion Telva, George Meader and
Gustav Schützendorf sang the solo
parts in the "Actus Tragicus." Of
these, Miss Telva and Mr. Meader suc-
ceeded best in conveying the style and
mood of Bach's exacting music. Mr.
Schützendorf was not the happiest con-
ceivable choice for the bass solos. The
chorus of the society, Stephen Town-
send, director, sang admirably, and Mr.
Bodanzky conducted with fervor and
devotion.

The other music contributed to the
program by John Sebastian comprised
the famous "Peasan" Cantata, writ-
ten a generation later than the "Actus
Tragicus," in which Bach indulged in
love of burlesque and gave vent to the
humor which he so seldom relea-
ed in his music. The jocular score, with its
rustic parodies and its liberal use of
folk tunes and dance melodies, was
sung, rather tentatively, by El-
abeth Reichberg and Mr. Schützendorf,
who might have been assisted in their
somewhat cautious communica-
on of the humor of the work if the program-
book had printed an English version of
the text, and not merely the German
words alone.

For the rest, the program offered an arch-trial number—the Third Brandenburg Concerto for strings—and the Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C major, played by Mr. Lynwood Farnum on the fine new Steyer memorial organ. The hall was filled to a cordial applause of audience.

Mme. Homer and Daughter Appear.

Earlier in the afternoon Louise Homer and her daughter, Louise Homer Stires, gave a joint concert in Carnegie Hall. As heretofore on these occasions, the program included solos for each singer, contralto and soprano, and duets in which they appeared together. The contralto of Mme. Homer's voice retains much of its solidity and quality, and he sings with the maturity of conception, the breadth and authority which have long been her characteristics. The voice of Mrs. Stires has developed considerably since she made her first public appearances. It is a light voice, with a very much body or warmth of coloring, but it is employed now with precision of attack, in a confident, and at times brilliant, manner. In the duet he contrasting qualities of the voices showed to advantage, and there was more purity of intonation than invariably follows in the average performance of a duet for women's voices.

Mme. Homer opened the concert with a group consisting of Handel's "Come and Trip It," Schubert's "Serenade" and Car. Loew's "Mädchen und Weibchen Wind." She then sang with her daughter the duet that Haydn wrote in the Italian manner, "Gloria Notte." Mrs. Stires then sang an air of Mozart with excellent sustained tone and beauty of phrasing, then an old English folksong, "The Good Doctor," in climax of song of her father, Sidney Homer, "There's Heaven Above."

The latter part of the program ranged through Massenet, Masse, H. H. Beach, and other modern composers. In the latter part of the program, the duets of the Hebrides, Frank Bridge, Frederick Krull, concluding with a group of duets—Tuscan folksongs arranged by Caracciolo and "The Storm" by Meyer-Heilmund. Both singers added encores to the program, and among these were some of Mme. Homer's best known songs: the "Song of the Dove," "The Dove's Aria from 'Il Trovatore' and lighter encore songs. The audience was of good size, and it was enthusiastic.

Pianist at Aeolian Hall

At Aeolian Hall, Rose Raymond, a young American pianist, began with Bach, a Brahms arrangement of a Gluck gavotte and Beethoven's early sonata, Op. 2, No. 2. This and Schumann's G minor sonata, Op. 22, testified to a considerable degree of technical and digital skill, ample zest and energy, and also, it seemed, a partiality to fortissimos and to high speed, which sometimes tended to blur detail and hamper variety of color. There were passages, however, which indicated that Miss Raymond could play with lightness and delicacy. A barcarole by Liadoff, three numbers from Leopold Godowsky's "Trianton-tameron" and Debussy and Dohnanyi numbers formed the final group of shorter pieces.

Mme. Clara Clemens

With Mme. Clara Clemens illustrating the development of song in seven historical programs, Ernest Hutcheson surveying the literature of the piano in an equal number of recitals and the complete cycle of Brahms's chamber music in eight concerts also on the list, the music season of 1924-25 promises to have an unusually serial character. The first of these serials was launched yesterday afternoon at Town Hall by Mme. Clemens, who devoted her first chapter to six kinds of folksongs.

To make a list of songs which, while not transgressing the time limit of the average recital, will succeed in being diversified and representative is not an easy task—the seven programs of this series represent, we are told, selections covering years and a study of hundreds of songs—but yesterday's program of folksongs covered a considerable range in a short time, with groups which seemed well of the folksongs of the particular nationality. There were four French songs, "Leonor," "Vilanelle," "A l'Ombre d'un Ormeau" and "Chanson à Danser"; five German numbers, three Swedish, the Italian "Siciliana" and "Carolina," three Russian songs and five Scotch ones, including such familiar numbers as "The Blue Bells of Scotland" and "Charlie Is My Darling." Good arrangements of the songs also had been chosen, with simple, effective accompaniments.

Mme. Clemens's singing had qualities found in her recitals of past seasons: intelligence, expressive ability, a voice of sufficient volume, but which, as before, gave an impression of being produced with a certain amount of difficulty. For most of the recital she used the original, but turned to Ger-

man and English translations of the Swedish and Russian numbers. Walter Goldsway was the accompanying pianist.

A voice of promise considerably beyond the average shown in an Aeolian Hall debut was displayed there yesterday afternoon by Bertha Farnar in a program of the usual type, with Italian, German, French and English numbers. It was a mezzo-soprano of large volume and carrying power, and, when warmed up, of full and resonant tone, which was at its best in the third group of songs by Berlioz, Massenet, Faure and Lagougue. Occasional harder notes in the opening Franco-Italian group of Rameau, Scarlatti and Campa had vanished in the German numbers, where, after seeming rather reserved in Bach's "Mein gläubiger Herz," the singer proved an expressive interpreter of songs by Brahms, Franz Ries and Erich Wolf. Dodevsky, Mortelmans, Willeby, Charles Henry, Easthope Martin and Charles Strickland closed the program, accompanied by Charles Albert Baker.

Edmund Burke Again in Concert.

Edmund Burke, the Canadian bass-baritone of the Metropolitan, more often recognized as Egypt's king or other operatic potentate, returned to the concert platform at the Town Hall last evening. He gave classics from unsung operas of Handel, Lull and Bizet; some "rollicking" love ballads, arranged by Hopekirk, Hughes and Wilson, and lyrics of Wolf and Brahms. Buzzi-Pecora, Ida Bostelman and Deems Taylor, it was unacknowledged, romantic music. It was delivered in the spirit of the songs, with admirable taste, humor and abandon. Ludvik Schwab played artistic accompaniments.

Mme. Gadske, Grand Opera Star, Augments Hippodrome Program

Mme. Gadske opened an engagement at the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon, marking her first appearance at this playhouse. She is using a repertoire of characteristic numbers and was cordially received by the audiences.

Other features of the Hippodrome bill include Takka Takka, Japanese dancers, making their initial appearance in this country; Yoga Taro, a Hippodrome importation; Patricia, the Four Diamonds, the Tom Davies Trio and Poodles Hanneford & Co., in a return engagement. George Jessel's Revue holds over.

Ernest Newman's Music Daily Column

Mr. Roland Hayes's Concert

WHEN I first heard Mr. Roland Hayes, a few years ago, his voice was a lyric tenor of exquisite quality, pure, round, warm, and, if not big, certainly full. Since then he seems to have been overworking it physically, and, artistically, to have been trying to make it do work for which it is not naturally suited; nature gave him an almost perfect clarinet, let us say, and he has been using it for trumpet solos. The result is that his voice has lost some of its warmth and roundness, and has acquired power at the expense of beauty. Or rather one is occasionally conscious not so much of power as of what Nietzsche would call the will-to-power; this was especially evident in Hugo Wolf's "Beherzigung." In quieter songs the old grace of style is there; by far his best work on Saturday afternoon was in the Schubert song—"Heilige Nacht"—that he gave as an encore. It is one of the most difficult songs in the world to sustain adequately; but Mr. Hayes held the long phrases steadily in a tone that was quiet but full of feeling.

I speak diffidently, as an outsider, on the subject of negro spirituals; but it strikes me that the time has come to call a halt in the present ways both of arranging and of performing them. In their simple state they have the charm of all natural things in music. But they are becoming more and more overladen with concert room sophistications. One of the arrangements that Mr. Hayes used on Saturday was a model of misapplied harmonic ingenuity. The spirituals, in fact, are coming to be regarded as the fair game of any clever young musician who has picked up a few conservatoire tricks of composition. In performance, too, they are losing more and more of their natural simplicity and sincerity. Perhaps they are only following the fashion of the time in being too self-conscious and too "made-up"; and perhaps one writes oneself down as old-fashioned when one indicates a preference for certain features as God made them. Still, one can-

not help preferring folk-songs and ballads with rather less of the lipstick than they get nowadays.

JOHN McCORMACK's common sense has kept him from using his voice for purposes for which it was never intended, and his natural good taste restrains him from applying too much vocal "make-up" to his songs. His voice has power enough when power is wanted; but it is used sparingly—only in certain songs, and only at the moment of crisis in them—and so is always effective. But for the most part he is content to use his voice as just what it is—an instrument of the orchestral wood-wind type, with all the limitations of such an instrument and with all its virtues. It would be absurd to attempt trombone solos on a flute; but genuine flute music may be exquisite on it. Most of the songs and arias that Mr. McCormack sings are, so to speak, vocal flute music; but it is curious how much music bears translation into this medium.

Mr. McCormack's voice cannot give us, in Brahms's "Mainacht," the purple undertones that the song has when a full-throated contralto sings it; but all the same his singing of it is genuine Brahms. He simply translates an oil painting into a water color, and with astonishing success. Even Tchaikovsky's setting of Heine's "Why are the roses so pale," though it lost its natural hectic quality, had a certain fever of its own.

Mr. McCormack does not merely use his voice like an instrument in the matter of tone; he phrases like an instrument. One of the secrets of his success with the public is probably the feeling he gives his hearers (though perhaps they are not consciously aware of it) of perfect ease and security: after he has sung half a dozen phrases we know that every subsequent phrase will spin itself out to the end like pure silk. The Bach aria ("See what His Love will do") and the Handel (from the opera "Giustino") with which he began, are severe tests of a singer's technique, of his control and sustaining power; but I do not know that Mr. McCormack's command was not even more remarkable in the Irish folk songs that he sang later, and in the Rachmaninov song ("To the Children") that he gave as an encore. It all seems so simple and easy as he does it, but let us try it ourselves! The pearl is only a round bit of milky looking substance; but just try to make one yourself!

IN THE TOWN HALL, on Sunday afternoon, the Society of the Friends of Music gave a concert of Bach's music, with its own choir and a contingent of orchestral players from the Metropolitan Opera. The performances, both orchestral and choral, were not without rough edges here and there, but in the main they were very Bachian and thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Bodanzky's precise methods brought us a crisp performance of one of the Brandenburg concertos, and Mr. Lynwood Farnum's skilled registration gave all possible life to the organ Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C; especially striking was the color of the fine passage that links the lovely adagio to the fugue.

The two cantatas that were given,—the "Peasants' Cantata" and "God's Time Is the Best,"—were admirably calculated to show Bach's range of dramatic expression. He could not touch the operatic form of the day; it was too small and conventional for him; so the born dramatist in him had to find outlet through all sorts of seemingly incongruous forms.

How easy it was for him to get inside the skin of character, or at all events of a type, is shown, in "God's Time Is the Best," in the equally convincing expression of philosophical pessimism in the prelude and "It is the old decree," and of Christian faith and hope in the final stages of the cantata; while in the "Peasants' Cantata" we have the natural man, the jolly, beer-drinking, sausage-eating son of Eisenach, gladly forgetting for a moment that he is a church musician and behaving like a human being. In England, Sir Thomas Beecham has made a delightful ballet opera out of "Phœbus and Pan." Surely it would be possible to do the same

with this jolly cantata and with the "Coffee Cantata."

Elisabeth Rethberg, in the humorous cantata, and Marion Telva and George Meader in the serious one, sang excellently. The bass, Gustav Schützendorf, had a tremolo that belied the jollity of the peasant greeting the new lord of the manor, but he was better in "God's Time Is the Best."

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The Letz Quartet opened the first of a series of eight Sunday evening concerts arranged by Emile W. Herbert at the Greenwich Village Theatre last evening. The members of the quartet are Hans Letz, Edwin Bachmann, Lillian Schubert and Horace Brill. Their program consisted of quartets by Haydn, Brahms and Ravel, which they played with smooth ensemble and accustomed ease. They were as much at home in the modern work as they were in the older classic and romantic. The chamber music evening was much enjoyed by an intelligent audience.

The Beethoven Association's First Concert of Season

ONLY ONE THING, at the Beethoven Association's concert last night, fell short of the ideal; in the greater part, the Brahms C minor piano trio Mr. Kochanski's violin tone was slightly out of tune, especially in those awkward ejaculatory passages in which the first movement abounds. But this, and Mr. Frangé's false start in a Bach aria, we perhaps designed to remind us that, after all, performers are only human,—even though last night, who again and again gave us the delightful sense of having transcended all human limitations. It is not often in the course of a lifetime that one has the good luck to meet with such an ensemble.

The finest thing of the evening in the line was Mr. Kochanski's and Mr. Harold Bauer's perfect performance of Beethoven's tender, winsome, whimsical violin sonata in G major. One lost all sense of two men playing different instruments, so perfectly matched was every nuance in each; it was like some kind of centaur combination, apparently two yet organically one.

For Bach's piano, violin and flute concerto in D we had a small string orchestra conducted by Mr. Leopold Auer. He was placed where the soloists (Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Kochanski and Mr. Georges Barrere) could not catch his eye. This mattered little in the first movement, where the orchestra plays a minor part; but in the finale the soloists could not give Auer their beat, and the result was that the dance went rather more slowly, imagine, than in their heart of hearts they liked. Still it was all hugely enjoyable, especially when Mr. Samuel took the bit between his teeth in the later stages of the first movement, and gave us a canter of the open country from which we return with blood tingling and appetite sharpened.

We enjoy Mr. Samuel's Bach playing much because he obviously enjoys it much himself. For him, as you can see, it is the greatest game in the world. Especially in a fast movement does he make sort of musical cricket of the work; hits the bowling all round the wicket, slashes this ball to leg, opens his shoulder and lands another over the pavilion; six, trots merrily between the pitches with a half-wink at the spectators, and generally makes us feel that it is good to be alive on such a fine day and to have such lusty sportsmen as Bach and Samuel performing for our benefit.

We felt much the same exhilaration the second of the Bach arias ("Gleich die wilden Meereswellen") that Mr. Gangesang to the violin and piano accompaniment of Mr. Kochanski and Mr. Samuel. Mr. Ganges' coloratura was excellent; needed to be, indeed, to keep pace with Bach in this nimble mood.

From the performance of the Brahms quartet by Mr. Bauer, Mr. Kochanski, Stoessel and Mr. Felix Salmond one is ried away especially vivid memories of Mr. Salmond's moving performance of

...solo in the slow movement, of the
...ally, alive in every limb, of the Scherzo
...the masterly captainship of Mr. Bauer
...throughout.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

At the same hour in Carnegie Hall
...Gabrielle Leschetizky, the
...of the Viennese teacher, Theo-
...leschetizky, gave a piano recital.
...program began with the Franck
...prelude, included the Vivaldi-Bach
...certo in B minor and ended with
...bers from Bach and Debussy. At
...on Hall Edmund Burke, the Met-
...itan baritone, gave a song re-
...which included songs from
...odel, Brahms and modern com-
...posers.

The afternoon was divided between
...long recitals. At Aeolian Hall,
...ella Turner gave a program in

By OLIN DOWNES.

...a Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.
...Beethoven Association.

The predominating factor of the Bee-
...ven Association's opening program of
...season last night in Aeolian Hall—a
...ert which assembled an exceptional
...ber of distinguished performers—
...the music of J. S. Bach. It is a
...ing fact that his compositions
...ld receive unprecedented attention in
...course of a season which sees a
...vinsky at the height of his popular-
...ity in America, and that includes spe-
...cial cultivation, in many quarters, of
...modern works. This does not
...e that Bach and no ultra-modern is
...ortal, any more than it proves that
...ove of modern music implies an
...derstanding of Bach. But it does
...a to indicate a heartening develop-
...of musical taste and breadth of
...eciation hereabouts, with a public
...rested in the expressions of many
...posers.

The concert, devoted to the "three
... began with the Brahms's C minor
...to quartet, played by Harold Bauer,
...ist, Paul Kochanski and Albert
...ssel, violinists, and Felix Salmond,
...ist. Fraser Gange, the accomplished
...one, then sang, with Mr. Kochanski
...Harold Samuel, two arias from the
...ed cantatas of Bach, the first, "Hil-
...mednes Vater's Staette," from the
...ata "Wo Gott der Herr ist," the sec-
...nd, "Gleichwie die wilden Meeress-
...en," from the cantata "Lieber Jesu,
...in Verlangen." Next came Bee-
...ven's sonata in G, Opus 29, for violin
...piano, played by Messrs. Bauer and
...hanski, and finally the D major
...certo for orchestra of strings, with
...piano, violin and flute. This con-
...o was conducted by Professor Auer.
...solo parts were taken by Messrs.
...uel and Kochanski and George Bar-
...tulist, Mr. Samuel receiving salves
...ppause after the first movement, in
...ch, among other tests of his powers,
...s the long and rich cadenza which
...one of the distinctions of this work.
...was, indeed, a performance to re-
...mber, in which the vitality of the
...ic and the zeal and authority of the
...nist carried everything before them.
...Mr. Samuel was not alone in his
...omplishment: Mr. Barrere and Mr.
...hanski sang the melodies of the slow
...vement with an expressiveness and
...ness of phrase that worthily in-
...terpreted the composer and the support-
...orchestra of string players vied
...h them in intention and spirit.
...We are not among those who revere
...very line that Bach wrote because he
...te it, and cannot claim to a passion-
...admiration of Mr. Gange's first air,
...he sang it with reverent feeling and
...bravura in the "Gleichwie die wil-
...d Meeresswellen" was one of the most
...lent features of the occasion. Bee-
...ven's sonata is clear, melodious, and,
...course, a model of musical inspiration
...the classic style, but it is hardly of
...sustained interest of other of the
...ster's compositions. In this formi-
...thout it, however, the audience would
...ve missed the excellent ensemble of
... Kochanski and Mr. Bauer. The hall
...was packed for this concert and much
...husiasm was manifested throughout
...ong and substantial program.

Clara Clemens's Recital.

Clara Clemens opened a series of
...en historical song recitals yesterday
...rnoon in Town Hall. Her first pro-
...ram consisted entirely of folk songs.
...ese songs, of French, German, Swe-
...sh, Italian and Russian origin, had
...en well selected for their expression
...racial musical characteristics and for
...r inherent simplicity and distinction.
...rthermore, the majority of the ar-
...rangements had musicianly merit; they
...re seldom elaborate or in any way out-
...keeping with the songs.
...The singer did her utmost to worthily
...rpret their meaning. She was heard
...best advantage in such songs as the
...rman love song and the "Necken's
...lka." Unfortunately, however, Mme.
...emens continued to be embarrassed by
...faulty manner of tone production. The
...allies listened cordially and applaud-
...with friendly feeling.

Oct 29 1924

The Kibalchich Russian Symphonic Choir

WHY THE LITTLE band of people
...who sang to us in Russian at the
...Town Hall last night should call itself
..."symphonic" I cannot say, unless the
...term is to be taken in its literal sense of
...a "sounding together." But in that case,
...surely, every choir is symphonic, though
...perhaps not necessarily symphonious.

Mr. Kibalchich's choir is extremely well
...trained and thoroughly responsive; but its
...music and its methods are, as a rule, so
...different from those to which I have grown
...accustomed in choral circles that per-
...haps I am hardly a fair judge of them.
...Both of them struck me as belonging to
...an epoch of choral singing that has long
...since passed away in the English-speaking
...countries, except in a few rural districts.

There it is still known as "singing with
...light and shade"; and the listener is left in
...no doubt as to which is the light and
...which the shade. It is impossible to take
...much interest in the music itself when it
...is sung with these sudden and violent
...transitions from loud to soft. Fortunately,
...little of last night's music was of much
...importance in itself, so that we could just sit
...back and admire the technical skill of the
...choir undisturbed by æsthetic considera-
...tions.

Mr. Kibalchich and his singers are ex-
...cessively devoted to *bouche fermée* effects.
...A little of this primitive choral de-
...vice goes a long way; when it is
...turned on in practically every part-song
...the critic also is driven to go the long way
...—home. Good as the technique of the
...choir was, there was too much stunt about
...it; and a good deal of the music seemed
...to have been written with the object of
...exploiting the stunts. The worst example
...of this was Lvovsky's "Lord, have mercy,"
...that is even more unfortunate than Liszt's
...choral and orchestral setting of the Psalm,
..."How long, O Lord?" Liszt, I am sure,
...had no intention of being funny; but he
...repeats the query so very many times that
...finally it takes on a quite comical air of
...petulance, as if the speaker were shouting,
..."Why the devil can't you give a plain
...answer to a plain question?"

But Lvovsky easily out-Liszts Liszt. Per-
...haps he was doubtful as to the extent of
...the acquaintance of Providence with the
...Russian language, and thought the only
...safe plan to get the appeal home was by
...hammering away at it. So the choir does
...nothing but gabble the Russian equivalent
...of "Lord, have mercy" I should not like
...to say how many times, starting fortissimo,
...gradually thinning down to the faintest
...pianissimo, and then as gradually working
...up to fortissimo again. The theory seems
...to be that there is more joy in heaven over
...one singer with a crescendo than over
...nine hundred and ninety-nine that can
...sing only on the level.

The tone of the choir is very pleasing,
...apart from one soprano voice that spoiled
...a good many passages both by its shrill-
...ness and by its pronounced vibrato.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late
...editions.)

A RUSSIAN CHOIR.

Monogamy is, socially speaking, an
...undoubted blessing, but it can be car-
...ried too far; and much as it goes
...against the grain to admit it, we have
...always observed that a perfectly bal-
...anced chorus of mixed voices gen-
...erally contains at least twice as many
...women as men. There are only
...twenty-three singers in the organiza-
...tion that under the imposing title of
..."The Kibalchich Russian Symphonic
...Choir" gave a concert in the Town
...Hall last night, and of that number
...twelve are men. Consequently, while
...the sopranos and altos were able to
...hold their own in very quiet passages,
...the moment a forte came within ear-
...shot the chorus sounded as though it
...were composed exclusively of basses.

Kibalchich the choir may be, and
...Russian it probably is, but symphonic
...it decidedly is not. Extraordinary
...tonal quality as well as perfect bal-
...ance would be necessary before any
...group of singers could quite deserve

that adjective, and while the bass
...section of the choir has beautiful
...quality as well as an occasional al-
...most alarming sonority, the tenors
...and female voices lack smoothness
...and tonal variety and are not, it must
...be confessed, invariably on the pitch.

But even though its material was
...far from perfect, the choir heard last
...night was so excellently drilled that
...it contrived to be interesting and
...sometimes impressive through a varied
...program. The attack of the singers
...was invariably sharp, their diction
...was clear, and their control of nuance,
...particularly in pianissimo singing,
...was sensitive and delicate.

Their list of songs included sacred
...choruses by Gluck, Luzzl, Gretchan-
...inoff and Lvovsky, Schumann's "An-
...denken" (very effective for humming
...voices), and a goodly number of
...Ukrainian and Great-Russian folk-
...songs. A large audience followed
...them with obvious pleasure.

OTHER MUSIC.

George Morgan came to Town Hall
...yesterday afternoon in the sort of
...program that is somewhat vaguely
...called "conventional." The smug
...word sits oddly on those warm, fam-
...iliar groups of Brahms, Haendel and
...Beethoven and on the modern frag-
...ments which inevitably followed. For,
...as Mr. Morgan sings them they are
...freed from the neat impeccable rou-
...tine of the average program and re-
...gain their original human values. He
...has an extraordinarily sensitive ap-
...preciation of the moods of his songs
...and the breadth of tone and authority
...to express it. And, above all the
...languors of these moods, his voice held
...the emotional certainty which brings
...out their true significance. He was
...eagerly greeted by a large audience
...which, however, drifted down the
...aisles all through the concert as
...blandly as if the hour had not been
...fixed as 4 instead of 3 to prevent just
...that.

The evening brought two violinists,
...Nathan Abas, a young player from
...Holland, made his debut with a pro-
...gram of Tartini and Mozart and the
...rather sedate strains to which Karn-
...gold has set the hilarity of "Much
...Ado About Nothing." It is coy
...rather than rollicking—certainly the
..."Mädchen in Brautgemach" is more
...Victorian than Elizabethan—but in
...the hands of Mr. Abas it emerged
...with a certain gentle gayety. This
...new player has true distinction in
...style, a smooth and pellucid tone and
...keen understanding of his carefully
...selected program.

Socrate Barozzi gave the other
...violin recital in Carnegie Hall. Since
...his debut last year he has improved
...immeasurably in technique and inter-
...pretation, though he still contrives to
...be maddeningly off key in some pas-
...sages. He played the Grieg sonata,
...Bach's præludium and numbers by
...Faure, Tartini and Saint-Saens.

A. S.

The other concert halls last night were
...devoted to violin recitals. Socrate Bar-
...rozzi, the Rumanian who gave two con-
...certs here last season, began his Car-
...negie Hall program with Grieg's C
...minor sonata, followed by two groups
...of shorter numbers. Mr. Barozzi's per-
...formance seemed distinctly to have im-
...proved since last season, and he showed
...a tone generally smooth and agreeable,
...if not of unusual size, free from the
...occasional roughness of a year ago,
...and ample technical and expressive
...ability for a sympathetic performance
...of the melodious sonata, while Bernard

Wagenaar gave a skillful, well-propor-
...tioned performance of the piano part.
...A commendable performance was also
...given at Aeolian Hall by Nathan Abas,
...who chose Tartini's D minor and Moz-
...art's E flat major concerto to open
...his debut here. His was a light, fluent
...tone, unruffled except by a double stop
...or two, and a technical skill which
...gave his Mozart an appearance of ease.
...He varied the standard program with
...four numbers from Korngold's "music
...to "Much Ado About Nothing," and
...shorter pieces closed a recital showing
...considerable promise. Raymond Bau-
...man accompanied.

By putting his Town Hall recital at
...4 yesterday afternoon, George Morgan
...had his audience quietly seated and re-
...ceptive at the advertised hour. Mr. Mor-
...gan, in a cultivated and flexible bar-
...itone, sang songs in German, French,
...Italian and English, which elicited
...warm applause and encores. He was
...particularly successful in the Brahms
...group, where, oddly enough, the song
...which earned a repeat was the "Blinde
...Kuh," while the favorite in the French
...group was a "Ballade des gros Din-
...dons." The English group included
...Lord Berners's "Ned, the Dog-stealer."

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OTHER MUSIC.

Everybody knows that gentle and
...popular print of the infant Mozart
...playing in the moonlight with the en-
...tire family sneaking down the stairs
...in various reverent and adoring atti-
...tudes. Last night, Ralph Leopold re-
...vealed to us what it was that Mozart
...played. The circumstances of the
...sentimental old picture may not be
...utterly accurate, but the group of five
...pieces which Mr. Leopold unearthed
...for the first time last night was un-
...doubtedly authentic. Here was Wolf-
...gang Amadèus Mozart, aged eight, in
...the compositions of this period.

Naturally, it is difficult to disas-
...sociate their worth from the glamour
...of its background. Nevertheless, they
...have an intrinsic charm which weaves
...itself into the delicate traceries of the
...work to come. In the third study,
...particularly, there seemed to be the
...faint, anticipated echoes of the horns
...of "Don Giovanni." There were in-
...dications, however, that this Mozart
...of eight was a sterner and more
...academic composer than the same
...master at twenty. Certainly, at this
...age he had learned the value of sim-
...plicity. Mr. Leopold played the five
...sketches with a tender and solicitous
...concern for their revival that was
...thoroughly captivating. His program
...also include Bach-Bauer Partita in
...B and fragments from Grieg and
...Jongen.

There was more infant-Mozart at-
...mosphere up at Carnegie Hall where
...a mob of young music-lovers packed
...the house for the first student concert
...of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr.
...van Hoogstraten gave them the merry
...pranks of Till Eulenspiegel, Beet-
...hoven's third symphony and the art-
...less enchantments of Ravel's Mother
...Goose. He must have noted the
...eagerness of this audience and the
...hungry appreciation of their applause,
...and in this found thorough compen-
...sation for the efforts the Philharmonic,
...is making in filling this hall with the
...crowds which are most in need of its
...music. A. S.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late
...editions.)

EVA GAUTIER.

Miss Gautier is always interesting,
...and her annual song recital is almost
...the one event of its kind to which the
...battered reviewer can repair in the
...soothing certainty that he will not
...have to hear "Die Forelle," "La Pro-
...cession" or "Dawn on the Desert."
...Her programs are ingenious in ar-
...rangement and usually contain a gen-
...erous sprinkling of the unfamiliar.

Last night's recital saw Aeolian
...Hall comfortably filled with an en-
...thusiastic audience. Almost every
...number was the signal for loud ap-
...plause, and many of them had to
...be repeated. We must confess that
...the program seemed a trifle less ar-
...resting than some that Miss Gautier
...has given, but that was probably be-
...cause one missed the more poisonous
...works of the modernist school with
...which in past years she has sent the
...critics away, happy and voluble.
...Critics all love modernist music; it's
...so easy to write about. Audiences
...hate it.

Miss Gautier subtitled her recital
..."A Program of Unusual and Lovely
...Music for Voice with Piano, Violin,
...Viola, Cello, Flute and Guitar," a
...fair enough description, even to the
..."unusual and lovely," for most of it
...was. After an opening group of
...mediaeval and 18th century airs, she
...sang six Shakespeare settings, old and
...modern, including two in Italian by
...Castellnuova-Tedesco. The next group
...was the most novel for it offered
...songs with various unusual instru-
...mental accompaniment.

It began with a lovely 17th century
...bit by John Dowland, entitled "A

Merlin's Solace, excellenty rendered by Peter Warlock and Philip Wharton. There were also Albert Williams' "Rossignol, mon Mignon," for voice and piano; Norman Peterkin's "A Piper," for voice and piano; a Pueblo song arranged by Fred. [unclear] for voice and string trio; and a [unclear] for voice and piano. "Aldo de Chopin," by Joseph [unclear] for voice, piano and [unclear].

Most amusing numbers of this evening were two Schubert songs with Schumann's guitar accompaniment. According to Miss Gauthier's program notes, Schubert played the guitar well, and wrote many songs for the ladies are charming—really so; but either Mr. Kitchener, who played the guitar, had a virulent attack of stage fright, or Schubert was a highly unsuccessful guitarist.

Three other groups rounded out a long evening: modern French songs by Franck (an unpublished Hugo setting), Dukas, Schmidt and Ravel, contemporary Russians, by Medtner and early Stravinsky, and some Chicago-made songs by Campbell-Tipton, John Beach, and John Carpenter.

Miss Gauthier always provides something for the eye as well as the ear, and her offering last night was a dazzling evening confection of yellow, lavender and magenta, which looked better than it sounds and seemed to create a terrific stir among the feminine portion of the onlookers. Her voice is not a remarkable one; it never has been. Last night it served; but what makes Eva Gauthier almost unique among singers is the finish and intelligence with which she does what she sets out to do.

OTHER MUSIC.

"Give me music, moody food of us that trade in love," wailed Cleopatra, and Florent Schmitt obliged with a score to "Antoine et Cleopatre," of which three episodes were played by the Philharmonic last night. It is a curious blending of the Shakespearean traditions and the modern musical school with Stravinsky's earlier birds as a conspicuous example. These episodes are brief but they cover the tragedy. The first has the warlike alarms and flourishes of a Pompey who has stamped his foot and made good his boast with mighty drums and brasses. The second expresses the conflict in Antony's soul—"the emotional conflict" the note adds; certainly it is not cerebral. With the third, Cleopatra after the mysteries and yearnings of the death scene goes to join Antony.

This is not altogether the "moody food" for which the serpent of the Nile longed; it has these moments, but they are not its best. The score was written for drama and is strongest when it marches to action. But there seems to be no question about its dedication to "those that trade in love." And with this Cleopatra, another restless and tormented study has been added to the composer's savage "Tragedie de Salome."

These episodes were conducted by Mr. van Hoogstraten with sensitive appreciation, though without conspicuous dramatic effect. The second half of the program was devoted to the Brahms Second Concerto, with Elly Ney appearing as soloist for the first time this season.

In the afternoon Renee Thornton sang groups of Schubert and fragments of Ravel with an earnestness of interpretation which compensated somewhat for faulty breath control.

A. S.

EVA GAUTHIER IN RECITAL.

The Audience Warmly Receives an Unusual Program.

At a private, yet annual New York concert evening at Aeolian Hall, before a large and enthusiastic audience, Miss Gauthier had promised a program out of the ordinary, and she kept her word. It would have made up for the usual recitals and was well-rehearsed by repeats, recalls and encores, but though Miss Gauthier seemed to believe in quantity, the chief part of her selection lay in their quality and in their rarity. For the singer had gone far afield for her material, had picked here and there until she offered her audience a veritable anthology of song;

the third group she did a very interesting and unusual thing. She pitted her voice against the accompaniment of a variety of instruments, piano, violin, cello and a string quartet. It was an eleven-course dinner, with all kinds of delicacies served to tickle the palate of the guests. The first group consisted of folk songs and musicals in French, English, Spanish and Italian sources; the second, old and new songs of Shakespeare; the third, songs of "Who Is Sylvia," by Gertrude Stein, and "Where the Bells Ring," by Sullivan; the third, as before mentioned, vocal chamber music for voice and various combinations of instruments; here four had to be repeated, "Rossignol, mon Mignon," words by Roussard, music by Roussel, an Indian love song; Norman Peterkin's "Piper" and an immensely effective "Aldo de Chopin" for voice, strings and piano, by Joseph Mar, all for the first time. The fourth group was composed of French songs, principally by moderns, nearly all of them new.

When it is mentioned that the fifth was Russian and the sixth American, it will be seen that Miss Gauthier had made the literature of vocal music a diverse and extensive, and from the program it will be appreciated it could be said that she had succeeded.

Renee Thornton, Soprano, Sings at Aeolian Hall

Progress and Development Is Shown Since Recital Here Last February

Renee Thornton, soprano, whose singing last February suggested that it would be well worth another hearing, proved this in her second recital here yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. As before, her husband, Richard Hageman, was the accompanist, and closed the set program with a new song. There was a large audience.

Miss Thornton's singing indicated considerable progress and development.

Since her earlier appearance, especially in volume. Strength and resonance has been added to the clearness and fluency of her tone, and a declamatory number, such as Alexander George's "Hymne au Soleil," brought out notes of impressive strength and size without the least hint of strain or shouting. There was, however, some unevenness of tone during the recital, passages sung with a rather clouded quality of tone, but these were distinctly the exception. There was more room for improvement in her diction, which made the purport of the English numbers, where no texts were provided, somewhat hard to take in.

Instead of the usual Italian group, the program begins with English numbers by Roger Quilter, Coleridge-Taylor and Frank Bridge, followed by a Schubert group. So far, Miss Thornton's singing seemed rather cautious, sparing of expression, but, with "Liedgeduld" it showed a capacity for effective interpretation of varied moods and emotions. A French group was followed by four American numbers marked "first time": Marion Bauer's "In the Bosom of the Desert," two "Sketches of Paris," by Kathleen Manning, the second repeated, and Mr. Hageman's "Me Company Along." He was also represented in the ensuing encores.

Schmitt's "Antony and Cleopatra"

THE NOVELTY at the Philharmonic concert last night was a group of three pieces taken from the music that Florent Schmitt wrote for a production of a French version of "Antony and Cleopatra" in Paris in 1920. I had not heard the work before, but assuming the performance to have been an adequate one, it seemed easy enough to make up one's mind about the music from a single hearing. Florent Schmitt is occasionally quite an interesting composer, but that is generally when he is writing in some one else's vein. When he is thoroughly and unmistakably himself the thinness of his mind and the meagerness of his musical gift become rather painfully apparent.

The three episodes given by Mr. Van Hoogstraten are intended to depict respectively Pompey's Camp, the struggle in Antony's soul between allegiance to Rome and his passion for Cleopatra, and Cleopatra's Death. The best thing in the whole suite is the fanfare with which "Pompey's Camp" opens. (This episode, by the way, is scored for percussion and brass only.) From that arresting rhetorical gesture we had the right to expect something more. But we soon had yet another demonstration of the truth that in orchestral music a theme in itself amounts to very little. Many a symphony remains a poor symphony because it has a few good themes and nothing more, while

Beethoven can build a whole movement that is a world's marvel out of half a dozen notes that in themselves have hardly any significance.

Schmitt can do nothing more with this fine opening fanfare, because he is not really absorbed imaginatively in his subject. He stands outside it all the while, manipulating it according to formula. And a further trouble is that they are not even first-rate formulae. People who have derived their notions of Antony and Cleopatra from Plutarch and Shakespeare cannot recognize either of them in this music of the boulevards. The bacchanale of the second episode is of Montmartre rather than of Egypt. And Cleopatra, in the third episode, dies not like Shakespeare's great queen, but like a film vamp, with a questioning eye on the spectators through all her contortions. The whole suite, indeed, would go better with the films than with Shakespeare.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten and the orchestra seemed to have a thorough grasp of the work and to be doing it full justice. The only other things in the program were the "Rosamunde" overture, that was played with the fineness of line and beauty of color that Schubert's charming music demands, and the second piano concerto of Brahms, into the solo part of which Mme. Elly Ney put an energy that was sometimes excessive. There were times when we should have been glad of a little less strenuousness and a rather finer milling of the edges of the phrases.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Lawrence Gilman

Monsieur Florent Schmitt, the distinguished Franco-Alsatian composer, must be an intrepid soul; for he has dared to paint in music Cleopatra, most gorgeous and glamorous of wantons. And not only Cleopatra, but Antony as well (though that, of course, would be a relatively simple task). Last night in Carnegie Hall, at the 1889th concert of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Van Hoogstraten exhibited to us, for the first time in New York, Monsieur Schmitt's symphonic embodiment of that "most triumphant lady," as Maecenas called her, Egypt's royal wench, together with "tho ne'er lust-wearied Antony."

What did Cleopatra look like? The ingenious Mr. E. H. Osborn, of London, fancied that "she was probably—but we cannot be sure about it—a little, slender, dainty creature; else she would have emerged ungracefully from the coarse bag of particled stuff, used by travelers for packing their bedding, in which she had herself carried to Cesar to avoid the machinations of the eunuch Pothinus. The lithe and swarthy figure of romance is a figment. The last of the Lagide may have been a tall, blue-eyed blonde, like so many of the Macedonian princesses. But we have not even her authentic profile—not even an outline of the nose, of which Pascal said if it had been shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed. The pretty cast often seen in studios and elsewhere is not authentic; for, according to M. Houssaye, the bas-relief bore no inscription when it was discovered in 1802, and an Egyptologist, at a time when the wildest frauds were perpetrated, was said to be responsible for engraving upon it the cartouche of the last queen of Egypt. So every creative artist, if he chooses, may create Cleopatra anew according to his heart's desire."

That, of course, is precisely what Monsieur Florent Schmitt has done, except that he had in his mind's eye the picture of Cleopatra as Shakespeare painted her.

He wrote his music four years ago to accompany an adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy devised by André Gide and produced at the Paris Opéra in the summer of 1920. Afterward he made a concert version of excerpts from the score of his incidental music and published them as "six symphonic episodes in two suites, after the drama of Shakespeare." Mr. Van Hoogstraten played three of these episodes at last night's Philharmonic concert, one from the first suite and two from the second, entitled as follows by the composer: I. "Le Camp de Pompée." II. "Orgie et Danse." III. "Le Tombeau de Cléopâtre."

It is odd that none of the major composers should have written music for Shakespeare's superb play. Perhaps it is because they were not so brave as Monsieur Florent Schmitt. Meredith says somewhere that "one must be in a state of great personal exaltation to apply the epithet 'fool' to any man." It would seem as if one must be in a state of equally great personal exaltation to sit down before a blank sheet of music paper with the golden thunder of Shakespeare's tragedy ringing in one's ears. One can imagine Wagner at the height of his powers, or Richard Strauss at the height of his, confronting that image of the dying queen with the asp

against her heart, and remembering such matchless verse as—

"Peace, peace!"

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast?"

"That sucks the nurse asleep?"

without being dismayed by the thought of writing music fit to be heard in any lyric-dramatic alliance with it. It is hard to think of any lesser man attempting to find adequate music for that tragedy and that verse. Yet Florent Schmitt was not afraid—at least, he was not deterred. He dares us to remember that marvelous command to Iras:

"Give me my robe, put on my crown!"

he is willing that we should bear in mind

"Be angry, poor venomous fool."

"Be angry, and dispatch!"

and that we should match the expressiveness of his symphonic illustration for Cleopatra's death scene, as we inevitably must, against the supreme poetic splendor of that incomparable evocation.

That was precisely what, of necessity, we did last night at Carnegie Hall; and it would scarcely be truthful to report that M. Schmitt's music seemed to us to be fittingly mated with those Shakespearean images which it unavoidably summoned to our imagination. But, of course, it would have been absurd to expect any such thing. M. Schmitt is no reincarnation of Wagner, nor even of Strauss—he suggests them only because he imitates them. He has, to be sure, undeniable virtues—a sensuous feeling for instrumental color, a warm harmonic imagination, an instinct for rhythm. He is sensitive, responsive, poetic. But his invention is feeble, and he has lamentably little to say for himself.

The best of the three "episodes" performed last night by Mr. Van Hoogstraten—the "Orgie et Danse"—is soaked in the manner and idiom of other composers: the "Salome" of Strauss, the "Tannhaeuser" Bacchanale, for example. The piece for brass and percussion, "Le Camp de Pompée," is lifted with almost naive insolence from the interlude between the first and second scenes of the fourth act of "Pelléas et Mélisande." The "Tombeau de Cleopatre," which should sweep us off our feet by its suggestion of immortal longings and its splendid abandonment of grief, went for nothing—it was the feeblest of the episodes, whereas it should have been their crown and consummation. So that we parted from Monsieur Schmitt at the end with small regret, murmuring to ourselves the words of Cleopatra after the death of Iras, though in another sense than hers:

"Thou tellest the world
It is not worth leave-taking."

Mr. Van Hoogstraten and the orchestra played the difficult new score with fire and assurance, and the audience applauded as if it liked it.

But its applause of Schmitt was as nothing to its applause of Johannes Brahms and his B-flat major concerto and the pianist who played it—Mme. Elly Ney—whose performance of the great work occupied the second half of the program. Both Brahms and Mme. Ney deserved all the enthusiasm they aroused; for the concerto never seemed more abundant in its strength and loveliness and poetry, and Mme. Ney has seldom played with more beautiful a devotion to the conveying of its substance.

She was recalled again and again, and then she sat down at the piano and played a Brahms Hungarian dance as an encore. We wish she hadn't. If the Philharmonic Society has put its ancient "No Encore" rule in storage, it had best get it out again, shake the moth balls off, and hang it up in the artists' room for all and sundry to observe.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.

The Philharmonic Concert.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, last night in Carnegie Hall, opened with the delightful "Rosamunde" overture of Schubert—

Schubert, most unsophisticated of composers, who never belonged to the world at all. This composition, played with much charm and animation, gave place to the "Antony and Cleopatra" music of Florent Schmitt, heard for the first time in this city. The two orchestral suites which Schmitt made from his incidental music to Andre Glide's adaptation of Shakespeare's drama comprise in all six "symphonic episodes." Three of these were played by Mr. Hoogstraten and his men. The first was "Le Camp de Pompée," portraying the meeting near Misenum; the second, "Orgie et Danse," is intended as tonal deflection of "orgiastic revels" and "the emotional conflict in the soul of Antony between his ambition as a soldier and his passion for the imperial enchantress"; the third is the death-scene—"Le Tombeau de Cleopâtre." There is the thought of the despair of the queen, the fading eastern star, the evocation of the image of Antony.

For one listener it was luck that Mr. Hoogstraten had seen fit at the last moment to play "Le Camp de Pompée" in place of the previously announced "Antoine et Cléopâtre." The former movement is the simplest and has the deepest feeling and by far the most impressive character of any part of the score heard last night. It sounds the kindly and tragic note. By means of brass and percussion only, employed with a fine simplicity and solemnity of effect, it says more than all the pages of orchestral stress and fury that followed.

For the music of Antony and Cleopatra rings false. It is of rather interesting derivation, for it is not of Debussy, and palpably owes much to Richard Strauss. From him come the sweating colors, the glissandos of the harps, the brutal effects of percussion instruments, the generally swollen character of the music. But the music is an echo of the virility of the setting of the Forty-seventh Psalm and the savage intensities of Schmitt's "Salome" music, in which he is at once more truly Gallic and more splendid than in the work heard last night. Music, after all, has to meet a fundamental and inescapable test in the concert room. It does not matter how elaborate or dramatic its subject—if it is "program" music—may be, is it good music? Has it the breath of genius or is it still-born? Last night Schubert's naïve overture worked a fresh enchantment, while two-thirds of the music of Schmitt, in this writer's opinion, fell by the wayside, where it is likely to remain.

After all, the thrill of the evening was Elly-Ney's playing of the Brahms B flat piano concerto. It was a performance of masculine energy which had a certain roughness in the first two movements that matched their contents. A pianist appeared with the strength that the concerto imperatively demands, and with a bold and powerful conception which legitimately employed physical resource in the service of the composer. The slow movement, on the other hand, was a very fine evocation of mood, and beautiful piano playing; nor should Mr. Schulz's eloquent cello solo go unmentioned.

There were moments in the finale when the exuberance of pianist-wife demanded a slightly faster pace than conductor-husband was apparently anxious to provide; but this was not so pronounced as to endanger ensemble, or to detract from the really magnificent breadth and spirit of the whole performance. And how tremendously, under these circumstances, did Brahms emerge and tower over every other composer on the program! Much water has flown under the bridge since the writing of the B flat concerto. There has been marked development of the expressive capacities of music. But where is the heroic spirit? In the B flat concerto is vision, force and heroism. Without it we die! Right worthily was Mme. Ney applauded to the echo for her performance. The more the pity that she saw fit to mar and lessen its effect by coming back to the stage and playing a piano piece—a Hungarian dance—as an encore.

FLORENCE MULFORD SINGS.

Contralto Pleases in Classics and American Songs in Aeolian Hall.

A pleasant afternoon was spent at Aeolian Hall yesterday listening to Florence Mulford, contralto, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The competence of the singer, except for audible half-breaths, called for respectful attention. In the classics, Beethoven's "Song of Penitence" fell with particular grace on the ear; the Handel Aria was somewhat breathless, but better Handel than many singers of the day can compare. For this reason Mme. Mulford's Brahms had much of beauty and, especially in "O wüsst ich doch den weg zurück," and more sincerity than the French group, which was least in harmony with individuality, because more artificial.

The uninterrupted contact was resumed with the American songs, recalling in this instance the reality and tenderness of the best English source; they were all worth hearing, as sung by Mme. Mulford. Two of them were by Richard Wagner, who accompanied and who earned the applause, and a "Serenade" in the Spanish style was by John Alden Carpenter.

The contralto was warmly applauded and received a bank of chrysanthemums and other flowers.

Nov 1 1924

New York Symphony Orchestra

AT last night's opening concert of the Symphony Orchestra, New York had its first performance of Honegger's "Pacific 231." The composer, as has been the way of composers since Beethoven, protests that his music is "more the expression of emotion than painting"; but the statement must be taken with the usual grain of salt. What this music describes is not Honegger's feelings about an express train but the train itself, hissing as it gets up steam, gradually working up speed, clanking rhythmically along at seventy miles an hour, and all the rest of it. The work is the lineal descendant of Kuhnau's biblical sonatas, Bach's "Capriccio on the Departure of a Brother," and a hundred works of Beethoven, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Strauss and others—a numerous but highly respectable ancestry.

In form and principles and methods, "Pacific 231" follows the customary lines for program music of this kind. There are all the standardized recipes for suggesting movement, speed, accumulating power, and so on in music, but all are brought marvelously up to date. The scoring is extraordinarily clever, and though the amount of musical invention in the work is small, "Pacific 231" does thoroughly well what it sets out to do, and should be very popular for a while.

Mr. Damrosch gave us also a first performance of Molinari's orchestral arrangement of Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse." The paradox about Debussy's writing for the piano is that while it is wholly pianistic it often seems to suggest the coolness of flutes and clarinets, the salt tang of the oboe and the cor anglais, or the enigmatic timbres of muted trumpets and horns. Molinari has seized upon these suggestions with the surest of instincts, and his transcription of "L'Isle Joyeuse" not only does no violence to the original but, for all its color, constantly keeps us, in the most curious way, in mind of the piano timbres.

Vaughan Williams's mystical meditation for string orchestra on a theme by Thomas Tallis needs an old English cathedral for its true setting, but last night's performance left no one, surely, in doubt as to the grave beauty of the work, or as to the fascination that sixteenth century music, with its general unconsciousness of the modern key-system, must have had for the minds of men. The playing of the strings was exquisite, and compensated us for the too decorous performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony that had preceded the Vaughan Williams.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Nov 2 1924

THAMAR KARSAVINA

By OLIN DOWNES.

It has been many years since New York, or indeed any other American city, has seen the appearance in different halls on one and the same afternoon of two such dancers as Anna Pavlova and Thamar Karsavina. The latter artist, who succeeded Pavlova as head of the Imperial Ballet at Moscow and whose career had been closely associated with principal developments of the modern ballet in Russia and cities of Europe, appeared for the first time in America with her accomplished partner, Pierre Vladimiroff, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

The program offered by Karsavina, to the music of classic and modern composers, was less modern and Slavic in character than might have been expected. It revealed, immediately, a woman of much personal beauty and of a brilliant technique, who, for the most part followed the older school and traditions. It is possible that at first Mme. Karsavina was self-conscious and had not warmed to her work; half an hour elapsed before she and the audience felt each other. Thereafter her performances were more brilliant and the cordiality of the beholders grew. The final group of the first half of the program consisted of dances to a Mozart Serenade, arranged by Mme. Karsavina and given by her at the Mozart Festival at Salzburg in 1921. The garb and style were, of course, eighteenth century. A careless arrangement of the panther of the hooped skirt—if improvised masculine phraseology is any indication of what is meant—was responsible for a clumsy line and a jerky effect in the

allegro and minuet; but the rondo was delightful, an epitome of formal, old-time frivolity and coquettishness, and a rendering in which a certain heaviness earlier noticeable had disappeared.

From the more conventional school of dancing the performance of the "Schoenbrunner Valse" was the most charming of Mme. Karsavina's performances. It was, as the program stated, "purely a beautiful interpretation of the waltz," a representation apparently of foot-loose and fancy free, done with the most admirable virtuosity and variety of design; appearing as an improvisation, but actually an exquisitely ordered achievement. Others, who prefer what is exotic and of distant flavor preferred the "Caucasian dances" performed with Mr. Vladimiroff, in which Thamar Karsavina was to the eye all that her gorgeous name would imply—a creature of fabulous orient, out of an unknown past, who, "improvising"—not a song, but a dance—"in a mode I knew not," told a strange tale. The scene was completed by the superb energy and sweep of the movements of Mr. Vladimiroff, a worthy partner, indeed, in the spectacle.

The "Polka Vendredi," in pork-pie hat and bustle, was no doubt all it should be for the subject—a dance of allurements and impudence, neatly done, and, for all that, rather shoddy and vulgar. The days of such Polkas—if ever, in the 70s they were danced that way out of the Bal Bullier—are just as well over, and taste in this derided time is at least no worse than it was then. "The Hurdy-Hurdy Man," an imitation of the dancing figure on a Hurdy-Gurdy, was amusing, and a brilliant tour de force, although this particular kind of a trick is now rather old and familiar to the public.

Mme. Karsavina was not alone in the esteem of the audience. Mr. Vladimiroff was admirable in all that he did, in his physical proportions, his virtuosity, and the fire and virility of his performance. He could well have repeated his "Corsair" and "Warrior" dances—fully as well as Karsavina, a moment later, repeated hers. He never did an ordinary or routine thing, this though his subjects were within the rather proscribed tradition of the male dancer of the formal school.

A large audience welcomed this pair, and deservedly so. Mme. Karsavina is a very beautiful woman, an accomplished executant, who gives much pleasure in spite of the fact that she is not so individual and creative in her conceptions—or was not yesterday—as others seen here. Charming as she was, there was an inevitable comparison in the mind of the onlooker. Comparisons are inevitable; but on some occasions are inevitable; they will not down. And the mental comparison was this—that Pavlova is a dancer of imagination.

JOYCE BANNERMAN

Debut — Kotylansky, Singer, Hymah Rovinsky, Pianist.

Joyce Bannerman, a young Cleveland soprano of Scotch-Canadian descent, already a débutante in London last Spring, made her first New York appearance at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted at the piano by Walter Golde. Despite operatic leaning in light airs of Mozart and Bellini, her program displayed scholarship in its search of unusual songs, from Donaudy, Erich Wolff and Szulc, to a local lyric by Kramer and another, "The Journey," in manuscript, by James H. Rogers of Cleveland. Vocally Miss Bannerman was uneven, her possession of silvery topnotes being offset by tones often throaty and metallic in the lower scale. She gave two Schumann classics archly and gayly, as their mood demanded, and with clear phrasing and diction.

Chaim Kotylansky, a singer of Yiddish and gypsy folksongs, gave a recital in the Town Hall last evening, accompanied by Yessha Samois and assisted in a varied program by Mischa Mischakoff, violin. Mr. Kotylansky made interesting additions to the known folksongs of Russian Ukraine and related peoples, of which his independent explorations have collected some 300 songs.

Hymah Rovinsky gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall last night, playing for possibly the first time here the sonata No. 5 of Scriabin and an equally novel march from Prokofiev's once-heard opera, "The Love of the Three Oranges." His classics ranged from Chopin and Brahms to the modern Albenis, Bartok and Casella.

A small symphony orchestra supplied the music with Sepp Morscher as conductor.

REPORT STRAUSS RESIGNED.

Out as Conductor of Vienna Opera After Differences With Director.

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VIENNA, Nov. 1.—According to a report, Richard Strauss has resigned from his post as conductor of the Vienna Opera House, although he had just signed another five-year contract.

Strauss, who has had differences with Director Sehalik, was, moreover, highly dissatisfied with the reception of his opera "Whipped Cream," and wants a freer hand.

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THREE modest debut singers' share in opening the Metropolitan season this week on Broadway. Operas and casts appeared in these columns last week, while further mention of a chief newcomer in the premiere performance, Conductor Serafin, appears on an adjoining page and elsewhere in THE TIMES today. His guiding hand excepted, tomorrow's "Aida" will enlist a group of stars, from Rethberg to the royal messenger, all tried and seasoned.

With Jerltza's return in "Tannhäuser" on Wednesday will come the first new woman singer of the season, whether as the young shepherd or as one of the court pages the programs that night will disclose. An official note says of her:

Mary Bonetti, contralto, was born in Lynbrook, L. I., of Italian parents. She made her first appearance at a benefit concert when she was 8 years old. Some years later she was sent to Turin, Italy, where at the Villa della Regina College she studied Italian, French and the piano. At 18 she was graduated and took up singing with Cona Farri, who was her teacher until she made her debut in Siena. Since her return to America she has been doing concert work.

"Boris," in which Chaliapin reappears Thursday evening, also brings a name unfamiliar to the Metropolitan roster hitherto. The new man is to be heard either as the chattering "simpleton" or one of the roistering monks.

Max Altglass, tenor, was born in Warsaw, Poland. After completing his musical and vocal studies in Berlin with Valadislav he made his début at Frankfurt as Don Jose in "Carmen," subsequently singing in Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, Nuremberg and Warsaw. For the last two years he has been leading lyric tenor of the Prague Opera House. He spent the last half year in New York working up a French and Italian repertoire. His family have lived in this city for many years.

"Bohème," in the noise of Tuesday's election night, along with Friday's "Tosca" and Saturday's matinee "Giocanda" revival, will see no "added starters." The first "popular Saturday night opera," however, introduces an American Romeo.

Ralph Errolle, tenor, is an American of Colonial ancestry. His father, Charles H. Smith, was a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, and his mother a member of the Partridge family and a distant relative of Abraham Lincoln. He was educated at Racine College, Wisconsin, and the Chicago Musical College. After some experience in operetta, he made his grand opera début with the Chicago Opera Company as Lionel in "Martha." Then he toured Australia in concerts and later in opera with the Williamson company, remaining three years. Returning, he again sang with the Chicago Opera Company. He had also sung with the Montreal French Opera Company, the New Orleans Opera Company and the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company. His repertoire includes French, Italian and English roles.

Soon to be heard here in concert as well as opera is Toti dal Monte, who sings meanwhile in Chicago. She was principal coloratura soprano last season at the Scala in Milan.

Born in Venice, Mme. dal Monte studied the piano at the Benedetto Marcello Musical Academy of that city. "Toti" was originally a nickname given her by fellow-students "because of her round smiling face." Her real name is Antonietta. An accident to her left wrist checked her career as an instrumentalist and led her to devote herself to singing. She made her first appearance at the Scala in a minor rôle in "Francesca da Rimini," and later on as Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana." After a brief absence from the stage, she appeared at the Comunale, in Bologna, singing Lucretia in the "Rondine" of Puccini. From 1917 on she sang in the principal cities of Italy and South America, in "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Barbiere" and "Sonnambula." She has also sung at the Grand Opéra in Paris.

Sweden sends two of the artists to appear later this season in the Metropolitan's last revivals of the "Ring" cycle, a return after seven years for both "Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung."

Martin Oehman, Swedish tenor, is about 35 years old. He was born in Bodermund and educated in Stockholm, where his father, an evangelical clergyman, still lives. On coming of age he entered the army and was promoted to be an officer. He preferred a musical career, having played the piano since childhood, and his voice attracted the attention of Princess Ingeborg. So he took up musical studies, including harmony and composition, at the Conservatory. In 1911 he went to Milan, studying with Maestro Oxilia and Quadri and making his début in 1914 at Leghorn, where he sang Lohengrin and Andrea Chénier. The war having forced him to return to Sweden, he made a second operatic début in 1917 at Gothenburg.

thence he went to the Royal Theatre, Stockholm, where he had to sing almost every variety of tenor rôle from *Fra Diavolo* and *Almaviva* to *Tannhäuser* and *Carlo*. Since the war he has been singing in Berlin and Vienna.

Nanny Larsen-Todsen, Swedish dramatic soprano, received her musical education at the Royal Academy in Stockholm, which she entered when she was 16 years old. She was graduated at 22 with special honors and at once was engaged at the Royal Opera, of which she has been a member for the last ten years. She has also studied and sung in Berlin and Munich as well as Milan, where last season she sang *Isolde* at the Scala. Her repertoire includes all the leading Wagnerian soprano rôles. The king of Sweden decorated her with the Order of Arts and Letters and two years ago nominated her a court singer.

Marie Müller, another Wagnerian soprano, was born in Bohemia, now Czechoslovakia, and made her operatic debut some ten years ago at Prague. She is described as dark but comely, a favorite of recent seasons at Munich in such rôles as *Eva* and *Elsa*, or the heroines of "*Bohème*" and "*Butterfly*," or *Sieglinde* and *Gutrune* in "*The Ring*."

Of nine actual newcomers, another is Francesco Seri, an Italian basso. He is about 30 years old, with operatic experience in Italy and South America and recently in California.

Finally, there is one more American girl to be heard as occasion offers, though not in the first week.

Joan Ruth, soprano, was born in Boston twenty years ago, of a musical family. Her early training was received in Boston and the last two and a half years in New York with Estelle Liebling. Miss Ruth's first grand opera engagement was last season as Cherubino in Mozart's "*Figaro*," with the Wagnerian Opera Company. She has been successful in opera and is also a pianist and an accomplished linguist. She was engaged as soloist for this season's Maine Festival.

Three more singers round out a dozen new or returning artists in a company of some ninety named stars. In one instance, a singer announced last season and long indisposed will now have his promised debut.

Vicente Ballester, the Spanish baritone, was born in Valencia. He intended to become a painter, but having discovered that he had a voice, he studied singing in Barcelona. The Mayor of that city became interested and sent him to Paris to study with Jean de Reszke. At Paris he made his debut, singing in "*Pagliacci*" and "*Aida*" in French. Later he went to Italy, singing at the *Teatro del Verme*.

In Verdi's "*Ballo in Maschera*," he appeared in all the leading cities of Italy, was engaged for South America, Mexico and Havana. He is locally in moving picture theatres. Ballester has toured two years with the San Carlo Opera Company, another season at the Colon in Buenos Aires and finally with the Chicago Civic Opera.

Berta Morena, famous beauty of the Royal Opera, Munich, making an American concert tour this year, has been announced for a limited number of performances at the Metropolitan, where she was formerly a member of the company for five seasons. Mme. Morena, born in 1878 at Mannheim, succeeded Ternina at Munich in 1898. She made her American debut as *Sieglinde* in "*Die Walküre*" at the Metropolitan March 4, 1908. Since appearing in 1914 at Covent Garden, London, she has remained with the State Opera and Prinzregenten Theatre in Munich. To nine great Wagner rôles she adds *Fidelio*, *Selika* and *Santuzza*. She has been invited by Gatti-Casazza to reappear in some of these.

Elvira de Hidalgo, remembered as the slender young Spanish prima donna of Gatti-Casazza's revival of "*The Barber of Seville*" in one of his early Metropolitan seasons, is also to return, coming as a guest under more favorable auspices than marked her reception then. In the years intervening Mme. de Hidalgo has won popularity in Italian and Spanish operatic centres. She will come back to New York no longer a slip of a girl, but a mature singer and successful actress.

Elena Gerhardt's Recital

AFTER A LITTLE uncertainty at the commencement of her recital last night, Miss Elena Gerhardt soon found her voice, and thereafter delighted us with a display of the perfection of her art in one Schubert song after another. I long ago exhausted my superlatives upon her, and have nothing new to say. We all know by now the delicacies of tone color she has at her easy command, and the grace and beauty of her phrasing. But I found my-

self last night taking even greater pleasure than of old in her rhythm and her keen harmonic sense.

Her rhythm is a joy in itself. It sometimes seems a joy independent of that given us by the melody, till we reflect that, after all, the rhythm and the tones make an indissoluble blend. Miss Gerhardt is one of the few singers who know how to distinguish, and to make the least instructed hearer distinguish, between mere meter and rhythm. She can sing two songs in six-eight time, for instance, in immediate succession, and yet differentiate them absolutely; they may step along at the same speed and with the same length of stride, but the spring, the personality, is different in the two cases.

As for her harmonic sense, I know no other singer with her peculiar gift,—of which, I should not be at all surprised to hear, she is quite unconscious herself. Every intelligent singer colors his voice in accordance with the changing moods of the song, especially as indicated by the words. But with Miss Gerhardt there are also hundreds of subtle changes in accordance with the harmonic texture of the accompaniment. They are changes of two kinds,—of color and of interval. She seems to have an exceptionally acute perception of the meaning this chord or that, this modulation or that, had for the composer; and her tone-color, at such a moment, becomes spontaneously brighter or darker in sympathy. Further, she will sing the same interval with slightly different "values" during the same song,—again guided by her feeling for the harmonic sense of the passage. For ninety-nine singers out of a hundred, D sharp, for instance, is always the same as E flat, because it is so in the fixed scale of the pianoforte.

But with Miss Gerhardt such pairs of notes as these are not always and necessarily the same. If, for example, she is rising from D to D sharp to rest on the chord of C major, the D sharp will be a slightly different note from the E flat she would sing if she were taking this note downward from E natural to come to rest on the chord of G major. If you listen to her critically you will find all sorts of subtleties of intonation of this kind; but they undoubtedly enter also into the plain man's enjoyment of Miss Gerhardt's singing, though he may not know just why he is enjoying himself so hugely.

Let one illustration serve out of many that could be given. In the well-known *Serenade* (Leise Flehen Meine Lieder) part of the effect comes from the contrast between the minor in which the song as a whole is couched and the major into which it settles every now and then,—not the incidental majors into which it drifts on the way, but the "tonic" major, i. e., the major of the minor in which the song opens. Whenever this change occurs in the first two verses of the "*Serenade*," Miss Gerhardt, by an infinitesimal raising of the pitch of the highest note and of the final tonic, heightens the natural brightness of the major key as against the minor; but in the last chord of all she lowers the major almost insensibly, but just enough to throw a faint veil over it and give the hearer the sense of a final and most restful ending.

Last night she did all this to perfection in the "*Serenade*," and many equally perfect things in such songs as "*Das Fischermädchen*," "*Der Musensohn*," "*Im Abendroth*," "*Gräthem am Spinnrade*," "*Im Frühlings*," "*Das Lied im Gruenen*," "*Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*," the "*Erl-King*" and others. Mr. Walter Golde accompanied her conscientiously, but without the elasticity of rhythm and the variety of tone-colors that a style like hers requires.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

SPALDING GIVES NOVELTY.

Violinist Plays Casteinuovo-Tedesco's "*Nocturno Adriatico*."

The name of Albert Spalding holds an honorable and conspicuous place in the fraternity of violinists, therefore a large audience filled Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and listened with enjoyment to the American artist. Mr. Spalding has all the excellences of a first-rate violinist, the one thing wanting to his

well-balanced temperament is that Daemonic rage which strikes fire from rocks; but as this is a dangerous ingredient to include in any one's make-up, Mr. Spalding is just as well without it. Beauty of tone is one of his unescapable assets, and the *Veracini Sonata*, which opened his program, gave him full scope for its display. Respighi's editing had not sensibly diminished the melodic line, the malleable heritage of the Italian composers, and the violinist as well as his hearers reveled in its loveliness.

The weightiest moment of the afternoon was Brahms's *Sonata in D minor*, where the piano played an equally important rôle with the violin. Albert Spalding and André Benoist, in admirable partnership, gave an intellectually emotional reading of the work. Mr. Spalding's pure, singing tone was well in evidence in the allegro, deepening to a nobler note in the adagio, so irresistible that the audience broke its earlier restraints and applauded warmly. Both musicians were recalled many times at its conclusion.

The mixed group, which followed, was remarkable for the first performance in America of Casteinuovo-Tedesco's "*Nocturno Adriatico*"; not the Adriatic of classic history nor of the Doges, but the smooth, calm inland sea of romantic Italy. As before mentioned, Signor Casteinuovo-Tedesco is an Italian, therefore tuneful; he cannot escape his heredity. It is one of the leaders of modern Italian music, but in this piece, at least, leaves no impression of ultra-ism, rather of pacific formality.

Debussy's "*Minstrels*" had to be played twice, the "*Nocturne*" of Lili Boulanger, the lamented young French composer, pleased greatly, while the "*Valse-Caprice*" of Chabrier-Loeffler was a most effective climax and induced Mr. Spalding to give an encore. The remainder of the program included a Wieniawski, a Paganini and a "*Berceuse*" from Mr. Spalding's own pen.

While Sunday night does not as a rule promise a large audience for a piano recital, Josef Lhevinne found a gathering of notable size for his first appearance of the season at Carnegie Hall, with a large number camped on the stage. He pleased and edified them with a conservative but not hackneyed program, beginning with Busoni's arrangement of the andantino from Mozart's ninth concerto, followed by the Schumann "*Carnaval*," Chopin numbers and a closing group of Albeniz, Debussy and Rubinstein.

An outstanding pianist, Mr. Lhevinne preserved the high standard that has marked his playing in past seasons with a happy combination of expressive vigor, color and fluent, polished technique. The Mozart number had a performance of finished neatness, smoothness and delicacy, but with each note clearly defined, while the opening proclamation of the "*Carnaval*" came vigorously, suggesting a certain cheerful pomp and circumstance, and the varying moods of the work met with equally effective interpretations at Mr. Lhevinne's hands.

Emile W. Herbert presented the second of his eight Sunday evening concerts last night at the Greenwich Village Theater, with the major part of the program devoted to songs of the Elkins Negro Ensemble: Julia Mitchell, Suella Carr, Lloyd C. Gibbs and William C. Elkins. The quartet sang vigorously and effectively, especially in the finale, "*Hear Dem Bells*," while Mr. Elkins, its basso, sang two groups of solos. Another singer on the all-negro program was Abbie Mitchell, soprano, and Frank T. Price, who played the guitar while singing with the ensemble. For next Sunday night the Philharmonic String Quartet is announced.

New York Symphony

The first Sunday afternoon subscription concert of the season of the New York Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, with Walter Damrosch on the conductor's platform. In other years, the place was crowded with Damrosch enthusiasts, and everybody went home happy after a delightful two hour arrangement by Busoni; a Chopin group; "*Cordova*" from "*Songs of Spain*," and "*Tango*," by I. Albeniz; "*Peu d'Arti*" with the "*Fingal's Cave*" overture by Merce; Debussy's "*C Major Etude*" and Valse from Le Ball, Rubinstein. Mr. Lhevinne played many encores.

Florence Easton, who is one of the shining lights of the Metropolitan's staff of sopranos, sang "*Deh vieni non tardar*" from Mozart's "*The Marriage of Figaro*" and the finale from "*The Twilight of the Gods*," giving Wagner's conception of Brunnhilde's immolation and the destruction of Valhalla. Miss Easton was in glorious voice and left her hearers in a state of happiness. "*Pacific 231*," by Arthur Honegger, which had its first New York hearing Friday night, was repeated.

At Town Hall, Yascha Fishberg, violinist and brother of a violinist Mischa Mischakoff, concertmaster of the New York Symphony—gave the Vitali Chaconne, the Conus concerto and Christian Sinding's A minor suite as his major numbers, followed by an air of Johann Matheson, Professor Auer's *Tarantelle de Concert*, and arrangements by Kreisler and Juan Manuel. Mr. Fishberg has already been heard here as concertmaster of the late City Symphony Orchestra, but had more opportunity yesterday to show that he is a distinctly skilled violinist, with a broad, smooth tone of good size and very dexterous technique—this last effectively displayed in the swift opening movement of the Sinding suite. Gregory Ashman was his accompanist.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From Late Editions of Yesterday's Times.

Locomotive Symphony Repeated.

In America there has been raised the hue and cry of a national music which should be raucy, authentic, contemporaneous in its accents. And lo and behold, it is a Frenchman who gives us, in tones, a quality of our civilization. Arthur Honegger's "*Pacific 231*," repeated yesterday afternoon at the second concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, in Aeolian Hall, is evidently in danger of disaster caused by over-popularity. Mr. Damrosch's audience applauded the second performance of the work as much as it had the first performance last Friday, and it will undoubtedly spread like an infection through orchestral programs of the Winter in this our country. And a Frenchman did it! Where, oh where, is the oppressed American composer?

The soloist at this concert was Florence Easton, who sang the "*Deh vieni*" of Mozart and the final scene from Wagner's "*Götterdämmerung*." Miss Easton gave the music of Mozart a lovely tone and a style equally refined and expressive. The music was not marred by undue emotional stress; it was felt the more, while it preserved its sculptural beauty. The "*Götterdämmerung*" score makes heavier physical and dramatic demands upon the voice. Miss Easton sang with dramatic spirit. At the same time there was not the sense of reserve, of proportion and coherence between the vocalist and orchestra that there had been in the earlier performance, and there was passing impurity of intonation. The other orchestra music was Mendelssohn's "*Fingal's Cave*" overture and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The hall was packed, and Miss Easton, as well as the "*Pacific 231*," was applauded to the echo.

Josef Lhevinne.

The audience that greeted Josef Lhevinne, pianist, last night in Carnegie Hall filled floor and galleries and also the stage. Mr. Lhevinne's playing justified this attention and the approval he received. He has seldom in late seasons in America given more signal proof of his powers. Nothing, under his hands, was stereotyped and nothing was mere virtuosity. Even in passages of technical purpose there was individuality and musical color, while in music requiring intimate feeling and imagination, such as the vivid, fleeting tone pictures of Schumann's "*Carnaval*," the pianist surpassed himself.

Mr. Lhevinne has long been known as a serious and admirable musician, and as an executant who possessed a dazzling technique. Last night he seemed to take his audience deep into his confidence, not for self-aggrandizement, but only to lead them to the composer. He was eager, with authority but self-effacement, to make his hearers aware of beauty that stirred him, and he created that beauty with sincerity and mastery that more than compassed their winds.

The program included the Andantino from the ninth concerto of Mozart as home happy after a delightful two hour arrangement by Busoni; a Chopin group; "*Cordova*" from "*Songs of Spain*," and "*Tango*," by I. Albeniz; "*Peu d'Arti*" with the "*Fingal's Cave*" overture by Merce; Debussy's "*C Major Etude*" and Valse from Le Ball, Rubinstein. Mr. Lhevinne played many encores.

IT WAS EVIDENTLY the gorgeous of the production and the fineness of the singing that appealed to the majority of the audience at the opening performance of "*Aida*" last night. These made them a little careless of everything else in the performance, and so their late-comings after every top note deprived poor me like myself of a great deal of pleasure. What, after all, are the finest parts of a score,—the quieter parts.

"Aida" is a paradox among operas. It was meant to impress and dazzle the audience by the scale and the beauty of its "effects"; yet the real musical strength of the work is not in these moments of "effect." Verdi must have written nearly all the music except that of Aida herself and the temple music with his tongue in his cheek. "Good enough for a Khedive," we can imagine him saying to himself, "but for the real Verdi please look elsewhere."

The one character he is really interested in is Aida. Upon her he lavishes his loveliest melodies and his most exquisite orchestral colors. She is psychologically veracious, which none of the other characters are. They are only stage puppets that Verdi, with his thorough knowledge of the theatre, jerks into a momentary semblance of life. It is all stunt and bluff and make-believe, from "Celeste Aida" onward,—big stuff of its kind, but a poor kind.

But for Aida herself Verdi evidently had a tenderness as great as that he had later for Desdemona. We cannot believe, outside the theatre, in the strutting Radames, or in Amneris, who merely anticipates a common film type; but Aida is always credible. She even manages to galvanize the others into life for a moment now and then.

In the great Third act she infects Amosaro with something of her own heart-hunger for home, and does her best to vitalize Radames. But almost from the first phrase in which the latter breaks in upon her exquisite music in this scene we feel that Verdi, when he is not describing Aida, is only the skilled mechanician. Radames's first phrase here is a typical piece of Verdian vulgarity; and though Aida does her best to raise the man to her own mental and musical level it soon becomes hopeless; the man becomes lost in no time.

When the tenor is so excellent as Mr. Martinelli was last night, there are, of course, compensations; but all the same, the lovers not of "Aida" but of Aida must have felt themselves often cheated out of their rights by the evident preference of the audience for the big effects of vocal one and of stage pageantry. Even the conductor, Mr. Tullio Serafin, seemed to care that preference; he plied up some magnificent effects in the more highly colored passages, but lavished less tenderness than I should have liked on some of those delicate string and wood-wind strains which the very heart of Aida speaks.

A few of these passages were made quite audible by an audience that seemed in a hurry to get to its seats, but, once it was there, had no scruple in blotting out concluding orchestral passage in order to show its appreciation of a singer.

Mme. Rethberg's Aida was song with great ease and purity of tone and fine dramatic understanding. Mme. Matzenauer was a physically impressive Amneris, a little stogy, and inclined to wander from the straight path in the matter of intonation. Mr. Martinelli, as Radames, sang with both power and beauty; and Mr. D'Angelo as the King, Mr. Mardones as the Priest, and Mr. Danise as Amosaro, were all very excellent.

Apart from the splendor of the production, there were many admirable things in it of the quieter kind, such as the perfect correspondence of tone and tint in the first temple scene, where the white dresses and the quiet movements of the celebrants were matched as I have never known them to be before by the tones of the voices and the orchestra.

It was an extraordinarily fine piece of visual and aural focus. The crowds of the fourth scene were handled well, though one or two of the captives were inclined to get in each other's way, and Amneris, in backing from the throne, stepped into one of Amneris's servants. It had been so long away from the Court, however, that we can forgive him for having forgotten the topography of the room.

BERNARD NEWMAN.

Clara Clements in Song Recital

In voice as richly colorful as the rose yet gown she wore, Clara Clements gave

the second song recital of her series of seven in the Town Hall at the matinee yesterday. Her program at this stage of the "development of song," the title of her historical recitals, included compositions of Bach, Gluck, Handel, Lully, Rameau, Purcell, Scarlatti, Mozart, Spohr, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, and Loewe.

The two Bach numbers with which she began, "Wilt du Dein Herz Mir Schenken," and "Komm Suesser Todt," were sympathetically interpreted. The latter, with its somber theme of death, afforded her a rare opportunity for dramatic effect, which she achieved with simple effort. Gluck's "O Dei Mio Dolce Ardor," in a happier vein of composition, which followed, displayed Miss Clements's artistry and flexibility of tone in the lower as well as the higher notes.

It was in her singing of the compositions of the two Frenchmen represented in her program, Lully and Rameau, that the fine shading of Miss Clements's method shone clearest. Lully, the first representative of the French national opera, received splendid interpretation in his "Fermes-vous Mee Yeux." The operatic tendency of these song-masters of the seventeenth century received full measure of voicing in the sprightlier "Le Berger Fidele" of Rameau.

Haydn's time-tried "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" was her best offering of that great classical master, and she also sang his "Mermaid." She illustrated Beethoven's desire to enhance the lyric atmosphere of the poetry of his time by "Die Ehre Gottes in Der Natur" and "Der Kuss." Her interesting program finished with the composition of Karl Loewe, the master of the ballad "par excellence," and at its best in "Edward."

The compositions ranged from those of Scarlatti, written in the mid-seventeenth century, to those of Loewe two hundred years later. Walter Golde was a sympathetic accompanist at the piano.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.

AIDA, opera in four acts and seven scenes. Book in Italian by Antonio Ghislanzoni from the French of Louis. Music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

The King..... Louis D'Angelo
Amneris..... Margaret Matzenauer
Aida..... Elizabeth Rethberg
Radames..... Giovanni Martinelli
Ramfis..... Jose Mardones
Amosaro..... Giuseppe Danise
A Messenger..... Giordano Patrineri
A Priest ss..... Piradie Wells
Conductor, Tullio Serafin (debut).

Verdi's "Aida" opened the season last night in the Metropolitan Opera House. The opera was presented by a cast well balanced and experienced in the interpretation of Verdi's music. His performance introduced a conductor new to American audiences, Tullio Serafin, whose spirited and enthusiastic reading of the score added to the interest of the occasion. The audience was not only one of the most "brilliant," but one of the most enthusiastic first-night audiences that the Metropolitan has assembled since the war. Its enthusiasm found expression after the second act in resounding cheers and curtain calls for singers and conductor.

Circumstances such as these do not call for a lengthy dissertation by Sir C. C. The audience takes precedence of the opera and Vanity Fair provides a spectacle at least as breath-taking as anything on the stage. This audience is a potent factor in the performance itself. Its impulse and excitement quicken the atmosphere and, if the opera is properly composed for the circumstances, add a certain fillip to the effect of the music.

An Abiding Masterpiece.

For the enthusiasm manifested last night there was more than one justification. It proceeded, in the first place, from the innate power of Verdi's opera, which has not faded or withered with passage of years. "Aida" remains the vehicle of vehicles for the inauguration of a season in a world-famous theatre. How long it will retain its present position in the repertory it is impossible to prophesy, but for yesterday, today and tomorrow at least it is an abiding masterpiece, in which figures in the garb of an unreal past discourse of overlasting human passions to superb music.

It was the music and not this or that artistic personality which held the place of honor last night. In past seasons Metropolitan openings have hinged on the presence in the cast of a Jeritza, a

Galli-Capci, Caluso or Tassin. The presiding genius of yesterday evening was Giuseppe Verdi. In his name Miss Rethberg accomplished some of her most beautiful singing. Other performances were of varying degrees of distinction, but few fell beneath a commendably high level, even when they were serviceable rather than original. The music had always tonal opulence and impact. When it came to such scenes as the third act between Miss Rethberg, Mr. Danise and even the lusty-toned Mr. Martinelli, it had much more. Then was revealed again the pulsing humanity, the poignancy of accent, and the emotional ebb and flow of Verdi's orchestra. An operatic performance has two aspects—that which is vocal and that which is dramatic. Under the most favorable circumstances these are combined and balanced, but ordinarily do not accrue in equal quantities to a singer. Miss Rethberg's unusual gifts as an interpreter rest principally upon her skill in song, in which she displays not only her vocal mastery and feeling for melodic line, but also a variety of

light and shade and an attention to text as well as tone which give everything that she does an unflagging interest.

Mme. Matzenauer a Regal Figure.

Mme. Matzenauer, alone on the stage, was a regal and sumptuous figure, a princess in very truth, with a voice which matched in its inherent quality the dramatic personality. More and more, as the performance progressed, this voice richened and deepened and became the fitting expression of one of the greatest of Verdi's characters.

Mr. Martinelli sang his opening "Celeste Aida" as he has sung in the past, lustily and without the nicest of taste in moments of vocal expansion and, of course, in a manner that promptly drew bravos from certain members of the audience. Giuseppe Danise's Amosaro is the performance of one well accustomed to the ways of the part, authoritative in it, and in moments an interpreter of force and conviction.

The minor roles were in place and adjusted parts of the ensemble. The singing of the chorus in the magnificent passages that Verdi has written for the massed voices had always vigor and sonority, and in the temple scene established a mysterious and impressive atmosphere. The scenic setting of this episode was the finest stage spectacle of the evening. It had not only shadow and depth of color, but the effect of the immense height of an Egyptian temple. Elsewhere there were indications that new settings, with some color and modern ideas, would be fully as fitting for "Aida" as for the impending revival of "Giacinta." But this was a matter negligible to the majority of the audience. It listened to the tenor singing his sweet romanza, and gazed upon the costumes, ballet and all other accompaniments of opera in the grand manner with deep delight and with satisfaction in the consciousness of another opera season.

Clara Haskil, Pianist, Heard.

To give an eminently palatable translation of the Bach-Busoni Toccata and a not only imaginative, but brilliant interpretation of a Chopin Ballade, was the good fortune of Clara Haskil at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Her Chopin group was really captivating; but for some reason Schumann escaped her.

The Etudes Symphoniques are no child's play and in the matter of execution alone tax the powers of any pianist, except the greatest; Miss Haskil held her own fairly there, but the elusiveness of Schumann was too much for her. Still, to be able to give her audience a clear account of such composers as Bach and Chopin is no mean achievement for one recital.

Miss Haskil had an audience with her sympathetic to the last.

Lynwood Farnham, Organist, Plays.

Lynwood Farnham, the organist, gave a recital last evening on the Speyer memorial organ at the Town Hall. There was an audience not of great size but of critical appreciation for the music offered, of which a prime feature was Max Reger's seven-part fantasia on the chorale, "Hallelujah! God Be Praised." Besides Bach and Widor, Mr. Farnham added organ works of Edwin Grasse, Seth Bingham, E. S. Barnes, Pietro Yon, Karg-Elert and Mulet.

STRAUSS OUT AS DIRECTOR.

His Resignation Follows Production of His Ballet "Schlagobers."

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VIENNA, Nov. 3.—Richard Strauss's resignation from the directorship of the State Opera, which was reported Saturday, was officially announced today. The Minister of Public Instruction accepted the resignation immediately. It was due to the world-famous musician's disagreements of long standing with the other director, Franz Schalk.

It is obviously felt in certain circles that Strauss has become too expensive a luxury for Vienna. When his ballet "Schlagobers" was produced his friends guaranteed the expenses. The production cost \$20,000, but the guarantees are unpaid to date.

Strauss will be succeeded by the well-known conductor, Leo Blech. The loss of the great conductor is deeply felt by the Viennese public, and it is reported that he will be offered a university chair to save him for Vienna.

It is also reported that Conductor Alwin and his wife, the well-known singer, Schumann-Helken, will also resign out of sympathy with Strauss.

But, despite the familiar singers, there was a major element of novelty and of fresh artistic interest in last night's performance: the presence of a new conductor. This was Tullio

Serafin, who comes to the Metropolitan, trailing clouds of not inconsiderable glory as a leader of orchestras overseas.

Mr. Serafin, a Venetian by birth, had almost a quarter of a century's experience in conducting opera houses. He was born in 1870 and studied at La Scala. He has conducted opera at Ferrara and Madrid; at Covent Garden, London; at the Champs Elysees in Paris; at the Grand Theatre at Turin; he directed symphony concerts. He was the teacher of Montemurro at the Milan Conservatory, and conducted the Italian premiere of "L'Amore dei Tre Re." He is sympathetic toward the musical modernists; he speaks well of Malipiero, Pizzetti, Casella, and has an open ear for the younger men. He is forty-six years old, likes horse-racing and Brahms, and confessed to an inexorable interviewer for the "Times" that he inclined toward blondes—although he yielded to none in his admiration for brunettes. His manner on the conductor's stand is immensely energetic, vividly demonstrative. He is a commanding personality, forceful and authoritative. His will and his magnetism pervaded the orchestra, the chorus, the chief singers last night. He sang with them, at them, for them; he was everywhere at once, persuasive, propulsive, dominating.

He secured a performance of great vitality and power, brilliant, massive, sonorous, yet charged with nervous energy.

He brought both a vivifying and a transforming imagination to his delivery of Verdi's score. The music of "Aida" is a curious blend of exuberant vulgarity and dramatic vividness. There is scarcely a page of the score in which the musical invention is of high distinction. Saliency there is, profile there is, warmth and sincerity of impulse. But the Verdi of the early seventies was scarcely the fine natured and deeply-probing artist of "Otello" and "Falstaff." He was the Verdi who had written to a friend, a few years before the composition of "Aida," when he was avidly seeking a libretto, that the subject of Shakespeare's "King Lear" was "magnificent, sublime, pathetic, but not sufficiently spectacular for an opera." That is the Verdi of "Aida"—a composer adept in the external effects and the cruder dramatic potencies of the theatre, exploiting their opportunities, but constrained by their limitations and coarsened by their requirements, and only occasionally exhibiting the deeper and more moving traits of his genius. It was the outstanding excellence of Mr. Serafin's reading of the score last night that he made the most of those finer moments of emotional sincerity that it contains, pointing and sharpening their accents and illuminating their depths; and that he transvalued, as far as any one can, the balance of those passages that have made "Aida" the first resort of open air opera companies and the darling of those for whom the acme of aesthetic boredom is represented by the third act of "Tristan und Isolde."

Metropolitan Opera Company in "La Boheme"

UNTIL WELL ON into the fourth act, after which it improved, last night's performance of "La Boheme" was one of almost unbelievable crudity. It rarely rose above the third-rate anywhere, either individually or collectively; indeed, there was little that could be called collective about the performance except in the sense that at certain times certain people happened to be on the stage together. They were rarely together in any other sense, either musical or dramatic. The singers were often "out" with each other, and still more often with the orchestra; and in the orchestra, in its turn, some of the instruments were out of tune, notably the harp.

After the splendid stage management of the crowds in "Aida" the evening before, it was a shock to find such poor management of the six characters who really constitute "La Boheme." Perhaps the theory was that while a hundred supers need to be drilled, six principals can be trusted to do the right thing of themselves; or, again, that while a heavy opera

must be carefully "produced," a light opera can be left to produce itself. Both theories are fallacies, and fatal fallacies. Comedy needs more careful rehearsing than tragedy, as Garrick implied long ago when he said that any fool can act tragically, but that to do comedy well is the very devil. Again, the fewer people you have on the stage, the more difficult is the problem of ensemble.

It is comparatively easy to drill a stage crowd, for all you have to do is to work them into patterns. But with half a dozen people, all of them principals, the set pattern will not do. They have to convey to the spectator the impression that they are improvising; and it is one of the paradoxes of stage production that this air of an individual improvisation of the moment can be got only by long and downright hard teamwork.

Of this teamwork, that is the very essence of "La Bohème," I could see hardly a trace. Each of the six characters would do the recognized traditional thing at a given moment, but without either taking fire from the others or striking fire from them.

They were just so many soloists who happened to be thrown together for the evening by the librettist, the composer, and the management. Perhaps this is bound to be, everywhere, the result of the strange, old-fashioned custom of greeting each singer on his entry and applauding him after each pronounced effort. If the audience regards the opera as a series of star "turns," it can hardly be wondered at that the singers do so, and that they neglect the finer dramatic by-play of a part in order to concentrate on the familiar phrases, with the familiar top notes, that, it is hoped, will draw the familiar applause. You can see them, indeed, preparing for their effect some bars before it is due. Thus Rodolphe, in the last act, really behaved like Rodolphe when he spoke intimately to Marcel with his hand on the latter's shoulder; but as the moment drew near for a vocal climax, Rodolphe would move away from Marcel, face the audience, and visibly brace himself for the ordeal; he was no longer Rodolphe, he was Miguel Fleta. Like the lady in the poem, he

"Nerved his baryn for the dreadful thing and cleared the six-foot syllable at a spring."

Only singing of the finest order could compensate one for such poverty of spirit on the dramatic side as we had last night. Unfortunately none of the singers, except Mme. Bori, gave us much singing of this kind; and Mme. Bori's Mimi was histrionically unsatisfying, especially in the first act, where it was far too sophisticated.

Mr. Fleta's high fortissimo notes were resonant enough, but these did not of themselves atone for the lack of any modulation between them and his less strenuous tones, or for the absence of anything that could be dignified by the title of a style. Mme. Hunter was a rather shrill Musetta; Mr. Picco was the Schaunard, Mr. Ananian the Benoit and Alcindoro, Mr. de Luca the Marcel, and Mr. Rothier the Colline. Mr. Bamboschek conducted.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

Nicholas Medtner, the distinguished Russian pianist and composer, whose songs and piano compositions have long appeared on recital programs, made his first appearance in New York last night in Carnegie Hall, playing his own concerto in C minor, with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

It was no idle whim that made Mr. Stokowski choose Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, and Mozart's E-flat symphony to precede the Medtner concerto; for the Russian

composer is that strange figure among moderns, an out-and-out classicist. His direct ancestor, in form, is Beethoven, and his nearest relative, in cast of thought, is Brahms.

His concerto, which is in a single movement, is cast in a much straighter mold than the average work of its kind, for it is written in an elaborated sonata-form, with two chief themes which are announced and developed as they would be in a symphony; after a piano cadenza, the first theme is subjected to nine variations, followed by a recapitulation of both themes, and a coda.

On the first hearing, one is most deeply impressed with the technical mastery that the work displays. Medtner develops his themes with enormous skill and ingenuity, solving the most complicated contrapuntal problems with apparent ease and writes substantially, if not dazzlingly, for the orchestra.

But impressive as the work is technically, it does not sound like important music. Medtner seems to have all of Brahms's consummate workmanship with none of Brahms's knack of composing pregnant themes. His two themes are hardly more than phrases, and while both are sincerely conceived and free of any taint of triviality, neither is strikingly individual or, indeed, particularly interesting.

Moreover, those portions of the work that make the nearest approach to the profundity and emotional richness of Brahms (I mention that composer so much because Medtner has been called the "Russian Brahms") are the very passages that sound least individual. The closing measures of the coda are most impressive but they are likewise disturbingly evocative of the Grieg piano concerto.

The work sounds curiously old-fashioned, not so much in its orthodox melodic and harmonic structure as in its mode of thought. It says things that Brahms and Schumann said before and said better. It says them, incidentally, at far too great length.

Mr. Medtner is a superb pianist, and played his work with brilliant and devoted ardor. His audience was warmly demonstrative.

Would there were space to speak at length of Mr. Stokowski's beautiful readings of the Beethoven and Mozart works and his uncommonly fine accompaniment in the concerto. But there is not. Some sort of political disturbance was going on last night outside Carnegie Hall and its chronicling will probably take many columns.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.
The Philadelphia Orchestra.

Nicholas Medtner, who might be called a "neo-classic" Russian composer and whose music is as yet little known in this country, made his first appearance in New York in the double capacity of composer and virtuoso when he played his piano concerto in C minor with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. By some Mr. Medtner has been called a "Russian Brahms." He is, evidently, a very serious musician, a virtuoso of brilliant equipment and a man who does not write in a slap-dash manner to secure public approval. He has avoided the ballet and opera house and has composed up to the present time principally piano works and songs. Mr. Medtner is now 45 years old. The concerto heard last night, his most pretentious score, was written in 1918 and was first produced in Moscow, the composer's birthplace, by that most beneficent friend of Russian composers, Serge Koussevitsky.

This concerto is in one lengthy movement. It is essentially classic in conception—in its form which has, in condensation, the qualities of the symphony; in its treatment of keys, which, interestingly varied and tinged with modern color, is nevertheless on long-established lines; in its whole development and feeling. Liszt wrote one movement concertos—especially that in A major—which have, for all their symphonic devices, an inherently rhapsodic and unsymmetrical spirit; while Medtner's concerto, as unmistakably, is a work of classic mold.

At a first hearing the C minor concerto impresses more by the combination of brilliancy and substance in the writing than as a work of arresting originality of invention. The piano writing is expert, ingenious and highly effective; the combinations of piano figures with

orchestral colors and accentuations are hardly less so. There is not only "linear" and contrapuntal treatment of material, but also a rhythmic development which assumes more and more interest as the work comes to its conclusion.

Mr. Medtner played with the conviction of the composer, with ample physical and technical power, with dazzling virtuosity. In the statement of themes, in the singing of lyrical passages on the key-board, in all that was required for purposes of exposition he was the master. His rhythm carried orchestra and audience with it. A poorer work would have been made successful by such tactics. The composer-interpreter was repeatedly called back to the stage.

The program opened with the most dramatic overture ever written—Beethoven's "Leonore, No. 3," and such was the spirit of music and performance that the orchestra was brought to its feet to acknowledge the applause. It continued in classical vein with Mozart's E-flat symphony and came to an end with the pulsing, barbaric dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor." Conducting these dances Mr. Stokowski made the most of the wildness and the lordly stride of the music. Appropriately, where Borodin supplied the palette, he laid on colors and sonorities, and spared not. Only one other Russian, and he in literature and not in music, equalled Borodin in the expression of the spirit of the winds and the steppes. He was Gogol, in "Taras Bulba," a work to which, even more than "Igor," Borodin owed an opera. As is the rule at the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the audience packed the hall and demonstrations of enthusiasm were long and loud.

Balokovic, Violinist, Heard Again.

Zlatko Balokovic, whose introduction as a violinist last Spring in a marathon of sixteen recitals made his name known to many and his merits at least to those technically concerned, chose Election Day for his return in a fairly attended matinee yesterday at Carnegie Hall. He was assisted by Miriam Allen in Mozart's concerto in D and a modern "First Sonata" in D minor by John Ireland. Mr. Balokovic's romantic style and stirring tone further appeared in Herbert Hughes's "Irish Air" for G string, Manojlovic's "The War Widow's Lament" and pieces by Smetana, De Bruce, Mosszkowski and Nachez.

"Aida" Opens Palestine Opera Season.

"Aida," first night of many opera seasons, has been selected for the opening performance of the opera season in the Holy Land, according to report received by the Palestine Foundation Fund from its Jerusalem headquarters. But Verdi's masterpiece in this case will be given in Hebrew, the language in which all the world famous works in the repertoire of the Palestine Opera Company are sung.

The opera season opens the last week in November and because of the many Jewish and English notables now present in Jerusalem, the opening night will be a brilliant social affair, with Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner to Palestine, as the chief guest of honor.

Wagner, Verdi, Mascagni, Meyerbeer, Halevy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Bizet, etc., have provided the Palestinian opera programs in Hebrew translations, but this year for the first time modern Palestine as the Jewish national homeland has made its initial contribution to the world of music with "Ha Chalutz" (The Pioneer), written by a Jewish pianist of Jerusalem, M. Weinberg, on a Jewish theme—the life of the Zionist colonists in Galilee.

"Tannhaeuser" at the Metropolitan

ALMOST EVERY ONE'S tempo in "Tannhaeuser" last night was exceedingly slow except Mr. Clarence Whitehill's (as Wolfram). One result of this was to make Wagner seem even more leaden-footed than usual; another was to make it very difficult for the wind players to sustain a long phrase legato. But though, under this treatment, the tedious parts of the opera became, at times, a grievous burden, as a whole the performance was impressive.

A good deal of thought has evidently gone to the making of Mr. Laubenthal's Tannhaeuser; but the processes by which his conception of the part has been built up are too visible, so that the presentation of the character lacks spontaneity.

Both vocally and dramatically it would be the better for a good oiling. Intelligent as his work is in both departments, it is all too stiff. Every effect is carried just a shade too far, and so, by calling attention to itself, achieves its own defeat. There is always expression in his singing, but a feeling also of over-emphasis. His movements and gestures

are convulsive and angular; and he does not improve matters by maintaining some of his attitudes until they suggest petrification.

He could have learned a great deal in all these respects by studying Mme. Jeritza, who, besides singing divinely and moving, when she had to move, like a statue endowed with life, a model of harmonious grace from head to heel, knew also how to be psychologically impressive while remaining perfectly still.

For once we had an Elizabeth in whom we could believe thoroughly. Mme. Jeritza has the art of the long legato phrase, not only in her singing but in her acting. The finest example she gave us of this was in her long drawn out movement, at the climactic moment in the second act, from the throne to the side of the Landgrave; the one unbroken rhythmic line ran through it all.

The rest of the cast (Mr. Bender was the Landgrave and Miss Jeanne Gordon the Venus) did their work well, though Miss Gordon seemed somewhat afraid to open out in her singing. Mr. Bodanzky conducted. The setting and the lighting of the opening scene were exquisite, and the ballet was graceful, if it did not rise to the delirium of the music in the climax of the bacchanale.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.

Mme. Jeritza in "Tannhaeuser."

TANNHAEUSER, romantic opera in three acts, German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.
Landgraf Hermann.....Paul Bender
Tannhaeuser.....Rudolf Laubenthal
Wolfram.....Clarence Whitehill
Walther.....George Meader
Biterolf.....Carl Schenck
Heinrich.....Max Eppert
Reinmar.....William Gustafson
Elizabeth.....Maria Jeritza
Venus.....Jeanne Gordon
A Young Shepherd.....Raymond Delamais
Mary Bonetti (debut)
Minnie Egner
Louise Hunter
Charlotte Ryan
Conductor Arthur Bodanzky.

Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" was performed last night by the Metropolitan Opera Company, with a cast nearly the same as that which presented the opera last season. The opera was sumptuously mounted; the interpretation was of a routine nature. Mr. Bodanzky showed authority and conducted with zest, but the results of his leadership were felt more in the orchestra than on the stage. Those on the stage, with Mme. Jeritza as the leading stellar figure, went through their parts with a requisite degree of certainty and knowledge of what they were there to do, but there were not many moments when Wagner's music struck fire. Perhaps it would be only fair to the performers to add that there are many moments in "Tannhaeuser" when it would be hard for an artist to strike fire with Wagner's music.

For there are longeurs in "Tannhaeuser"—more than in any other Wagner's considerable operas. There are unblinking banalities, such as the common and vulgar tune which Tannhaeuser sings in praise of Venus; there are passages of bare commonplace, like the Italian or Weberian manner, and there are the great dramatic scenes—the inspired contrasts of the Venusberg and the green countryside; the madly but passionate Elizabeth and her passionate and unmaidenly rival; the passages where the mature Wagner of a later day bursts through the shell of operatic conventions of an early period and finds the revealing of the immortal, that places him among the artists who cause Great and inspired things in "Tannhaeuser" to be remembered, and the others to be minimized; but conventionality was not absent when Mme. Jeritza and Mr. Laubenthal sang together in the old-fashioned manner at the front of the stage and facing the audience.

Otherwise Mme. Jeritza was a comely figure in white, with her familiar virtues and defects as a singer, also with her native aptitude for the stage, and her dramatic delivery of the "Zurück von ihm" at the end of the second act, where she made felt the fire and pathos of Wagner's inspiration. Miss Gordon's Venus was also pleasurable to the eye, but the part exacts a more subtle and pervasive sensuousness and a deeper psychology than she gives it. Mr. Laubenthal, like Mme. Jeritza, nowhere excelled his final scene of the second act, and was for the most part a conventional actor and a tenor with a good though not a great voice. It was not, perhaps, Mr. Whitehill's night, though his singing raised in sonority and accuracy of pitch as the performance went on, and his style and diction remained a lesson to the thoughtful student.

Pitch was in fact a variable quantity last evening. Mr. Bender's deep and sonorous voice was not impeccably faithful to it, and the chorus had some trouble in coming to precise harmonic agreement in Act I. These things do not happen, and "Tannhaeuser" is not the opera best fitted to endure them. The audience, nevertheless, was much satisfied and greeted the singers cordially.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Tannhauser," opera in three acts, book and music by Richard Wagner. Sung in German, Artur Bodansky conductor. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

Landgrave Hermann Paul Bender
Tannhauser Rudolf Laubenthal
Wolfram Clarence Whitehill
Bilse Carl Schlegel
Walther George Meader
Heinrich Max Bloch
Reinmar William Gustafson
Elisabeth Maria Jeritza
Venus Jeanne Gordon
A Young Shepherd Raymonde Delaunoy
Four Pages: Mary Bonetti (debut), Minnie Egner, Louise Hunter, Charlotte Ryan.
Nymphs, Satyrs, Bacchantes, Graces, Huntsmen, Pilgrims, Knights, Minstrels, Ladies.

It was Maria Jeritza's night. She brought beauty and light and stabbing reality into a performance that however impressive in spots was otherwise somewhat two-dimensional. She possesses the rarest gift in the operatic theatre, the power of making the beholder a part of the drama, rather than the observer of it. There were moments last night, especially in the second-act scene between Elisabeth and her father, when the prosenium arch seemed to disappear, leaving no gulf between stage and auditor, so that one no longer listened to a prima donna but was permitted to see into the heart of a woman, and overhear her secret thoughts. It was of such acting that the composer of "Tristan" and the Ring must have dreamed, and of which no one ever sees his fill.

Mr. Whitehill galvanized the dreary Wolfram into partial vitality, even handicapped by insufficient vocal resources, and Mme. Gordon, though a somewhat too reserved Venus, made a clear voiced and beautiful one. Mr. Bender contrived a mellow and convincing Landgrave. Mr. Laubenthal, however, never for a moment stopped being a good looking German tenor. His voice was tight—that seems to be a requisite for all Tannhausers, Tristans, Parsifals and Lohengrins—but sounded otherwise very well, and he made all the right gestures and took all the approved positions. But he had no reality.

He sulked the action to the word far too successfully, generally anticipating the word by a bar or too, and his performance seemed all memory and no imagination, a series of disconnected periods of action and inaction, with no motivating conception of the character to give it continuity.

The chorus singing was good, the Pilgrims being particularly deserving of encomiums for staying in tune. The Bacchanale was well lighted and picturesque in color and line, but frightfully inhibited. According to the Metropolitan version, the "orgies in Venus's Hill" were largely confined to a rousing game of "All around the mulberry bush." One could wish for a Bacchanale that would have shocked, at least, Queen Victoria.

Mr. Bodansky's orchestra was, at its best, brilliant and spirited, and at its worst rather coarse in woodwind quality and of the distracting mezzo-forte quality that sometimes comes of insufficient rehearsal. The audience was large and a little indolent, so that the gentlemen who stand upstairs behind the rails of the family circle were obliged to make nuisances of themselves to a degree that surpassed even the Metropolitan's not-to-be-despised record.

SYLVIA LENT ITS SOLOIST.

Young Violinist Wins Plaudits With State Symphony Orchestra.

The State Symphony Orchestra of New York, under its conductor, Joseph Stransky, appeared at their second concert last evening at Carnegie Hall before a large audience.

Mr. Stransky began with the "Eroica Symphony," but it was not till the maelstrom of the scherzo that he succeeded in carrying a message to his hearers; it had the funeral beat; the scherzo made the necessary return to gaiety and life; the trio of the finale drew a round of applause from the audience which brought the orchestra to its feet.

Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps" sounded splendid in comparison with its French counterpart. Many of the lesser sounds of nature could well be imagined in the score, though scarcely improved by it.

sophisticated orchestration; it was well received.

When Sylvia Lent appeared to play the Bruch concerto she gave the impression of verdant youth and simplicity; her performance, however, had remarkable force and vitality. Her tone is broad and full, nearly always of beautiful texture, and she showed in the fast passages that she had her technique at her fingers' ends. It was this blending of mature execution with the unspoiled outlook of a child artist that proved the attraction of her playing. The audience applauded her vehemently after every movement and gave her an ovation at the end.

The support of the orchestra was all that could be desired. The program successfully closed with Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

"I have been known as a man who plays Beethoven, but I understand other composers also," confided Frederic Lamond, somewhat wistfully. No one familiar with the authority of this pianist could doubt this or doubt, indeed, that "a man who plays Beethoven" could fail to understand anything in the realm of sincere and enduring music, assuming, of course, that he plays with the eloquence and serenity that Mr. Lamond always brings to his interpretation.

Last night he grouped the three sonatas—the A flat major, the B flat major and the F minor—in an all-Beethoven program which was a test of player and audience alike. Certainly the crowd which filled Aeolian Hall was not oppressed by academic atmosphere, while Mr. Lamond himself, in breadth of vision and secure technical command, brought back memories of Jean-Christophe and his dedication "to the great, heroic heart of Beethoven."

Lamond in Beethoven Program.

Frederic Lamond returned to local hearing at Aeolian Hall last night in a program of Beethoven's piano works. Greeted by attentive listeners to great music, he gave the sonata Op. 106, of "Hammerklavier"; sonata Op. 26, with its funeral march "On the Death of a Hero"; the rondo of the "Lost Penny"; the "Andante Favori" and sonata Op. 57, "Appassionata." It was a reading from Beethoven, as if from classic poets, sincere and erudite, restrained and reverent, singularly happy in appealing to the highest interest in art against popular flaunting of interpreters.

In the afternoon, Jean Knowlton, a soprano, came to Aeolian Hall with a program characterized as "Songs of Many Periods." It was one of those recitals where the singer gathers up the folk tunes of different nations into neat little nosegays and presents them as such to the audience. The periods in this collection stretched from Old England to Modern Spain and were sung with evident devotion to their themes. There were quantities of roses and much applause from an obviously delighted audience.

A. S.

Lawrence Gilman

Chaliapin Returns as Boris and Gabrilowitsch Plays Schumann

With due respect to various admirable artists, it may be said that it was not until last night, the fourth of the current opera season, that greatness strode upon the stage of the Metropolitan and dominated the performance—which happened to be a presentation of "Boris Godunoff" with Chaliapin as the tormented Czar.

We have upon former occasions in these columns exhausted our private stock of encomiums in attempting to characterize Mr. Chaliapin's thrice famous and thrice marvelous impersonation. Nothing remains to be said of it, except that it continues to be the most puissant and overwhelming thing that we have ever witnessed on the lyric stage—and if any one else has observed a greater, he has kept mighty quiet about the experience.

One of the remarkable aspects of Mr. Chaliapin's impersonation is the way it casts its gigantic shadow over the entire evening's performance, even during those long and sometimes sagging intervals when Boris is not upon the stage.

It would be interesting to compute the actual number of moments that Boris, in the Metropolitan version of the opera, spends in view of the audience. We intended to hold the watch on him last night, but by the time Chaliapin had brought to an end his terrific scene with the apparition of the murdered Dmitri, leaving us, as he always does, racked and shaken with pity and terror, we had forgotten all

about our watch, and about everything else, except that a miracle of imaginative projection had again been wrought before our eyes; and so we shall have to wait until the next time.

"Boris" takes well over three hours to perform, and comprises eight scenes. The Czar appears in only three out of the eight; yet that towering figure—so proudly sovereign, and so stricken—that anguished, tortured countenance, haunt every moment of the drama, like the memory of a cry of agony that rings inescapably in the ears long after it has died away.

And this was so again last night, even though Mr. Chaliapin was not in his happiest vocal estate; even though the rest of the performance still suffers from the blight that seems to have fallen upon it of recent years. Mr. Papi is a conscientious and routine conductor; but might not a leader of different caliber set the score of "Boris" before us in a new light? We have almost forgotten what it sounded like under Mr. Toscanini. Is not "Boris" in Mr. Serafin's repertoire? What might he not accomplish in the way of a reanimation of the whole performance, that is now but a dulled background for the fiery genius of a single principal?

Doubtless Mr. Papi is the permanent and official custodian of "Boris" at the Metropolitan, and no one would wish to see him deprived of that honorable job; but why can there not be guest conductors for particular operas? Perhaps a temporary transfer might be made. We, for one, would cheerfully vote to take "Mefistofele," for instance, away from Mr. Serafin and give it to Mr. Papi, if Mr. Papi would hand over "Boris" to his new colleague. For no harm could ever befall "Mefistofele," since it is already as dead as poor Boito himself. But "Boris" is only asleep.

At Carnegie Hall earlier in the day Mr. Damrosch gave his Thursday afternoon subscribers an opportunity to hear that lyric poet of the keyboard.

Gssip Gabrilowitsch, play one of the most poetical of concertos, that of Schumann. But is not the last movement of this concerto in need of some expert trimming? Lovely as much of the music is, it seemed to us yesterday to be inexcusably prolix. If an unrivaled masterpiece like "Tristan" can be cut, for one reason or another, why should unduly long-winded symphonic scores escape the shears?

We hasten to add, however, that it was not Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing which made this concerto seem too long; it was Schumann himself.

And, by the way, there are others on our list.

The remainder of Mr. Damrosch's program comprised the "Fingal's Cave" Overture, Haydn's "London" Symphony, Lekeu's watery Adagio for strings, and Honegger's symphonic choro-choo, "Pacific 231," now in the second week of its prosperous run under the Damrosch management.

"Boris Godunoff."

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.

BORIS GODUNOFF, opera in three acts and eight scenes, based on historical drama by the poet Poushkin. Book in Italian after the composer's arrangement in Russian. Music by Modeste Moussorgsky. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Boris Feodor Chaliapin
Theodore Raymonde Delaunoy
Xenia Ellen D'Allosy
The Nurse Kathleen Howard
Schoulsky Angelo Bada
Tcheliakoff Lawrence Tibbett
Brother Phymn Leon Roteler
Dmitri Marie Chalmee
Marina Jeanne Gordon
Varlaam Paolo Ananlian
Missal Max Altglass (Debut)
The Inkeeper Henrietta Wakefield
The Simpleton Giordano Patrini
A Police Official Louis D'Angelo
Lolitsky Millo Picco
Tchermakowsky Vincenzo Reschiglian
Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

The performance of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff" last night in the Metropolitan Opera House gave the first tang of modernism to the productions of the week. "Aida" for a curtain-raiser! "Tannhauser" for a kind of classic—Wagner is that today! But Moussorgsky in the representative pages of "Boris" remains contemporaneous. In several scenes he unmistakably anticipates Debussy; his modernism, however, is more than a matter of a chord or instrumental combination; it is felt in the dramatic incisiveness of the writing, in the flexibility of characterization, the orchestral scene-painting, the vocal declamation.

At the same time the greater part of this opera—when Moussorgsky followed his own instincts and did not listen too humbly to the counsels of friends—is astonishingly simple, virile and racy, while certain scenes, such as the one in which Boris believes he sees the ghost of the murdered Dmitri, have a Websterian force and gloom. The insipid rôle of Marina, the equally insipid passages between her and Dmitri; the conglomerate, cheek-by-jowl succession of incongruous episodes, which give to the dramatic structure a character akin to that of an old rambling house which has had one addition after another tacked on to the original edifice, are disqualifications which would kill a work of lesser genius. But they do not

kill Boris, particularly when Boris is Feodor Chaliapin.

Mr. Chaliapin's impersonation needs no description at this time. Public and reviewers have long since rendered verdicts. The interesting thing about his performance last night was the fact that he did not seem to be in good voice or in the best of general condition, yet made himself felt from the first to the last moment of his interpretation, and rose to heights of irresistible eloquence as the tragic and drew near.

The interpretation next in interest was Mr. Chalmee's False Dmitri of the scene with Pimen, the monk, when there was drawn a true picture of a neurotic dreamer and plotter of future greatness. Miss Gordon's music, as Marina, lay much better for her voice than the music of Venus of the preceding evening, and in sinking it she was able to employ the sensuous beauty of her tone in a way that gave an interest that they did not inherently possess to the lines. Mr. Ananlian's Varlaam was funny, in the manner of Italian comedy, but not the representation of the savage old rascal, singing in drunken exultation of the fight and the slaughter at the siege of Kazan. The other parts were as a whole ably taken. Mr. Papi did all that his capacities permitted him with the score. A better exemplification of Moussorgsky's spirit was to be observed in the imposing dimensions, and the typically Russian designs and coloring of the scenery.

Alexandre de Brulie Plays.

Alexandre de Brulie, a French violinist formerly heard here, was cordially received by an audience at Aeolian Hall last evening. Accompanied by Frank Tibb, he gave a sonata of Mozart, the Mendelssohn concerto and pieces by Schubert, Saint Saens and Wieniawski. He had true Gallio vivacity and sense of style, modestly displayed but capturing, no less modestly a popular ovation.

Virgil Holmes in Debut.

Virgil Holmes a basso of voluminous voice who hails from Missouri, was assisted by Harry Rowe Shelley at the piano in a formal debut at the Town Hall last night. He supplemented classics in four languages with a Creole folksong, two of Mr. Shelley's lyrics and a group from the Russians. The singer's natural gifts, still of the rough diamond order, won the favor of many hearers.

FIRST BILTMORE

Anna Case, Sophie Braslau and Eddy Brown Feature at Morning Attraction Staged in Hotel Grand Ballroom

By OLIN DOWNES.

Francis Nash, Pianist.

Some people, when they wish to denote that a pianist has a dry style, say that he or she is "intellectual." It is a misleading classification. Obviously an artist cannot have too much intellect, or bring too much thought to bear upon a creative or interpretive act. What is meant is actually that the artist has too little emotion, that there is nothing but intellect in his playing, which, when it is true, is a very different thing. These things are remarked apropos of the piano recital given yesterday afternoon by Francis Nash in Aeolian Hall. Miss Nash has shown unmistakable talent before this, and her right to be taken seriously as an artist.

Yesterday she showed a finer intellectual grip of her material than at any previous appearance of hers that this writer has attended. There was a virility of thinking, a firm drawing of melodic lines and handling of musical masses which seized the attention of the listener and never allowed it to wander. Miss Nash played with insight, conviction and enthusiasm that was contagious.

The program was unconventional: Ravel's delightful sonata, Chopin's B minor sonata, three "Movements" perpetuels, by Francis Poulenc; six compositions from Kodaly's opus 3, and Liszt's "Le Leggerissimo," and Fiftenth Rhapsody for a more conventional ending. There were certain defects in the performances—notably a tendency to blur with the pedal, and sonorities that were too thick—a tone usually over-heavy in the lower registers of the instrument, but these were minor deficiencies of performances always authoritative and personal in spirit. It is either a very little or a good deal to say that a pianist is "interesting" in these days of schools and shoals of virtuosi, young and old, who flood the concert halls from Fall to Spring. Miss Nash is really an interesting pianist; one who has legitimately made her way as an artist, and whom the musical observer makes a mental note to watch in future seasons.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Jeritza Again Triumphs in "Tosca."

TOSCA, opera in three acts. Italian text by Illica and Giacosa, after Sardou's drama. Music by Giacomo Puccini. At the Metropolitan Opera House.
Tosca Maria Jeritza
Mario Cavaradossi Miguel Pleta
Baron Scarpia Antonio Scotti
Saverio Angelotti Paolo Ananlian

Little Symphony Concert

George Barrere and his Little Symphony Orchestra gave the first of a series of six evening concerts last night at Henry Miller's Theatre to the evident enjoyment of those who attended. The program included Mozart's Symphony in G Major, No. 21, a group of "Pupazzi" by Florent Schmitt, a selection by the American composer Howard Brockway and a series of four selections by Adriana Mikulova, entitled "Le Temps Passe." The orchestra, sixteen players in all, succeeded in giving a very interesting interpretation to the program, under the able direction of M. Barrere. Mme. Ratan Devi, the soloist, presented a group of East Indian and Kashmiri folk songs. The "After the concert" feature was an entertaining novelty, "From the Life of an Ant."

Ernest Werrenrath's Recital Pleases Sunday Afternoon Carnegie Hall Crowd

ERNEST WERRENRATH has developed a large and enthusiastic following in New York and elsewhere, which he deserves, for his voice is an exceptionally fine baritone instrument, which he uses with intelligence, ease and grace. He is personable, good looking and an undoubted talent that leaves little to be asked for. Yesterday afternoon it seemed there was a bit too much of a sameness about the program; one kept hoping he would first sing into a song that would release the full power and beauty of his voice. But he didn't. He sang with sentiment and sweetness a number of pretty pieces. Some of them, no doubt, deserve a kinder adjective than pretty. There was, for example, the Grieg "Den Bjergstegnene," and to start the afternoon, the "Alma Redemptoris" of Mozart. There was, too, "When Night Her Purple Veil," by Henry Purcell, and two grand, swinging waltz songs, the one about the fifteen men who sat upon the dead man's chest, and the other, less familiar to us, in praise of the rum of Jamaica, with the swinging refrain, "For an old, bold mate of Henry Morgan." Mr. Werrenrath also sang five songs by Finnish composers, including three by Jean Sibelius—the program called him "Jean"—and by Ilmari Hannikainen, and the other by Yrjö Kilpinen. Four poems of John Keats, set to music by Easthope Martin and most attractively arranged, as well as sung, "An Old Song Resung," "Twilight," "Beauty" and "Cargoes," rounded off one of the most attractive sections of the program. Mr. Werrenrath was generous with his voices, many of which were charming. Carnegie Hall was crowded to the doors and the stage was well filled. There was enthusiasm, although not so much, perhaps, as there might have been for the first-voiced song we kept hoping would be sung. The Symphony Players assisted in some of the songs. Herbert Carrick played the other accompaniments and did it beautifully.

Philharmonic's Orchestra

The conservatism that was reflected in the election returns last Tuesday must have influenced Mr. Willem Van Hoogstraten when he made up his program for the 1824th concert of the Philharmonic Society, which was given to the usual full house at Carnegie Hall Saturday night. The program was to the radicals was the playing of "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," in which Richard Strauss used the brass bands and the drums lavishly to tell the story of a German counterpoint to Washington Irving's Headless Horseman. The overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" was the opening number on the program, and served the purpose of using the first fifteen minutes of the time, after which long lines of late-comers filed down the aisles to their seats. Having given the Bohemian composer his due, Mr. Van Hoogstraten turned to French and presented the Piano Concerto No. 4, in C minor, of Saint-Saens.

with Mme. Guionar Novaes, the brilliant Brazilian pianist, as soloist. Mme. Novaes, who is as familiar to New York music lovers as the Philharmonic itself, gave a thoroughly creditable performance of this thoroughly creditable composition, which shows high qualities of musicianship and requires the best of execution.

Having given Strauss his fling with his "Merry Pranks," Mr. Van Hoogstraten lightened his lips again and brought the evening to a close with the beautiful but profound "1812" overture of Tchaikovsky, in which is depicted the rout of Napoleon in his attack on Moscow in that fateful year. Much applause greeted each of the numbers on the program.

Mischakoff as Soloist

The second Sunday afternoon subscription concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday in Aeolian Hall and Walter Damrosch and the orchestra were warmly applauded for their playing of Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," which is full of charm. Mischakoff was the soloist in Tchaikovsky's piano concerto for violin and orchestra and pleased with his skill. The program closed with selections from the "Nutcracker" Suite. The orchestra gave this a varied and interesting reading.

John McCormack's Recital

John McCormack gave his second recital of the season last evening in Carnegie Hall and pleased a large audience with his interesting program, ranging from Bach to Taylor and Chadwick of the moderns. He was most effective in Franck's "Panis Angelicus," sung in the Latin, to the accompaniment of piano, cello and organ, and in the Irish folk songs which he sings with rare charm. One of his encores was Frank Bridge's "Oh, That It Were So," in honor of Mrs. McCormack's birthday. It is one of her favorite songs.

By Lawrence Gilman

Novaes, Saint-Saens and a Philharmonic Concert: Also Mischakoff

"Things have come to a pretty pass," declared Lord Melbourne indignantly after listening to a sermon on sin, "when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." Things have come to a pretty pass, we should like to echo (with modifications), when a work like Saint-Saens's piano concerto in C minor is allowed to invade a program of such masterworks as Mr. Van Hoogstraten had arranged for yesterday's Philharmonic concert in the Metropolitan Opera House.

It seems to us that people who are naturally inclined toward good music have long been too complacent about such works as the piano and violin concertos (there is little to choose among them) of Saint-Saens. Every musician who is sensitive enough to recognize the difference between music that is deeply sprung and fruitfully imagined and music that is not, has long realized that Saint-Saens, admirable musician and accomplished tonal bricklayer that he was, had nothing in the least important to say to us as a composer. A man of enormous talent and ingenuity, incredibly facile, a brilliant and dexterous craftsman, he was, as a creative artist, incurably sterile and tenth-rate. His concertos—for we are now dealing particularly with them—survive in the repertoire because they are showy, difficult, and emotionally and intellectually unexciting.

Any moron who happened to be a virtuoso (such a conjunction is of course inconceivable) could easily master a Saint-Saens concerto and give an adequate performance of it. For this reason it seems to us that so delightful and mature an artist as Mme. Novaes should be profoundly reluctant to offer to the public which has long admired her such trivial rubbish as the Saint-Saens concerto which she played at yesterday's Philharmonic concert.

It was lamentably poor and unimproving fare to set upon that symphonic banquet table. Standing as it did between the "Lohengrin" Prelude and the Seventh Symphony, it reminded us distressingly of a bowl of

sawdust placed between a flagon of honey-dew and a beaker of grade A milk-of-paradise. The fact that yesterday's audience appeared to relish the sawdust no less than the honey-dew and the milk-of-paradise (for they applauded warmly at the end of the concerto) has nothing to do with the case. They may have been applauding the brilliancy of the performer, while deploring in the secret places of their hearts the unworthy subject-matter of that performer's discourse. But even if any considerable number among yesterday's audience really thought they were listening to good music—which we are loath to believe there is, after all, such a thing as an artist's educating a public out of its liking for tenth-rate music by persistently offering it something better.

It is a pity that a conductor of such fine taste as Mr. van Hoogstraten was not able to persuade or enforce the choice of a concerto more worthy to stand between the great masterpieces that began and ended his program. It may have been that he was not a free agent. Mme. Novaes was originally announced to play at this concert the A minor concerto of Grieg, and it is to be regretted that she did not conform to that plan. Grieg's concerto is far indeed from being music of the first rank; but it is incomparably better music than the lifeless concerto of Saint-Saens, for at least it is fresh, spontaneous and sincere. Incidentally (though this is, of course, an unworthy consideration), it would probably have brought several hundred more people into the audience room of the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, for it is one of the best loved of all concertos for the piano.

It is rumored that Mme. Novaes was unprepared to play the Grieg concerto—which is indeed an astonishing revelation. We had supposed that any concert pianist could play this concerto while asleep—a feat which we have heard some of them achieve. It is pleasant to know, however, that Mme. Novaes has obtained a copy of the score and is studying it assiduously, so that she may be able to play it under Mr. Strinsky at a forthcoming State Symphony concert, when we shall hope to hear her do so.

Shortly after Mme. Novaes had finished her dealings with Saint-Saens, Mr. Mischakoff, the new concertmaster of the Symphony Orchestra, exhibited at Aeolian Hall, with the assistance of Mr. Damrosch and his men, that other jewel among concertos, Tchaikovsky's in D, for fiddle and orchestra. Mr. Mischakoff is the young Russian who made a name for himself in the summer of 1923 by winning, through competitive trials, the privilege of appearing as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium. He took his chair with Mr. Damrosch's forces at the beginning of the present season.

Mr. Mischakoff may have been nervous yesterday afternoon for he gave a less excellent account of himself than he is able to. His intonation was not always pure; his tone lacked body, and he played often without repose or confidence of style. Nor were he and the orchestra invariably of the same mind concerning the incidence of the conductor's beat.

The rest of Mr. Damrosch's list was not daringly adventurous. It comprised Charpentier's suite, "Impressions of Italy," Mozart's "Turkish March," Schumann's "Evensong," and five of the dances from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite. Pacifying, if not "Pacific."

By OLIN DOWNES.

Mahler's Fourth Symphony.

Cherubini's overture to "Lodoiska" and Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony, with Marcella Roeseler of the Metropolitan Opera Company assisting, made the program of the concert given by the Friends of Music, Artur Bodanzsky conductor, yesterday afternoon in Town Hall.

The efforts to popularize Mahler in this city have been many, but the music of Mahler has been judged, as it seems to us, very fairly on its own merits, and it has reached a place by the force of its own gravity which cannot be lifted or lowered by propaganda that is friendly or the reverse. Mahler was a musician, palpably, who dreamed bigger than he could build. It is pathetic to witness his attempts, and to realize the tragical fact that sincerity, character, merit, labor, loftiness of aim do not make masterpieces. The man who wrote the St. Matthew Passion and the B minor mass was more than a pious Christian; the creator of that vast and idealistic allegory, "The Ring of the Nibelungs," had a character far beneath the ethical implications of his work. Mahler, a man of noble aspirations, troubled by the restlessness, the megalomania, the

spiritual questings of his time, was able to compose to give these things voice. When he is greatest in his scores is not when he is psychologizing, but when he is least pretentious and introverted. In the Fourth Symphony he falls frequently into a folk-mood, and is really naïve and then is most convincing. It was Dostoevsky who remarked of the elder Karasosoff that he was perhaps as simple as he pretended to be, and that most of us are simpler than we think. Mahler, who understood Dostoevsky, was also simpler than he thought, and it is when he is simplest that he is most engaging as a musician.

If the final movement of the Fourth Symphony, for example, were heard as a song with orchestral accompaniment, it would stand as a unit and would be a charming and unpretentious setting of verses of "Das Knaben Wunderhorn." But a symphony an hour long over such matters—smaller matters, too! This is too much! It would be unwarranted even with a better tone-builder than Mahler, whose principal weakness, of course, is his inadequacy as a symphonist. His themes in the opening movement of the Fourth Symphony are pleasingly melodic, but are not of the material to serve as cornerstones of a symphonic structure. And after they have been stated there is no structure. There is repetition, but almost no significant development of ideas. The next movement would serve as a scherzo of a rather innocent kind, but a violin tuned a tone higher than the others and advanced as a suggestion of death striking the measure is, in actual effect, mere fiddsticks. There is, in fact, no structure that is sinister in this music, which, on the whole, is rather sentimental Vienna vein. A better and deeper impression is made by the movement, "Poco adagio," which is truly organic, and has left emotion. Here the musical thought germinates, and there are certain passages, such as that of the dialogue of the solo horn with wind instruments, which stand out and attest to the tenderness and sincerity of the nature of the composer.

The symphony as a whole gives the impression of a big attempt with hopelessly small elements, and of a composer who earnestly sought but did not find his niche as a creative artist. The performance was an eloquent one, though Miss Roeseler is a singer of limited capacities. Mr. Bodanzsky, a former pupil and protégé of Mahler, conducted with all possible devotion and care for detail. An audience of good size, which did not, however, pack the hall, applauded cordially.

The "Rhinegold" in English

ONE WOULD LIKE to be able to say something kind and encouraging about the performance of the "Rhinegold" in English at the Carnegie Hall last night, but it is very difficult to do so consistently with speaking the truth. We gathered, from a preliminary speech, that Mr. Ernst Knoch, who conducted, had only one rehearsal, and that yesterday morning. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that he could not secure even note accuracy. His own work was admirable; but for his coolness and knowledge of the score the performance would probably not have been got through at all.

The stage settings and the lighting were derisory. The scenery consisted of side curtains with a sort of magic lantern slide at the back, and owing to the peculiarity of the lighting, the most awkward shadows were constantly being cast. In the first scene, for instance, one was at first puzzled by the unusually large number of Rhine Maidens, till one realized that three of them were flesh and blood and the other three shadows. The Rhine Maidens did not swim, but walked along the bed of the river, which latter had a so terrific ground swell that it was a marvel how they kept their feet. Some dreadful convulsions of nature must have occurred during the evening, for the Rhinegold rock of the first scene was in the foreground of Valhalla in the second and fourth scenes, and in Alberich's underground domain in the third. The rainbow by which the gods were supposed to pass to Valhalla in the last scene was a phenomenon that would have sent a nervous spectroscopist into hysterics; fortunately the gods did not trust their immortal bodies on it.

Alberich's Tarnhelm had apparently so little efficacy that its owner dared not rely on it, but achieved invisibility each time by going off the stage. The Mad Hatter could have done better than this. These vagaries put a strain not only on

he credulity of the audience but on the veracity of the other actors. Thus when Alberich was supposed to have turned himself into a serpent, and Loge pretended to see the monster, though nothing of the kind was visible, one could only come to the conclusion either that Loge was wilfully deceiving us or that he was seeing snakes. The scene of the piling up of the treasure in front of Freia was managed in a highly original way. Apparently the gold reserve had sunk too low for there to be enough of the metal to cover so substantial a Freia; so a sheet was placed in front of her, stretched across the giants' staves. One might have thought that it was washing day at Valhalla, were it not for the most unwashed appearance of the sheet.

A friend of mine, a distinguished English musician, assured me that he once saw the whole "Ring" at Covent Garden, and at the end of the fourth evening did not know whether it had been sung in English or in German, as the only word he had caught was "ring," which happens to be the same in both languages. Things were a little better than that last night. It is true that I came away in complete ignorance of which language, if it really was a language, that Fafner was singing in; perhaps he was a stickler for historical accuracy, and was using a local dialect of the original Nibelung tongue. A good deal of what the other characters said was also unintelligible to me; but I could make out at any rate one word in ten, which would be a high average for occasions of this kind in England. Loge certainly got a number of his syllables across, but when I put them together I could not always make English of them. In his big monologue in the second scene he kept referring to what he called "wooooooman." It was only from the context that I gathered that he was speaking of a familiar sub-species of the higher mammalia.

There was obviously the making of a Wotan in Mr. William Tucker and of an Alberich in Mr. Fred Patton. Froh was anything but Froehlich, and somebody had stolen Donner's thunder. Mr. Dudley Marwick would have been a really good Fasolt but for an over-anxiety that made him emphasize each accent of his music with head and hand and foot and top-knot.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

"Rheingold" in English.

RHEINGOLD, first evening of the cycle of "The Nibelung's Ring." English text by Ernest Newman from German poem by the composer. Music by Richard Wagner. Produced by the English Grand Opera Company at Carnegie Hall.

Wotan.....William Tucker
Alberich.....Fred Patton
Mime.....George Gordon
Loge.....Louis Dornay
Donner.....Frank Dobert
Froh.....Oliver Stewart
Fasolt.....Dudley Marwick
Fafner.....Augustus Ottone
Erda.....Devora Nadworney
Freia.....Adele Rankin
Fricka.....Mariska Aldrich
Wellgunde.....Thelma Volpka
Flosshilde.....Geraldine Marwick
Conductor—Ernst Knoch.

After misadventures and vicissitudes owing to bungling and improvident management, the first of the projected performances of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" took place last night in Carnegie Hall. The production of "Rheingold" had been in a parlous state virtually up to the rising of the curtain. A change of conductors at the last moment, with explanations and counter-explanations of the cause for so doing, was only one unsettling circumstance. Singers cooperated in other ways than those of song back of the stage, in order that a performance in which they evidently felt a personal interest should go forward. Mme. Mariska Aldrich, recently appointed stage manager and singing in the performance as Fricka, had worked till a late hour with scenic problems. Last but not least, Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company loaned the score and orchestral parts of the opera, as William Wade Hinshaw had loaned the management Ernest Knoch, the conductor, who took the baton on the briefest notice, in advance of his directing of Mr. Hinshaw's performance of the "Marriage of Figaro" next Friday night in the same hall.

BY RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mme. Landowska's Recital.

Mme. Wanda Landowska returns after her first visit to New York last season, in which she demonstrated the great interest and importance of what she has

to give this public, her renewal and revitalization of the music of the elder masters played upon the harpsichord and the piano. She gave last evening, in Aeolian Hall, the first of a series of recitals on both instruments, in which she said in effect, with Browning:

And here's your music all alive again
As once it was alive.

The audience was large and showed great interest in the performance, persisting in the demands for encores and loath to let the player end. The program was devoted to "Johann Sebastian Bach and his beloved masters"; that is, it may be assumed, to the great master, to the lesser masters of his time and just before it, whose works he loved and allowed to influence him, infinitely above them all though he was in genius and technical mastery.

It has often been said that Bach was no innovator; not a Beethoven nor a Schumann, nor a Chopin, nor a Wagner, and not even a Stravinsky nor a Honegger. He was content to take things much as he found them—forms, styles, methods—and to raise them all to a higher power and fill them all to bursting with the power and eloquence of his own genius. He was eager to learn and did learn from everybody who had anything he could assimilate; from Pachelbel, Vivaldi, Telemann, Couperin, Froberger, who were represented on Mme. Landowska's program last evening. And if she had had time she might have added the music of others who had a similar relation to Bach.

The music on this program had widely diverse character and individuality of its own; it had beauty in the guises that musical beauty took in the eighteenth and late seventeenth centuries. And that it had a still potent vitality was amply shown in the keenly sympathetic and revealing performance of Mme. Landowska. She showed again, as she has shown before, exquisite perfection of articulation, unflinching sense of rhythm, prodigious skill in registration, in making use of the varied colors afforded by the two manuals; and her many fingers and all her remarkable technical powers made to serve a deep understanding and sympathetic appreciation of the music she played.

Bach was represented by four of the six movements of his Partita in C minor (unique in ending with a fascinating "Capriccio") and the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue. All six movements of the Partita would have been heard with pleasure, for it belongs among the ripest of Bach's works and is of those in which his genius in writing for the harpsichord made one of its most engaging manifestations. She played it on the piano, for what reason—unless it was to give a relief to modern ears from the unaccustomed tone of the harpsichord—may only be conjectured. It was the only piece on the program assigned to the piano. Bach, of course, wrote it for the harpsichord—he would have naught of that new-fangled invention.

The Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue Mme. Landowska played on the harpsichord. It is one of the most familiar pieces of the modern pianist's repertory, but it had a new sound as she played it. The harpsichord enriches its romantic warmth with manifold colors and tints and gives many passages a new significance. She used, also, a different version from the one familiar in piano recitals. The program said it was "after the manuscript." Now the piece is extant only in some half a dozen manuscript copies, none of which is the composer's autograph, showing various differences in detail, not fundamental. Bach often retouched and revised his own pieces, and it may be that some of the different versions were made by the master himself. At any rate, there is a choice presented to editors and players as to which they will print or play.

Some of the variants given by Mme. Landowska seemed almost like a sketch of what is usually presented. It may be as the pianist declared in her notes upon the program, that the usual version is clothed with arbitrary and brum-magen variants and that the simpler one would justify itself upon greater familiarity. Her presentation of the "answer" of the fugue commended itself by its effect. But these technical details were of less importance than the fact that Mme. Landowska's playing of the composition was of an intense and penetrating beauty.

The two fugues by Johann Pachelbel upon the "Magnificat" were selected from some ninety-odd that he wrote in the eight "Psalm tones"—that is, the eight Gregorian modes used in intoning the Psalms. These two are said to be in the second and sixth tones respectively, but Pachelbel lived and wrote in a transition period, in which the identity of the Church modes was disappearing, and these fugues seem to modern ears to be approximately in the keys of G minor and F major. There was no visible rebellion on the part of the audience on perceiving this fact, if it was perceived. The little fugues were enjoyed for what they were, pieces of a pregnant and serious expression.

Until a few years ago Bach was supposed to have been so much interested in the concertos of Antonio Vivaldi, his Italian contemporary, that he transcribed no fewer than sixteen of them for harpsichord solo and several more for the organ. It has now been found, however, that of these sixteen almost half were by other composers of the time. The first one which Mme. Landowska played is by Vivaldi. It made a deep impression upon the audience, especially the stately larghetto and the final allegro, captivating in rhythmic outline and delightfully varied in color effect in the performance.

There was a group of shorter though hardly less interesting pieces: a "Bourrée" by Telemann; one of Couperin's exquisitely fanciful little program pieces, "Les Vergers Fleuris"; Rameau's humorous imitation of a hen,

and a truly gorgeous piece of solemn music by Froberger, a "Plaint" written in London to dissipate melancholy, the which is to be played slowly, with discretion.

Mme. Landowska's encores were not the least interesting part of the evening's music. After Bach's Partita, she played, also on the piano, the prelude in C sharp from the first book of the Well-Tempered Clavichord; then immediately moving the stool over to the harpsichord, she played it again on that instrument—thus uniting pleasure with instruction as to the different worlds in which the harpsichord and piano exist—and followed it with the inimitably gay fugue.

Then she capped her performance of Rameau's hen-piece with Daquin's cuckoo-piece, "Le Coucou." After Vivaldi's concerto she added a piece in Scarlatti's most brilliant and scintillating manner; at the end she played successively a cavotte and a passepied by Bach and the lambourn from Rameau's "Dardanus." The audience was entranced by all this Old World music and would have welcomed more.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's *Post*)

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Lohengrin," opera in three acts and four scenes, by Richard Wagner. Sung in German. A Mr. Bodanzky conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

King Henry.....Mr. Bender
Lohengrin.....Mr. Laubenthal
Telramund.....Mr. Clavier
The King's Herald.....Mr. Schlegel
Elsa.....Mrs. Jertza
Four Pages.....Margaret Matzenauer
Ortrud.....Mrs. Hunter
Charlotte.....Mrs. Boretti
Saxon, Thuringian and Brabantian Counts and Nobles, Ladies of Honor, Pages, Men and Women, Serfs.

The Metropolitan is holding its own. Last night's "Lohengrin," the first of the season, was exactly like the last of last season. No, not exactly. Miss Mary Bonetti replaced Miss Nanette Guilford as one of the four pages. Otherwise the cast was the same and the performance was the same. Mme. Jertza, a figure of pale loveliness, once more breathed life into foolish Elsa, imbuing the role with the tremulous, wistful beauty that she commands so well. Mr. Bender and Mr. Whitehill were, as usual, models of respective benignity and malignancy, the chorus sang generally in tune, and Mr. Urban's fine sets looked doubly impressive after "Tosca" and "La Gioconda."

The defects, too, were exactly those of last year: Mr. Laubenthal's handsome but tinny Lohengrin, the painfully imitative Ortrud of Mme. Matzenauer, the general tendency of the company to stand around in Anglo-Saxon attitudes when they were not actively at work. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with his wonted admirable detail and indignant energy.

Wiedermann Makes American Debut

Frederick Wiedermann, municipal organist of Prague, made his first appearance in this country yesterday at the Wanamaker Auditorium. Flags of Czechoslovakia flanked the organ at which he sat, a sturdy figure, already bald at 40, but commanding keyboards and pedals with perfect control of the technique and mechanics of the great instrument. In Max Reger's fantasia on Luther's hymn he aroused instant enthusiasm with the weaving of colossal sonorities about the famous old chorale, while endless effects of tone-color to the vanishing point appeared in the player's own arrangement of Liszt's "Pastorale." Besides an original "Christmas Elegy" and a final toccata and fugue, he also accompanied at the piano his song "Love Lost," with others by Ryba and Trnavsky, and three of Dvorak's "Biblical Songs," sympathetically delivered by Anton Jok, a Bohemian baritone. Mr. Wiedermann was welcomed by an audience including many local musicians and by a Committee of Thirty.

Staging the "Ring"

The difficulties of the company that so lately tried to produce the "Ring" in English at Carnegie Hall a couple of evenings ago were mainly forced on them by the fact that a concert hall platform is not an operatic stage. But wherever one sees the "Ring," even under the most favorable conditions, one comes away wondering whether one will ever have the luck to see a performance in which some part at least of the scenery or the action does not make us want to laugh, and some other part make us want to cry. A good deal of the customary bad stag-

ing is no doubt due to a too close following of tradition. We shall probably never get an ideal performance of the "Ring" till it is produced from start to finish by some one who has never seen the work on the stage, and is completely unhampered by convention. One of the best-produced "Rings" we ever had in London was the work of a man who chose to see everything through his own eyes and do everything in his own way. Hans Richter, who was conducting, was often scandalized at the flouting of tradition, and would say that that wasn't how it was done in Bayreuth in 1876; to which the unanswerable reply was always given, "Well, this isn't Bayreuth, and it isn't 1876." It is a pity producers in general do not remember that.

Many things in the ordinary staging of the "Ring" could easily be improved by a little thought; there is no need, for instance, for Brynhilde's rock to be so obviously impossible as a couch, even for a Valkyrie who was used to riding bare-back, or for Valhalla to look like a palace built for a King Ludwig of Bavaria by a brilliant modern architect, instead of a rough primeval fort thrown up by a couple of vigorous but not very intelligent giants. Wagner rejected some designs for the "Rheingold" Valhalla scene on this very account. "This," he wrote across them sarcastically, "is a style of architecture quite unknown to Fasolt and Fafner. It would be more suitable to a synagogue for the meetings of the Berlin Congress."

It is the magical effects in the "Ring," however, that constitute the real difficulty, and presumably will for some time yet. Who has ever seen the disappearances and reappearances of Alberich in the third scene of the "Rheingold" managed really convincingly? Has any one thought of using here that method of instantaneously changing a scene by changing the lighting that was invented by a young Russian a few years ago? Perhaps the thing has been exhibited in New York; but if not, a description of it may not be amiss here.

The principle of it seems to be a kind of keyboard, controlling some hundreds or thousands of differently colored lights, and scenes and figures and costumes designed and painted in such a way that they become different according to which lights play on them. As we saw it in operation in a London theatre, the scene opened with a man and a woman in rough touring tweeds on a Scotch mountain. Their conversation turned on re-incarnation, and they got it into their heads that in a previous existence they had been a young Persian prince and princess. Instantly their dream became real. In a quarter of a second, by the mere pressing of a button or two somewhere behind the scenes, the mountain changed to a gorgeous Persian palace interior, in which were the man and woman in splendid Persian raiment. When the dream was over, the tweeds and the Scotch mountain and all the rest of it reappeared in less time than it takes to snap your fingers.

Every one who saw it felt that this would be an ideal way of effecting rapid changes of scenery in dramas that called for these, but I fancy the expense stood in the way of its regular use. But could it not be employed for a little thing like the disappearance of Alberich and his changing into a serpent or a toad? Imagine the effect of Alberich vanishing before our very eyes the instant he donned the Tarnhelm, and the snake being there in his stead; and then his instantaneous objectivation again into his real form!

Then we really would believe in the magic powers of the Tarnhelm!

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Huberman in Recital.

Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, who will make a midwinter tour with Harold Bauer's virtuoso quartet, distinguished his own recital in Carnegie Hall last evening by performing, with Siegfried Schultze, the second violin sonata of Schumann. It is a work unspoiled by too frequent hearing and it carried in full measure the romantic spirit of Schumann's chamber music in larger form. Mr. Huberman's fervent portrayal of its beauty of line, its life-breath of emotion, lifted the entire recital to a plane of musical enjoyment. He gave also Goldmark's concerto, pieces by Tchaikovsky and Sarasate and his own arrangements of two Chopin waltzes.

Grace Leslie Gives Recital.

Grace Leslie's song recital at Town Hall last evening had attractive features. Her voice is not very large, nor very deep, but it pleased her audience, especially in the introductory sixteenth and seventeenth century English songs, which, with the modern French group, really suited her best. In English, her selection was good. Some of the songs are to be repeated, for instance, Meyerfeld's "Mädchen Lieb," with a flute obbligato by Lamar Stringfield, and in the modern song in English, "Housman's sad Song of the Old Mother," and Mr. Stringfield's own "Fly Low, Vermilion Dragon"; the composer, acknowledging the applause from the balcony. Much of the success of the evening was due to the excellent accompaniments of Daniel Quirke at the piano.

The Flonzaley Quartet Plays a New Work by Albert Spalding

It must come as a shock to that timidly withering younger generation which some among us were once members to realize that the Flonzaley quartet is now at the beginning of its twenty-first season. It seems only yesterday that this brilliant foursome of string players (as Mr. Percy Grainger would call it) was delighting us by the exquisiteness of its ensemble work—it seems only yesterday, indeed, that the Flonzaleys were non-existent, and we were all extolling a rlier but long since disbanded quartet which in its time dwelt upon Lympus and lorded it benignly over American chamber-music. But the now dubious but once blooming generation will have to get used to its existence; for there it was in plain print on the program of last night's Aeolian Hall concert: "Flonzaley Quartet, Twenty-first Season."

There, too, as of old, was the large, absorbed, appreciative audience; and here, furthermore, was one of those new works which the Flonzaleys have often made a feature of their programs. This was a novelty by an American composer—none other, indeed, than Mr. Albert Spalding, who so in his leisure moments coaxes music from catgut and horsehair and resonant wood.

Mr. Spalding is no prentice hand at composition. He has written two violin concertos, orchestral variations, suite and sonata for violin, many smaller pieces and songs. What we heard last night was a quartet in E minor, op. 10. It was composed last summer and is still in manuscript. The performance by the Flonzaleys was the first in public.

Mr. Spalding in his present estate as a composer appears to be a spiritual exile from the France that he knows so well—the France, musically, which was fashionable twenty years ago. He loves the vaporous harmonic subtleties, the drifting melodic wraiths of Debussy, the gentlemanly acidities of Ravel; he values those drooping

cessions of augmented triads that save the Sorcerer's spells in the nous orchestral scherzo of Dukas. He wistful and tender music of Debussy's quartet murmurs in his ears. He recalls the enigmatic plaints of Liszard.

This does not mean that Mr. Spalding, in his music is merely talking American French (he has, by the way, visited Russia, as well, and has studied the habits of gilded cockerels and domestic birds). His manner of speech is certain traits that one might almost identify—a delicate pungency, a high and quiet humor. There are passages in the second movement (Scherzando-Burlesca) and in the final Adagio of his quartet that were imagined and shaped by his own spirit and his own wit. There are some iridescent tints of color, melting and glamorous, in his slow movement, that suggest an individual palette.

But these things are scarce and fugitive. We wish that Mr. Spalding had signed his too magnetic France to the soil, and had gone West, or South, or North, in a world as far as possible removed from those prismatic subtleties of those silken finenesses that he cannot forget. We wish he had gone out and sunned himself in some Kansas wheat field, or on some New Hampshire hillside, and had discovered something unexpectedly native to him in the contact of soil and wind and something fresh and full of life and alacrity. It need not have been "American" we are not sure we could wish it to have been, the narrower sense; but it might have been something better; it might have been Spalding.

The Flonzaleys surrounded Mr. Spalding with their bows. They began their program with Beethoven's B flat Quartet, op. 131, and ended it with Schubert's D minor. Mr. Spalding stood in the middle distance, and the gentlemen of the Quartet, which

now comprises a new viola. Mr. Felicien d'Archambeau, a modest and excellent artist—played with their customary sensitiveness and finesse, and were rewarded by the approval of their assembled admirers.

Three Concerts of a

Compositions extended in form, and big in mood, alternated with works of smaller and more superficial character for the program of the piano recital given by Olga Samaroff yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The greater works were Beethoven's sonata, op. 10 No. 2, Chopin's B minor sonata, and Brahms' E flat Rhapsody. The other pieces were Mendelssohn's song without words in E major, Rachmaninoff's G minor Prelude, a Nocturne by Mary Howell, Paul Juon's "Naiads at the Spring," and a "Carillon," from his set of Transcendental Studies, by Lisapounov.

We preferred Mme. Samaroff in the pieces of smaller dimensions. She has a brilliant technic and can on occasion summon a good forte for a climax, but her tone is light rather than deep and singing, and her playing best suited to music that demands dexterity and fleetness of style. Thus she made much of the decorative passages of Chopin's curious sonata, but she missed its depths, and the sustained song of the slow movement—which, it may be admitted, is a difficult place to make impressive—is almost trivial and tonally insignificant in her hands. Yet this Largo can be given glamour and romance, and the finale can, on occasion, have heroic mood and power.

Similarly we missed the Cossack stride which should characterize Rachmaninoff's too familiar Prelude, as we missed Slavic sensuousness in the song that alternates with the pounding of hoofs and waving of plumes. But in the pleasant Nocturne of Mary Howell, in the sparkling piece of Juon, and the rather gaudy technicalities of Lisapounov's studies the pianist did the music complete justice. She played with sparkle and elegance, in consonance, with the nature of the compositions, which were of the glorified salon type.

The State Symphony.

In time gone by no one person could admire Brahms and Tschalkowsky, or Brahms and Wagner, or Brahms and Bruckner, or Wagner and Bruckner and Brahms, Composers, cliques and critics quarreled over these matters, and ink was spilled by fanatical partisans of the press. Yesterday for the program of the State Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Mr. Stransky played first the fourth symphony of Brahms and then the sixth symphony of Tschalkowsky. The two symphonies drew a large audience, which listened amicably and with obvious enjoyment to both works. Mr. Stransky's reading of the fourth symphony was expressive, even when it took liberties with the tempo or hurried unduly some passages of the magnificent—one is prone to say "immortal"—passacaglia which brings the end. The audience welcomed the symphony; then turned with enthusiasm to Tschalkowsky.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

The Flonzaley Quartet played Albert Spalding's Quartet in E minor from manuscript at the first of its concerts of the season last night in Aeolian Hall. The other works were Beethoven's Quartet in B flat major, Op. 18, No. 6, and Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet.

Mr. Spalding's composition, very seriously written, and in a manner genuinely idiomatic for the instruments, betrays modern influences more than it shows innate originality. Debussy is present, also harmonic elements of Italy and France of today. We have heard other creations of Mr. Spalding, less pretentious than this one, which we preferred to it. The best of the four movements seemed to be the adante, in which the statement of the theme recalls the manner and mood of the corresponding movement of the Debussy quartet. Upon this theme, however, Mr. Spalding weaves free and colorful variations. His finale is lively. His idiom is less personal than sophisticated. The writing is ingeniously effective for the strings.

The quartet of Beethoven was played with the most careful realization of the wishes of the composer. With other artists than the Flonzaleys this remark might be construed as an intimation of a cautious or academic manner. It was not so. With these players infinite pains result in always clearer and more eloquent revelation of the composer's thought, and a finer and higher realization of beauty.

At Town Hall Clara Clemens devoted the third recital of her historical series to romantic song in a new little received German program of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Cornelius and Franz. Walter Golde again accompanied.

Two young American musicians made their first appearances in the concert halls of Forty-third Street yesterday afternoon, Richard Naegle, a pianist who has been heard abroad giving his first local recital at Aeolian, while Vir-

ginia Carrington Thomas gave Town Hall its second organ recital this season.

Mr. Naegle, who is to be heard also on December 1, gave a serious program of only three numbers, but very substantial ones—Bosoni's arrangement of Bach's D major prelude and fugue, Chopin's B minor sonata and Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques. Mr. Naegle's technical equipment was well developed, with well-polished runs and rapid passages and plenty of force for sonorous fortissimos. Expressively, it seemed somewhat less advanced, rather black and white in its coloring, but the impression given by the recital was far from unpromising.

Mrs. Thomas, who has been a prize-winning student at the Yale School of Music and the summer school at Fontainebleau, is the first woman to give a recital on the new Town Hall organ, with a program including Bach and Cesar Franck, a suite, "Les Heures Bourguignonnes," by Georges Jacob; a canon of her own composition, and the sixth symphony of Widor, her teacher at Fontainebleau. Yesterday's serious, scholarly performance showed ample technical capacity, knowledge of the organ in general and this instrument in particular in digital and pedal dexterity; but there also seemed to be a certain reserve and caution, while a slight handicap was added by the need of turning pages during the performance. It was supplemented by encores.

In the afternoon, likewise at Aeolian, Charles Naegle gave a first piano recital of unusual promise. His program, the Bach-Bosoni Prelude and Fugue in D, the Chopin B minor sonata and Schumann's Symphonie Studies, was a taxing one, and he acquitted himself more than creditably in it. His technique and tone are both good and he reveals, besides, the sense of style and grasp of musical structure that distinguish the professional artist from the accomplished amateur.

"Andre Chenier" at the Metropolitan

WHAT IS IT THAT still keeps "Andre Chenier" on the boards here and there? Musically it has not a single thing to recommend it; Giordano never gets an idea that is above the fifth-rate, and the orchestration is at its best amateurish and at its worst incompetent. Giordano cannot even dish up the commonest Italian operatic formulae in a way to make them appetizing; to cite one instance out of twenty, what other composer could have failed to write at least one moving phrase—even if it had been originally some one else's—in the scene where the old woman brings her grandson to be sent away as a soldier? When Giordano tries to be expressive he is only futile; when he tries to be impressive, as in the finale, he is merely blatant; the last three or four minutes are surely the noisiest in all opera, and the most brainless.

Perhaps it is a certain human quality in the story that keeps the work from perishing utterly: our experiences in the non-operative theatre have shown us that even thoroughly bad plays about the Reign of Terror are sure of an audience—perhaps because we can all of us see ourselves, in imagination, being drafted off to the guillotine in the next Reign of Terror. The audience at "Andre Chenier," in fact, mostly regards the first two acts as disagreeable necessities, and only begins to take a real interest in the proceedings in the tribunal scene.

It says a good deal for the dramatic intelligence of Mr. Gigli and Mr. Danise that they almost managed to persuade us that two such characters as André Chenier (Giordano's, I mean, not the historical personage) and Gerard were possible. Both sang well, though Mr. Gigli was better in the more energetic than in the suaver moments. Miss Easton could not convince us at all that such a person as Madeleine ever existed or could exist outside Italian opera, but her tones always rang agreeably in the ear. Of the remaining parts, those with a touch of distinction about them were the Spy of Mr. Bada, the Mathieu of Mr. Didur and the Dumas of Mr. D'Angelo.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Harriet Eells's Recital.

Harriet Eells, mezzo-soprano, began her first New York recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall with Lully's

"Bois epais," singing that old air with an intelligence and technical control which belied her youth and lack of concert experience. It was a very promising beginning, substantially justified by the interesting performances that followed. First of all, Miss Eells is a young artist of exceptional earnestness and sincerity. She has not rushed upon the stage before she had something to offer the public, or before she had technical equipment. The voice, which has marked character, is richest and warmest in the lower registers. The upper tones, properly attacked, have "ping" and brilliancy, and become a suitable vehicle for dramatic or lyrical expression. At the beginning of the concert, because they were imperfectly attacked, they were dry. Later, approached from "above" and not "below," to make a perhaps needless technical observation, they filled out and showed that the singer is rapidly on the way to complete possession of her vocal resources. But even the tone-quality of a voice, unless it be actually forbidding, is in true singing a secondary consideration. The voice must not merely sound; it must express. This voice has not only a warm color but the quality of intelligence. There is that in the tone itself of a singer who thinks and who has an inherently emotional nature which is felt by the listener, and this quality was a pervading attribute of Miss Eells's performances yesterday.

She has the regard for proportion and the fine feeling for tone-tints and the melodic outline of phrases which is the indispensable attribute of accomplished singers. These things were in evidence, not only in Lully's song, but in a different and beautiful way in the performance of Mozart's "Quando miro" which followed. Here the tone was spun with unflinching breath support and a quality of legato indispensable to Mozart and distinguished interpretation. Nor was the lovedness of phrase-molding merely something learned from Mme. Sembrich; it was felt by the performer, and was the expression of one side of a musical personality. The song of Beethoven, "Neue Liebe neues Leben," an ungainly song at best, did not lie so well for Miss Eells's voice and style, at least under existing conditions. It had appropriate sentiment, but was one of the early instances of imperfect attack in the upper register. In Brahms's "An ein Veilchen" there was charming sentiment and excellent singing. The same composer's "Von ewiger Liebe" pointed out that there is yet to come with Miss Eells the deepening of the emotional nature and the completeness of self-expression which only years bring, in the comparative lack of contrast between youth and the incomparable womanliness and tenderness of accent which Brahms gives his faithful maiden. Wolff's "Auf dem grünen balcon" was again on the best level of performance, and in singing Arensky's "Bluth au Bluth" Miss Eells showed for the first time the brilliancy which on occasion she can summon.

Finer shades of feeling were invoked in the melancholy and poetic plaint of Duparc's "Lamento"—who can resist this exquisite gentleman's melancholy?—and Rhene-Baton's "Il pleut des petates des fleurs." In "Viens pres des moi" Balakireff ceases being a Russian, and becomes a polished Frenchman. Miss Eells knows how to sing French, and it may here be said that her French diction was one of the afternoon's most conspicuous achievements. In Gretchaninoff's "Le captif" she became dramatic, and embodied the rather commonplace climax of the song. There were encores. There was genuine and enthusiastic applause from the audience. Kurt Schindler played excellent accompaniments.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Andre Chenier," opera in four acts, book by Luigi Illica, music by Umberto Giordano. Sung in Italian. Tullio Serafin conducting.

THE CAST.

Charles Gerard Giuseppe Danise
Fleville Lawrence Tibbett
The Abbe Giordano Palmieri
Andre Chenier Beniamino Gigli
Major-Domo Vincenzo Zaccariani
Mathieu Adamo Didur
A Government Spy Angelo Bada
Roucher Millo Picco
Fouquier Paolo Ananian
Dumas Louis D'Angelo
Schmidt Pomilio Malatesta
Comtesse de Cournay Kathleen Howard
Madeleine, her daughter Florence Easton
Bers Ellen Dalogsy
An Old Woman Marion Telva
Guests, Servants, Pages, Peasants, Soldiers, Masqueraders, Judges, Jurors, Prisoners, Market Women, Mob, &c.

Some one is keeping a secret from Mr. Serafin, the Metropolitan's new conductor. The secret is, that the acoustics of the Metropolitan are kind to brasses and voices and very hard on strings. At last night's "Andre Chenier," Mr. Chenier, apparently unaware of this fact, put some of his justly celebrated vigor into the performance and, as Giordano's orchestration, even with the most tactful treatment, could hardly be called gossamer-like, the result, to the ear, was some good, bad and indifferent singing, accompanied by an enthusiastic brass band.

Not, we hasten to add, that a priceless masterpiece was wrecked by such stern treatment. We have heard "Andre Chenier" under the accom-

maturing guidance of Mr. Motzoni, and it was no more interesting. The size and unbridled enthusiasm of last night's audience would seem to put our opinion in the minority, except that we have a sneaking suspicion that neither the plot nor the music was what attracted the crowd. Mr. Gigh was in the cast.

Mr. Gigh, by the way, very nearly deserved the raves and evvies that were showered upon him by his ebullient compatriots—and that is no faint praise. He was a bit strident upon occasion, but in general gave a performance that for restraint, excellent phrasing and beautiful mezza-voice singing, was a thousand times—no, let us be conservative—a hundred times better than the music deserved.

Florence Easton made a lovely Madeleine to behold, although her voice is less well adapted to the role than Claudio Muzio's used to be. Mr. Danise was a fluent and melodious Gerard, although his chief dramatic contribution of the evening was to keep the audience from seeing his profile from 8.15 to 11.00. The rest of the large cast passed an average evening.

OTHER MUSIC.

Yesterday was one of those days which are difficult to classify, musically, and still more difficult to chronicle. Consider, for example, the Boy Wonder. You may or may not believe that the prodigy's place is in the home instead of the concert hall, this is at least debatable. But the very thought of attempting to review an interpretation of Chopin by a child of thirteen is as grotesque as it is futile. Certainly it might be assumed that children of thirteen have no business understanding Chopin, and it is a pleasure to record that young Shura Cherkassky, who played last night in Aeolian Hall, hadn't the foggiest idea of what it was all about. There is no question about his uncanny dexterity and a certain velvet touch which may grow into a mellow tone some day. But then again it may not, and the entire situation is too thoroughly on the knees of the gods for either comment or prophecy.

Then there was Harriet Eells, a mezzo-soprano from Cleveland, who gave a thoroughly conventional program in Aeolian in the afternoon. Miss Eells has obvious devotion to her music and good taste and simplicity in her interpretation. But her first numbers (of Lully, Mozart and Beethoven) were all but strangled by that deadly nervousness that turns all tones pale and wan. She brought more warmth and color to a German group of Franz and Brahms and the modern numbers were sung with skill and intelligence. Kurt Schindler presided at the piano.

At Town Hall Harry Anik gave a program of piano music which included in the first performance of a suite by Joseph Jongen—an agreeably pensive work of grace and fluency. The students' concerts of the Philharmonic gave Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nacht Musik" and the overture to Tannhauser.

THE PHILHARMONIC PLAYS.

Van Hoogstraten Warmly Applauded for His Illustration of "Don Juan."

The Philharmonic Society of New York gave its 1,897th concert last evening at Carnegie Hall under Willem van Hoogstraten. Mr. van Hoogstraten had chosen a program predominantly Germanic with a Debussy inserted where its pale reflections would more surely contrast Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Strauss's "Don Juan."

Ending with Brahms's Symphony No. 1, nothing more surely could have accentuated the glowing warm colors of these three composers than the delicate half-shades of the Gallic composer's "Rondes des Printemps."

Mr. van Hoogstraten gained great applause for his energetic, yet romantic illustration of "Don Juan." He began the Brahms a trifle dully, but he secured the undivided attention of the audience in the Andante and kept its emotional interest till the orchestra reached its final climax.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"The Tales of Hoffmann," opera in three acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. Music by Jacques Offenbach. Scenery by Joseph Urban. Stage Director, Wilhelm von Wyss. Sung in French. Louis Hasselmanns conducting. Revival.

THE CAST.

Hoffmann	Miguel Fleta
Coppelius	Giuseppe De Luca
Dapperutto	Giuseppe De Luca
Doctor Miracle	Giuseppe De Luca
Spalanzani	Paolo Ananlian
Schlemil	Lawrence Tibbett
Lindorf	James Wolfe
Crespi	Louis D'Angelo
Andres	Angelo Bada
Cochenneille	Angelo Bada
Pitichinaccio	Angelo Bada
Franz	Angelo Bada
Nathanael	Max Altglass
Hermann	William Gustafson
Luther	Milo Picco
Niklausse	Kathleen Howard
Olympia	Nina Morgana
Glulietta	Lucrezia Bori
Antonia	Lucrezia Bori
A Voice	Henriette Wakefield

Students, Guests, Masqueraders, Voices.

The Metropolitan's revival of "The Tales of Hoffmann," as revealed last night, is a carefully cast, painstakingly rehearsed, sumptuously mounted production that bears every external evidence of being a huge success, and which nevertheless never quite hits the mark. The prevailing spirit of the evening was "The Barber of Seville," and Figaro, unfortunately, is not Hoffmann.

"The Tales of Hoffmann" is an extremely difficult and elusive form of lyrical-dramatic art—an ironical comedy with serious implications; and if the Metropolitan production is, in the last analysis, a merely surface achievement, the fault is not entirely the Metropolitan's. I have an idea that Offenbach is largely to blame for the difficulties that beset the would-be producer of "Hoffmann."

Offenbach usually gets most of the credit for the opera's success. In a way he deserves it. He was an extraordinarily gifted composer of light music—the Victor Herbert of his day—and in this, his one "grand" opera, his tunefulness does not desert him. The score is a succession of charming and variegated melodies, of which the notorious Barcarolle is merely the most emphatic among a quantity of what Broadway calls song hits.

Yet saying that does not say that Offenbach's score is always appropriate to the libretto. The Barcarolle is, of course. Its sensuous sentimentality exactly suits the amorous opening scene of the Venetian episode. The drinking songs in the tavern scene are capital, and the florid aria and dance music in the ballroom scene are as charming as one could wish.

The "Jürgen" of the Eighties.

But there is more than charm and sentimentality and boisterous good spirits to "The Tales of Hoffmann." Barbier's chronicle of the young Bavarian poet and his three loves—who were all the same woman, after all—is a precursor of "The Affairs of Anatole" and "Jürgen." It is amusing and picturesque and exciting, but it means something too, and something rather bitter. The infatuation with Olympia must have a faintly sinister suggestion if it is not to be childish, and the caperings and gibberings of Doctor Miracle over the doomed Antonia must be horrible, or else they are preposterous nonsense.

Little of this is in the music. It is delightful when the situations are gay and superficial. But it is still delightful, and only that, when the implications of the piece strike much deeper. Whatever macabre quality the music assigned to Doctor Miracle possesses, for instance, must be supplied by the actor who sings it, with very little help from the score. Offenbach did not do his job; and so the actor must often do it for him.

This means, therefore, that a completely successful presentation of "The Tales of Hoffmann" demands a superlatively skilled cast, directed by some one who thoroughly understands the piece. Last night's cast, capable as it was, lacked the requisite skill, and gave no evidence of having had the benefit of any particularly imaginative direction.

The singing, to begin with, was not what it might have been. Most of the principals in last night's performance are accustomed to singing in Italian, and the French nasal vowel sounds seemed to bother them horribly,

making their voices sound generally hard and shrill and causing them frequently to sing off pitch. Furthermore, their diction was most enjoyable when it was unintelligible—which was frequently. When it could be understood, it was unforgivably bad. Mr. Ananlian's was the only perfect French of the evening. Miss Bori's and Mr. Fleta's was fair, and Mr. De Luca's astounding.

The Cast in Detail.

The acting was conscientious and ineffectual. Those who had the least to do did it best—which was natural enough, perhaps, but not very good for "Hoffmann." Mr. Wolfe was very good as Lindorf, Mr. Ananlian was an excellent Spalanzani, and Mr. Tibbett and Mr. D'Angelo gave creditable performances in the respective roles of Schlemil and Crespi.

There must be a contralto part in any opera, and as all the feminine roles in the piece are born sopranos, the authors supplied the deficiency by writing the part of Niklausse for a contralto voice. Miss Howard undertook this thankless task, and did very well in it. No one would have mistaken her for Louis Wolheim, exactly, but at least she managed to be considerably less effeminate than Niklausse generally is.

Mr. Fleta almost walked through the part of Hoffmann, singing poorly, and giving an impersonation of the fiery, romantic young poet that would have done for almost any conventional tenor role. Nina Morgana made a charming looking Olympia, sang a truncated version of the florid air capably, and

gave a conventional but none the less attractive performance.

Miss Bori seemed ill at ease in the double role of Glulietta and Antonia. The latter was her best performance, but never got far beyond a certain colorless pathos. Her Glulietta was merely an aggravated movie vamp, without an ounce of passion and too restless to be very alluring. Might an innocent bystander in such matters be permitted to wonder limidly where so many actresses get the idea that St. Vitus is the patron saint of temptation?

Mr. Bada's make-up for his four roles was very good, but his methods of differentiating them verged far too much upon the burlesque to make them satisfactory. Mr. De Luca gave a performance of mixed merits. He was at his best as Dapperutto, which he sang beautifully, although he did succumb to the "Il Trovatore" tradition to the extent of coming down to the footlights to deliver his "Tourne, tourne, miroir." He was badly miscast, vocally and physically, as Coppelius and Doctor Miracle, and though he obviously worked hard in both roles, he made neither particularly impressive.

A Gorgeous Production.

Mr. Hasselmanns conducted capably, but with no particular inspiration. He was conscientious rather than brilliant, gave a general impression of extreme caution, and lost two or three climaxes by hitting them too early. He did the Barcarolle as an intermezzo very well, and was rapturously applauded for it.

Perhaps the most completely successful feature of the production was Mr. Urban's scenery. His tavern scene is a triumph of imaginative realism, and his Venetian set, while a bit literal, is lovely in color and was, last night, perfectly lighted. The ballroom set, in Viennese Secessionist style, is a stunning combination of various shades of yellow and green, with a fascinating wall decoration of huge parrots.

His motion picture technique has stood him in good stead in making the transition between the prologue and the first act. He uses a pair of gauze-edged black tableau curtains, that close in at an oblique angle, producing almost exactly the "iris out" effect of the movies, and forming a perfect link between the tavern scene and the cut-back to Hoffmann's narrative. The staging and lighting of this prologue scene, by the way, were tremendously effective. If the rest of "Hoffmann" had been as shrewdly done, there would be a different tale to tell.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.

Tales of Hoffman Revived.

THE TALES OF HOFFMANN. Opera in three acts, with prologue and epilogue. Book in French by Jules Barbier. Music by Jacques Offenbach. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Olympia	Nina Morgana
Glulietta	Lucrezia Bori
Antonia	Lucrezia Bori
Niklausse	Kathleen Howard
A Voice	Henriette Wakefield
Hoffmann	Miguel Fleta
Coppelius	Giuseppe De Luca
Dapperutto	Giuseppe De Luca
Miracle	Giuseppe De Luca
Spalanzani	Paolo Ananlian
Schlemil	Lawrence Tibbett
Lindorf	James Wolfe
Crespi	Louis D'Angelo
Andres	Angelo Bada
Cochenneille	Angelo Bada
Franz	Angelo Bada
Pitichinaccio	Angelo Bada
Nathanael	Max Altglass
Hermann	William Gustafson
Luther	Milo Picco

Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

"The Tales of Hoffmann" is unlike any other opera of the repertory, and it stands unique among the creations, more or less ephemeral, of Offenbach. The singular plot, and the quality of the music, combine to give the effect of something that is unreal—something that is a mask. The characters, taken with an ingenuity astonishing in Offenbach's librettists from the fantastic books of E. T. A. Hoffmann, seem to move in a dream, to have personalities as curious and vivid as those of a dream, and to have meanings the more tormenting and poignant because of their confusion and unreality.

Hoffmann moves among them, grasping at shadows, as wistful and pathetic a figure as there is in the absurd annals of opera-land. His steps, from the beginning, are dogged by evil; always he is haunted and tortured by inaccessible beauty, whether it is the doll, Olympia, or the purple-lipped courtesan, or Antonia, the end of all his desires. Lindorf, the cellar companion, the plotting rival, changes his face. Lo! he is Coppelius, the inventor; Dapperutto, the magician; or the fiendish Dr. Miracle. Always he has Hoffmann inexplicably in his power. And all this takes place in a phantasmagoria of colors and scenes in different parts of the earth—on, as one might say, different stages. On each different stage the unfortunate Hoffmann is acting a part, but no one of these is his real part, and that is the cause of his unfathomable suffering.

The music of Offenbach, when allied, not only to such curious and original libretto, but to such scenery as that which Josef Urban has created, for example, for the prologue and the first act of last night, enhances the melancholy and wistfulness of the strange story, just because it is not too heavy, or serious, or profoundly expressive. It steps aside, with a laugh or an ironical gesture, and allows the drama itself to have its way. In other places it is genuinely evocative, and this by the simplest means; by a chord, or a drum-tap expressive of the terror inspired by Miracle, or by some singularly light and felicitous stroke of characterization. And then, there is Offenbach's sheer melody, which, in its best estate, is no inconsiderable element. There are those, and we do not owe them, who cannot take this opera seriously. For us, it is an engrossing work, full of wistfulness and strokes of genius.

The performance last night was not, however, in the Hoffmannian or Offenbachian vein. "Tales of Hoffmann" is not a grand opera in form, dimensions or style. Nor is it an Italian opera, although much was done to make it seem so. The work is utterly French, with an accent and flavor that is not easy, and would not be easy in any theatre for any but accomplished French artists to convey. There was some good singing last night—Mr. De Luca is a case in point, though he is more at ease in other music. Mr. De Luca is also a case in point of an interpreter not fitted by temperament or training for the dramatic demands of his triple roles.

The Olympia was Nina Morgana, who acted the comedy of the part, and sang it with no particular grace or virtuosity. Miss Bori sang the sensuous and melancholy solo of Antonia in the last act with true feeling. We liked her less as the courtesan, and her gown would have befitted a Parisian locality rather better than it fitted the palace of Glulietta, wherein, by the way, Mr. Urban fell beneath his usual standards; the setting was gaudy and upholstered. Mr. Fleta sang his best, and that is the alpha and omega of his performance. Mr. Ananlian's Spalanzani was a lively characterization. Mr. Tibbett took a small role—that of Schlemil—with admirable intelligence and mastery. The chorus, as usual, sang sonorously and with marked spirit. Mr. Hasselmanns's quick tempi were as a rule well chosen for the theatre and the occasion, although at times there was the feeling that he forced certain tempi from a fear of boring the audience.

In this audience sat Mrs. Gruenwald of Brooklyn, guest of the Metropolitan, and granddaughter of Jacques Offenbach.

Laurence Gilman

Offenbach's only talent as a boy was that he was able to balance a cane on the tip of his nose—for his musical faculty did not show itself early. His last gesture was less vivacious. He lived to be sixty-one, and to achieve

the distinction of being dubbed by the "Mozart of the Champs-Élysées." But this did not satisfy him; he developed an inferiority complex, and not content with having been the creator of opéra-bouffe and the darling of the Paris of the Second Empire, he began to take himself seriously. He wished the world to see in him, after his death, something more respectable than the witty and audacious author of "La Belle Hélène," "Barbe-Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein"; so he spanked his Comic Muse and sent her off to bed and turned to Higher Things—that is to say, he wrote his "Tales of Hoffmann," which as light opera is dull, and as serious opera is insipid.

From having been that rather distinguished thing, the arch-satirist of the Second Empire—"the Beethoven of the Sneer," as Emil Bergerat too exuberantly called him—he sobered up (or down) and aimed merely to leave posterity a work which should indicate it that he was really, after all, a musician of weight and learning; which he never was and never could have been. If he had been content all his life to balance a figurative musical cane on his impudent nose he would have cut a more salient figure in the eyes of posterity than he is likely to now. For instead of being remembered as the inimitable composer of "La Belle Hélène," with its grace and fluency and insolent wit, he is likely to be remembered as the composer of that apotheosis of suburban respectability, the Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann."

Those piquant tunes in his opéras-comiques, which sound, as an appreciator once said, "as if they had crawled from his brain between a glass of punch and a cigarette," have been discarded, in "The Tales of Hoffmann," for tunes that are flat and dull, as if they had sprung from his brain between a glass of skimmed milk and a family dinner. Doubtless he moved his inferiority complex by working upon this ambitious score; and doubtless it would have exalted him delightfully in his own esteem if he could have known that "The Tales of Hoffmann," revised and partly orchestrated by Guiraud, would be produced at the Opéra Comique and would run for one hundred and one nights. He did not know, for he was dead. Heart disease took him off four months before the premiere.

The Metropolitan has twice flirled with "The Tales of Hoffmann," perhaps influenced by the fact that it is Oscar Hammerstein's best drawing card at the Manhattan, where it was performed twenty-six times in three seasons. Mr. Hammerstein's production of the work in November, 1907, was in many ways brilliant and memorable—who can forget the marvelous Coppélius, Dappertutto and Dr. Miracle of Mr. Renaud, the Spalanzani and Gespel of the lamented Glibert? The work had been given a quarter-century before—in the year following its Paris premiere—at the Fifth Avenue Theater. The Metropolitan did not touch it until years after the Hammerstein production. It was mounted by Mr. Gatti on January 11, 1913, and was performed five times in the course of that season with Hempel as Olympia, Fremont as Giulietta, Bori as Antonia, Cenez as Hoffmann, Didur as Coppélius, Gilly as Dappertutto, Rother as Miracle. Polacco conducted. It was given twice in the following season. Hereafter the Venetian idlers sang their Barcarolle no more until last night, when Mr. Gatti again turned to the famous work after having granted a ten-years' sleep.

He has bestowed upon it a distinguished cast and an admirable scenic production by Joseph Urban. The setting of the first act, the scene in Spalanzani's ballroom, is particularly winning. A distinguished cast, we said; but they were distinguished last night chiefly in name. The style of Genbach's work is unescapably French—a thing as difficult to define as its absence is impossible to mistake. It was absent last night. Miss Flet did not succeed in capturing it. She managed her voice and her action as skillfully than she did her gigantic green feather fan as Giulietta in the Venetian scene. Her Antonia was really unpersuasive; but then Antonia is a hopeless part. Mr. Fleta as Hoffmann was neutral and ill at ease, though he sang some of his music well. But the greatest disappointment of the performance was Mr. De Luca in the triple role of Hoffmann's evil genius. Mr. De Luca sang with taste and discretion, as he always does, but he has not, apparently, the faintest conception of the significance of Coppélius, Dappertutto and Miracle as successive incarnations of the malignant spirit that is bent upon Hoffmann's doing. The suggestion of sinister power, of malevolence, of the supernatural, was apparently beyond Mr. De

Luca's capability. He lacked authority; he was anything but sinister; he was never for a moment inside the character. One of the best performances of the evening was Mr. Lawrence Tibbett's as Schlemihl. Mr. Tibbett had grace, authority, presence. It was the most successful thing we have seen him do at the Metropolitan. Miss Howard was a handsome and adequate Nicklausse, and Nina Morgana performed acceptably the difficult role of the automatic Olympia. Mr. Hasselmans directed an orchestral performance that had more rough spots and frayed edges than were absolutely necessary. There was a cordial house, and every one was rewarded by applause and curtain calls.

"The Tales of Hoffmann"

THOUGH the casting might have been improved upon, a good deal of care had evidently been spent upon the production of "The Tales of Hoffmann." It is a mistake, I think, to let an actress double the parts of Giulietta and Antonia. For one thing, it is inevitable, if this is done, that we should recognize the timbre of the voice in the two impersonations, and so a good deal of the point of Hoffmann's triple story goes. For another, it is asking too much of any singer that she shall be equally convincing in two parts that are the very opposite of each other, physically, mentally and vocally. Last night the slight edge on Mme. Bori's voice gave the right nervous fret to the psychology of the alluring Antonia; but it was the wrong voice for the imperious and voluptuous Giulietta.

Mr. de Luca, again, was really successful only in the third of his parts, Dr. Miracle. This was a very subtle and finished piece of work, always fantastic but never comic, as the character becomes with some actors. Not the least effective feature of Mr. de Luca's performance was the economy of his gestures. But neither his Coppélius nor his Dappertutto had the same vitality. Whether he was reserving his voice for the final scene or not I cannot say, but the Coppélius was under-sung throughout; one missed the more pungent humors of the part. Nor was his Dappertutto either strong enough or sinister enough: he did not draw the whole action of the second scene about him as Dappertutto should.

This scene, in fact, missed fire generally. Neither Giulietta's voice nor her personality had the color of the rich Venetian setting. And in the quarrel between Hoffmann and Schlemihl we missed the accustomed thrill because both characters maintained too much of the singing quality in their tones, and too high a pitch. The maximum of tragic effect is got here by carrying on the dialogue in the lowest and quietest possible conversational tone; the sudden change from song to speech, if it is properly done, makes these few seconds as sinister, as full of foreboding, as any corresponding period of time in any opera.

Mr. Fleta put an admirable restraint upon himself for the most part. It is true that he could not help remembering at times that he is an Italian opera tenor; he would now and then dwell too long on a high note, give it a volume that had no relation to the rest of the phrase, and move forward, facing the audience, in such a way as to cease to be Hoffmann and become Mr. Fleta appealing for the customary recognition from the audience. But in the main he denied himself the cheap vocal effects of Italian opera, and aimed at that easy conversational style that is the essence of the part.

The unaccustomed restraint put a strain on his singing, and accounted for an occasional uncertainty of intonation; but to one hearer, at least, this was more than made up for by the dramatic interest the character gained. Hoffmann should never be quite real; he should always convey the impression that he is not actually living these three episodes, but only musings upon them as he tells them to his companions. We should see them inside his brain rather than as slices of reality. Mr. Fleta's general quietness of manner went a good way towards creating this feeling in us.

The Nicholas of Miss Kathleen Howard had several good points, but she did not

quite suggest the character as it really is, the ever-attendant shadow, half sympathetic, half ironic, of the self-deluding Hoffmann. Miss Morgana sang the doll's music with a pleasant tone and a good deal of fluency; and the other parts were all competently done. Mr. Hasselmans and the orchestra were excellent, and the settings, particularly those of the cellar and the Venetian scene, were admirable.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Ida Deck, Pianist, Displays Skill In First New York Appearance

A notable degree of fluent pianistic skill was exhibited yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall by Ida Deck, a young pianist from West Virginia, who began her first performance here with Bach's G minor English suite. As a Bach player she played with ample clarity and speed, while Beethoven's sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, showed a very well developed technique, with brilliance evoking long applause and sufficient carefully applied energy, although the performance was not particularly expressive, showing more skill than temperament.

A Russian number and a well wrought set of variations by Miss Deck preceded a Chopin group.

OTHER MUSIC.

New York had its first, somewhat fleeting glimpse of Nicholas Medtner a week ago in the divided flood-light of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He then appeared in the suave and obliging role of an "assisting artist." Last night the Russian pianist had the stage of Town Hall to himself with a program which began with Chopin, Scarlatti and Beethoven and ended with a group of his own compositions.

His first solo appearance confirmed the general conviction in the public prints next day, that here was a musician with fine sense of proportion, clarity and scholarly understanding of the masters he played. Under his fingers the Beethoven "Appassionato" emerged with sure, true structure traced by the player's musicianly command of form. The group of Medtner "Marchen" were revealed in a series of clear, rhythmic patterns, sturdy rather than elfin and, on the whole, obstinately earth-bound. Mr. Medtner's two compositions played recently by himself, seem half a century before Stravinsky—*an era*, in fact, where all music ceased with Brahms. Last night he was rapturously applauded by an audience which seem to agree with both theories.

Three fragments—from Beethoven, Debussy and Strauss—divided the first part of the Philharmonic program last night, but the second part was the First Symphony of Brahms. The orchestra swept into the noble introduction with true reverence and majesty, and the matchless slow movement that follows was played in the mood that it deserves. Mr. Van Hoogstraten has always disclosed rare poetic understanding of the Brahms Symphonies; in this one he was at his best—and the result was an evening of genuine joy for the crowd that filled Carnegie Hall last night.

A. S.

Nicholas Medtner, Pianist-Composer

Nicholas Medtner, Russian composer and pianist, gave his first recital in New York at the Town Hall last evening. The first part of his program was strictly conventional—Chopin, Scarlatti and Beethoven. The latter part he devoted to his own compositions, which were enthusiastically received. The "Appassionata" he played well, with a full realization of all that it implied. He was, however, more at home in his own compositions. His "Marchen" ranged from subtle minor passages to stormy climaxes. His selections from "Forgotten Motives" were engagingly played. The audience was warmly appreciative of Mr. Medtner and his playing and he responded with several encores.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

"Fedora," a lyric drama in three acts, libretto by Colautti, after the play by Victorien Sardou (in Italian) music by Umberto Giordano.

THE CAST.

Princess Fedora.....Maria Jeritza
Countess Olga.....Nanette Guilford

Count Loris.....Giovanni Martinelli
De Sirex.....Antonio Scotti
Dimitri.....Ellen Dalossy
Desire.....Giordano Paltrinieri
Baron Rouvel.....Angelo Bada
Chillo.....Giovanni Martino
Boroff.....Millo Picco
Grech.....Louis d'Angelo
Doctor Loreck.....Paolo Auanian
Boleslaw Lasinsky.....Wilfrid Pellerier
Sergio.....Santa Mandelli
A Little Savoyard.....Merle Alcock

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

At the opera matinee, before a thronged house, Mme. Jeritza was welcomed back in one of her glittering roles, that of Fedora, in Giordano's opera of that name.



MARIA JERITZA

The occasion was a special performance, under the auspices of the Social Service Auxiliary to the Metropolitan Hospital, Inc.

It is not customary to draw these operatic benefits into critical discussion, but justice demands a few words of praise for Mme. Jeritza's vivid and convincing acting, Martinelli's especially fine and fiery singing, Nanette Guilford's fetching contributions as Olga, Antonio Scotti's suave and finely-tailored De Sirex, and Ellen Dalossy's intelligent conception of Dimitri.

Mme. Ettore Cadorin Sings.

Had it not been for a very bad cold, Mme. Ettore Cadorin's recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon would have been a great pleasure to listen to, for through the fog and breaks caused by the prevailing ailment could be discerned a contralto of fine color in the lower register, and, when used softly, agreeable in all its range.

Mme. Cadorin's voice is yet to be discovered; but of her intelligent treatment of the old Italian songs and German Lieder there could be no question. One would like to hear her sing the Brahms and Schubert again; they were on the right level and promised a treat in store for a larger audience than attended yesterday afternoon.

Mme. Cadorin very pluckily made the best of a misfortune and earned the sympathetic attention of her audience. She was assisted at the piano by Nicolai Schner.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Chaliapin in "Mefistofele."

MEFISTOFELE, opera in three acts, prologue and epilogue, after Goethe's "Faust." Book in Italian and music by Arrigo Boito. At the Metropolitan Opera House.
Margherita.....Frances Alda
Elena.....Frances Peralta
Fantalis.....Mary Bonetti
Marta.....Kathleen Howard
Mefistofele.....Feodor Chaliapin
Faust.....Benjamin G. Gil
Wagner.....Angelo Bada
Nero.....Giordano Paltrinieri
Conductor, Tullio Serafin.

The performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" last night by the Metropolitan Opera Company was doubtless dictated principally by the repertory of Mr. Chaliapin. Perhaps it was also a rejoinder to the pleas that have been made in Italy for the production of the same composer's "Nerone." To produce "Mefistofele" is probably more just to Boito's memory. The best pages of this opera hold the attention of the modern generation. That it is the work of a dilettante need not be denied. It is even questionable whether Boito was responsible for the orchestration. He had intimate friends among the great musicians and critics of his day. They understood him; they wished to see his musical ideas done justice before the public. In its final form "Mefistofele" underwent thorough examination from more than one source. But it is the creation of a thinker and a poet who understood Goethe, of a young man afire with ideas of his period and a man who could, and on occasion did, write living music.

The composer of the quartet of the garden scene and the rapturous outburst of Margherita, of the truly pathetic air of Margherita in the prison; of the meeting of Faust and Helen of Troy, and Faust's solo of the last act, is not to be dismissed lightly. Sometimes Boito's procedure is daringly modern, as in the suggestive enharmonic modulations which accompany the transition from the scene at Frankfurt-on-the-Main to Faust's studio. Sometimes it is in the inevitable Italian manner. Yet Margherita's prison song has a simplicity and an emotional intensity worthy of any great Italian composer.

In the quartet of the garden scene Boito writes ironically, with his tongue in his cheek. He shows us a Marghe-

rita who, in accordance with certain phases of Goethe's Gretchen is by no means devoid of earthly appetites and excitements. In this he is faithful to the original. It may also be said that none but an Italian composer, and a composer who comprehended Goethe, could have achieved the lonely classicism of the second "Wolfsnacht." These things, irrespective of the presence of distinguished singers in the cast, give "Mefistofele" its right to the attention of the public.

The Metropolitan mounts this opera very sumptuously. The performance last night was effective, and far better sung than that of the evening previous. Neither Mr. Chaliapin nor any one else could make the audience take the witches, Satan seriously nor the bats, the will of the wisps, the turning down and turning up of lights and other concomitants of a scene that suggested a musical comedy more than a sinister reveals, things to stir the blood. But the singing of the chorus, and the tremendous figure of Mefistofele in the prologue were impressive. Again, the person of the "gray clad friar" and the scene with Faust in the study are well suited to Chaliapin's powers.

Mr. Gigli sang Faust's music with his wonted beauty of tone, when he did not attempt effects of too robust an order. Mme. Alda sang the great air of the prison scene with true pathos and with vocal breadth and authority. Mr. Bada's Wagner, though not the figure of a starving and devoted student, was nevertheless appropriate, and Miss Howard's Marta was harmless. Mr. Serafin conducted with the rare sense of tonal balance between orchestra and stage which has repeatedly been shown to be his, and there was a well coordinated ensemble.

"Fedora" Sung at Matinee.

A brilliant performance of Giordano's "Fedora" was given yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of the Social Service Auxiliary to the Metropolitan Hospital, Inc. The principals were Maria Jeritza as Fedora, Giovanni Martinelli as Count Loris and Antonio Scotti as de Sirlex. Mr. Papi conducted. The performance was very well coordinated. Mme. Jeritza was in excellent voice and Mr. Martinelli has seldom been heard to better advantage. The opera moved swiftly and in a manner that was dramatic. The chorus was one of the best features of the occasion. After the second act there were repeated recalls for the principals, the orchestra joining in the applause.

"Mefistofele" at the Metropolitan

MUSICALLY, "Mefistofele" is beneath contempt. Boito was the most hopeful of amateurs, and he is now probably spending his time in Paradise trying to find Goethe's reproachful eye. The opera can be made tolerable only by a combination of fine singing and fine staging. Last night the singing, if nowhere ideal, was quite good: Mr. Chaliapin was the Mefistofele, Mr. Gigli the Faust, Mme. Alda the Margaret, and Mme. Peralta the Helen. But the setting and the staging were superb enough to carry off even a worse opera than Boito's.

A logician might raise the objection that the scenes were sometimes too opulent for the characters. Judging from Faust's study, the philosopher probably lived beyond his means. Martha certainly lived beyond her means, and Margaret died beyond hers. For a poor old German woman, Martha seems to have kept up a magnificent establishment; her gardening bill must have been enormous. Margaret's prison was so luxurious and decorated in such exquisite taste as to make us revise our old notions of the cruelty of the penal code of the Middle Ages; if this is what they gave a woman for a mere infanticide, we could not help wondering how they would reward a man for killing a mother-in-law or a politician.

But Boris Anisfeld's scenery gayly kicks realism out of doors. It is in the vein of Bakst and the Russian Ballet and translates everything into a key of fantasy of its own. I cannot remember having ever seen more beautiful operatic settings than those of the Brocken and the Greek scenes, or a better produced operatic ballet than that of the former. For the first time in my life I became grateful to Boito for having written such wretched music; for its insignificance left me free to concentrate on the beauty of the production.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

"Marriage of Figaro" in English

For the first performance of the series for the benefit of the Music School Settlement William Wade Hinshaw presented "The Marriage of Figaro" at Carnegie Hall last evening. There was considerable

difficulty in starting, due to trouble with the electricity, but once the strain of starting late was over the opera ran smoothly. The English was not particularly intelligible, except for the occasional dialogues, but the opera was well sung and acted with delicacy and charm. Ernest Kroch conducted and gave a finished performance. Paval Ludkier was a personable Figaro, Editha Fleischer a charming and coquettish Susanna. Clytie Hine sang well as the Countess and Alfredo Valenti as the Count. Celia Turrill made a charming page and sang beautifully.

No attempt was made at elaborate settings and the simplicity of the designs was refreshing. A large audience thoroughly enjoyed the opera.

Nov 16 1927

The "Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan

"MEISTERSINGER" had a unity that more than compensated us for a few deficiencies on the vocal side. Mme. Rethberg, as Eva, was quietly efficient. Mr. Laubenthal was again stiff in his singing and angular in his movements, but his Walther, for all that, had veracity and charm. Mr. Bender had the usual difficulty—almost inseparable from bass voices of that weight—in hitting his notes dead in the centre; but his Sachs was a very likable blend of nobility and tenderness. Mr. Schuetzendorf's Beckmesser was a carefully studied piece of work. The character never became clownish, as it too often does. Beckmesser would never have been town clerk of Nuremberg if he had not been a man of an education and a breeding above those of the average of his fellow burghers. Mr. Schuetzendorf rightly made him something of a man of the world, a not unthinkable suitor for Eva; the ordinary Beckmesser is so hopeless a buffoon and vulgarian that it is incredible that any one, and least of all Eva's father, should have thought him even a remotely possible candidate for her hand. Mr. Meader and Mme. Telva, as David and Magdalena, also kept their comedy within proper bounds. Mr. Bodanzky and the orchestra were at their best in the glorious score.

Paul Whiteman's Band

The extent of my weariness with jazz may be measured when I say that ever playing so unique in its finish as that of Paul Whiteman's band now leaves me dead cold. I can hardly even admire the brilliant performances for weariness of the music. Whatever novelty jazz may have once had has gone—for me, at any rate; and the bulk of it now merely bores me to extinction. The stuff has become dreadfully old-fashioned; and so standardized are all the devices of it that ninety-nine pieces out of a hundred sound as if they had been written by the same man. The unexpectedness that was at first its charm has become not merely the expected but the inevitable; the same syncopations, the same clarinet and saxophone humors, the same effects with the mutes in the brass, come along with the deadly persistency of the old jokes about the mother-in-law and the railway sandwich in the more illiterate comic papers.

There is, in fact, no virtue in jazz qua jazz. There is no virtue in any particular form of music; there is virtue only in composers. If the art of fugue writing had been discovered only a few years ago, there would probably have happened to it just what has happened to jazz; everybody would be writing fugues, and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of them would be very bad fugues. There is no salvation for music in forms or fashions or coteries; there is salvation only in composers. The only hope for jazz is in its being taken up by some composer who can really compose. He will have to be a composer for whom jazz is the natural medium of expression; otherwise he will fail in it as lamentably as Stravinsky did. Is Mr. George Gershwin, whose "Rhapsody in Blue" was given on Saturday, the St. George, who will rescue the fair maiden of jazz from the dragons of dullness and convention that have latterly seized on her?

Perhaps. Mr. Gershwin certainly has ideas, and ideas are novelties in a form of music that has become, apart from its

"effects," almost completely brainless. Mr. Gershwin's Rhapsody is by far the most interesting thing of its kind I have yet met with: as I have said, it really has ideas, and they work themselves out in a way that interests the musical hearer. But—if I am not showing my ignorance by asking the question—is this really jazz? The Rhapsody certainly begins as jazz, and every now and then, in its later course, it behaves as such; but it seems to me to forget to live up to its name for a great part of its time. I should describe these other portions not as a jazz piano concerto, but as a piano concerto with an accompaniment for a jazz orchestra,—which is something rather different. And in spite of the cleverness of the typically jazz parts, these other parts, which are in the vein of ordinary music, struck me as the best.

Jazz, in fact, is now obeying a universal law of musical evolution. A new style soon dies of anæmia if it keeps feeding on itself alone; it can grow and keep healthy only by drawing nourishment from the older styles. That, apparently, is what jazz is now trying to do in Mr. Gershwin's hands. The question is, how much of itself will it be able to keep while this process of assimilation is going on? Judging from the "Rhapsody in Blue," very little. Once the characteristic devices of jazz are deprived of their exaggeration, they are seen to be merely derivatives from things long familiar to "straight" music. Syncopation and cross rhythms and combined rhythms, for instance, were being employed by composers long before jazz was heard of. Why did so many passages in the "Rhapsody" sound quite Brahms-like? Simply because, when these devices are used, not for their own sake, but as part and parcel of a musical idea and its working-out, their respectable ancestry at once becomes apparent. I should not be at all surprised to find Mr. Gershwin, in five or ten years, writing "classical" music; it is this strain in him that will swallow up the jazz strain, not vice versa. But perhaps it is better not to prophesy. What is at present certain is that Mr. Gershwin has written something for a jazz orchestra that is really music, not a mere mechanical box of tricks,—such as the dull clowning of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hymn to the Sun," that we had earlier in the program, or some of the "original" jazz compositions we were regaled with.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The first "Meistersinger" of the season drew a large and loudly appreciative audience to the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. It was a familiar performance and the cast was thoroughly well known, yet the revival of this benign and noble opera always brings a sense of new satisfaction to its hearers.

Most of the singers in yesterday's cast had been identified with their roles in last year's performances. There were, however, two changes in the first announcements. Clarence Whitehill, who was to sing Hans Sachs, was indisposed and Paul Bender stepped into his role. Leon Rothier took the role of Pogner left vacant by Mr. Bender. The Bender Sachs was heard once last year; since then he has gained immeasurably in authority and human tenderness. Mr. Rothier sang well as Pogner but his dramatic conception of the role belongs more to Paris than Nuremberg. Elizabeth Rethberg repeated her genuine and endearing Eva and Rudolph Laubenthal was Walther.

Artur Bodanzky conducted with the vigor and command and the close sense of tonal balance between the orchestra and the stage which makes this opera one of his greatest achievements.

Another large crowd greeted Jascha Heifetz at Carnegie Hall for his first recital of the season. In his program, Mr. Heifetz evidently held to the theory that a Saturday matinee performance should be entertaining rather than impressive for his numbers took their cue from such fragments

as the Paganini Caprice and two lively little pieces from the sixteenth century by Joseph Achron. It was also the first St. Saens Solo and bits of Cyril-Scott and Sarate was a thoroughly popular program which Mr. Heifetz played with familiar facile brilliance of style his smooth and pellucid tone.

In the evening "Eligoletto" was nounced as the weekly opera at popular prices, with Mario Gordon, F and De Luca in the cast. A concert recital by Matusevitch in Ae Hall and a song recital by Maximal Kerbel at Town Hall were also scheduled for the evening. Paul Whiter brought his band to Carnegie for first concert of his season. It will reviewed in Monday's World.

MIRON POLIAKIN PLAYS

Russian Violinist, a Stadium Attention Winner, Warmly Applaud

Miron Poliak, one of the winners of the Stadium auditions last August, was presented, under the auspices of the Stadium concerts, in a recital at Ae Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Poliak is a Russian and was a pupil of Heifetz. He is no stranger to the platform, having already toured in Russia, Germany and Scandinavia.

The program chosen by the artist was one that only a fully fledged violinist could compass; Mr. Poliak settled self firmly in the saddle from the beginning and played the Handel so with mastery and breadth, making still greater impression of technical ability and interpretative power in Beethoven's.

Mr. Poliak followed these with Bach's "Chaconne," a Tchaikovsky Sarabande, and finally Saint-Saëns' "Ronde Capricieuse"; all these have been in Mr. Poliak's concert repertoire from the beginning and therefore played with undiminished confidence and resource.

The violinist was warmly applauded throughout the afternoon. Harry K. Man was at the piano.

Symphony Concert for Children

The New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch gave an afternoon concert for children at Carnegie Hall yesterday morning. Mr. Damrosch, in his interesting little speeches, was particularly apt remark, stamped pieces in their memories which they never again lose the association of it. The four numbers on the program were happily contrasted, beginning with sparkling Bizet Suite, to be followed by an adagio from Haydn's "Surf Symphony," a composer whose genius and simplicity appeal especially to children, a real children's "Corn from Debussy, and the marked rhythm of Mozart's "Turkish" march, which many of those present, young or old, must have memorized in the course of their piano studies.

"Die Meistersinger" at Opera for the First Time This Season

At the Metropolitan Opera House, "Meistersinger von Nurnberg," opera in acts and four scenes (in German), and music by Richard Wagner.

CAST

Eva.....	Elizabeth Reth
Margdalene.....	Marion J.
Walther von Stolzing.....	Rudolf Lauber
Hans Sachs.....	Paul Be
Beckmesser.....	Gustav Schuetzer
Pogner.....	Leon Ro
Koerner.....	Carl Sch
Vogelgesang.....	Max I
Zorn.....	Angelo I
Moser.....	Max Alt
Eieslinger.....	Giordano Patric
Nachtigall.....	Louis d'Al
Ortel.....	Paolo Ang
Foltz.....	James V
Schwartz.....	William Gus
David.....	George M
A Night Watchman.....	Arnold C

Conductor..... Artur Bodanzky
Stage Director..... Wilhelm von Wyll
Chorus Master..... Giulio
Technical Director..... Edward F
Stage Manager..... Armando A

Few of the three thousand opera-goers who left the Metropolitan at the close of yesterday's matinee with the most poetic and human magnificent of all music singing their memories can have been in mood to dispute the familiar fact that the Metropolitan is a great indispensable institution. If the Metropolitan chose to rest its reputation on its "Meistersinger" production, we, for one, would shout a glad

We shall not pretend that it was ideal performance. No "Meistersinger" can be ideal without a better Walther than Mr. Laubenthal appears to give us. He is good to look at (evidently an indefatigable student of calisthenics). But he cannot act, his and his singing give little joy

essential A in the Prize Song is a painful thing to hear), and he is quite without a sense of Walther's distinguishing characteristics as a dramatic figure. But, except for the liability represented by Mr. Laubenthal, and some minor demerits to which we shall revert, yesterday's performance was a thing long to be remembered with happiness; for it was filled with the true and essential spirit of the marvelous work.

There were two important last-minute changes of cast. A printed slip in the lobbies announced that "Mr. Paul Bender has graciously consented to sing the role of Hans Sachs, replacing Mr. Whitehill, who is indisposed," and that "Mr. Leon Rothier will oblige by singing the role of Pogner, replacing Mr. Bender." There was regret for Mr. Whitehill's indisposition; but Mr. Bender's unexpected assumption of the role of Sachs, for which he is famous in Germany, provoked much excitement among the assembled Wagnerians, and

Mr. Bender's performance was observed with extraordinary interest.

It deserved all the applause that it received. It is far and away the best thing that Mr. Bender has done here. His Sachs is a most persuasive conception—mellow, tender, benign; large in more than the physical sense, warmly human and richly comedic. It was full of delightful and significant detail; the variety of his by-play during Walther's trial song, for instance, with its notation of the poet's quick sensitivity to the beauty of the strange new song; his significant start when Eva touches his hand during her passionate protestations in the third act;—here we had a swift glimpse into the tragedy of the anguished, middle-aged lover that is at the heart of Wagner's most lovable conception, with his deep sorrow, his magnanimous understanding, his fortitude, his serene renunciation that is made humorous and sweet by the greatness of the man's soul.

Mr. Bender as a singer has obvious defects; yet how beautifully he sang "Was duftet doch der Flieder"—that indescribable passage in which Wagner has miraculously drenched his horns and his murmuring strings with the odor of elder blossoms and lindens, and charged his orchestra with the recaptured magic of that Old World summer night. And here it should be said that he was eloquently aided by the poetic, flexible and sympathetic reading that Mr. Bodanzky gives of the score. He is at home here, and quite happy, and clearly authoritative, and he made us realize anew that his "Meistersinger" is among his authentic triumphs.

Miss Rethberg sang exquisitely as Eva—that ravishing F-sharp of hers in "Dem Meister gericht" still haunts our ears. Mr. Rothier as Pogner was a gentle and lovable old boulevardier, as German as the Champs Elysées on a May Sunday. Marion Telva was a new and wholly credible Magdalene; Mr. Schützendorff's delightful Beckmesser was as irresistible as we found it last year, and Mr. Meader was as nearly perfect a David as we ever expect to witness. But we wish the chorus in the riotous finale of the second act did not stand around as if they were singing the "Hallelujah" in "The Messiah," and we wish Mr. Setti would tell his tenors in the sublime "Wach' auf" chorus to remember their musical manners and not drown out all the other voice parts.

There was a good-sized audience—not an overwhelming one, of course; for "Die Meistersinger" is merely one of the three or four supreme masterpieces of music, and is not in Mr. Gigli's repertoire. But all the local Wagnerites were there at least we hope they were; and they are not likely to forget the occasion very soon.

"Samson et Dalila"

Shorn of its costumes and stage trappings like the heroic Hebrew of his locks, "Samson et Dalila" received an adequate and interesting presentation as a "concert" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Whatever the shortcomings of the effort, and there were several, it illustrated the fact that by careful selection a number of operas may readily receive presentation in concert form and attract as crowded a house as listened attentively and appreciatively to the Saint-Saëns music.

The chief interest in the singers centered upon Martin Oehman, the tenor, and Vicente Ballester, baritone, who were making their debuts. Most unfortunately, each appeared unfamiliar with the score, singing from books and at times with a slight hesitancy. Oehman, as Samson, was effective only in the first scene, that before the Temple of Dagon in Gaza, display-

ing a convincing voice. After that he was occasionally overwhelmed by the orchestra, although the latter was well handled by Giuseppe Bamboschek. Ballester sang the High Priests acceptably, although without distinction.

There was a note of sorcery about the voice of Margarete Matzenauer, whose rich mezzo-soprano added greatly to the performance in the role of Dalila. Her singing of the famous love aria before her dwelling in the Valley of Soreck was charming. It was Leon Rothier, in wonderful bass voice, as the Old Hebrew, who carried off the honors in an individual way. Of course, the chorus, more than a hundred, were in great voice, singing with a vigor and effect that afforded a background for the principals.

Laurence Gilman

An Afternoon With the Younger Generation, American and European

Lecture-Recital by the League of Composers, Inc., at the Anderson Galleries.

PROGRAM

Georges Migot—A la memoire de Lili Boulanger (trio).
Mme. Elfrida Boos, Jacob Mestechkin and Leroy Shield.
Eric Fogg—Two Faery Pieces: Grimm; The Wee Folks' Market.
Leroy Shield.
George Antheil—Jazz Sonata.
Miss Carol Robinson.
Lecture: "The Younger Generation in Music."
Olin Downes.
Aaron Copland—Passacaglia: The Cat and the Mouse.
Played by the composer.
Bernard Rogers—Two Songs: In the Gold Room; Notturmo.
Richard Hammond—Two Songs: Dans les Montagnes; Les trois Princesses.
Mme. Inez Barbour.
Daniel Lazarus—Fantasy.
Alois Haba—Two Grotesque Pieces.
Ernst Krenek—A Dance Study.
Leroy Shield.
Alexander Steinert—Three Songs: Lady of the Clouds; Snow of Twilight; Footsteps in the Sand.
Mme. Inez Barbour.

When that admirable and stimulating organization, the League of Composers, announced that it proposed to open its season with a concert devoted to the task of showing us "what the young men under thirty are writing in music to-day," none but the callous or the cynical could have wished to stay away. Since we are not either, as yet, we repaired to the Anderson Galleries yesterday afternoon with a good deal of elaborately repressed excitement. The musical youth of the budding generation—the young lions of Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Italy, England and Boston, Brooklyn . . . Alois Haba, Ernest Krenek, George Antheil, of Trenton and Paris, who is said to be setting Joyce's "Ulysses" to music; provocative names and symbols, these. Furthermore, Mr. Olin Downes, the persuasive music critic of "The Times," who spent last summer in the modernist trenches of Europe, was to tell us what he thought of it all.

So we went.

The proceedings began with Georges Migot's Trio (violin, viola and piano), a dirge in memory of Lili Boulanger, the gifted young French composer who died a few years ago after writing some music rich in promise. Migot, now thirty-three, is the composer whose "Agrestides" was performed a while ago in Paris. His Trio is a gently elegiacal work, which we should have guessed was in memory of Claude Debussy rather than of the lamented Mlle. Boulanger, if we had not known better. Then Mr. Leroy Shield, an astoundingly capable pianist who seems able to play anything, ran through the "Two Faery Pieces" of Eric Fogg, who, appropriately enough, was born in England twenty-one years ago, studied under Granville Bantock, and has composed a considerable quantity of music reputed to be "very free and modern." If the "Two Faery Pieces" are Mr. Fogg's at his freest and most modern, we wonder what he is like when he is in a mood of God-fearing orthodoxy?

When George Antheil's "Jazz Sonata" began, we all sat forward on our seats, for here was music by the *Enfant Terrible* of contemporary music, who is said to make Stravinsky sound like Charles Wakefield Cadman, and who has achieved the incredible distinction of being hissed as a radical by Schönberg and his pupils. He is also credited with an "American Symphony," supposed to have been inspired by skyscrapers, machines, subways, electric lights, and scored for bassoon, trumpet, trombone, flute and violin (he should have used a typewriter in his orchestra, as Erik Satie did in his

sketch "Parade").

If young Mr. Antheil has really set skyscrapers and subways to music, that is all to the good—we hope he has

made as fresh and authentic music out of them as Honegger did out of his mogul locomotive. And if he chooses to score for an orchestra consisting of sixteen first and sixteen second subway turnstiles, two B-flat carwheels and ten muted linotypes, we should be the last to reprove or mock him. The question is, of course, what Mr. Antheil does with his subway turnstiles after he sets them in operation.

The League of Composers did not satisfy our curiosity on this point. They offered us only a piano, with Miss Carol Robinson playing as tame a piece of genteel jazz as we have heard in a long time.

It was a "sonata" only in the sense that an upper berth is a suite at the Ritz—though that is nothing we need quarrel over with Mr. Antheil, for the word "sonata" has meant various things in musical history. But it has never before meant a few dozen measures of sentimentalized jazz, about as terrifyingly radical as a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Association for Preserving the Grave of Mendelssohn.

Mr. Aaron Copland's "Passacaglia" and "The Cat and the Mouse" were a good deal more competent and amusing—sleazy and well-contrived pieces, making expert use of the natural sonorities of the instrument. The "Fantasy" of Daniel Lazarus, a French Independent of twenty-six, was forthright and muscular; and so were the "Two Grotesque Pieces" by Haba, the famous Czechoslovakian exponent of quarter-tone music. He has invented a quarter-tone piano, and has even trained a chorus to sing quarter-tones, as Mr. Downes told us in his sage and refreshing talk. But the League had no quarter-tone piano on hand yesterday, so they displayed to us a phase of Haba's music which showed him as a good musical Indian sticking soberly to the reservation. It was fresh, vigorous writing, mildly polytonal. So was the "Dance Study" by Ernst Krenek (born in Vienna twenty-four years ago and a pupil of the ineffectual Schrecker). Krenek's piece was the strongest thing on the afternoon's list—music with a clear and logical sense of line, direct and incisive, handled with a stimulating sweep and energy.

Most of this music was linear music, black and white music—Antheil's, Copland's, that of Lazarus, Haba and Krenek. But the songs by the three Americans, Bernard Rogers, Richard Hammond and Alexander Steinert, were, for the most part, music of rich and subtle color, music felt as contrasting hues and washes; music in the modern French tradition; though Mr. Steinert's manner was more immediately contemporaneous than that of the two other men. These three Americans are, we believe, in their western twenties. Messrs. Rogers and Hammond live in New York; Mr. Steinert is said to have forsaken the Celtic frivolities of Boston for the Latin austeries of Paris. The three of them are obviously men of poetic temper, of rare taste and finesse. Mr. Rogers' "Notturmo" is lovely in mood and texture; Mr. Hammond's "Les Trois Princesses" is finely imaginative, and we liked all three of Mr. Steinert's for their distinction and restraint.

The seven songs were sung with insight and sympathy by that admirably musicianly singer, Inez Barbour. An "acute and honorable" minority of Sabbath concertgoers applauded the music with discretion.

Mr. Downes was listened to with close attention. He described briefly and pungently his experiences at the European front last summer, and then, turning to the subject of America and her music of the future, he spoke with wisdom and sympathy and a tonic frankness. His plea for more cooperation among the various factors in our musical life, for a livelier interchange of ideas, finds a present response in the activities of the League of Composers—to which we wish increase of power and prosperity.

By OLIN DOWNES.

League of Composers.

The League of Composers, Inc., gave its first concert of the season yesterday afternoon in the Anderson Galleries. The compositions were all by young composers, Europeans and Americans, of today. Most of the talents represented on the program were those of young men in their earlier twenties.

The concert opened with a trio by Georges Migot dedicated to the memory of Lili Boulanger and played by Mme. Elfrida Boos, Jacob Mestechkin and Leroy Shield, pianist. Migot is a pupil

of Widor and Gedalge. He is a painter and writer as well as musician. He comes of Huguenot descent, and one of his ancestors was slain for his faith. Migot believes that the true sources of French art are Celtic-Gothic and not Greek-Roman; that the influence of the Church has impregnated French music with Italianism, which is not its rightful destiny. This is all very pretty. What of the trio? It has a dark color and perhaps a Gothic line. There is feeling in the composition, but a second hearing would determine better than a first whether a monotony of coloring and dynamics and a rather loose form do or do not justify themselves by the value of the music and the fulfillment of the composer's intention.

Two Faery Pieces by Eric Fogg, played by Mr. Shield, were disappointing. They were in the pretty-pretty vein of mingling Celticism affected by some young British composers of this day. Eric Fogg, aged 21, the son of an English organist and a pupil of Granville Bantock, has already a long list of compositions to his credit. It is plain that he has facility, imitativeness, and that, at least so far as the pieces heard yesterday are concerned, he has written too much.

Then came the "Jazz" sonata by Georges Antheil. Much has been written about him by Ezra Pound and other warm proponents of modernism. Perhaps we are getting old fashioned; perhaps we are lapsing into conservatism, but we found this sonata poor and posturing stuff. It is not in the least astonishing to learn that Mr. Antheil, Alsatian-Polish by descent, born in New Jersey, traveled in Europe and Africa, influenced by everything under the sun, is the author of a sonata for violin, piano and bass drum with which he created confusion at a Paris concert; that he believes in putting skyscrapers and automobiles into music; that he has written an American symphony of which parts had to be cut out

at rehearsal to relieve the exhausted players; that he has written a jazz operetta accompanied by pianolas. All this is unquestionably true of Mr. Antheil. His composition was intelligently and bravely played by Esther Strelcher.

A passacaglia and a kind of humorous called "The Cat and the Mouse," by Aaron Copland, were performed by the composer. The passacaglia is carefully and seriously made. It has at least backbone and it might have more if one knew it better, although the ideas seemed to us rather dry. "The Cat and the Mouse" is partially realistic and, in that sense, possibly, amusing.

Two songs by Bernard Rogers, "In the Gold Room" and "Notturmo," and two songs by Richard Hammond, "Dans les Montagnes" and "Les Trois Princesses," were sung with intelligence and good diction by Inez Barbour. Those of Rogers, who is a Bloch pupil and whose "Prelude to the Faithful" was played last season by the State Symphony, have a certain quiet feeling that is sincere and not exaggerated, and a harmonic flow that is not forced. The songs of Richard Hammond are modestly made by a musician of sensitive feeling and regard for the qualities of his text. There is a precision that runs a danger of nicety, but does not quite cross the line and a feeling for the finer shades of beauty that may betoken a talent to be heard from, though the music felt to us a little tentative, a little uncertain.

It is a good thing when an organization for the propagation of modern music, native and foreign, puts side by side young Europeans and young Americans. It may be said that the American instrumental pieces of yesterday were not worse than those of the Europeans, which is something; it may even be remarked that Mr. Antheil's violent objectives have a force even if they also have a secret uneasiness and brag that is better than the faint grimaces of Haba in his "Two Grotesque Pieces," Krenek in his "Dance Study," and also Lazarus in his "Fantasy." We cannot personally take any of these four pieces seriously.

Again, in the closing three songs of Alexander Steinert, there was lyric feeling, writing for the voice that showed a regard for the capacities and expressive powers of the human organ, and colorful accompaniments. We believe these songs are of earlier origin than the music that Mr. Steinert has written in Paris. They are straightforward, have sentiment and are melodious—disgraceful word! The program was much too long, especially as its length was extended by a disquisition upon the music of all the world and the hereafter. It did not reveal any commanding figure among the young generation.

STOJOWSKI PLAYS HIS OWN PIANO CONCERTO

The piano concerto by Sigismond Stojowski was the centrepiece of the Philharmonic Society's concert, under Willem van Hoogstraten, at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Stojowski appeared as both pianist and composer. The concerto was written in 1909 and 1910, and first performed in London at a London Symphony concert at Queen's Hall, under Arthur Nikisch. In 1913, Mr.

Stojowski played the piano part. The concerto was given in America for the first time in 1915 at a concert of Mr. Stojowski's works at Carnegie Hall with the Philharmonic Orchestra. These facts were taken from the program notes.

There are three movements, played without pause, and which, with their contrasting moods, give the pianist virtuoso many opportunities for displays of execution. In fact, the composer, after the manner of Liszt, frequently holds up the continuity of his composition to indulge the fleetness of his fingers. There are moments when he introduces a melody as picturesque as a Grieg, and at no time does he depart from the style which can be termed neo-romantic or pre-modern. He is original in his ideas, but he has passed through those phases, and they have left him incurably melodious. The scherzo was truly sparkling, and in the theme Mr. Stojowski started with a fine, broad statement, which he subsequently disguised through a dozen variations.

Mr. van Hoogstraten, alert, energetic and punctual as usual, gave a clear and intelligent reading of the "Leonore" overture, No. 3. He ended his program with the favorite "Pathetic" of Tchaikovsky, one of the works which at the stadium during the Summer secured the largest audiences after Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

STATE SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Stransky Gives Smetana and Dvorak Program at Metropolitan.

The State Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan yesterday opened a subscription series of eight Sunday matinees, running to next March and comprising one of the most extensive in scope and soloists planned by any outside organization at the opera house on Broadway. There was an audience that would have filled the usual concert hall, though some spaces remained in the theatre's larger capacity. A considerable section was taken, however, by local Czechoslovak societies, in honor of Conductor Stransky's inaugural program from Smetana and Dvorak.

Smetana's hundredth birthday anniversary this year recalled the composer whose opera, "The Bartered Bride," produced Feb. 19, 1909, in Gatti's first season, had charmed Metropolitan audiences with its Bohemian dances. Echoes of the same wealth of folk tunes appeared in the familiar tone poems yesterday—"Bohemian Fields and Groves," "Veshrad" and "The Moldau," from the cycle, "My Country." The matinee ended with a popular rehearsing of Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," a true souvenir of a musician's stay in New York thirty years ago.

Edwin Hughes Gives Novel Program

Edwin Hughes, the pianist, gave a recital last evening at Aeolian Hall, with a program of novel interest to local musicians. Following Beethoven's sonata Op. 31, number 3, and a group from Chopin, the player turned to present-day Americans. He was perhaps the first to adopt Henry Cowell's curious "tone clusters," of which their originator gave examples last season, and from which Mr. Hughes chose "Anger Dance" and "Tides of Manau-rain," the latter effective and encoored. There were also "first times" of F. Parr Gere's "Poem of the Sea" and Charles Repper's tango, "The Dancer in the Patio," as well as Rubin Goldmark's unfamiliar "Twining Fantasy" and three other men's arrangements of native folk dances, Eugene Putnam's Southern "Quill Dance," Homer Grunn's Zuni Indian "Rain Dance" and David Guison's "Turkey in the Straw." Mr. Cowell and Mr. Goldmark, who were present, shared the audience's applause.

New Irish Baritone Pleases.

Walter McNally, an Irish baritone to the manner born, was heard as a newcomer here at the Longacre Theatre last night, assisted by a compatriot violinist, Madeleine MacGuigan. The singer offered proof of his training in Italian airs, Handel's "Largo" and "Pagliacci" prologue, but it was his first Irish love song as a bit of encore to Leoncavallo's air that he established cordial terms with a friendly house. He had the racy diction and lovable fervor of some distinguished predecessors, and he sang the most of these qualities in later songs from the Old Sod.

Lewis Richards Plays With Barrere Little Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert of the Little Symphony Orchestra under George Barrere took place last evening at the Henry Miller Theatre. Lewis Richards, the harpsichordist, was the soloist.

There is a large audience in New York for chamber music of the best kind, and Mr. Barrere long ago captured its attention. He gave an unusually interesting program last night. There was the Schubert Symphony in B flat to begin with, where all the movements (ex-

cept the last) expressed the characteristics of precision, suavity, grace and vivacity.

Lewis Richards, another exponent of that once neglected but now resurrected instrument, the harpsichord, displayed his command of its thin, tinkling keyboard in the Haydn concerto for harpsichord and orchestra. It carried the mind back to a period of hoops and powdered hair, when times seemed simpler and manners more punctilious. Haydn would have recognized his composition with pleasure, and would have joined in the applause it elicited.

The "Chansons à Danser" was written by Alfred Bruneau for voice and piano, to the poems of Catulle Mendès, the orchestrated score is by F. Casadesus. The six short movements illustrated the current French dances of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and were voted charming.

Two miniatures by A. Walter Kramer, an American composer, found their place on the program and fitted in the tonal scheme remarkably well.

At the conclusion of the ensemble music, Messrs. Barrere and Richards gave their hearers a further treat by playing Buch's Sonata in E flat for flute and harpsichord. The wily precision of the latter agreed, by the law of contrasts, admirably with the silvery tone of the former. The two artists were greatly applauded.

"I have a custom," announced George Barrere at his last concert. "In every program I include an American, at every concert—not only on Fourth of July."

SOUSA IN TRIBUTE TO "JAZZ"

He Gives "Music of the Minute" at Manhattan Gala Concert.

Twice greeted by audiences yesterday, John Philip Sousa concluded at a Brooklyn Academy matinee and a gala evening at the Manhattan Opera House an actual ten-days' continuous celebration of his seventieth birthday. The bandmaster and his men had come in from concerts half across America for the local closing events of their thirty-second annual tour. The weather did not deter some 3,000 admirers from hailing an American musical organization that has paid its own way for all those years and an American composer whose works have "followed the flag" around the world.

Famous old "Washington Post March" was early among the Manhattan encores last evening, with excerpts from "El Capitan" and "Bride Elect" to recall Sousa's operas, and two new band pieces, the "Marquette University" march, written for that institution's conferring on Sousa of the Mus. Doc. degree, and "Music of the Minute," a tribute of the bandmaster and his 100 men to the new age of "jazz." In more serious vein were the classic "Robespierre" overture and a version for wind instruments of Strauss's "Don Juan." Nora Fauchild sang soprano airs and three bandsmen added solos for cornet, saxophone and xylophone. After the concert there was a presentation of a birthday cake from Sir Thomas Lipton.

Francis Rogers in Recital.

Francis Rogers, a well-seasoned and cultivated singer, gave a recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. As befitted his experience and his fastidious taste, he offered a program of high quality, which he interpreted in an artistic manner. There were three sections, Italian, French and English, and all three were given with the nicest diction, a matter much appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Rogers remained within his vocal limits, showing wise restraint and good judgment. "Les deux Amours" by Clayton Jones, an "Irish Love Song" by Luckstone, and Kernochan's "Smuggler's Song" had to be repeated.

Among the afternoon concerts were a song recital by Francis Rogers at Town Hall and a gathering of the League of Composers at the Anderson Galleries, in which Castel-Nuovo-Tedesco, Eric Fogg and other modernists contributed their own composition.

The other evening concerts included a violin and piano concert by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch at the Greenwich Village Theatre and a song recital by Charlotte Lund at the Princess. John Philip Sousa had an anniversary festival at the Manhattan.

A. S.

When Critics Disagree

IN VIEW OF THE fact that both criticisms of the Friends of Music concerts had the proper signature, the following is interesting:

"Dear Mr. Newman:
"As you are a stranger to New York,

may I draw your attention to the fact that you and Mr. Downes are the only musical critics invited to the Friends of Music concerts and that these invitation tickets are sent out by my order alone? I regret that you have not been able to come to the two concerts we have given thus far this season. I know you have not been there because you could not have written of our Bach concert that the orchestra and chorus frequently had ragged edges, nor of the concert of Sunday last that the orchestra should have had more rehearsals. Our concerts are unique, as there is only one Bodanzky and only one Friends of Music chorus and the work is *finely* *performed*. I say this advisedly as it is the opinion of artists—great artists. In pre-war times such concerts were heard in Germany and Austria only. Now, they no longer exist in those countries.

"It will give us the greatest pleasure to have you at the concerts; but I must beg of you not to allow the office boy to replace you, for we have not invited him. One may like, or not, the work given, but I am sure you will understand that such criticism, utterly without musical understanding, is detrimental to any organization, and when it is, as in this case, not true, it is quite out of order. Had you heard these concerts I am confident that you would be greatly mortified to have your signature attached to such critiques.

"Yours sincerely,

"HARRIET LANIER.

"P. S. Perhaps I had better tell you that I am the president of the Society of the Friends of Music."

It is a pleasure to me to hear from Mrs. Lanier at last. Weeks ago,—almost as soon as I had set foot in New York—my colleagues informed me that I would have that honor as soon as I had criticized the first concert of the Society of the Friends of Music. I have had to wait till after the second concert, but the pleasure of hearing from Mrs. Lanier is only the greater for having been deferred.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Thamar Karsavina in Dance Recital

Thamar Karsavina gave her second performance at the Manhattan Opera House last evening, assisted by Pierre Vladimiroff and M. Gavrilov. The principal ballet, "The Happy Deception," was a light, trifling thing done with delicacy and charm. "Oiseau de Feu," the famous fire-bird dance, was a rather disjointed and sketchy affair. Karsavina's costume was lovely, her dancing exquisite and spirited at times, but on the whole the dance was not as effective as some of her other numbers. Her "Russian Dance" was a far happier theme and so enthusiastically received that she danced it again.

M. Gavrilov's "Polichinelle" and "Mazurka" were graceful bits, the latter a particularly well done bit of pantomime. M. Vladimiroff's "Warrior Dance" and "Harlequin" pleased, too. By request, Mme. Karsavina did the "Schoenbrunner Waltz," a dreamy, graceful divertissement. Her "Sleeping Beauty," danced with her partner, M. Vladimiroff, along the strictly conventional lines of the ballet, was also very pleasing.

SIAMESE DANCERS AT THE HIP

New Troupe Presents Native Games and Customs at Big Playhouse

A big troupe of Siamese dancers, musicians and takraw players made their first appearance outside their native country at the Hippodrome yesterday. Their act is one of the most interesting ever seen upon a vaudeville stage in this city.

It is beautifully produced, the scene representing a Siamese temple courtyard. The grotesque costumes of Siem are rich in color and ornamented effects. The instruments played by the musicians are unique and emit queer sounds. Takraw, the native game, is played with a wicker ball propelled by hands and feet, not unlike soccer. Throw all this together and the result is curiously beautiful and highly diverting.

By Deems Taylor

THE DAY.

The perverseness with which musical artists load themselves with unnecessary handicaps makes one marvel, occasionally. Leff Pouishnoff, for instance, a young pianist who comes from Europe with a promising record of recent successes, arranged the program for his introductory recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with the apparent object of proving that he could be interesting in spite of it. Of all his list of eleven numbers there was only Balakreff's threadbare "Is-amy" to hint that piano music had not stopped short at the middle of the nineteenth century. With that single exception, Mr. Pouishnoff's program would have done just as well for a recital at the Leipzig Conservatory in the year 1860. The Liszt B minor sonata, the Beethoven 32 Variations, Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet," the Chopin F-sharp Impromptu—all the old friends were there, their familiarity enhanced by their unimaginative arrangement. To follow Beethoven's inspired but somewhat trying variations with an arrangement of Wilhelm Bach's interminable D minor concerto was a stroke of something hardly akin to genius. So far as we could discern amid the welter of voluble but comparatively imponderable musical utterance, Mr. Pouishnoff is a well equipped pianist with a good tone, a fluent and powerful digital command, and a markedly sensitive control of dynamic gradations.

The evening concert was given by the Dextra Male Chorus, a colored singing organization under the leadership of William C. Elkins. The ship of William C. Elkins, the chorus was excellently drilled, and although somewhat handicapped by an under-supply of tenors, sang with good tonal quality, enthusiasm, and considerable expressiveness. Their program included two groups of spirituals and a number of more conventional male chorus numbers. The two assisting soloists were Abbie Mitchell, soprano, who sang very well in both French and English, and Edward Steele, a colored blind pianist.

In the evening, at Aeolian, Herbert Dittler, violinist, played the Bach E major concerto, an amiable but saccharine sonata in C sharp minor by Dohnanyi, the Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso," and a group of shorter pieces. Mr. Dittler's technical command is capable and his style, though uneventful, is decidedly pleasant. Mary Elise Dittler seconded him well at the piano.

There were likewise two concerts at Town Hall. In the afternoon Clara Clemens gave the fourth of her series of seven recitals tracing the development of song, offering, to Walter Golde's accompaniments, songs by Finnish and Scandinavian composers, and two groups of Brahms lieder, who played a Chykovsky scherzo and the Brahms G minor rhapsody with a style and technical finish that did not need the reminder of his affliction to make them commendable.

Arthur Payne, in an incidental solo, revealed a good tenor voice.

The opera was "La Gioconda," with Easton, Alcock, Mariones, Gigli and Danise repeating the roles of the recent revival. The only newcomer was Jeanne Gordon, who took the role of Laura with such good effect that one was forced to wonder why she did not elect to appear in the cast of two weeks ago. Mr. Serafin conducted.

Leff Pouishnoff in Piano Recital.
Leff Pouishnoff, pianist, who left Russia, four years since for Western Europe, appeared for the first time in America yesterday at Aeolian Hall. A matinee house found somewhat forbidding fare in Beethoven's C minor variations, thirty-two in number, and the B minor sonata of Liszt. The player fairly won a hearing, however, both in these works and in other music, by his firm grasp of piano technique and the keen, nervous energy of his interpretations. He played a transcribed organ concerto by Friedemann Bach and pieces by Gluck, Schumann, Chopin and Balakirev.

"La Gioconda" Sung Again.
"La Gioconda" was repeated at the

Metropolitan last evening before a brilliant Monday subscription house. The cast, as at the recent revival of Ponchielli's opera, included Mmes. Easton, Gordon and Alcock, Messrs. Gigli, Danes and Mardones, and Mr. Serafini conducted. Tonight the company appears at the Brooklyn Academy in "Lohengrin" with Mme. Jeritza.

Herbert Dittler, Violinist, Plays.

Herbert Dittler, violinist, a member of Columbia University's musical staff, musical staff, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, assisted by Mary Elise Dittler at the piano. The two artists were heard by a cordial and attentive audience in a program of which the central feature was the violin sonata, Opus 21, of Dohnanyi. They gave also a concerto by Bach, the rondo capriccioso of Saint-Saëns and shorter works of Pachelbel, Debussy, Kreisler and Edwin Grasse.

1925.12.19.52

The Philadelphia Orchestra

IT WAS unconsciously unkind of Mr. Stokowski to play Paul Hindemith's three "Nusch-Nuschi" Dances immediately before "Tod und Verklärung"; the inevitable result was that poor little Hindemith was gently but firmly put in his place. When these Dances were first given in London, and general disappointment was expressed that a composer who is thought by many people to be the most promising of the younger Germans should be able to do no better than this, the excuse was made that the real Hindemith is to be found not in his orchestral work but in his chamber music. That may be so; certainly it is that the Hindemith of the "Nusch-Nuschi" Dances is merely a mediocrity with moments of mild talent. We really have the right to expect something more of a young composer whose name is already, for some reason or other, known wherever musicians congregate.

It has become the fashion lately to regard Strauss as a hopeless back number. But at any rate he was writing, at the age of twenty-five, things like "Tod und Verklärung," that, all too familiar as we have grown with their occasional sentimental weaknesses, are still very much alive. One cannot help feeling that the world's standards of taste and intelligence in music have lately become lowered when a composer like the Hindemith of these Dances can be seriously discussed. It is not that the genre is a light one; a genius can reveal himself as well in cap and bells as in a toga. It is simply that in this lightest of genres Hindemith has nothing to say that was not a commonplace long before it occurred to him to say it; it is only the dressing of the commonplaces that is new. The first dance, for example, might be the Bees' Wedding as Mendelssohn might have written it after hearing a few bars of "Tristan."

Mr. Stokowski and the orchestra gave the work every possible chance. The Strauss was done in masterly style; the malady of quality of much of it was brought out without any descent into hysteria, and the general level of tone was kept so low that when the climaxes came they were not only counted double but were got without the necessity of forcing the brass into harshness. In the fourth symphony of Beethoven, again, Mr. Stokowski kept an admirable restraint upon himself. The symphony, like the third piano concerto, shows us Beethoven walking between Mozart and Haydn, holding a hand of each, and trying, in spite of the bigness of those young muscles of his, to accommodate his gait to theirs. In the slow movement of the symphony he comes especially close to the later Mozart; there are times when it seems just an expansion of Tamino's first aria in the "Magic Flute."

The whole work goes best when the conductor and the players blot out of their memories, as they seemed to do last night, the Titan of the "Eroica" and the later symphonies, and think themselves back into the age of Haydn and Mozart rather than forward into the age of the Romantic storm and stress. The playing was exquisitely gracious and light-fingered. It would have been even more so, perhaps, had the number of the double basses been

reduced. Ten of these elephants are rather a large number, even for an orchestra of the size of the Philadelphia, in a work of this kind. They made one or two passages sound bottom heavy; Beethoven was dancing indeed, but in rather thick-soled shoes.

The orchestral arrangement of Bach's organ chorale prelude, "Wir glauben alle an einen Gott," was presumably Mr. Stokowski's own, though the programme was silent on the point. The scoring is as tasteful as it is skillful, and the brazen climax superb. As always when this kind of thing is done well, I felt that it is just what Bach himself would have done with the chorale prelude had he lived on into the days of the modern orchestra. The infinite mind of the Bach of the chorale preludes will never be known to the general public so long as they remain confined to the organ. There is plenty of excuse for arranging these works for the piano; there is still more justification for using the thousand-voiced orchestra to express their marvellous variety of mood.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

Last night Leopold Stokowski conducted the finest performance of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" that I have ever heard. It was first of all a performance of great tonal beauty, strands of warm, living sound—such as only the Philadelphia Orchestra, perhaps, can produce in such perfection—woven into a fabric of vibrant color shot with the high-lights of exquisitely wrought nuances.

But the performance was more than an amazing feat of conducting technique. "Tod und Verklärung" is not easy to sustain. It is a score of such occasionally bewildering complication and so many climaxes that a conductor who lacks the requisite intellectual grasp and emotional control is in constant danger of exhausting his orchestra's resources midway, and ending in an anti-climax.

Mr. Stokowski's reading was magnificent in its reach; a reading that grasped the fundamental lines of Strauss's design and kept them always clear, sometimes in sharp, bare silhouette, sometimes bossed in sculptural relief against their shimmering polyphonic background; a reading of such flawless perspective and essential simplicity that at the end one stood, as it were, on a summit, looking down the long, winding, unshadowed path up which he had been borne.

The Strauss work came at the end, the climax of a well structured program that began with an orchestral version of Bach's chorale prelude, "Wir glauben alle an einen Gott." This prelude, introduced here by the Philadelphia Orchestra last spring, is still the work of an anonymous arranger, so far as the program-notes are concerned; but one knows of no statute forbidding a music reviewer to suspect the hand of Mr. Stokowski himself in the masterly scoring.

The symphony was Beethoven's fourth, welcome, if for no other reason, because it is less overplayed, comparatively, than its immediate numerical neighbors. It is no detraction from its undoubted greatness to say that one understands, upon renewed acquaintance, why it is less frequently heard than some of the others. It may be, as Thayer calls it, "the most perfect in form of them all," but it is not the most interesting in thematic material. Not even last night's beautifully wrought performance could give its themes the bite, the viability, of those of the fifth or the eighth.

Mr. Stokowski followed the intermission with a suite of three Burmese dances from Paul Hindemith's musical play, "Das Nusch-Nuschi." This latest music by what Mr. Gilman calls "the Young Hopeful of contemporary musical Germany" is deftly scored, successful, without being imitative, in establishing its Oriental mood, and built to an exciting climax. It must be even more effective in the theatre than it was on the concert stage.

OTHER MUSIC.

A concert described somewhat mysteriously in the announcements as "Gruppe and Gruppe" turned out to be one of those agreeable family affairs in which Mrs. Gruppe (Camille Plasschaert) gave a violin recital and Mr. Gruppe (Paulo) a cello recital on the same program. Their numbers were scheduled to begin with a duet—the Haendel Passacaglia for violin and cello alone—but instead their ways diverged into various by-paths of Saint-Saëns and Sarasate and Faure. It is natural to exaggerate a similarity in style in a concert of this type, but there is no doubt that both performers are of the same school in style and interpretation. Fortunately, it is a mellow and sympathetic school of careful phrasing and scrupulous regard for the shades of meaning in their worthy if conventional program.

In the afternoon Steff Geyer, a young Swiss violinist, made her debut with Walter Schultess, also a Swiss musician, at the piano. The recital had the sturdiness and vigor of tone which one might expect from this duet of nations, but little of the fire and inspiration. Miss Geyer seems more concerned with technical precision than with the emotional content of her music—she drove over the Bach G Minor Fugue with a dogged determination as if to see the thing through at all costs. Nevertheless her steady, singing tone is no small asset in itself and promises much if the subtleties of expression come later.

Mr. Schultess contributed his own piano accompaniment to the Wieniawski "Etude Caprice," which was written for violin alone. The work showed competence and craftsmanship, but Wieniawski might very easily be puzzled by such an afterthought on his own behalf.

Geraldine Leo, another young violinist, made her debut in the evening. She also played with unbounded vigor and enthusiasm, only she held all this under less perfect control. She slashed her way through her opening numbers in a sort of tempestuous fury; fortunately, the first number was "The Devil's Trill" and accustomed to such attacks. Her tone improved, however, through the Vivaldi-Nachaz "Concerto a Moll."

The only song recital of the day was given by Ernest Davis, a tenor, who grouped his numbers about a series of old English songs drawn from Quilter and the Chanson Tradition of Dunlop. It was an agreeable program, sung with sensitive appreciation of its mild and persuasive moods. A. S.

The comely and substantial Steff, originally a wonder-child and protegee of the late very musical Queen of Roumania, now is in the twenties, and her early career on the concert platform has given her a large degree of repose and confidence. She plays with full musical maturity, and perhaps here and there with too great a degree of deliberateness. However, her tone is voluminous and agreeable. Her technical equipment is complete. Her bow-arm, especially commands the admiration of those who understand such things, and the same coterie would consider her staccatos worthy of enthusiasm.

Ernest Davis, Singer.

1925.12.19.52

The Oratorio Society's Concert

THE "HYMN OF JESUS" is one of the works that read better than they sound. To say this is not to reflect on Mr. Gustav Holst, who always, whether he is writing for voices or for the orchestra, knows perfectly well what he wants and how to indicate his wants on paper. His only difficulty is that he writes for the ideal choir, while the only choirs known to us in this world are subject to all the ordinary limitations of human beings. A composer can foresee with approximate certainty how his orchestral score will sound. When all allowances have been made for differences in skill

and temperament between the players in this orchestra and in that, for differences in timbre between this make and that of the same instrument, for variations of dynamic values at this concert or at that, it still remains broadly true that when the composer writes such and such things for such and such instruments the resulting mixture of tone-colors will be just what he calculated upon.

But he cannot calculate upon choral tone and mixtures of tone with the same certainty. He is safe so long only as he keeps to a relatively few combinations. The moment he experiments beyond these, as Holst does in the "Hymn of Jesus," he gives hostages to fortune. No two performances of it that I have heard in England have sounded the same, and last night's—the first in New York—was different again from the others. You can never be sure, to begin with, that an interval sung by a choir will be the exact interval intended by the composer. A perfect fifth between an oboe and a flute is practically certain to be perfect enough for all ordinary purposes; but an ostensible perfect fifth between half a dozen trebles and half a dozen altos may be any one of a hundred intervals, for each member of each group may strike a different pitch from the others. The effects of this kind of uncertainty are generally covered up either by the mass of choral tone or by the orchestra; but they stand out nakedly when the parts are entrusted to some half-dozen voices separated from the main body of tone, and with the composer's whole meaning depending on the intervals being sung in perfect tune.

There are, for example, passages of a couple of bars at a time in the "Hymn of Jesus" the whole effect of which depends partly on the absolute perfection of the fifths, partly on the minute departure of one of the voices, at a certain point, from this perfection. If the fifths are not perfect, if they become, as they did last night at times, slightly augmented, then the really augmented fifth that follows them loses all its value. The "Hymn of Jesus," in fact, needs to be not only sung infallibly in tune by every member of the chorus but with the finest calculation of focus, so to speak, between the various parts. Where, for instance, one chorus holds a solid chord against which the other chorus grinds with dissonant chords of its own, the chances with any given choir on any given evening are a thousand to one against the focus being so adjusted that the result to the ear is precisely what the composer heard internally when he wrote the passage.

It is for this reason, among others, that the work, as I have said, never sounds the same in any two performances. It is a pity, for the conception throughout is a fine one; but unfortunately the time has not yet come when a composer can be sure of having imaginative subtleties of this kind realized by any choir. Mr. Stoessel and his singers made an excellent attempt, and if they did not always succeed the fault was not theirs.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.

Oratorio Society.

Two works of unusual interest made the program of the first concert of the Oratorio Society, Albert Stoessel, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. These were the "Hymn to Jesus," after text taken from the Apocryphal Acts of St. John, by Gustav Holst, performed for the first time in America; and Brahms's Requiem, interpreted for an exception in late years with adequate proportions of chorus and orchestra.

It had been announced that Mr. Holst, who has been living unostentatiously for some time in America, and to whom attention was recently drawn as the recipient of the Howland Memorial Prize awarded by Yale University, would be present at the performance of his work.

If he was present he was conspicuous by a modesty which caused him to refrain from any appearance before the audience.

The "Hymn to Jesus," of 37, for two choruses and semi-chorus, orchestra, piano and organ, was composed in 1917. The text, according to Vaughan Williams, has probably to do with an early

of religious dance. The composition, which is relatively short, is divided into two parts, a prelude and hymn. The composer employs, with other musical material, two plain chants to the words "Veni, Regis Prodent" and "Dona Nobis Linum Gloriosi Praedum Certum." These chants, with their texts, are believed to have emanated from a common source—the translation of the relics of the cross of Queen Rhodé and a monastery at Pottiers in the sixth century.

The opening of the hymn is of rare beauty and impressiveness. The two chorals are sung antiphonally in free rhythm and with an aureole of medieval harmony as a background for the recitation of the singers. This evokes the notion of old religious sculpture that is angular, primitive and very beautiful; and the primitivity is near to paganism. The Oriental influences which entered into old Christian music are felt. They are not represented in a way that is æsthetic or archeological, but as things

of the spirit. There is a more rhapsodic note in the archaic dance music, which employs old intervals and rhythms.

The first half of the "Hymn to Jesus" created the atmosphere, half pagan and half mystic, that the subject demands.

Thereafter this reviewer listened with mixed feeling. The music seemed to him to flag in its inspiration. With the line, "What thing we endure, had not the Father sent you to me as a word," there is a feeling that the measure troubles the composer, and the return to the outburst of the beginning, "Glory to Thee, Holy Spirit," does not restore the sense of unbroken continuity and strength of inspiration.

Another question arises in estimating the value of the "Hymn to Jesus." How did the performance square with the wishes of the composer? A glance at the printed music testified to the fact that the performance ignored its finer shadings. Certainly, if the performance was not better than that of the Brahms Requiem, it did not give the composer his due. For Brahms was treated in a generally sluggish and inexpressive manner. The singing lacked technical precision, as it lacked spirit. Dynamics were frequently ignored or done scanty justice. There was an absence of rhythmic life. Doubtless the opportunities of works of such import as those heard

last night are not easy to secure. But if that is so, there is only one sensible procedure, which is to produce simpler compositions.

Of the soloists in the Requiem, Boris Saslawsky sang with marked intelligence, though he was perhaps troubled by a degree of nervousness that left him at moments (as more than once with the chorus) a little below pitch; while Ethyl Hayden sang a small but difficult part with excellent vocalism and musicianship.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY.

A first-hearing review of so ambitious a work as Gustav Holst's "The Hymn of Jesus," which had its first New York performance by the Oratorio Society last night in Carnegie Hall, under the conductorship of Albert Stoessel, must necessarily be a record of impressions rather than an exhaustive appraisal. Begging due allowance for this consideration, one hears, at least, must confess that his first impressions of the new work were not particularly favorable. "The Hymn of Jesus," while it is earnestly conceived and written with a technical command that covers such antipodal musical idioms as strict and polytonal counterpoint, was to me an occasionally impressive but generally unconvincing and even dull work.

Mr. Holst's dynamic effects are multifarious and used with considerable effectiveness, as are his rhythmic patterns, but these elements are insufficient consolation for the score's poverty of striking or expressive thematic material, nor for a harmonic scheme that, "modern" as it doubtless is (polytonality is hinted at by the program notes), fails of achieving either the sensuous appeal of chromaticism or the eloquent simplicity of the diatonic, and is for the most part simply dry.

A structural plan of epic grandeur would atone for much, but no such plan is immediately apparent in the music. The words, taken from the Apocrypha, are rhapsodical and mystic. In the "Gloria" passages at the beginning and end the hint to the composer is obvious enough, and he seizes it, equally obviously, perhaps, but effectively.

Elsewhere, the sailing is not so plain, and Mr. Holst seems not altogether at ease, sometimes contenting himself with essaying to create a mood, and at others clinging to the

text with an unedifying literalness. He does not, for example, attempt anything graphic with the lines, "I am Mind of All. Pain would I be known," but with the lines immediately following, "Divine Grace is dancing; pain would I pipe for you," he breaks into a dance.

Havelock Ellis and St. Basil are invoked by the program notes to show that the early Christian ritual included much dancing, and if Mr. Holst had set a considerable portion of his hymn to a dance rhythm he would have been well within his theological and æsthetic rights. But his dance, when it does arrive, is so guiltily short that it has the effect of an interpolation in the score rather than an integral part of it. If dancing entered into the primitive ritual, one may be sure that it entered boldly, without immediately apologizing and backing out.

The chorus sang with energy and expressiveness, but did not always sound in tune. This was probably not its fault, for the voices were called upon to sing dissonant harmonies far removed from the accepted idiom of vocal part-writing. Unlike an orchestral player, a chorus singer must imagine a sound before he can utter it; and as the human ear lags about half a century behind instrumental technique the composer who writes for singers in the idiom of the modern orchestra is bound to encounter international complications.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, which accompanied the chorus, seemed to lack its wanted clarity and interest of tone. This may have been due to scanty rehearsal time, but was probably likewise attributable to the scoring, which did not seem strikingly effective.

Following the Holst work, Mr. Stoessel conducted an excellent performance of Brahms's "A German Requiem." The soloists for this were Ethyl Hayden and Boris Saslawsky. Both were good.

OTHER MUSIC.

Obviously Alexander Brailowsky had decided in his first New York concert to be all things to all composers. The debut of the Russian pianist in Aeolian Hall last night brought a program of Liszt and Stravinsky, Moussorgsky and Schumann and, of course, Chopin; surely as violent a series of contrasts as any program maker could invent. If the object was to indicate the extraordinarily versatile command of the performer the program was more than successful, for Mr. Brailowsky has a brilliant dextrous style which has seldom been surpassed in our concert halls. The question of mood is another matter. Technically speaking, Mr. Brailowsky might span even a greater gap in musical sequence than that offered by his program, but it is probably too much to ask of any virtuoso to follow all emotional reactions with equal happiness. He is not of the rhapsodic school, and the Liszt numbers for all their sparkling brilliance might have been replaced with something nearer the player's desire. The Chopin, however, was sheer joy. As an introductory note, the program brought out to the full the gifts of a many-sided and masterly performer and thus fulfilled its destiny.

There were two other piano recitals in the afternoon. At Aeolian Hall, Clement Haile gave a program made up chiefly of Mozart, Debussy and Chopin, which he played with great clarity and vigor, though with a tendency to overemphasize and to pound home the contrasting moods of his music. At the same hour, in Town Hall, George Liebling played Schumann and Chopin and an octave study of his own. In the evening Mischa Elman led his newly assembled String Quartet into a series of Mozart, Schubert and Haydn. The four players—they are Edward Bachman, Nicholas Moldovan, Horace Britt and Mr. Elman—achieved a unity of expression which suggested a much more seasoned organization.

A. S.

BRAILOWSKY'S HAIR SWEEPS THE KEYBOARD

Alexander Brailowsky, a young Russian pianist who carries the pathetic fallacy of fragile physique to the extreme of a veil of thin, long hair that at moments sweeps mournfully the keyboard as he plays, gave his first concert in America last night at Aeolian Hall. The place was filled, while perhaps 200 persons stood through the "continuous" B-minor sonata of Liszt that began the novel proceedings. There were musicians present—and managers—for the whisper had gone abroad of "success" with fair matinee throngs in Paris and London. More unusual for a debut here the concert was broadcast by radio that bade unseen hearers to a silent share at the board of poetry or romance.

Brailowsky is already reannounced for Dec. 5 in the same hall, when there should be opportunity for further critical consideration of his merits, which are genuine as far as they go. Slight, stoop-shouldered, even sentimental, he yet has a gripping vitality that appeared late last evening in the Russian Moussorgsky's "Sorcerer Baba-Jaga" and "The Colossus of the Gates of Kiev," as well as an B-sharp minor study by Stravinsky. His Schumann "Papillons" were clearly, lightly played, as with the composer's own "dancing notes." For the rest, a Chopin group and Liszt rhapsody recalled that the player, in addition to Russian training, has the hallmark of a late famous Viennese teacher.

His audience not only paid Brailowsky the compliment of patient waiting, but added its cordial applause at intervals of the program and longer ovation at the close.

Clement Haile Plays Artistically.

Clement Haile, pianist, who has appeared in Pennsylvania and elsewhere on the tours of Werrenrath and Schumann-Helink, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He played artistically, with an unassuming delicacy and grace, such music as Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," eschewing thunders of flaming high lights that no part of his deftly chosen program demanded. Besides a familiar Beethoven Sonata, his list ranged from Mozart and Pergolesi to Schumann's "Papillons" and a last group from Chopin.

Challapin in "Boris Godunoff."

Ina Bourskaya rejoined the Metropolitan stars last evening, when a crowded house heard the Russian artist with her compatriot, Challapin, in Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff." Cham-lee and others reappeared and Papi conducted. Miss Bourskaya fitted into the picture of Russian historic romance, singing Marina for the first time here, and sharing many recalls from a crowded house.

GEORGE LIEBLING APPEARS.

Pianist Wins His Hearers Completely at His Debut in New York.

George Liebling of Munich and London made his New York debut yesterday afternoon at Town Hall in a program which began with Bach and ended with Liszt. Mr. Liebling evidently felt his composers deeply and played them with all the sincerity and passion three was in him. They had been his life study, part of the air he breathed, responsible for the whole of his musical beliefs.

He interpreted Bach with authority; the Schumann Fantasia was nearer to the intentions of the composer than most pianists succeed in getting; the artist had the rare faculty of recreating the idea as well as the time of his composition.

In the same way Mr. Liebling succeeded in reproducing the refinement of Chopin in the spirit of his period, with rather more of De Musset than most players of the day care or remember to give him. The pianist captured the imagination and won his hearers completely.

The last group, consisting of a piece by Mr. Liebling himself and a Liszt, was an anti-climax; more of Chopin would have preserved the sensitive atmosphere which Mr. Liebling had evoked.

Mischa Elman Quartet

Mischa Elman's newly formed quartet gave the first of its series of three chamber music concerts last night in Town Hall to a most enthusiastic audience. Under the leadership of Mr. Elman his confreres—Edward Bachman, Nicolas Moldovan and Horace Britt—were at their best. The quartets given were Mozart's in B flat major; Haydn's Opus 64, No. 5, and Schumann's posthumous work in D minor, and the contrasting scores were played in a masterly manner. Particularly charming was the Mozart Quartet, in which Mr. Elman's violin was compelling and the shading was a joy. The other concerts are certain of success.

Marcel Dupre Gives Own Works on Wanamaker Organ

Marcel Dupre, opening his third American tour, figured as composer almost as prominently as organist in his recital yesterday afternoon at the Wanamaker Auditorium, giving two new numbers their first American hearings. The first of these was a "Suite Bretonne," in three parts, the first two, "Rerence" and "The Bells of Porros-Guirec," notably colorful and effective; the other a symphony, "Passion," with movements entitled "Expectation," "Natus Est," "Passus Est" and "Ressurexit." M. Dupre's music closely followed its Biblical program—the fluttering figures in the first movement obviously represented "anxiety and unrest"—music of a fairly modern flavor, skillfully and effectively written. Two Bach numbers also were heard by a capacity house.

Boris Godunoff

So often a great stage presence makes every one and everything else on the stage seem of little importance. Challapin, however, has the truly great quality of giving an added vitality to all that surrounds him. He has again brought a wooden soldier—as far as the story is concerned—to life, for, in him, Boris Godunoff once again became a dynamic character, a sympathy-inspiring monarch, a dramatic idea.

Of course the Metropolitan Opera House last night overflowed with the appreciative and the curious; and neither was disappointed. Challapin was in excellent voice. And voice and gesture combined created unforgettably great scenes. Where left alone in his apartment in the second act, his depiction of a despairing and conscience stricken father showed supreme mastery of the theatre and of a voice that, grief stricken, still retained great purity of tone. And again, the last scene, in the Hall of the Duma, is a sustained dramatic movement—regardless of the continual exodus of the great lovers of music during this entire scene.

To say that Challapin does not take away from the importance of others and then to speak of him alone is hardly logical. In all fairness to these others it must be added that Ina Bourskaya sang Marina for the first time last night and did fairly well with it; that Bada, Cham-lee, Rothier and Paola Ananian as Varlaam, sang exceptionally well. But after all, in this opera, the charm lies in the music. Moussorgsky has written a score that loses nothing through the negative story for which it is the vehicle, and Mr. Papi accentuated every beauty.

Geo. Liebling, Composer, Gives First Recital Here

George Liebling, pianist and composer, uncle of Leonard Liebling, editor of "The Musical Courier," gave his first New York recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall, with the Bach-Liszt A minor Prelude and Fugue and Schumann's C major Fantasia as his principal numbers.

Mr. Liebling, who has taught music in Munich and London, is a pianist of mature and powerful style, bringing all possible force to bear in the climaxes of his numbers, making his fortissimos sometimes a trifle explosive, though not ineffective. Softer passages were played with fluency and a singing quality of tone. Technical skill and shading also marked a performance which continued with Chopin, including the less familiar Fourth Ballade, Mr. Liebling's brilliant Octave

Study and Liszt's B minor Ballade. Encores also were heard by a fairly sized applauding audience.

At Aeolian Hall, Clement Haile, a pianist from Shamokin, Pa., made his New York debut with a classical opening group of two Mozart numbers, Pergolesi and Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, followed by Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," a pleasing number which does not have recital programs. Mr. Haile's playing gave an impression of a well developed, agile technique of varying degrees of shading and impression. The Beethoven finale seemed fluent but unvaried in color; the Debussy well played while rather inexpressive, while Mr. Haile called up considerably more color and temperament for Schumann's "Papillons." He closed with four Chopin numbers.

George Maeder; Three Orphans, Nanette Gullford, Louise Hunter, Mary Bonetti; Millner, Phradle Wells; Leopold, Ludwig Burgstaller; Animal Vender, Raffaele Lapidari.

Opinions may differ as to the merits of "Der Rosenkavalier," but no one could possibly complain of not getting his money's worth of notables at last night's performance. Strauss and von Hofmannsthal, with their usual cheery disregard of the economic side of art, have called for a company that taxes even the Metropolitan's lavish roster. The opera contains so many important "bits" that last night's cast read like an all-star benefit program.

There could have been few complaints, either, concerning the looks of the feminine characters. For once the casting was faithful to the theatrical tradition of selecting actresses who looked their parts as well as acted them, with Florence Easton as a convincingly high-born and beautiful Princess, Queena Mario charming as Sophie (and more nearly human than most), and Maria Jeritza an Octavian warranted to reduce all genders to sentimental musings.

Strauss confesses to a preference for Mozart above all other composers, and "Der Rosenkavalier" finds him paying the sincerest flattery to his illustrious countryman. One must confess, however, to liking Strauss better as Strauss than as Mozart. The first act is more Mozartian than the others and is a bit irritating at times. Mozart's fluent diatonicism is his natural idiom. If his music is transparent and uncomplicated, it is so because it is the utterance of a man who knows so clearly what he wants to say that he cannot say it other than simply.

But Strauss being simple and Mozartian is Strauss being merely obvious. In his hands those common triads and valueless horn tunes and naive "mi-re-do" closing cadences do not hold water. They sound more shopworn than convincing, and one suspects that their composer had to suppress a natural idiom rather more complicated in order to utter them. When he is being Strauss, particularly in his low comedy scenes, he is almost invariably fascinating.

The performance last night was good, particularly on the vocal side, but left one vaguely aware that it left some things undone. Most of the individuals performances were good and Mme. Jeritza and Mme. Easton were extraordinarily fine. Perhaps Baron Ochs was responsible for the mildness of the comedy scenes. There was much discussion of Mr. Bender's performance in this role last season, some holding that he was too gentlemanly a Baron, some that he should have been even more so.

The secret is possibly simpler. Mr. Bender acts and sings with industry and enormous comic intent, but it may be that he is simply not a comedian. Certainly there was nothing definitely wrong about his work last night, and just as certainly he was not as funny as the role should be.

Mr. Errolle, in the anonymous role of the singer, was graceful and mellifluous. Mr. Bida was an excellent Valzacchi. Mr. Bodanzky conducted a sometimes overemphatic but always vital and colorful orchestral performance.

OTHER MUSIC.

A Dvorak symphony on any program has grown to mean just one thing. It is with a shock of surprise that you hear the orchestra falling into anything but the familiar crooning "From the New World"—in fact, it is a shock these days to find this symphony inadvertently omitted from any program. Last night the Philharmonic gave the Symphony in D minor, an early work written long before the exploring composer had wandered from Bohemia to the New World.

Like the later symphony, it is woven together from reminiscent strands. Here, though, the Czech version of "Sweet Chariot" has been replaced by snatches recalling the melodies of Brahms and melting echoes from "Faust" and "Tristan." The burden of the piece, however, is

not a love theme; the work has a marked national accent, with the freshness and fundamental joyousness of this simple and confident composer. Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave the piece its naive and genuine values, and the audience received it with an enthusiasm which indicated that it may grow to replace more frequently the ubiquitous "New World."

The rest of the program was devoted to the artful enchantments of Ravel's "Ma Mere e' Oye" and to Haendel's Concerto Grosso for strings with Guidi and Lange as the solo violinists and Leo Schulz as cellist.

In the evening also the Lenox String Quartet presented a program in which the bitter-sweet modern phrases of Alcis Reiser were grouped in between Brahms and Haydn. At Town Hall, Alberta Rasch and her company danced the Schumann "Carnaval," among other things, in a pleasing riot of color and sound.

A song recital in the afternoon brought Rose Armandie, a French soprano, to Town Hall. Her program drew fragments from five centuries of French song, given in a voice of charming and persuasive quality.

A. S.

OPERA IN ENGLISH.

All-American Company, Has First Performance in Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The first grand opera company composed exclusively of American singers, made its debut at the Eastman Theatre here this afternoon when the Rochester American Opera Company sang "Pagliacci" and two acts of "Boris Godunoff," at its premier performance. The new company will present all of its opera in English. Its members were gathered from all parts of the country on competitive operatic scholarships and have been preparing at the Eastman Theatre and the Eastman School of Music for the past year. For this season all of its performances will be confined to Rochester.

It is the hope of the new company to give opera a wider appeal to the American people. Eugene Goossens, famous English composer-conductor, who has just finished a season with the Portchester Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted "Boris."

Mlle. Armandie in Recital.

When Mlle. Armandie, the French soprano, who gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, decides to infuse more gaiety into her programs she will find life very much brighter and incidentally cheer her audience up. At present her singing, while very good and very correct in the French style, is all too much in half-lights. Her classic group was well sung in the academic manner, but when it came to the moderns six of them had to do with sudden demise, which is too large a proportion for an afternoon concert. Now, if Mlle. Armandie had sung more Canadian "chansons," like the delightful "Trois Princesses," harmonized by Vuillermoz, she would have added a real page of folk-lore music to her offerings. There was a great deal to commend in Mlle. Armandie as a singer, the only objection one could raise being the sombre character of much of her program. She was cordially received by the audience.

Quartet Gives Work of Reiser.

The Lenox String Quartet, including Messrs. Harmati, Wolfsohn, Moldavan and Stoeber, performed at their concert in Aeolian Hall last night a quartet in E minor, Op. 16, by Alois Reiser, a composer once represented at the Stadium Orchestra's concert and competitor in the present work at a recent Berkshire chamber music festival. Though his music had missed the prize there, it was worth rehearsing, and Mr. Reiser was among the listeners. The "modernism" of its moderate assai began in high cacophonies, but melted into glowing, simple harmonies and even to a shimmer of golden sound in the andante sostenuto, recalling the "radicals" of an elder day brought to reason under Dvorak. The evening opened with Brahms's quartet, Op. 51, No. 1, and closed with the Op. 77, No. 2, of Haydn.

New York Symphony.

The feature of the concert given by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, was the performance of the slow movement of the Bach concerto for two violins, with Albert Spalding and Paul Kochanski as soloists. The quality of the music places it apart from all but the greatest works in this form; actually this is less a concerto in the modern meaning of the term than a work for an ensemble and two solo parts, in the vein of the "concerto grosso" of Bach's and Handel's time.

There were some roughnesses in the performances of the first and the last movements, but the "Large ma non troppo" had the deep breath and the lovely sentiment of Bach in one of his most tranquil and beautiful moods. The

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solo violinists were in thorough sympathy with the music, as was Mr. Damrosch and the broad, virile tone of Mr. Spalding was especially suitable for the interpretation of the music.

The orchestral compositions were Brahms' Third Symphony and the gorgeous "Poem de l'Extase" of Scriabine. The audience was large and it enthusiastically recalled conductor and soloists.

Philharmonic Gives Concert.

The Philharmonic Orchestra under its leader, William van Hoogstraten, gave a symphonic concert at Carnegie Hall last evening before a large audience. It was impossible to resist the spirit of Handel in his concerto Grosso, with which the program opened. The somewhat heavy dignity of the introduction paved the way for the Miltonic periods of the affecting Largo. The work is written with more than a reflection of Handel's oratorical manner; he was a "Croyant"; something that a Ravel, belonging to this doubting generation never could be in his music, made for the nerves and not the soul. The rarified atmosphere of the French composer was exchanged for the more full-blooded Dvorak in his Second Symphony. The audience was particularly receptive to this, something not to be wondered at when one listened to the rich material which the composer has wrought into its fabric. The assisting artists in the Handel work were Messrs. Guidi, Lange and Leo Schulz.

Albertina Rasch Dances.

Albertina Rasch, a dancer of classic technique formerly at the Vienna Opera and at Hammerstein's Manhattan, appeared at the Town Hall last night in a score of diversifications with more than a score of young assisting dancers. She herself as Columbine led the varied figures drawn from the titles Harlequin, Pierrot and the like, in Schumann's "Carnaval." Mary Parsons gave an "Invocation" without music, a silent study in rhythmic acceleration and retard. There were Chopin dances by Miss Rasch with Chester Hale, "La Gitana" with Jacques Cartier, and a "Toyland" group to music of Victor Herbert, accompanied by Max Rabinovitch, piano, and Peter Merensium, violin.

Rosa Armandie, Soprano, Pleasing in French Group

Rosa Armandie, a French soprano, sang here for the first time yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall and made a pleasing impression with a program given entirely in French, beginning with a fifteenth century air, "L'Amour de Moy." A Bach number and arias from Lully's "Thesee" and Mozart's "Magic Flute" completed the first group.

Mlle. Armandie had considerably more volume than the average soprano recitalist is able to display, generally smooth and full in tone, though sometimes it took on a rather shrill edge in top notes. With a quiet manner, she had a very satisfactory degree of expressive and interpretative ability, shown in the ensuing numbers by Chausson, Schubert, Duparc and De Severae, and an appealing Canadian number, "Les Trois Princesses," harmonized by Vuillermoz. A modern group completed the program, accompanied by Mlle. Simone Petit.

IN the afternoon there was a special performance of "Aida,"

which offered again the cast that already has won laurels in that opera this season. Elizabeth Rethberg, according to printed report, had a cold, but there was no trace of it in her warm and finely-manipulated vocal art. Mme. Matzenauer was a markedly impassioned Amneris, in splendid voice. Martinelli duplicated his fiery and full-toned Radames. Tullio Serafin conducted kindly.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten Proves That Dvorak Did Write Another Symphony

THE Philharmonic's program for its concert in Carnegie Hall last evening was unusual, and therefore interesting, although it evoked considerably less than the customary enthusiasm. Especially was

there a touch of uncertainty in the reception of the quaintly modern Ravel group of settings for fairy tales called "Mother Goose"—a "Mother Goose," however, as Lawrence Gilman explains in his program notes, derived from French rather than American sources.

The five Ravel pieces, all short, are based upon the more or less familiar tales of the "Sleeping Beauty," "Hop-o-My-Thumb," "Lalderonette, Empress of the Pagodas," "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Fairy Garden," the latter without any more

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Der Rosenkavalier," opera in three acts, book by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, music by Richard Strauss. Sung in German, Arthur Bodanzky conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

The Princess.....Florence Easton
Baron Ochs.....Paul Bender
Octavian.....Maria Jeritza
Von Faninal.....Gustav Schusterdorf
Sophie, his daughter.....Queenma Mario
Marianne.....Marcella Roseler
Valzacchi.....Angelo Bada
Annina.....Kathleen Howard
A Negro Boy.....Ralph Errolle
Commissary of Police, Carl Schickel
Major-Domo of the Princess, Max Allegias
Major-Domo of Faninal, Raimondo Diletti
Notary.....William Gustafson. Innkeeper.

hint of "program" than its title. There is a delicate magic about these fairy bits that is gossamer thin by the side of the more robust compositions one is accustomed to hear at symphony concerts, and they did not arouse immediate enthusiasm. But the beauty is there. Mr. Van Hoogstraten is to be congratulated both for playing them and for doing it so well.

And, too, for rescuing Dvorak's "Symphony No. 2 in D Minor" from relative oblivion, although it has been played here occasionally. It is a fine, full-bodied symphony, superior in many respects, as many critics have observed, to that perennial favorite, "From the New World." In the second and fourth movements especially there are stirring passages, the finale being especially interesting and arousing. It might be just as well to give the "New World" a rest this season and allow the D minor a little of the free air of the concert hall.

By way of an introduction to the modernism of M. Ravel, Mr. Van Hoogstraten conducted Handel's "Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D Major," with Concertmeister Scipione Guldí and H. Lange as the chief violinists and Leo Schultz as cellist.

Lawrence Gilman

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We never listen to Scriabin's "Poème de l'Extase," which Mr. Damrosch played yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Society's concert in Carnegie Hall, without wishing that Scriabin had been more faithful to his text. He wrote a poem in Russian to explain his music. It is a long poem, and we do not pretend to understand it throughout. But some of it is crystal clear. For example:

monotony,
That worm of satiety
That eats up feeling.

That may not be much as poetry, but we fancy that we grasp its meaning.

By the time Scriabin reaches the end of his poem his mood has changed. The worm of satiety has grown up, and has ceased to bore. It is now, apparently, a kind of amorous rattlesnake:

The bites of panthers and hyenas have become
But a new caress,
A new pang;
And the sting of the serpent
But a burning kiss.

It sounds, we confess, slightly decadent; but at least it indicates that the Scriabin of the "Poème de l'Extase" was not doomed to a dull evening.

Now, why is it, we wonder, that Scriabin could not have expressed this sharp delight of his, this wild, ungovernable ecstasy, in musical images as caustic as his naively savage verse? Forget, for a moment, the voluptuous and gorgeous instrumentation of the "Poème de l'Extase" and look at the musical ideas that it clothes so splendidly. They are almost as banal, as trite, as sweetly sentimental, as if they had sprung from the bonbon eroticism of Gounod at his worst—a Gounod who has become just a little drunk on eau de Tristan. The biting hyenas and stinging, lovesick snakes that Scriabin saw in his lyric-poetic hashish dreams have become merely pretty ladies from chocolate-box covers; but Scriabin, unaware of their frailty, has blown them up by the wind of his hysterical ecstasies to superhuman, to monstrous, size; and they scream and rent in the pages of his finale with what their creator thought was mystic ecstasy, but which sounds to us pathetically like hifalutin bombast. That portentous theme which Scriabin's trumpets blare out as if he thought it would lift him into the sensuous heaven of his dreams, sounds more and more like a sort of cosmic salon music every time we hear it.

Mr. Damrosch plays this imposing score—for imposing it certainly is, by reason of its magnificent orchestral integument—for all it is worth. His eight horn players rise to their feet at the climax and blow aspiringly heavenward. But Scriabin, like Mark Twain's

first appearance at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He has the disciplined strength for wide range of dynamics, even to utmost delicacy. Beethoven's Brahms and Beethoven—the Opus 101 sonata—he preceded his Schubert and Chopin with an E-flat rondo of John Field, Chopin's Irish-Russian preceptor. For the rest, a rollicking dance group included vigorous arrangements by Jonas, Granados, Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, Dohnanyi, and two dances more on recall.

Julia Glass, who gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, introduced Godowsky's piano transcription of a violin sonata of Bach, of interest to violinists. Miss Glass confirmed on her own account the good impression of her youthful debut a few seasons since. Her further program included MacDowell's "Tragic," two Liszt song transcriptions and works of Scarlatti, Tausig, Rosenthal, Ravel and Scriabin.

"Tales of Hoffman" Sung Again.

Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman," the second of this season's special opera revivals, was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening to a crowded house. Mme. Bori, Morgana and Howard, Messrs. Fleita and De Luca sang, and Mr. Hasselmanns conducted.

New York Symphony Orchestra Concert

IT WAS A very sober Brahms No. 3 that Mr. Damrosch gave us last night. The tempi were not really slow; what made them seem slow was the lack of inner life in the phrases. That this was so was proved when Mr. Kochanski and Mr. Spalding, taking up the theme of the first movement of the Bach double concerto in D minor, adopted an actually slower tempo than the one Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra had begun with, but put such vitality into the music that the pulse seemed accelerated.

Decorous, again, rather than ecstatic was Scriabin's "Poème de l'Extase." We missed the most characteristic quality of the work—the way it has of always leading us up to the very door, as it were, and always closing it in our faces just as we are about to pass through. Scriabin's notion apparently was that man never but always to be, blest. Mr. Damrosch's solid methods made Scriabin's soul rather as if he had been written by Brahms. Koussevitsky is playing the work next week.

The delight of the evening was the performance of the Bach concerto-model of pure line-drawing.

ERNEST NEWMAN

Nov 23 1924

By OLIN DOWNES.

Josef Hofmann's Recital.

The many who listened to Josef Hofmann in recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall heard that great pianist in his best vein and Josef Hofmann, in the mood, is a man who makes magic with his instrument. He inherits the grandeur of line and of feeling that undoubtedly characterized the conceptions of his one-time master, Anton Rubinstein, and is one of the two or three pianists now before the public who play in the spirit of the period that Rubinstein represented.

It is not often that a pianist after the long experience of Mr. Hofmann plays with the consuming enthusiasm and vision that characterized him yesterday afternoon. Apparently everything on the program found the interpreter in the frame of mind to give it a superlative interpretation. The Schumann "Kreisleriana" were played as though the musician were revealing these shy and intimate compositions to a small group of trusted friends. Ordinarily the pieces are not for a great hall such as Carnegie; Mr. Hofmann made them felt and understood.

His past mastery of his medium gives him the right, which every pianist has not, to work his own will in it. There were passages in the Chopin ballade and in the B minor scherzo where the performer departed from the precise instructions of the printed page of music, but when he did this Mr. Hofmann was so comprehending, so puissant of hand and imagination, that he heightened the expression of the composer, and momentarily stood at his right hand, a creative artist. How often has the overplayed B minor scherzo of Chopin had such a wildly dramatic, yet architectural quality? The powerful basses gave the music a more viril physiognomy than it originally possessed, for the Chopin of the B minor scherzo is in his original guise a little hysterical and neurotic. Yesterday the piece had a gigantic fury, and for once the middle movement was not of a syrupy sentimentality.

There were only two of the emotional aspects of the concert. In smaller compositions of Chopin, in a final group which included his own astonishing kaleidoscope, Mr. Hofmann played with a crystalline fleetness and clarity, with

an elegance of style, a warm beauty of tone in singing passages and a command of color that made the smallest things delightful—even the Chopin D-flat waltz, even to "Butterfly" étude. Two of the Polonaises were included in the encores, those in A-flat major with the octaves, and A major with the trumpet fanfares. It would not be easy to surpass the lordly rhythms and the defiant spirit of these performances, but perhaps the most original and certainly not the least dramatic interpretation was that of the great waltzes in A-flat major. There was not only glitter and a surface excitement, but passionate dialogue, mounting drama, and the two measures of unison recitative interrupting all, as the Masque of the Red Death made its appalling entrance in Poe's tale, and hushed the revellers, and sent them in wild flight to their doom.

Compositions of the last group, in addition to Mr. Hofmann's, were the seldom played, but concise and emotional prelude in D minor of Rachmaninoff; two Godowsky transcriptions, of the Schubert F minor "Moment Musical" and the one of Alheniz's Tangos; and a march of Prokofiev, a little piece, sardonic and amusing. The Godowsky transcriptions are very ingenious, notably pianistic, but far too elaborate for the original. Schubert's violet becomes a sunflower, of none too healthy hue. The simple and tropical tango of Alheniz admit that the expansion favors the interests of the pianist—has clever "imf-gaws and gim-cracks of ornamentation—which do not add essential beauty to the original. In short, these do not appear as being among a number of really great transcriptions that the extraordinary Godowsky has made—and this in spite of the playing, a joy to ear and understanding. At the end of the concert there was the demonstration, customary when Mr. Hofmann plays here, most of the audience crowding to the platform, and the pianist playing encore after encore as the evening approached.

Josef Hofmann's Recital

Mr. Hofmann gave two recitals at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon—one of them according to the program, the other made up of encores, during which we began to get the impression that he was going to play the whole works of Schumann and Chopin. So generous was he with encores, indeed, as almost to make us suspect that he must be rather fond of playing the piano.

For my taste he could not play too many encores. It may be only a personal preference, but to me he is the most satisfying of living pianists,—which perhaps is only another way of saying that his way of looking at music is, in a humbler way, my own. He plays no music but that of beauty and good breeding, and he plays it like a thoroughbred. Who else can give us all in one so many of the things that make music beautiful,—loveliness of tone, delicacy of shading, a fortissimo that never becomes brutal, a rhythm that can at will be either steady without monotony or varied without caprice, and, above everything, the feeling that what we are listening to is not so much a performance as an improvisation, as if the music were being born there and then? One can no more analyze or account for playing of this sort than one can account for a race-horse; one simply knows that by some lucky throw of Nature everything is just right; grace and speed and power and beauty being magically united.

The singular thing about his playing is that while it is all Josef Hofmann it is also as many-formed and many-hued as there are composers in his program. His Bach (the d'Albert arrangement of the D major organ prelude and fugue) was genuine Bach; his Chopin (the A-flat and A major Polonaises, the A-flat Ballade and a number of smaller things) was the authentic Chopin, while for the "Kreisleriana," especially the finale, he found yet another color and texture, that also were authoritative. He was another Hofmann in the close-knit Prelude in D minor of Rachmaninov, another in the delightfully whimsical March of Prokofiev, and another in Godowsky's incomparable reworking of one of Schubert's "Moments Musicaux"; and yet, however closely he identified himself with the composer or the mood, he remained himself. That is his mystery. With most first-rate pianists we are conscious of their personality as something apart from that of the composer; with Mr. Hofmann the personality is just a sheet of fine glass that reveals the composer without the slightest distortion.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

CHALIAPIN IN "FAUST."

Wins Plaudits of Great Matinee Audience—"Butterfly" at Night.

Mr. Chaliapin's presence at the opera for a limited period was the occasion yesterday, as it had been last season, for an early restoration of "Faust," a cornerstone of Metropolitan repertoire these forty years, and strenuously followed by the season's first "Madama Butterfly," to a sold-out house last evening. A great matinee audience, driven indoors by the elements, gave its warmest ovations to the dramatic scenes of the Russian basso's red-clad Mephisto and the answering sonorities of Setti's hundred chorists. Mr. Martinielli, who was in good voice, returned with Mme. Alda in Gounod's love duets; Miss De-Lossy was again Siebel and Mr. Tibbett took his former rôle of Valentin in place of Mr. Ballester, who was ill. Miss Wakefield as Marthe and Mr. Ananias as Wagner completed the cast, and Mr. Hasselmanns conducted.

Mme. Rethberg, Messrs. Gigli and Scotti were stars of a popular Saturday night "Butterfly," brilliantly conducted for the first time by Mr. Serafin. Vocally a notable performance, as the packed theatre proved, it was also of interest in the detail of Mme. Rethberg's costumes and hair-dressing "à la Japonaise," in which the singer was materially assisted by Mme. Chikusa of Tokio. Puccini's Oriental score enlisted in a further familiar ensemble Mmes. Telva and Wells, Messrs. Paltrinieri, Picco, Reschiglian and Wolfe.

"Madama Butterfly"

The ever popular "Madama Butterfly" was given Saturday night at the Metropolitan and evoked the usual enthusiasm, with Tullio Serafin as conductor. Cio-Cio-San was sung by Mme. Sabanleva, who introduced real Japanese hair dressing and costume, rather than the usual operatic compromise, with much success. Mme. Sabanleva was particularly suited to the part because of her diminutive stature and gave an artistic rendering of the role. Occasionally her voice seemed to lack volume enough and became almost thin, but in the duet at the end of the first act and in the emotional climax of the second she gave a notable performance. Gigli as Pinkerton and Scotti as Sharpless were well sung by Marion Telva as Suzuki and the other members of a vocally impressive company.

HUTCHESON PLAYS AGAIN.

Pianist Gives a Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven Program.

A large audience attended Ernest Hutcheson's second recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The program illustrated the piano literature of the classical Viennese period and the choice of the pianist fell on Haydn's variations in F minor, Fantasia in C major; Mozart's Fantasia in C minor and gigue, and Beethoven's Waldstein's Sonata, the Andante in F major and the Sonata in C minor.

This, as the pianist remarked in his preliminary notes gave an "interesting survey, step by step, of the development of the Sonata from the period when Haydn took the dance suite and transformed it into a Sonata, through Mozart, to the final emancipation of the form and substance by Beethoven."

The many students present must have derived much profit from listening to a performance at once scholarly and artistic, especially of the Beethoven, whom Mr. Hutcheson played without ostentation and without heaviness. The pianist was warmly applauded throughout the afternoon.

PARASOVA, T. S. S.

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Lopez and His Orchestra

Vincent Lopez directed an orchestra of forty at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon in his first program as a concert artist. His music was received by an audience that included hundreds of standees.

Mr. Lopez waved a baton most of the afternoon, neglecting his piano shamefully. More the pity, for it is our humble opinion that he is by far a better pianist than conductor. There were times when his big orchestra lost him, got out of hand, so to speak.

Perhaps too much was expected of Mr. Lopez. He is at best a dance orchestra

Antonio Lora and Julia Glass Appear in Aeolian Hall.

Antonio Lora, a competent American pianist whose Italian birthright of music appears in his own zest of playing, made

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planist with a happy faculty of capturing grace notes prettily. But he is a pianist with an ambition and he must know what happened to Caesar.

Certainly not one note played by Mr. Lopez's orchestra yesterday can be recorded toward the advancement of so-called modern American music. Nor do we believe that anything permanent can come of the organization he has put together for the purpose of concertizing this type of music. Principally his was an exhibition of scoring in present day approved fashion the works of musicians of other—and better—days. This, according to the Lopez recipe, is, for instance, to take the "Young Prince and Young Princess" movement from "Scheherazade," play it in two-four tempo and palm it off as "symphonic jazz," as his music is described. Any concert orchestra can do as well, perhaps better, with proper instrumentation, so what is proved? It all became tiresome and there were many with no trains to catch who left early.

Mr. Lopez's orchestra consisted of his original dance combination, augmented in the string, brass and reed choirs, with a French horn or two tossed in. Most of his program has been heard in vaudeville from time to time and included such chestnuts as "Nola," "Wildflower," "Pinafore" and his Russian arrangement, parts of which were formerly known as "Where the Olga Flows," "Russian Rose," ad infinitum. There was no "Rhapsody in Blue," but Joseph Nussbaum contributed an arrangement similar in development called "The Evolution of the Blues." The best part of his was W. C. Handy.

Naturally Lopez scored heaviest playing popular numbers in straight dance time, which he ranks right at the top. But he could have done this much better on the dance floor with his original Hotel Pennsylvania musicians, whose work yesterday stuck out like their gray trousers in the field of blacks.

There was but one marked advancement in jazz bands that was noticeable. They are now painting the derby hats white.

By OLIN DOWNES.

New York Symphony Orchestra.

The novelty of the concert given by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, was Lazare Saminsky's score for female chorus and orchestra for his ballet, "The Lament of Rachel." The composer, as guest, conducted the performance—the first in America—of his work. The chorus was taken from the Oratorio Society and the Temple Emanuel. The scene depicted is the procession of Jacob's warriors, summoned by the trumpet of Israel, to perform the rite of the benediction of the new moon. The rite, in which the voices are heard, is followed by religious dances. Old Hebrew folk-tunes and dance motives are employed.

The performance again impressed upon the listener the fact that the employment of folk-melody, in itself, does not make authentic music. Folk-melody as repeatedly been shown to be available as material for serious composition, even for symphonic structures and for operatic purposes, but when the composer accomplishes his ends with it, it is genuinely imbued with its spirit; its idioms call irresistibly to him as the inevitable vehicle of his thought. His composition of Saminsky has an ethereal exterior, but not, apparently, fundamentally Hebrew spirit. Its characteristics, singularly enough, and acquired, seem applied as superficial coloring of a structure that is best none too substantial. Comparisons are only admissible when they illustrate a point as definition cannot; we have only to compare the ingenious orchestration of Saminsky's score with the prophetic grandeur and solemnity of Ernst Bloch's settings of Jewish Psalms to realize the difference between that which comes from within and that which is consciously imported from without. The Saminsky score is modern in workmanship, rich in sonorities, but others have had similar effects of orientalism in a modern orchestra, and more than once the music harks back to the idealism of Mr. Saminsky's former master in composition, Rimsky-Korsakov, seeming, momentarily, to forget its derivations.

This performance was preceded by an orchestra septet for trumpet, piano and strings, in which Mr. Damrosch played the piano and Rene Chemet led the orchestra. The solo trumpeter was Vladimir Drucker. The music was excellently chosen for such an occasion

and for the dimensions of the hall. It is essentially chamber music, classic of content, but endowed with Saint-Saens's clarity, wit, Gallicism. The performance was a lively one. Mr. Drucker is an excellent trumpeter and Mr. Damrosch played the piano with as much authority and general vigor as if he had been performing a lusty double concerto by Bach.

Rene Chemet, violinist, was the guest soloist of the concert, interpreting the Lalo F minor concerto with the sparkle and virtuoso spirit that the music demands and appearing at her best in the slow movement. It is not to her discredit, nor to that of the other notable performers and composers on the program, that they were in a somewhat difficult position because of the fact that all of them were heard after, and appeared in the shadow of, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The incomparable radiance of this music, its fire, its tenderness, the orchestration which has a beauty and a transparency that even Beethoven failed to match, placed all that followed in the position of an after-math.

Vincent Lopez's "Symphonic" Jazz.

A "symphonic" jazz concert, as it was called, was given by Vincent Lopez and an orchestra of over forty players yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. The shades of Wagner and Verdi looked upon an audience composed of much of Broadway, and in the eyes of this audience jazz was crowned king. Mr. Lopez and his men appeared confident and at home in the celebrated auditorium. A note in the program was even more confident. It informed us that, whereas in the past American music had been represented by "slow and stodgy music relating to none too authentic American folklore, the nervous, quick, dashing and adventurous spirit of today's American people" was now typified in our popular dance music "as representative of American music as the grand operas of Verdi are of the music of Italy."

That is going rather far. There was a man named Stephen Foster who wrote show melodies as dearly prized and certainly of longer life than any played by Mr. Lopez and his men. There was another man, Dan Emmett by name, who wrote a tune called "Dixie." It is "nervous, quick dashing and adventurous." It has made history. In its way. We know a number of jazz tunes that move faster. We are not prepared to swear that they will last as long.

Aside from these superlatives of Mr. Lopez's program, he provided a number of interesting performances of interesting music. One of these had something of the synthetic grasp of material and a little of the structural technique still insufficient among the purveyors of popular music who essay to do symphonic things with jazz. It was the piece called "Evolution of the Blues" by W. C. Handy and Joseph Nussbaum. This piece contains interesting orchestral treatment of the best of all the "Blues"—the tropical "St. Louis Blues," of which Mr. Handy is the composer—and it contains something more. It begins with an introduction of sustained beauty, with original orchestral color that promises things symphonic in the more rapid movement to come. That movement, however, is episodic, a pastiche of a dozen different popular dance tunes, so that the score is over crowded with material, and the material, in spite of some good places, loosely and recklessly flung together. But there is one of the signs of what should and probably will be done in a day not too far off with some popular dance motifs. It is only surpassed in substance by the best pages of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" for piano and orchestra.

Mr. Lopez's orchestra, as attendance at the dress rehearsal yesterday showed, is differently composed from Paul Whiteman's orchestra, which has led the way in the serious consideration of jazz. It contains a considerable group of strings—double basses and first violins—which is highly advantageous. It also employs the banjos, brass and wind instruments, and the big choir of saxophones that are component parts of the typical jazz orchestra. Add to these a clarinetist who does all the tricks and burlesques in capital fashion, and a trumpeter who would be adjudged not phenomenal, but merely incredible or insane if he played in the great symphony orchestras of this land. This trumpeter—he was formerly a leading figure in the Metro Corporation—but his genius has not been lost in the transfer—plays in positions between a high B flat and the G four ledger lines above the staff. His tone is clear, his trill a thing of beauty, his legato undisturbed. In these realms, the tone of this orchestra has a quality, due to the strings, that the Whiteman orchestra does not attempt, and there were instrumental colors, due principally to novel spacings and doublings, that were rich and new. Most of the effects, however, had their origin in the orchestration of Whiteman or of other dance bands. To play a trombone like a cello, to mute trumpets, to burlesque phrases and throw them about from instrument to instrument, and to use many percussion instruments, including the piano, for purposes of color as well as rhythm, are all interesting things and useful in proper places, though no longer of startling novelty. That they are native to American dance orchestras and of a distinctly character, is often true.

Among the interesting arrangements were the Russian Airplay of Lopez-Polla; of Liszt's "Waters of Minnetonka" of Emerson Whitthorne's "Del

Street," and of principal melodies from Sullivan's "Pinafore," in which the parts of the Captain, Buttercup, the Admiral, and Dick Dead-Eye were taken respectively by the piano, cornet, trombone and baritone. This last amused the audience prodigiously, and the playing of the solo instruments was combined with clowning by the players. Other features of the program found high favor, and again demonstrated the life, humor, inventiveness, and, in the best instances, the real promise that lie in the present cultivation of American popular music.

New York Symphony Orchestra

AT THE CONCERT at the Aeolian Hall on Sunday afternoon we had a somewhat stiff joint "Jupiter" symphony from Mr. Damrosch, with, however, some beautiful Mozart playing from the orchestra. Mme. Renee Chemet played the F minor violin concerto of Lalo with a rather woolly tone, but with a thoroughly sympathetic understanding of this typically French music, that always seems on the point of exchanging its well-barbered elegance for something really strong, but never quite manages it. The performance of Saint-Saens septet for trumpet, piano and strings made us wonder once again why this work is always called, for short, the trumpet septet. For the trumpet here fulfills the function attributed by the jurists to the King in the English constitution, who reigns but does not govern.

Nominally king of the septet, the trumpet finds all the governing done by the piano, which is like a powerful and obstinate regent, especially when it is played with such uncompromising vigor as it was by Mr. Damrosch. Mr. Vladimir Drucker, however, played the trumpet part with great taste. It is the custom to give the work at concerts with the full orchestral strings; but it really sounds better with the quintet for which Saint-Saens wrote it, provided the piano keeps in the same focus as the strings.

We had a novelty in the shape of Mr. Lazare Saminsky's "Lament of Rachel," taken from a ballet with the same title. The Lament proper, it is to be presumed, was the first movement, with the small choir of female voices; it was followed by a set of "ritual dances." Mr. Saminsky, we are told, has used several old Hebrew melodies as the basis of his work. In so doing he has come up against the usual difficulty.

It is difficult enough to work up the ordinary European folk-tunes into a quasi-symphonic whole; but the problem becomes virtually insoluble when the melodic material is markedly exotic. This kind of music comes originally from a mentality that simply will not accommodate itself to structural devices that have been evolved, by a sort of unconscious logical necessity, out of the very different mentality of Western Europe. The "nationalist" Russian composers of the second half of the nineteenth century broke their shins over the problem. They could invent the most enchanting Oriental or quasi-Oriental tunes, but when it came to making a texture out of them they could do nothing but go on repeating them till the hearer grew tired of them. Mr. Saminsky does not succeed any better than his predecessors in accommodating Oriental thought to Occidental forms, but he makes a decidedly brave attempt at it. There is sincerity in the music, and a definitely personal emotion.

popular music is harder to bear than a Mahler symphony.

This is no reflection on Mr. Lopez's orchestra, which is a large one, even larger than Mr. Whiteman's, and revealing much the same brilliant and diverting technique. But Mr. Lopez's program was too much for us. That too was, perhaps, not his fault, for it was much the same sort of program that Mr. Whiteman offers. Probably we had it in us to endure just one more half of a jazz program, and it was Mr. Lopez's misfortune to be the present when Reason tottered.

It is the maddening monotony of form and rhythm that makes jazz eventually such a cruel bore to the concert-wise auditor. The much discussed subtlety and variety of jazz rhythm is no such thing. It is variety of metre, of note patterns. The rhythm is always the same.

Mr. Lopez played twenty numbers yesterday afternoon, and with the exception of a waltz song by Irving Berlin, every blessed one of them was in two-four or four-four alla breve (which to the ear is the same) time. Even in the transcriptions of music that was originally composed in other rhythms, the relentless rubber stamp of the jazz arranger had changed the time signatures to two-four.

The lovely, languorous six-eight "Tale of the Young Prince," from "Scheherazade," the three-four trombone fanfares from the same work, Sir Joseph Porter's song and "Little Buttercup," from "Pinafore"—all, all had passed through the stereotyping machine to emerge as standard, jazz-finished one-steps, as tinny and characterless and indistinguishable as a school of Fords.

There is a future for jazz, undoubtedly. There is a decided spark of vitality in this combination of bizarre instrumental technique, unusual instrumental combinations, and tricky matrical patterns; but it will have to be torn from the arms of its progenitors and brought up in a good home before it will amount to much, before an afternoon of jazz is as endurable as an afternoon of even minor symphonies.

OTHER MUSIC.

The composer—musical or otherwise—who attempts a literal reproduction of a Biblical theme does so against fearful odds. For he faces at once the devastating comparison with the prose and poetry of the Scriptures, and against this calm perfection few have survived. It proved an unequal struggle for Lazare Saminsky. If the fragments from his ballet "The Lament of Rachel," played yesterday by the New York Symphony Orchestra, are indicative of the whole.

For Mr. Saminsky has failed to achieve anything like a Biblical simplicity in this intensely human episode which was once and forever so laconically told. Rachel is emotionalized beyond all recognition of her poignant but inarticulate tragedy. The ritual dances which follow, Mr. Saminsky has based on old Hebrew tunes and religious folk-music; their authenticity is unmistakable, yet the result fails to create any definite native mood. What the actual effect of the entire ballet may be remains unestablished except that it was composed with obvious sincerity and devotion. Mr. Saminsky himself conducted the orchestra and the brief choral passages which were sung by members of the Oratorio Society and the Temple Emanuel Choir. The lament of the choristers was robust and vehement but suffered from disagreement as to key and attack.

Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, the St. Saens Septet and Lalo's F minor concerto with Renee Chemet as soloist, made up an unusually generous and variegated program.

Liebling Plays at Opera Concert.

Paul Elsler led the Metropolitan's "opera concert" last evening, with a program of airs from "The Barber" for Mr. Penco, "Le Prophete" for Miss Gordon, "Carmen" for Errolle and Johann Strauss's "Primavera" for Miss Marlo. The singers concluded with the "Rigoletto" quartet. George Liebling, the pianist, who appeared as guest following a recent recital, was heard with the orchestra in Liszt's E-flat concerto and in later solos, including the Schubert-Liszt "Lark," Liszt's second rhapsody and Liebling's octave study, Opus 8.

By Deems Taylor

MORE JAZZ MANIACS.

There was much to choose from: the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, the New York Symphony at Aeolian, and Vincent Lopez and his jazz orchestra at the Metropolitan. Why, we thought, be narrow-minded? Jazz, everybody says, has a future, and the symphony orchestras could get along without us for just one Sunday afternoon. So we went to hear Mr. Lopez.

And now we are ready to give up our life of shame, if the symphony orchestras will just take us back and ask no questions. We discovered yesterday afternoon that we are a hopeless highbrow, and that too much

Gabrilowitsch Is Soloist With Friends of Music

Plays Mendelssohn Overture With Beethoven's "Emperor" His Concerto

The Society of the Friends of Music gave the third concert of the season on Friday afternoon at Town Hall, with Gabrielowitsch, who, before the concert, will have appeared in all four of our orchestral organizations as soloist in a purely instrumental program. His concerto was Beethoven's "Emperor" and his performance a laudable one, with a freshness and polish which still permitted ample vigor and zest. The musicians under Artur Bodanzky gave a satisfactory accompaniment.

Mr. Bodanzky began his program with a rarely heard Mendelssohn overture "Von der schönen Melusine," inspired, it was noted, by the memory of a pretty prima donna and the picture (a not unfamiliar one) of an operative audience applauding inferior music. Handel's F major Concerto Grosso followed, played with a harpsichord and seven or eight strings for the "grosso," offering hardly sufficient contrast with the "concertino" of two solo violins and cello. There was a large audience, not sparing in applause.

LITTLE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Barrere's Orchestra Plays a Sinfonic Concertante by Haydn.

The third concert of the Little Symphony Orchestra at the Henry Miller Theatre last evening under the direction of George Barrere, attracted a large audience. This time, Bettie Gilmore was the harp soloist.

There were two special attractions on the program, the first was a Sinfonic Concertante by Haydn, marked opus 89, which had been newly discovered by Hans Sitt of Leipzig.

Mr. Barrere informed his hearers, that it was that evening probably receiving its first public performance since its resurrection. The Sinfonie is in three movements and unmistakably Haydn in all its contents. The solo were taken by R. Johnson, violin; L. Kirsch, cello; P. Mathieu, oboe, and L. Letellier, bassoon, who had to rise several times to bow to the applause.

The second attraction was the dance music to poems of William Blake by Arthur Whiting, presented and conducted by the composer. They were originally written for an open air pageant and, as Mr. Whiting explained, for a family orchestra. The orchestra was reinforced to seven instruments for the occasion. The seven numbers, each preceded by a reading of Blake's verse, proved attractively pretty and simple. Quite the kind of piece Mr. Barrere would include in his fascinating programs.

Sabbath Meetings of the Friends of Damrosch and Van Hoogstraten

Mr. Damrosch may have devised the program of his Symphony concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with a realization of the fact that he would be in competition not only with his ancient rival, the Philharmonic, scheduled to play at the same hour in Carnegie Hall, but with Mr. Lopez's jazz concert at the Metropolitan—both of them calculated to draw large numbers of concert-goers northward and southward from Aeolian Hall: the Intelligence to Mr. Lopez's jazz exhibit, the Lowbrows to hear Brahms and Bach and Reger under Mr. Van Hoogstraten. And of course there were other concerts besides. So the canny Damrosch planned shrewdly his counter attractions. He requisitioned a female chorus, a guest-composer-conductor, a pulchritudinous violinist from his beloved France, a solo trumpet, and, finally, himself in the capacity of piano player. Incidentally, he conducted the New York Symphony Orchestra, which sat on the stage and played, as usual, throughout the program. No wonder Mr. Damrosch had a full house.

All these attractions were enlisted for the performance of a long and variegated program. It began with that C major symphony of Mozart, which son/body once idiotically dubbed the "Jupiter," for a less appropriate title could scarcely be found for Mozart's lovely work—unless he who chose it was thinking, perhaps, of Jupiter in that subordinate character which he bore in Roman mythology as "Jupiter Seruator," the god of serene skies. Then came the pulchritudinous lady violinist from France, Mme. Renée Chemet, playing the F minor concerto

of Lalo.

The excuse for featuring the trumpet and Mr. Damrosch as pianist was Saint-Saens's famous septet for trumpet, piano and strings, written in 1880 as a piece of chamber music for performance by the Parisian musical society known as "La Trompette" (for which Saint-Saens wrote also his "Carnaval des Animaux"). The work was played at yesterday's concert with the original five string parts given to all the bowed instruments of the orchestra, René Pollain conducting. It turned out in this version, however, to be really a composition for piano with obligato trumpet and string accompaniment, for Mr. Damrosch, an excellent pianist, is also an exuberant one, and he dominated the performance almost throughout, playing with brilliant skill and infectious gusto, to the evident delight of the audience. Meanwhile Mr. Vladimir Drucker, the trumpeter, sang with the stillest, smallest voice we have ever heard issue from the throat of that noble but obstreperous instrument.

Finally, the guest-composer-conductor had his innings, aided by a small female chorus from the Oratorio Society and Temple Emanu-El. The guest-composer-conductor was Mr. Lazare Saminsky, the Russian composer now living in New York, whose tone-poems, "The Vigils," were played at a symphony concert last January under the composer's baton. Yesterday's contribution from Mr. Saminsky was the final scene from his ballet "The Lament of Rachel," for orchestra and female chorus.

It is probable that Mr. Saminsky's music would gain in effectiveness if it were heard in association with the scene and action which it was intended to accompany. Yesterday it did not quite register—at least in its choral phase. The "Ritual Dances," for the orchestra alone, were far more effective, especially the last. Mr. Saminsky is an accomplished and sincere musician, admirable for his sincerity, his aesthetic integrity, and his incorruptible seriousness; his music is always worth studying and hearing. We could not help wondering yesterday, however, if his score would not have sounded differently had he chosen to let Mr. Damrosch conduct it. There are several reasons why a composer should refrain from conducting his own work, even if he has had experience on the podium; and Mr. Saminsky's adventure of yesterday did nothing to indicate that these reasons are not still valid.

Mme. Renée Chemet, the violinist of yesterday's concert, is not a stranger here. We heard her first in the season of 1920-'21 when she played Saint-Saens's third violin concerto with the National Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Mengelberg. It is due to her to record the fact that she seemed to give unalloyed pleasure to the audience that heard her play Lalo's concerto at yesterday's concert; but, having conscientiously noted that circumstance, we are obliged to say that she did not give unalloyed pleasure to us. Mme. Chemet is an experienced player, even a brilliant one, as that word is loosely employed. She has dash and vigor, and she is facile. She fills the eye and the ear—the former most agreeably, the latter less agreeably, for her tone is rough and hard and her intonation is insecure.

While all this was going on in Forty-third Street, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, fourteen blocks further north, was playing a program that seemed at first glance to be rather draconian for a Sunday concert; yet it turned out to be quite companionable on closer acquaintance. It ranged from Brahms (his Symphony in F) to Reger (his Mozart Variations). Between the two came no less a filler-in than Johann Sebastian Bach—two of the Preludes and Fugues from the Well-Tempered Clavichord transcribed for strings by Mabel Wood Hill. Mrs. Hill's deft transcriptions were played here last year by Mr. Stransky; but they were worth repeating.

We particularly like Mr. Van Hoogstraten's way of conceiving the first movement of Brahms's Symphony in F. He sees it as essentially heroic music, and he plays the superb opening the great theme that sweeps downward through F major and F minor—with exhilarating energy and breadth and power. He does not make the mistake of playing it too fast, as some conductors do, so that its epic quality is minimized—for indeed this music surely is. We wondered again yesterday, for the hundredth time, if this is not, after all, the most treasurable of all the four symphonies of Brahms. No doubt we shall continue to think so until we hear again the First, or the Second, or the Fourth.

If Doctor Conan Doyle is wrong, and the spirits of the departed do not, under any circumstances, return to earth, it is a great pity. Josef Haydn, for instance, would have had a grand time at Aeolian Hall last night if he could have arranged to be there. The dapper little Croatian Kapellmeister, who used to put on his best clothes before sitting down to compose and who was wont to offer humble thanks to God whenever he wrote something particularly good, might have had a severe attack of stage fright at seeing such a large audience gathered to hear one of his works, among others, performed by a society named after his most illustrious disciple, but he would have been overjoyed at the performance itself.

ELENA BARBERI, in the second of her series of piano recitals, played again in Aeolian Hall last evening. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"—more like a lofty hymn than a keyboard anvil chorus—was an inspiring opening number invested with feeling and musicianliness. Romantic numbers by Rossini, Mendelssohn and Schumann and modern compositions by Stojowski, Debussy, Rubinstein and Schulz Elver comprised the printed list.

The Beethoven Association's Concert

AT THE CONCERT OF THE Beethoven Association last night we had the Lenox Quartet in a Haydn quartet in F major, and (assisted by Mr. Sigismund Stojowski) in the Schumann piano quartet (the second violin, of course, dropping out here). The spirit of the Quartet was generally better than its technique, and more than once we had to take the intention of the composer for granted: the first violin was inclined to fall from grace in the matter of both tone and intonation in fast passages, while the cellist was always unduly retiring. For all that, the players conveyed to us very well the general sense of the Haydn; but the Schumann was ragged and disorganized. It is a difficult work to vivify, partly owing to Schumann's garrulous repetitiveness, partly to the lack of any real vitality in some of the thematic matter: what, for example, can any players hope to do with that futile and wearisome figure of four notes that keeps on asserting itself in the first movement?

Miss Helen Stanley sang a number of Schumann and Schubert songs to the excellent accompaniment of Mr. Ernest Hutcheson. Her voice is a pleasant one, but her singing as a whole is marred by certain mannerisms of bodily movement. In "Die Forelle" in particular we got the same verbal emphasis and the same movement forward on the same note in the same bar in each stanza. In Chausson's "Chanson Perpetuelle," in which she was accompanied by Mr. Hutcheson and the String Quartet, neither she nor the string players seemed perfectly at ease.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

"Mefistofele" at the Opera

Boito's "Mefistofele" had another magnificent, colorful production at the Metropolitan last night with the same cast that sang it ten days ago. Chaliapin, singing Mefistofele, seemed to have a cold and to exert himself only occasionally. Gigli made a more impressive Faust, especially in the last scene, at his death in his study after the defeat of Mefistofele by the powers of good. Frances Alda was Marguerite and Frances Peralta was Helen. Tullio Serafin conducted.

The scenery and costumes designed by Boris Anisfeld and the dances arranged by Rosina Galli were the most interesting part of the performance.

In the evening Jacques Goutmanovich, a violinist who made his debut last year, returned to Town Hall. He has lost neither his vigorous energetic style nor his determination to arrive at emphasis by sheer force of whacking and scratching. Leken's Sonata in G major and Bach's Concerto in E major were on his program. A. S.

By Deems Taylor

THE BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION.

If Doctor Conan Doyle is wrong, and the spirits of the departed do not, under any circumstances, return to earth, it is a great pity. Josef Haydn, for instance, would have had a grand time at Aeolian Hall last night if he could have arranged to be there. The dapper little Croatian Kapellmeister, who used to put on his best clothes before sitting down to compose and who was wont to offer humble thanks to God whenever he wrote something particularly good, might have had a severe attack of stage fright at seeing such a large audience gathered to hear one of his works, among others, performed by a society named after his most illustrious disciple, but he would have been overjoyed at the performance itself.

The Lenox String Quartet gave the brunt of the concert, for besides giving an enchantingly lucid and spirited reading of the Haydn F Major Quartet (Op. 77, No. 2), three of its members collaborated with Sigismund Stojowski to conclude the program with a fine performance of the Schumann piano quartet in B flat major.

The only other contributor of the evening was Helen Stanley, who sang a group of four Schumann and two Schubert songs. His voice seemed a trifle wanting in warmth and dynamic flexibility, but her style and diction were both exceptional. Miss Stanley's accompanist, by the way—his name did not appear on the program—was a young man named Ernest Hutcheson; he showed decided promise.

After the lieder group, Miss Stanley, Mr. Hutcheson and the quartet essayed a reduced version of Chausson's "La Chanson Perpetuelle." This was not an unqualified success. In fact, it was very bad indeed, never getting much beyond the effect of a fair reading rehearsal: bald, obvious, without a suspicion of subtlety or profound emotion, and sung in what Robert Littel has called "the wonderful clipped, lifeless French of the American Army." Chausson, and particularly this, his finest song, deserves more than that.

Chaliapin is probably bored with Gounod's Mephistopheles; at any rate he seems to take refuge from the stereotyped dullness of the role in utter and abandoned hilarity. But with the Boito fiend, he is inspired. They gave "Mefistofele" for the second time this season at the Metropolitan and the diabolical beauty of his work again raised the entire opera to a triumph of vocal and dramatic artistry. It is a triumph which Gigli, Anisfeld and Serafin share; indeed, the best forces of the Metropolitan seem to be concentrated on this opera to a degree of perfection which is worthy of a greater masterpiece. But the centre of the picture is always the vast, sinister figure whose sneering malevolence storm heaven and hell alike. Last night's performance seemed unusually impressive—but there they almost always do. The audience at least was probably larger and certainly noisier than ever.

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a 1920 Edition of Yesterday's Times.

Beethoven Association.

There are people—and their number is increasing in these rapid days—who regularly, when a new book is advertised, read an old one. The Beethoven Association, which gave its second concert of the season last night in Aeolian Hall, usually follows a similar course. Last night the program consisted almost entirely of familiar, tried and true compositions by Haydn, Schubert and Schumann. There was one departure, when Mme. Helen Stanley sang Chausson's "Chanson Perpetuelle" for voice with accompaniment of piano and string quartet.

Chausson has written music of haunting sensuousness and melancholy. The music—and in this it is faithful to its beautiful poem—has a perfume and a bitter voluptuousness of its own. The verbal sonorities themselves make exquisite harmony. This is a composition thoroughly characteristic of the later Chausson; the composer who was just beginning to find his voice—to fight free of Franck's influence, and to master the sensitiveness and nostalgia of the spirit which had once been weakness and were to become his strength and distinction as an artist—when an accident brought his untimely end. The music is admirably suited to Mme. Stanley's voice, which is rich in color, and was heard to the best possible advantage in this composition.

Mme. Stanley added to Chausson's song a group of Schubert and Schumann songs that do not fade, and that show in their fine flower the gift of these two immortals—Schumann of the "Schnee-Glocken," "Auftrag," "Stille Thannen" and "Intermezzo"; Schubert of the "Forelle" and the poignant "Rastlose Liebe." Interpreting the songs Mme. Stanley gave the performance of a musician whose only purpose it was to serve the composer. Ernest Hutcheson assisted her in the role, rare for him, of an accompanist. He played delightful accompaniments for the Schubert and Schumann group, but missed the subtleties and the sensuousness of Chausson's music.

The chamber music heard on this occasion was the Haydn Quartet, Op. 77.

No. 2, in F major, and the Schumann piano quartet, with Sigismund Stojowski as pianist. The performance of Haydn's music by the Lenox Quartet was one of general excellence and enthusiasm. It was the quartet of Schumann, which it was good to hear in place of the over-familiar quintet, the shining light was Mr. Stojowski, who had a beautiful tone, a fine rhythm and a finished pianist's style. But here the ensemble of the strings was poor, and detracted materially from the effect of the performance. The quartet itself gives pleasure because, while it has not the strength of the quintet, much of it shows Schumann in a charming and fanciful vein, and the scherzo, in particular, has freshness of feeling and an elastic, imaginative treatment of form.

As is customary at these concerts, the hall was filled with an audience of the best musical quality, and there was enthusiastic appreciation of the composers, even when they were not most fortunately presented.

Frances Hall Gives Artistic Recital.

A talented young pianist, Frances Hall, gave not only an interesting, but an artistic recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It was in a Brahms sonata more especially that she showed that she could play on a large canvas as well as on a smaller one. The allegro, the scherzo and the finale were given in fine order, replete with careful detail and yet carried on with forceful rhythm and swing. Miss Hall at all times produced a musical touch and pleased the ear of her listeners.

Frances Hall, a young American pianist, who first appeared here two seasons ago, showed marked development of talent yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall in a program of short pieces surrounding the formidable F minor sonata of Brahms.

Playing of copious and well directed power is needed to make this effective, but power and intelligently applied energy were prominent characteristics of Miss Hall's playing. She seemed at her best in climactic, sonorous passages, played with much color and vigorous dash, though calmer lyric intervals were well played with a smooth tone. Three Schubert "Musical Moments" preceded the sonata, with numbers by Faure, Korngold, Saint-Saens and Mr. Luteson in the last group.

At Town Hall yesterday afternoon Mme. Clemens gave the fifth of seven programs in her series on "The Development of Song," with a list divided between French and Russian composers. The French were Saint-Saens, Lalo, Bizet, Faure, Franck, Massenet and Duparc. The Russians were Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Arensky, Gretchaninoff and Rachmaninoff. Walter Golde accompanied.

Mordkin in G. V. Follies

BETWEEN the blackface and the rouge of the Greenwich Village Follies" Mikhail Mordkin leaped impetuously back to the American stage last night, fourteen years ago the Russian left an America that had just begun to appreciate dancing he and Anna Pavlova had brought to it, and fourteen years, of course, have brought their changes. It is a more mature Mordkin who has returned to America but not an older one, if there be at distinction. In his conceptions and interpretations the Russian dancer works with a keener, deeper wisdom of the prosed poetry of dancing. But in his execution there is that same eagerness and impulsiveness of the Mordkin ten years ago.

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It was unfortunate that he made his bow with Rubinstein's "Valse Op. 34." It is too conventional for Mordkin's boundless eagerness. However, as Rachmaninoff's "Jester" the Russian mas-

found himself. Nothing could have been patterned with greater recognition of differing moods. His closest approach to ballet was a Bacchanale, but it was sparsely populated Bacchanale as Mordkin conceived it and gave ample room for designs of the regisseur.

As for the "Follies," staging a new number at the home of the runway andrette-smoke, they seemed to have caught the spirit of the Russian. They danced faster and they seemed funnier, although, of course, Mordkin couldn't have anything to do with that. Moran and Fred Allen and Toto show no signs of Russian influence, but they have been helped by considerable book-doctoring.

"The Mountain Queen" Presented Before Fashionable Assembly at Sherrys

A special ballet, "The Mountain Queen," by Fokine, was danced by Fokina and sixteen members of her ballet in Oriental costumes.

MORDKIN REAPPEARS.

Nov 25 1924
Russian Dancers the Feature of Refurbished "Greenwich Follies."

Mikhail Mordkin, who first appeared before the American public as the dancing partner of Anna Pavlova in 1910, when she, and to only slightly less extent he, electrified our audiences by their exemplification of the lengths to which the development of the classic ballet had been carried in Russia, appeared last night at the Winter Garden after an absence of many years.

Mr. Mordkin was the featured artist in the new "midwinter edition" of the Greenwich Village Follies, a refurbished version of the revue which has been appearing at the Shubert Theatre and was transplanted last night to the Winter Garden. There were extensive changes in the ensemble numbers of the piece and new opportunities for Toto and the Keene Twins, comparatively recent additions to the cast, although many of the old features and most of the old company are retained.

With Lydia Semyonova, Mr. Mordkin made two appearances, one in a Valse Caprice with music taken from Rubinstein in the first act, and in the second act in a scene called "The Jester" and in a dance to Glazounoff's Bacchanale. Despite evidences of first-night confusion the dancer in his work recalled the commanding presence he was in his first appearance in this country. His ability to hold his new audiences will no doubt increase as he settles down to the "worked in" status that future performances will bring.

Mikhail Mordkin, whose reappearance was a gala event in this production, was evidently handicapped by insufficient rehearsal with the orchestra in his opening ballet—or did Mordkin, through pardonable nervousness at appearing after a long absence, before his hosts of friends last Monday night, suddenly change the routine of his dance?

Lydia Semyonova made a beautiful picture as she danced with him, and again, in their "Bacchanale," these two were forced to take curtain call after curtain call in response to the ringing applause.

There were flashes of Mordkin's famous fire and abandon, and many of those touches of intense drama in his work that made his art so revolutionary and compelling when he first broke upon our horizon—like a veritable Prometheus unbound.

Constance McGlinchey

Constance McGlinchey, a pianist of much digital dexterity, made her first appearance here yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall in a conservative program beginning with two sonatas—the Beethoven "Characteristic Sonata," entitled "Farewells, absence and return," and Schumann's G minor.

Miss McGlinchey's playing seemed well developed technically, with considerable clearness and fluency, and vigor judiciously applied, less so emotionally, the farewells, absence and return distinctly calm, while the Schumann was rather more expressive. A Chopin group and modern numbers, including "Sanctuaire," by Josef Hoffmann, alias Dvorsky, followed.

Ernest MacMillan, a Canadian organist, who made his debut here about a year ago, and Claude Biggs, an English pianist making his first local appearance, alternated yesterday afternoon at the Wanamaker Auditorium, joining forces at the close for a piano and organ arrangement by Mr. MacMillan of the Brahms Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel. The British musicians gave excellent, co-operating performances of an arrangement which did its best for both instruments—except that the piano stood little chance in organ climaxes.

Richard Keys Biggs in Organ Recital

Richard Keys Biggs, organist of the Church of the Queen of All Saints, Brooklyn, and one of those who had played at the dedication of the Speyer memorial organ, reappeared in a recital on that instrument at the Town Hall last night. He gave excerpts from organ sonatas of Borowski and Rogers, among Americans, as well as Torjesen's "To the Rising Sun" and the E minor prelude and fugue of Bach. French masters dominated his program, which ranged from a "Carillon," by Vierne to three old French "Noëls."

Francis Macmillen Plays.

The violin recital of Francis Macmillen at Carnegie Hall last evening attracted a good sized audience, which grew more and more appreciative as the evening wore on and discovered the violinist's virtuosity. A large part of the program consisted of compositions by French writers, and Mr. Macmillen had chosen to begin with Faure's Sonata in A major as a tribute to the memory of the dead composer.

Mr. Macmillen, with Richard Hageman at the piano, played the four movements in an ascending scale of effectiveness; the two being recalled twice at the conclusion; but it was in Frederic d'Erlanger's Concerto that Mr. Macmillen came into real touch with the imagination of his audience. There was something very much alive in the work and as played by the violinist it went straight home. There was enthusiastic applause after each movement.

The remainder of the program included a Sinding, a Cesar Thomson and Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso."

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.
Elsa Alsen's Song Recital.

Elsa Alsen, who had won reputation in this city as a singer of Wagnerian dramatic rôles, gave a song recital last night in Aeolian Hall. Her songs and arias were by Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Saint-Saens, Debussy, Chausson, Bordes and composers of folk-songs of various nationalities.

The performances of the evening displayed the exceptional qualities of Mme. Alsen's voice and her dramatic temperament; they also bore witness to the fact, often demonstrated, that as a rule even the gifted opera singer is poorly cast as the interpreter of songs. Mme. Alsen has material in her voice sufficient to do entire justice to everything that was on the program. She has shown technical as well as interpretive assets in operatic parts; but she is not a finished or finely tempered concert singer. She tends to exaggeration of tempi and dynamics, to over-emphasis, and distortion of phrases. Technical details, moreover, which pass in an opera performance show immediately and sometimes disastrously in more intimate surroundings. On a number of occasions last night phrases were nobly molded and delivered with an ample, full resonance which delighted the ear. Next moment she would break or twist a melodic passage; connect a low and a high tone in a way suggestive of an automobile skidding a corner, or slacken a rhythm to favor a special effect—and the effect was gone.

The more the pity! A singer with a voice of uncommon character and dramatic capacity was heard in a medium which emphasized her weaknesses and was not suited to her style. The results belied her talent and her intentions.

Constance McGlinchey, Pianist.

Miss Constance McGlinchey, pianist, who appeared in recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, has a tone that is full and musical, and a good technical basis on which to build as a virtuoso. She requires, however, more concert experience and physical endurance before she can meet completely the practical demands of the recital hall. She has also, on the interpretive side, to develop authority and individuality, to find herself and in so doing publish the inner meaning—for her—of the composer. To accomplish this the respectful observation of tempo and expression marks on the printed page is not enough. The conviction that cannot be shaken by any circumstance and that is felt, whatever the physical conditions, by an audience, comes from searching analysis, intuition and a synthetic grasp of a composition, which reveals its inner life and its organic growth in such a way that the culmination of the work is felt in its very beginning.

In the slow movement of the Schumann G minor sonata Miss McGlinchey gave convincing evidence of her sincerity and her musical sensibility. She played the A flat study of Chopin with poetic coloring, and attacked the C minor etude with interplay. In the little known concert piece of Paderewski, "Dans le Desert," she summoned considerable virtuosity. Other performances were episodic in character, and, when of a melodic nature, were inclined to deliberateness of pace. The audience was appreciative and recalled the performer.

A Note on Costume

IN COMMON, I SUPPOSE, with the rest of my colleagues I have received the following letter from Mme. Lucrezia Bori:

"Dear Sir—Pardon me for my seeming, but innocent effrontery. We Spaniards women are not in the habit of writing to

newspapers, especially to take exception to criticism of our professional work. No one more than I respects the musical critics in their duties to the public. When I sing badly or act badly, certainly it is within their province to tell both me and public so, provided they explain in simple language where and why I sang or acted badly and just how I should correct my faults.

"However, when my kind musical critics take me to task regarding my costumes, I reserve the right (even though I am not a Joan of Arc) to cross swords with them. Some of these critics took serious exception to my costumes as Giulietta, the Venetian courtesan, in the second act of 'The Tales of Hoffmann.' I don't think I am mistaken in assuming that they all belong to the more serious or sterner sex. Such being the case, as a woman I may be permitted to question their authority as arbiters of the feminine toilette.

"Consequently, to show that I bear no malice, I am prepared to give a nice little tea party in honor of the musical critic (male, of course), who will submit to me the best original sketch of a smart eighteenth century Venetian courtesan's evening frock suitable to the scene in question.

"Of course, he must be honor bound to create this design without the aid, direct or indirect, sympathetic or unsympathetic—may I even say without the knowledge?—of his wife or sweetheart.

"Naturally, the musical critics of fashion journals are not eligible in this contest.

"LUCREZIA BORI."

Nothing, I am sure, could have been further from Mme. Bori's thoughts than obtaining publicity. I must apologize, therefore, for inflicting upon her something so repugnant to her as a singer, and can only justify myself on the ground that her letter raises a question of some interest to opera-goers.

Let me, by the way, say that if critics there were who were so abandoned as to "take serious exception" to Mme. Bori's costume as Giulietta, I was not one of them. I am glad to say I did not notice it—which is a tribute to her singing, for it is my experience that a musical critic's preoccupation with a singer's costume varies inversely with his interest in her vocal art. I remember a French Tosca who, in the second act, wore a frock so tight and so diaphanous that when I came to write my notice on the performance I found, to

my astonishment, that I had not the faintest recollection of how she had sung, or, indeed, if she had sung at all.

I confess my total inability to design a dress for a Venetian courtesan,—not to mention that I do not know whether we critics ought to regard Mme. Bori's assumption of acquaintance on our part with such subjects as a reflection on our morals or a tribute to our charm. But there have been occasions when even I, a mere specimen of what Mme. Bori flatteringly calls "the more serious or sterner sex," have ventured to have an opinion of my own as to the appropriateness of some detail or other in an opera singer's appearance. I have never been able to understand how rough and starving Russian peasant women always manage to look as if they had stepped straight out of a beauty parlor,—judging from the evidence of the forest scene in "Boris Godounov"; or how Manon, in Puccini's opera, managed to tramp the rough prairie for all those weary miles in satin shoes without either hurting her foot or damaging the shoes; or how Wotan and Fricka, in the second scene of the "Ringgold," sometimes manage to have gold ornaments about them before the existence of gold is known to the gods,—a point, by the way, upon which Wagner once expressed himself strongly in a letter to Hans Richter.

And while we are reforming opera from the sartorial standpoint, why should we not take oratorio in hand? Could anything be more absurd than Elijah in evening dress, or the Daughter of Zion in a transformator? Would not oratorio singers put more realism into their work if they were properly garbed? For my part,

If I had the power I would insist on all oratorios being sung in the costume of the period—with a possible exception in the case of the "Creation."

ERNEST NEWMAN.

TOSCANINI TO JOIN THE PHILHARMONIC

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Arturo Toscanini, the great Italian conductor, has agreed to conduct a series of concerts of the Philharmonic Society next season. This announcement was made yesterday by Clarence H. Mackay, Chairman of the Philharmonic Society's Board of Directors, at a meeting of the directors and officers of the society, at the residence of Mrs. Vincent Astor, in Fifth Avenue. It was also announced that Wilhelm Mengelberg, who has for several years conducted the concerts of the last half of the season, had been re-engaged for three years longer.

Mr. Toscanini's engagement will probably begin in January, 1926, and will include a series of concerts. The exact number of them, and their dates, has not yet been fixed, but Mr. Mackay said that he had received Toscanini's assent to the proposition within the last few days and that the details of the arrangement would soon be fixed.

The announcement will be of great interest to all lovers of symphonic music in New York and elsewhere. Since Mr. Toscanini left the Metropolitan Opera House at the end of the season of 1914-15, there have been various rumors of attempts to get him to return to America as the head of one or another of the great orchestras, but till the present time there had been no engagement made. He is well known in America, however, as a symphonic conductor, through the series of concerts he gave in this country in the season of 1920-21. He gave them something like sixty concerts, with an orchestra of Italian musicians which he brought over with him. Of these concerts, six were given in New York, attracting great attention from all lovers of symphonic music and making upon them a deep impression.

While he was conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House he gave an orchestral concert there in April, 1913, that was repeated soon after, at which he played Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. So great was the interest in this performance that arrangements were made for a series of such concerts with the orchestra of the Opera House, but he fell ill, and the prospect had to be given up.

Brought to Metropolitan in 1908.

Mr. Toscanini was brought to the Metropolitan Opera House as conductor by Giulio Gatto Cadazza, when the latter came as joint manager (with Andreas Dippel) in the season of 1908-09. He was at that time conductor of La Scala, the famous opera house of Milan, of which Mr. Gatti Casazza was manager; and was accounted then the foremost conductor of Italy. He confirmed and more than confirmed his great reputation in the years he remained at the Metropolitan Opera House. He remained there till the end of the season of 1914-15, and made his tenure of office remarkable by the extraordinarily fine performances that he gave—performances notable for the perfection of ensemble on the stage that gave evidence of his vigilance and authority as a stage manager, but also for the splendor and vitality of the orchestral playing and the new spirit and frequently the new understanding that he imposed into the singers. It was testified by both singers and orchestral players that they owed Mr. Toscanini much for the disclosure of unsuspected secrets of their art.

His phenomenal memory has become legendary. He conducted every performance without the score, and came to the first rehearsal of every new production with the entire work completely in his head. He first manifested this bewildering capacity in his younger days as a cellist in one of the Italian orchestras, when he is reported as having put his part "under the seat of his trousers" when he came to the first performance for which he was engaged and played the whole cello part of the opera from memory. There was nothing of bravado in this line of action, which he has kept up ever since, and there is something more than even the greater freedom and opportunity gained by release from the score. Mr. Toscanini is a performance that reading a score in a performance is practically an impossibility for him.

His Many Notable Performances.

In the six seasons in which he was incessantly occupied at the Metropolitan Opera House he gave many notable performances, including the production of many new operas and the revival of many notable old ones. He made his first appearance on the opening night of the season of 1905 in "Aida." Nor was he limited to any one school of composition. He conducted the most important of Italian operas of the repertoire and also "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger,"

"Götterdämmerung." He gave notable revivals of Weber's "Euryanthe," Gluck's "Orfeo" and "Armida," produced Dukars's "Arlene et Barbe Bleue," and Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff." Among his Italian first performances were Puccini's "Le Villi" and "Fanciulla del West," Catalani's "La Wally," Montemayor's "L'Amore del Tre Re," Giordano's "Mme. Sans Gene," Wolf-Ferrari's "La Donna Curiosa" and "L'Amore Medico," and equally notable was his revival of Verdi's "Falstaff" and others of the Italian school.

Mr. Toscanini left the Metropolitan Opera House at the end of the season of 1914-15 for reasons variously stated on his part, but his native country during the war and no service for her.

Mr. Toscanini returned to America in December, 1920, at the head of an orchestra styled "The Orchestra of La Scala, Milan," but like most imported orchestras, made up of a number of miscellaneous elements. It was stated at the time that there was little hope of covering the expense of the tour by receipts, but that one important object of it was to "better the understanding between America and Italy." A well-known New York patron of music and art was suspected at that time of bearing much of the expense of the tour.

The first concert was given in the Metropolitan Opera House on Dec. 28, 1920. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and a display of Italian American flags and the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" followed.

Three orchestral concerts, three of which were given at the Metropolitan, in Carnegie Hall and one in the Aeolian Hall, were the first full disclosure of Mr. Toscanini's powers as a symphonic conductor. Though the orchestra was not of the first class, it did not admirably to Mr. Toscanini, who showed a very fine discrimination in all shades of dynamics; an inherent and admirable rhythmic prelude, a well-tempered quality in his conducting of a fine breadth of phrasing, pleasingly modulated, a sure and delicate leading of the melodic line.

The orchestra's "wonderful responsiveness to the manifold and sensitive indications of its great conductor, its elasticity, flexibility and finish, showed that can be accomplished by intensive rehearsal under a great and dominating personality."

In these concerts Mr. Toscanini played Beethoven's Mozart, Beethoven's fifth and seventh symphonies, Brahms's second, Dvorak's "New World," Brahms's variations on a chorale by Haydn, Strauss's "Don Juan," Rauscher's "Le Festin d'Araignée," Elgar's "Enigma" variations, Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude, the prelude to the final scene from "Tristan und Isolde," Debussy's "Theridion" and a large number of Italian pieces, new and old. In the concert in La Scala, a series of old pieces arranged by Respighi, the same

composer's "Fontane di Roma," Sabatini's "Juventus," Sinigaglia's "Piemontese" suite and his overture to "Le Baruffe Chizzotte," a suite from Pizzetti's opera "La Pisanella," an intermezzo from Lugli's opera "La Figlia del Re," Tommasini's "Scenata" and Plick-Mangialaghi's "Rondo Fantastic," also the overture to Rossini's "William Tell" and to Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani." It was a list of remarkable catholicity and variety; hence of interest as foreshadowing his policy as conductor of the Philharmonic Society.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.

Nov 27 1924

MISS EASTON AS CARMEN.

A Lively First Performance of Bizet's Opera This Season.

A large audience attended this season's first "Carmen" at the Metropolitan last evening and was rewarded by an unusually lively performance. The first two acts in particular, with their beautiful scenic effects and a chorus which knew how to sing and when to move, were telling. Moreover, the two principal characters, Florence Easton as Carmen and Giovanni Martinelli, who replaced Miguel Fleta as Don José, not only took the vocal honors, but they carried on the story with more than the usual dramatic clearness and intensity. Queena Mario scored as Micaela.

Joan Ruth made an excellent debut as Frasquita, the higher voiced of the two gypsy companions of Carmen. The Mercedes of Henrietta Wakefield was well in the picture. Mardones again proved a serviceable Escamillo, while the other rôles were capably filled by Paolo Ananias, George Meader, Giovanni Martino and Lawrence Tibbett. The orchestra, under the direction of

Louis Hasselmans, was all that could be desired.

A number of mishaps on the stage caused no interruption. Mr. Martinelli tripped on his sword and fell; Miss Easton, at another threatening moment, dropped her dagger, and in the third act a canvas mountain toppled over. The canvas was restored without further disturbance and no one was hurt.

A feature of the fourth act was the dancing of Rosina Galli and the ballet.

CHALIAPIN AT MUSICALE.

He Sings "The Horn" at the Ritz—Lucrezia Bori at the Plaza.

Feodor Chaliapin opened the new Ritz-

Carlton musicales yesterday, singing to the social audience a remarkable song, "The Horn," by Flegler, with an air from "Prince Igor" and lyrics of Glinka and Tchaikovsky. Anna Fitzu sang songs of Strauss and Hageman and Paul Bernard played cello solos. Part of yesterday's proceeds went to the Child Welfare Association, whose work was explained by Miss Sophie Irene Loeb and Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

Lucrezia Bori sang yesterday at the Plaza in the second of the musical mornings arranged by her countryman, Andres de Seguro. Those assisting were Ralph Errolle and Lowell Sherman. Miss Bori is also announced for the second Ritz musicale on Dec. 9.

Mr. de Seguro gave a luncheon at the Plaza for Miss Bori following the musicale. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. John W. Garrett of Baltimore, Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness, Mrs. William May Wright, Mrs. William Astor Chandler, Miss Beth Evans, Mrs. Eloy Martinez of Havana, William Sullivan, Lowell Sherman and Ralph Errolle.

Gitta Gradova, Pianist, Fascinates.

Gitta Gradova, pianist, twice heard with growing interest last year, drew a remarkable audience for the holiday eve at Aeolian Hall last night. She presented a program more than half of which was devoted to Scriabin, his fourth sonata, Op. 30, and the later "Danse Languide" and Vers la Flamme," grouped with the P-sharp minor "Prelude" from earlier years. Mussorgsky and Medtner shared the post-lunch with Chopin, Albeniz and Liszt, while the whole was prefaced with Bach's "Italian" concerto. Miss Gradova, in a girlish black frock and short hair, fascinated her hearers with unaffectedly beautiful playing, backed with a rare force of temperament and personality.

THE second "artistic morning"

at the Plaza, under the direction of Andres de Seguro, was well attended yesterday morning.

Artists on the programme included Miss Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Ralph Errolle also of the Metropolitan and Lowell Sherman, who gave a fifteen-minute talk.

Concert by Hercules Pascal.

Hercules Pascal, bass, assisted by Miss Elinor Whittemore, violinist, and Solon Alberti, accompanist, gave a concert at Town Hall Wednesday night. Mr. Pascal offered a largely varied program, including Greek folk songs, operatic excerpts, German and Russian songs and Deems Taylor's lyric entitled "Captain Stratton's Fancy." Mr. Pascal's powerful but agreeable voice does not laud itself easily to the nicest color gradations at all times, but in spite of this drawback he shows skill in its management. He interpreted his numbers with earnestness, and his sympathy and clear diction were praiseworthy. Miss Whittemore was listed for Kreisler's "Londonderry" air, Cecil Burleigh's "Coloring" and other pieces of interest.

Miss Gradova Gives Recital.

Miss Gitta Gradova, who played here twice last season, gave a recital Wednesday evening in Aeolian Hall. A good portion of her program was devoted to Scriabin. She played his sonata in F sharp minor, a prelude, a piece entitled "Danse Languide" and another called "Vers la Flamme." There were also Mussorgsky's "Intermezzo" and "Hopak," and among some other selections a waltz by Chopin, a "Tragedy Fragment," opus 7, No. 3, of Medtner and Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz.

Miss Gradova's playing again impressed by its fire, vitality and strength.

Philharmonic's Concert.

The Philharmonic Society's concert, which would ordinarily have taken place last evening, was given on Wednesday night. The program consisted of Rachmaninov's "Isle of Death," Beethoven's G major piano concerto and the "Pathetic" symphony of Tchaikovsky. Nicolas Medtner played the concerto excellently. The same program will be performed tomorrow afternoon.

Philharmonic Concert

Until Wednesday night I had not heard the "Pathetic" symphony for seven or eight years. I had given up listening to it, because the star conductors made it sob and wail and shudder so disgustingly that one's stomach rose at the indecent

exhibition. But as I still kept a secret liking for the work, which is not only a very essence of Tchaikovsky but the supreme summing up of the pessimism of the Romantics, it was a pleasure to hear it again, and a double pleasure to hear it so masterly a performance as that of Mr. Van Hoogstraaten and the Philharmonic Society's orchestra. Mr. Van Hoogstraaten did all that was necessary to bring out the gloom and despair of the work, but never too much while the playing of the orchestra was a constant joy for its understanding and precision.

The only other purely orchestral work was Rachmaninov's "Isle of the Dead," a fine conception, admirably worked out though I cannot quite reconcile myself to the treatment of the "Dies Irae"; it is tantalizing to have only a fragment of the great, gaunt melody given us time after time. Here again the performance set the work in the best possible light.

Medtner's playing in the fourth piano concerto of Beethoven was of the kind should have expected from my knowledge of him as a composer. Its powerful intellectuality, its disdain of all softness of line and of accent, might not please every one but I personally felt the same mingled liking and respect for it that I do for Medtner's music. I must confess, however, to an almost irresistible longing for his blood during the cadenza in the first movement it was so completely out of keeping not only with Beethoven but with the style of Beethoven's period that it was difficult to understand how so fine an artist could bring himself to play it.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Philharmonic Society.

Russian musicians and composers dominated the program of the Philharmonic Society, Willem van Hoogstraaten conducting, last night in Carnegie Hall. The soloist was Nicholas Medtner, who played the Beethoven G major concerto. The concert opened with Rachmaninov of the tone poem, "The Island of the Dead," and closed with Tchaikovsky of the "Symphonie Pathétique." These are not optimistic compositions, but they have distinctions, as they have fascinating sincerity. There is a connection between the two composers which is more than merely nationalistic. Rachmaninov, it is true, is far more aloof and impersonal in the contemplation of mortality than Tchaikovsky; or at least he is faithful to the spirit of Beethoven's famous picture. He does not wring his hands, or cry out in despair. He evokes by simple means the mood the painter wished to convey—a mood that Renan described when he said of Turgenieff that centuries of reverie had amassed themselves about his heart. There are loftiness and resignation in the presence of the mystery that some dare not face, and this was not attained by Tchaikovsky.

It is, indeed, the very antithesis of him, as it is characteristic of Rachmaninov in his noblest vein. It is when Rachmaninov turns his eyes from "Suberbia vistas of death" and undertakes to express anguish and entreaty that he falls inevitably into the speech of his great predecessor. Then are heard the more hysterical and less distinctive accents of Tchaikovsky; the same melodic contour, the same orchestral color, the same poignancy of phrase, which at times degenerates into sentimentality. There is a greater Tchaikovsky. Light measures of trombones in the first movement of the "Pathétique," hinting at the same "Dies Irae," which obsesses the imagination of Rachmaninov and pervades his whole score, are more sinister than all the music that the contemporary Russian has written. But when Rachmaninov is himself he has a power that does not rant or rave, that sets him apart from other composers in his meditations and resignation.

Most conductors are overemotional in this music. Even in the early pages they push the orchestra to resounding climaxes. They play Rachmaninov as if he were in truth the neurotic Tchaikovsky. Mr. Hoogstraaten's performance of the opening escaped this reproach, while, on the other hand, it lacked a rather necessary measure of cohesion. For this reason one of the finest passages of the score lost a large measure of effect. This is where, after an orchestral climax, a wind instrument sustains a tone, and, after some seconds, this tone, which should become almost inaudible, is taken by the violas, tremolo, to announce again the theme of the terrible old chant. It is a significant detail, and one on which considerable depends. Which of the versions of the tone poem was employed last night? Mr. Rachmaninov, if we remember

rightly, revised the piece after its performances in 1909, and not, as it then seemed, wholly to its advantage. Last night the score did not seem too long or overelaborated—or this was the personal reaction of one listener! At all events, "The Island of the Dead" remains probably the greatest orchestral work Mr. Tchaikovsky has produced up to the present time. One is tempted to say that it would be an engrossing composition, because of its sincerity and its singular spell, even if it were longer, even if it were more diluted with Tchaikovsky. Not every symphony or symphonic poem is a flawless masterpiece, and there is that in this music which far overshadows its shortcomings.

Mr. Medtner's excellent performance of the Beethoven concerto did not surprise those who had previously heard him as recitalist and as soloist with another orchestra that played recently in this city. He played with a very beautiful quality of tone, with a fine sense of the delicate proportions of the most romantic of Beethoven's compositions for piano and orchestra, and with a restraint that matched his comprehension of the music, its sanity and freshness of feeling, made a welcome contrast to the other individual and highly emotional elements of the program.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S program last night may possibly have been designed to destroy at once the absurd legend that has somehow got about that he is only a sensational conductor. He began with a piece of the purest classicism—a Vivaldi concerto in D minor—and played it in a style that nobody could deny was of classical purity. It was a trying opening, for the great, serene lines of the work demand from the conductor not only a perfect plastic sense but the most absolute control. As it happens, control, which the merely sensational conductor always lacks, is one of Mr. Koussevitzky's strongest points; and no one who heard the strings of the orchestra phrase the long-drawn-out melody of the adagio could doubt that there was a conductor who, however deeply he may feel a piece of music, however thoroughly he may be immersed in it, yet paradoxically stands right outside it, seeing it as a sculptor sees a statue, and modelling it as a sculptor models.

In the "Oberon" overture and the "Nuages" and "Fetes" of Debussy we had another Koussevitzky—a water color painter, lover of soft lines and delicate washes. He tuned the orchestra down, in the prelude to the "Oberon," to the finest pianissimo imaginable, yet within the pianissimo were a dozen degrees of depth of tint. In his phrasing of the clarinet melody some of his listeners may have felt their first impulse to disagree with him. The pace may have been rather slow for some tastes; it was certainly slower than most conductors allow themselves at this point. At here, as on other similar occasions, Mr. Koussevitzky plays the operatic overture with his mind intent on the opera itself. The clarinet melody he fills with all the notion of the scene in which it appears; and his slow tempo has the advantage that the later stages of the overture become clear and what grows out of it can be made to express a very dramatic acceleration of the pulse. Granting Mr. Koussevitzky's premises, every later stage of the argument follows with an irresistible logic.

The "Nuages" always leaves one a little dissatisfied, partly, no doubt, because it is like Moussorgsky that one feels it is not out-and-out Debussy. But the color sense of it is consummate. Unfortunately the performance of it, that was equally consummate, was in large part spoiled by an attack of bronchial catarrh all over the house. The psychologist, rather than the physiologist, must be left to explain why it is that a delicate pianissimo always rings on this kind of thing, while a prolonged fortissimo leaves the human throat unscathed. It was in the "Fetes"—the higher mark of Debussy's genius—that we had the most exquisite playing of the evening. Here, if anywhere in music, a composer has managed to get what painters call aerial perspective; and in last night's superb performance this was realized with delicacy and certainty that left one amazed. It was not alone that the curious centerpiece that Debussy himself described as a procession passing through the main texture of the fete and being at once distinct from it and blended with it was shown so clearly as a sort of pictorial "insert"—for, after all, Debussy's cunning

orchestration has provided for that—but that the whole work really suggested that "luminous dust" that the composer aimed at painting in tones.

Honegger's "Pacific 231" formed an amusing interlude between the more serious things. Mr. Koussevitzky's keen sense of orchestral values enabled him to put a delicious realism into what are the best parts of the work,—indeed, the only parts that one wants to hear very often—the first dozen or twenty bars and the last. The cleverness of the scoring here is diabolical. Art, as usual, has gone one better than nature; no locomotive that ever lived could come near Honegger's orchestra in suggesting the starting of a huge engine, the grinding and whistling of axles slowly settling down to their work, the gradual coming of the feeling of its own mighty strength into the limbs of the monster. But the work excels only in these imitative effects; as soon as Honegger has to rely on more truly musical means to make his effect he becomes commonplace.

Scriabine's "Poem of Ecstasy" has always been one of the works in which Mr. Koussevitzky has excelled. In few works can we study so completely his union of perfection of detail with a steady, unrelaxing grasp of the whole. But his performance of the "Poem of Ecstasy" is unconsciously cruel to the work. It shows it up for what it is,—a long aphrodisiac convulsion. I know that Scriabine regarded it as an essay in pantheist-theosophist philosophy; but the true sub-title for it would be "Confessions of an Erotic Flapper." To analyze it psychologically as it ought to be analyzed is impossible in a respectable newspaper; it could be done only in a medical journal devoted to the spicier problems of psychiatry. But though the substance of the work is obscene, technically it is a masterpiece. It makes its effect by an endless series of harmonic startings that are always checked just on the verge of realization. It is this that makes the work so hard a problem for the conductor; he has to convey to the hearer the sense of still pressing on and on through each of these momentary setbacks. Mr. Koussevitzky makes us conscious of the one big line embracing it all.

"Parsifal" Impressively Performed

Yesterday afternoon's performance of Wagner's festival drama was up to the Metropolitan's high standard, although some old opera-goers may still long for the transformation scenery in the first act, since it leaves the spell of the music unbroken, as the scene changes to the hall of the temple.

Nothing, however, can add to or detract from the transcendent strains of this glorious opera. Under Bodanzky's magic baton the orchestra sang Wagner's "swan song" as even the most critical music lover would have it given. The score of the first part of the third act has seldom if ever been better played.

Matzenauer's Kundry is one of her most successful roles. Her voice, though a bit heavy and dark in the garden scene, was smooth and full of passion. Her costume in this scene, it must be said, was too suggestive of a modern show window to be entirely appropriate. In the final scene, in which there is often a let-down, she kept the action on a high plane.

The Parsifal of Rudolph Laubenthal was a sympathetic interpretation which rose to lofty heights in the last scene in the temple. Clarence Whitehill gave his usual adequate impersonation of Amfortas. Paul Bender's interpretation of Gurnemanz makes that knight a human and lovable as well as a dignified character. His voice was especially beautiful in the passages in which the music is based on the Grail theme.

The choruses, so satisfying to hear from the majestic reaches of the cathedral, were given as only the Metropolitan chorus can give them.

The audience in general did its part to make the Thanksgiving performance a sacred festival, as Wagner intended it should be, by refraining from applause and promptly rebuking those who have yet to learn the beauty of a silent tribute.

"Barber of Seville"

Something like fifteen years ago a girl, Elvira de Hidalgo, made her debut in the Metropolitan Opera House. She was only seventeen years old then and her appearance as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" was little more than a series of shrill pipings.

Last night she came back in the same role a mature artist in every respect, and her Rosina was a pleasure with its warm Spanish beauty and acting and a voice that is rich and full-toned. Chaliapin was indisposed, so his place was taken by Didur. Czarniecki sang well as the Count and De Luca was, of course, a delight as the Barber.

HENDERSON.

Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitzky was born in 1874 in Vyshny Volotchik, Russia. He studied at the Moscow Conservatory and became a professor there. He developed first into a celebrated double bass virtuoso and afterward became a distinguished conductor. He has composed a concerto for double bass and founded a society for the promotion of Russian music in Berlin. He has conducted with great success in Paris and London as well as in other cities of Europe.

Further display of details does not seem essential to the peace of mind of the local music lover. What most of us wish to know is whether the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the language of the curbstone, is going "to stage a come back." And let not Pierre Monteux lose such credit as he should receive. He inherited the orchestra in a lamentable condition and had a long uphill journey. He left it in an excellent state and Mr. Koussevitzky did not have to begin at the beginning.

A Real Commander.

But the best ear in the world cannot give a good demonstration in the hands of an incompetent driver. Therefore the news this morning is that a real commander is once more at the head of the Boston forces. Mr. Koussevitzky will not be numbered among the prima donnas of the baton for the simple reason that he is a virile, forceful and withal an analytical conductor, whose interpretations last evening combined sweep and power with searching insight and broad musical imagination. The program gave him room for an exhibition of his command of styles. The Vivaldi concerto was superbly performed. The orchestra delivered it with breadth of tempi, illuminating clarity and nicely adjusted balance of polyphony and unfailingly beautiful phrasing. The whole composition breathed the breath of life, but never for an instant lost its dignity of progress or its architectural lines.

The "Oberon" overture is a work throbbing with the fervor and gallantry of the romantic movement. The conductor's reading was unquestionably more analytical than those to which this public is accustomed. He made his points openly; but when one had adjusted his mind to this he received the right impression of instrumental splendor and variety of moods. The contrasts of themes and movements were strongly marked, but the spirit of the work was published. And the tonal magnificence of the orchestra was revealed in all its glory.

The Debussy nocturnes served to illustrate the disposition of Mr. Koussevitzky toward the romanticism of modern France and the disclosure was far from being the least interesting contribution to the evening's pleasure. The clouds of Debussy are often gray and foggy. Under the newcomer's baton they resumed their proper character. They were pearly, delicate, gently floating, mysterious. The playing of this number was a masterpiece of gossamer transparency and exquisite finish. The fetes were splendidly festive. The cortege has never been played here with such a masterly development of the long crescendo.

The Locomotive Composition.

The much discussed locomotive composition assumed entirely novel virtue under the director of last night, who first gave it in this country. Mr. Koussevitzky, who had from the beginning shown himself an indefatig-

able pursuer of melodic line, uncovered thematic traits and pointed instrumental utterances hitherto unperceived, at any rate by this reporter. Mr. Honegger's conception is abjectively physical and baldly descriptive, but the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra revealed every jot of its meaning, thereby proving that there was more of it "than the casual spectator would imagine."

It is unnecessary to say more than that while the director's style is picturesque there was no evidence last evening that his pantomime was designed to astonish the public. He was apparently bent on giving his men their entrances and reminding them of the alterations of tempo and the dynamic points he had placed before them at rehearsal. The large audience was unquestionably impressed very favorably by the debut.

Operas at the Metropolitan.

The vicissitudes of a Spanish sceneri- ta of Seville and the dire happenings in the Plaza de Toros were unrolled before a large audience in the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday evening when the season's first performance of Bizet's "Carmen" was presented with Mme. Florence Easton in the title role.

There were a few minor changes in a familiar cast. Mr. Fleta was indisposed and in his place Mr. Martinelli assumed the amorous responsibilities of Don Jose and discharged them with truly Latin fervor. He was in good voice and sang well, although inclined to lean heavily on the tender chord of passion. Mme. Easton's "Carmen," somewhat maternal and wanting in fire was commendable for the style of her singing and the clarity of her enunciation, although wanting in other desirable qualities.

A newcomer to the cast was Miss Joan Ruth, as *Trasquila*, a petite, graceful young artist, who acted acceptably and revealed a voice of modest dimension, but well placed and used with freedom and excellent intonation. Miss Queena Mario as *Micaela*, Miss Wakefield as *Mercedes*, Jose Mardones as *Escamillo*, Giovanni Martino as *Zuniga* and Mr. Meader as *Remendado*, were other well known contributors to the evening's entertainment. And of course there were farandoles, boleros and fan dances by Miss Galli, Miss Rudolph, Mr. Bougiglo and the ballet which won much deserved applause. Some day a Spanish maiden will forget to place her hand on her hip and will thereby be set apart as a Nordic.

On the whole it was a rather rough party. While crossing the stage in the first act Mr. Martinelli and his legs had an argument with his sword scabbard in which the tenor lost the decision. Later, in the third act, several tons of scenic rock fell on the chorus, who were forced to walk off with an imposing portion of the Catalonian Mountains. And evidently there was a taxi strike in Seville, for Miss Easton and her escort walked to the bull fight.

The orchestra was in charge of Mr. Hasselmans.

Chaliapin Unable to Sing.

Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," 108 years old and apparently undergoing a constant process of rejuvenation, was given last evening. The Barber kept no one waiting, but a good many customers were disappointed when Mr. Chaliapin, who was indisposed, failed to don religious vestments and Mr. Didur's excellent *Basilio* appeared instead. Inasmuch as Mr. Chaliapin's version of the village organist aroused some of the brethren when he last played the role at the Metropolitan on December 12, 1907, popular curiosity had to be put over for a future occasion.

The interesting feature of the performance was Mme. Elvira de Hidalgo's *Rosina*, in a sense a reappearance as Mme. de Hidalgo appeared at the Metropolitan in the same role in one of the first years of King Gatti's reign. The comely Spanish soprano presented a character which was vocally interesting and histrionically excellent. The quality of her voice was not always pleasing, but her florid passages were executed with ease and accuracy. Occasionally a nasal tint crept into her upper register, but the

her chamber area, "Una Voce Poco Fa," was excellent and she executed a high F with faultless technique. She did not always sing with emotion, but her *Rosina* possessed heart, and while not as sharply outlined as the young lady is usually portrayed, proved to be adequate, melodious and vivacious.

"Parsifal" in Afternoon.

In the afternoon scene faint echoes of Mme. Papi were recalled when she sang the Shadow Dance from Meyerbeer's "Hugues," supplementing this with a Spanish song, "Las Hijas del Zebedeo," by R. Chapi.

The first of the performance was a very familiar party with old friends in familiar roles. Maria Chanlee's vivacious *Almaviva*, Mr. Malatesta's rich effects as *Dr. Bartholo*, and Mr. de Luca's exuberant *Figaro* all contributed to a spirited evening. Mr. Didur was an exceptionally good voice and made the most of his *Colombine* song.

Mr. Papi, who is on congenial terms with Rossini, conducted a well knit performance.

In the afternoon there was the usual Thanksgiving performance of "Parsifal." The principals in the cast were Mr. Whitehall, in excellent voice as *Amfortas*, Mr. Laubenthal as *Parsifal*, Paul Bender an impressive *Gurnemanz*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Kundry* and Mr. Schnetzendorf as *Klimor*. Others who deserved mention were the Messrs. Paolo Ananian, Angelo Bada, Carl Schlegel and George Meader. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Elvira de Hidalgo Applauded

Elvira de Hidalgo came back to the Metropolitan fold last night, and it was a "comeback" to be envied by many less fortunate, who shall be nameless, in the local opera empires of the forty seasons. On the stage where Hidalgo had so shrilly piped as a 17-year-old girl in her former debut, March 7, 1910, there reappeared after many years a woman ripened and matured in voice, physique, personality and art. Spanish from toes to eyebrows, with an assurance won on the wide world's stage, she was on terms with the holiday night house before a note was sung. And it was the same old opera, Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," which she had vainly essayed before, and which itself is soon to celebrate a century in old New York.

Mme. de Hidalgo's *Rosina* had the

flavor of Spanish saffron, a warmth of sun and sand, a colloquial richness from the very soil. Her parlando passages, flirtations and smiling made the talky recitatives go like the snap of the whip to a thoroughbred. She may nervously have gone wide of the mark in a few topnotes of "Una Voce Poco Fa" in the buoyant scene, but "a voice" certainly it was, and the audience applauded its full-bodied middle range, such a voice of the people as you'd hear in Seville. In the "Lesson scene" she interpolated the ever-beet's shadow song from "Diaghilev," sharply daring comparisons, and Chapi's "Las Hijas del Zebedeo," of her own Spain.

Mr. Chaliapin, indisposed, was out of the promised cast. Mr. Didur resuming deftly as usual his rôle of the rude village song teacher. Chanlee was the amorous Count, Malatesta the old man, De Luca the barber. Mattfeld, Reschiglian and Paltrinieri filled out the ensemble and Papi conducted to a crowded theatre.

Nov 27 1924

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead" is not frequently played now, though there was a time, in the days of its youth, when no orchestral season was complete without several performances of it. I heard it first played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra under Moritz Altschuler. I don't remember just when that was, but I do remember thinking it one of the most wonderful pieces of music ever written. And I also thought that Boeklin's picture, upon which it is based, was one of the two most wonderful pictures ever painted; the other was Melissier's "Friedland, 1814."

So it must have been some time ago. Boeklin's picture does not seem so wonderful now. Its neo-Byronic

glow seems not quite real, and its rather too obvious decorative pattern has become a little wearisome. Death, somehow, seems less romantic than that, a little more of an interruption and a nuisance, and a little less terrifying.

But the picture still retains some of its old spell, and Rachmaninoff's music, as the Philharmonic played it under Mr. Van Hoogstraten at Carnegie last night, has retained much more. It does create its mood of melancholy beauty and aching grief, and it does sustain it—a bit too long, perhaps, for a listener inclined to be restive, but with unflagging strength and unshaken sincerity.

All in all, it was a somewhat despondent program for the Philharmonic to be playing on Thanksgiving Eve, for the *Nox Irae* ended with that trustworthy chastener, Chykovsky's Sixth; still pathetic, and still, to judge from its reception, a welcome experience for Philharmonic subscribers.

The only touch of comparative lightness was lent by Beethoven's fourth piano concerto, played by Nicholas Medtner to Mr. Van Hoogstraten's excellent accompaniment. Even that was not exactly cheery, for Mr. Medtner's granitic style and technique, while raising the first movement to really noble heights, were somewhat unyielding for the andante and somewhat ponderous and unsmiling for the rondo. It was a performance generally epic, but not always poetry.

OTHER MUSIC.

The first "Carmen" of the season was presented last night against the burning sandstone and cobalt skies of Mr. Josef Urban. This is no place for reflections about the influence of blazing color on an operatic performance, but the fact remains that the current "Carmen" at the Metropolitan has been far more spirited and exciting since these sets were first designed. Yesterday's performance was quite as animated as its predecessors of last season, and the entire company plunged into the smoldering melodrama of sudden loves and revenges with an intensity which made it a dramatic as well as a musical triumph.

There were few changes in the cast. Joan Ruth, a young American, discovered by the Metropolitan in musical comedy, made her debut as Frasquita, the ringleader, as you will remember, of a particularly loquacious group of merry-makers. No young singer could be judged with any finality on these snatches of fugitive soprano song, but they were enough to indicate that Miss Ruth has a voice of bright and flexible quality, which she uses with deft dramatic effect. And it was even more evident that she is a skillful actress and decidedly decorative.

For the rest there was Florence Easton's "Carmen," intelligent, carefully analyzed and gracefully sung. It is a cerebral rather than an emotionally abandoned study, a feature which is particularly clear in Miss Easton's obvious distaste for the rough-and-tumble fight of the cigaret factory. Martinelli at the last moment replaced Fleta with his familiar version of Don Jose and Mardones was a genial and savage Escamillo. In fact, the principals were all that they should be, but the stimulating quality of the opera was as thoroughly due to the spirit of the chorus and to the vigorous work of Mr. Hasselmans, who conducted against this background of Zuloaga lights and shadows. A. S.

Nov 28 1924

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

ENTER KOUSSEVITZKY.

The applause that greeted Serge Koussevitzky as he came upon the platform of Carnegie Hall last night to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in New York was lengthy and cordial but, naturally, not significant. New York was glad to see at last in the flesh the hero of the famous "Concerts

Koussevitzky" of Paris, the arch-ex-pounder of Stravinsky and modern music in general, newly come over to take the musical helm in Boston, and New York was wishing him well. But as the evening wore on, Mr. Koussevitzky must have noticed a change in the character of the applause, an ever-quickening interest and enthusiasm that culminated in a torrent of handclaps and scattered cheers at the end of the concert.

Last night's audience had good reason to applaud and all other lovers of orchestral music may this morning take the President's Thanksgiving proclamation unreservedly, if a trifle belatedly, to heart. For the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in the hands of a musician of profound insight and extraordinary technical command, one who may cause it to equal, possibly surpass, its former legendary glories.

A few seasons of musical reviewing have taught this aging scribe that the archaeologist's interesting practice of describing a mastodon complete after seeing one bone will not do in the field of aesthetics. It is disconcerting to shout "Skylark!" after hearing one song, only to have the songster turn out to be a swan; and so, although the glimpse of Mr. Koussevitzky's powers revealed last night was extremely impressive, we shall endeavor to be reasonably cautious and avoid putting all our emotional eggs into one basket until, say, after next Saturday afternoon's concert.

The impression he made last night was all the more profound because he was not playing upon a perfect instrument. The Boston Orchestra, despite Mr. Monteux's heroic labors of the past few years, has not regained the wonderful plasticity and tonal beauty that it had under Karl Muck. The brasses are nicely balanced but a little wanting in richness, the other wind choirs, while they number famous artists in their ranks, lack complete homogeneity, and the strings, clear as they are, remain a little cold in quality.

Only an authentic miracle, of course, would have corrected these shortcomings in the few weeks Mr. Koussevitzky has been in Boston. What he has evidently done is to concentrate his energies upon getting the finest possible playing out of the orchestra under his hand, reserving radical efforts to refine the instrument itself for a time of greater leisure.

And it was extraordinary playing that he coaxed from his men last night. "Coaxed" is perhaps not a just term, for he has little of Mr. Mengelberg's air of genial persuasiveness. On the other hand, his is not at all parade-ground discipline of Karl Muck. He is tall, well built, neither slim nor portly, and bears a faint facial resemblance to Josef Hofmann. If he is to be compared with any conductor it should probably be with Leopold Stokowsky. Both men handle an audience and an orchestra with the same air of unassertive, slightly aloof, but absolutely confident authority.

Mr. Koussevitzky's beat is angular and decisive, and must be easy to follow. In quiet passages he leans almost entirely from the wrist, in a very small arc, widening the arc and using his full arm only in moments of stress. His most individual gesture is to thrust his left arm sharply overhead, the palm of the hand flat, to indicate a sudden pianissimo (a dynamic change of which he seems very fond). Although his conducting is always electric with energy, his practice of keeping both feet firmly planted and his body motionless gives an impression of fundamental poise and complete self-mastery.

The first half of last night's program, whether intentionally so or not, was perfectly adapted to exhibiting samples of his ability in various styles of music. There was the Vivaldi D minor concerto, with organ—archaic-classic; Weber's overture to "Oberon"—romantic; Debussy's two nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Petes"—modern, and Honegger's "Pacific 231"—ultra-modern. After the intermission, he played Scriabin's "Poeme d'Extase," a choice upon which speculation cautiously ceases.

Everything he played exhibited, above all, an impeccable sense of balance, proportion and style, and an

exquisite sensitiveness to detail and subtle nuances. The Vivaldi concerto, admirably adapted to his rather cold strings, was clearly and sharply outlined, with strong contrasts—a study in black and white. The "Oberon" overture he made unmistakably a prelude to a drama, with the wonderful muted introduction a dreamy, almost soundless wonder, the sforzando chord leading into the body of the piece coming like a pistol-shot to break the spell. The remainder was unashamedly healthy, exuberant, full-blooded adventure.

His performance of the two Debussy pieces was the high point of the concert—the "Nuages," a marvel of pallid beauty, matching white against white with infinite delicacy of touch, while the "Petes," more robustly colored, were still imbued with the other-world remoteness that is the essence of Debussy. His playing of the Honegger locomotive piece and the Scriabin poem was equally unerring in directness and polished in detail. The former, however, was almost too musical, and not quite brutal enough. One understood—even if not approving—why Honegger refers to a locomotive as "she."

The holiday brought the season's

first performance of "Parsifal" in the afternoon at the Metropolitan, with a cast that, with the exception of Mr. Ananian as Titirel and Mr. Altglass as the Fourth Esquire, was familiar from two or three seasons of intimate association. Everything was substantially as it had been: the mellow and throaty Gurnemanz of Mr. Bender, the good-looking and technically correct Parsifal of Mr. Laubenthal, the earnest, capable and fundamentally miscast Kundry of Mme. Matzenauer. The one great performance, as always, was the Amfortas of Clarence Whitehill, a characterization that for vivid reality and overwhelming tragic power deserves to stand very close to the Boris of Feodor Chaliapin.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted with fluency and excellent balance. It is heartening, by the way, to see that the Metropolitan is working nobly to suppress the ill-timed outbursts of applause that frequently spoil operatic performances for those hearers who listen with their heads instead of their motor ganglia. The programs bore a notice. In minatory bold-face: "Positively no encores allowed." And, believe it or not, Amfortas did not even venture to bow after his big arias.

OTHER MUSIC.

"The Barber of Seville" opened to a burst of enthusiasm at the Metropolitan last night, but the two debuts which were to mark this performance didn't quite come off. Feodor Chaliapin, who was to appear as Don Basilio for the first time at the Metropolitan, was indisposed and was replaced by Mr. Didur.

The appearance of Elvira de Hidalgo as *Rosina* emerged as a second performance. She sang this same role ten years ago in this same opera-house, but since that exceedingly young performance she has gained so immeasurably in richness of tone and vocal agility that this may be regarded as a debut nevertheless. It was, then, a new *Rosina* who romped through the role with an obvious enjoyment which thoroughly captivated the house and which added another version of this melodious and kittenish character to the many interpretations which have preceded her. It would be difficult for any singer to make this opera significant at this stage of the musical game, but this spontaneous and refreshing performance at least succeeded in making it more interesting. Mr. Chanlee, Mr. Malatesta and Mr. De Luca sang their familiar rôles with much spirit and Mr. Papi conducted the hilarious emphasis on the comedy aspects of the piece. A large audience made the usual clamorous but futile demands for encores. A. S.

erence Gilman

ussevitzky Comes to Town;
The Famous Russian Leads
the Boston Symphony

First subscription concert this season of
Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie
Hall.

PROGRAM
Concerto in D minor for orchestra
and organ. (Edited by A. Siloti)
Debussy. Overture to "Oberon"
Weber. Two nocturnes for orchestra
(a) "Nocturne."
(b) "Fetes."
Leger. "Pacific, 231"
Intermission.
Labin. "Le Poeme de l'Extase," Op. 24

At twenty-one minutes past 8 last
night the greatest doublebass player
the world walked rather listlessly
to the stage of Carnegie Hall and
nodded gravely to an enormous
audience stuffed to bursting with
anticipatory excitement and cranberry
ice. But the object of all this atten-
tion carried neither bow nor viol. The
huso of other years, the Casals of
the bull fiddle, had long since stored
his doublebass and had become the
most conspicuous conductor in Europe.
In this reserved, distinguished, im-
maculately tailored figure, who looked as
he were about to plead a corporation
case before the Supreme Court in-
stead of conducting an orchestra, was
Serge Koussevitzky, come at last to
New York.

It is known of all men hereabouts
that Mr. Koussevitzky is the new leader
of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—
the admirable Monteux, its late director,
having gone the way of all conductorial
shades that proves to be merely grass
that does not permit the making of
oftable hay by the box office. If the
retractor of the Orchestra were at
any time anxious as to the outcome of
a change, they must long since have
gone away their doubts upon the joy-
ful winds of certitude. For Mr. Kous-
sevitzky came to town last night trail-
ing clouds of authentic Boston glory
to say nothing of his European (nim-
is), heralded by the paeans sung in
praise by the acute reviewers and the
seasoned public of that sage and ex-
perienced community, which has
known masters of the orchestra as vari-
ously gifted as Gerike and Nikisch and
luck and Monteux, and is not easily
eased from the milk of tradition. And
the directorate must also have had
their misgivings concerning our own
mighty town set happily at rest: for
it is said that Boston Symphony seats
are now almost as scarce as they used
to be in those fabulous pre-war days
when the concerts of the Boston organi-
zation were the chief and shining
events of our orchestral season.

Certainly the chairs and standing
room at Carnegie Hall could not have
been more completely filled than they
were last night; and at every point
there the polite inexorability of Mr.
Koussevitzky would permit—at his en-
trances and exits and culminations
though not in the brief pauses be-
tween movements—the audience made
manifest its enthusiastic approval of
the new conductor, who for three years
has set musical Europe by the ears.
At the end of the concert, after Mr.
Koussevitzky had borne them up into
the rationally perfumed paradise of that
Poeme de l'Extase which he so
lovely loves to set swirling about sus-
ceptible ears, they recalled him repeat-
edly to the stage. How often we can-
not say; for when we left, the quiet,
well-groomed, rather melancholy figure
was still coming out and bowing grave-
ly to his first New York audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky had built his pro-
gram shrewdly. Of the five numbers
in it, three were music of the type
with which he deals most happily and
with which he has won his principal
triumphs as a conductor. That is to
say, they were music of our own time,
music of the last quarter century.
Debussy, Scriabin and Honegger would
doubtless, it is true, be strange bed-
fellows; yet Debussy's "Nocturnes,"
Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase" and
Honegger's "Pacific" are, in their dif-
ferent ways, music that is close to our
contemporary habits of thinking and
feeling; and it is with this music that
Mr. Koussevitzky has shown himself
to be most intimately sympathetic.
Oddly enough, he is also peculiarly
responsive to music of an utterly dif-
ferent type—music such as Vivaldi's
eighteenth century concerto, with its
large simplicity of line and its serene
ingenuousness of emotional content;

music such as the concerti grossi of
Handel and the B minor Suite of Bach
which we heard him play last year
in Paris with exquisite rightness of
tone and felicity of exposition. Those
who have raised their eyebrows over
Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations have

generally had in mind his dealings
with the romantic composers of the
nineteenth century—the Beethoven of
the Seventh Symphony, the Schubert
of the "Unfinished," for example. But
it could hardly have been more than
a coincidence that Mr. Koussevitzky
steered clear of such music last night
and came no nearer to Beethoven and
Schubert than the "Oberon" overture
of Weber; for he has already played
Beethoven in Boston, and the Wise Men
of the East have rebuked him, not.

Mr. Koussevitzky has two outstand-
ing traits that make for vividness: he
has a dramatizing imagination; and he
has a passion for accentuation. Often—
very often, indeed—this vividness of
conception and of treatment produces
results of the most memorable sort.
We have never, for example, heard that
marvelous effect in the middle of
Debussy's "Fetes," the sudden mys-
terious hushing of the music in prepa-
ration for the advance of the chimer-
ical procession, more impressively
achieved. And in moments like the
incandescent climax of Scriabin's
"Poeme de l'Extase" Mr. Koussevitzky
puts over superbly what the music in-
vites him to accomplish.

But too often his passion for itali-
cizing everything has unfortunate re-
sults. It seems difficult for Mr. Kous-
sevitzky to allow the music to "breathe
natural," like the colored lady in the
story. If the score calls for a piano
passage, Mr. Koussevitzky turns it in to
a pianissimo that is barely audible. If
Weber wishes us to hear the horns of
Elfland faintly blowing, Mr. Koussevitz-
ky is not content until the elves have
vanished behind the farthest hill. If
Weber writes "dolce" under the A
major clarinet theme in the Allegro
of his Overture, Mr. Koussevitzky has
his player dawdle over the melos as
if it were a languishing Andante. The
voluptuous swoonings of Scriabin in
his dreams of ecstasy become, under
his sympathetic care, merely a series
of relaxing naps, wherein the patient
rests easily, while the waiting audience
stirs restlessly and wonders when the
eight horns are going to stand up and
bring things to an issue.

Yet there is no resisting the burning
intensity of the man. Even when he
languishes unduly, as with Scriabin,
he languishes through excess of sym-
pathy, not because his own vitality is
relaxed. Clarity of conception, quick
sensitivity, a comprehensive grasp of
structure, a fusing and projecting im-
agination—these virtues are Mr. Kous-
sevitzky's, beyond denial. There are
no dead areas in his brain; the whole
man is flamingly responsive and alive.
Even when you are convinced that he
is wrong—even when you are sure
that the song was not meant to go
that way—you are fain to listen, though
you dissent and disapprove. His mis-
conceptions are more engrossing than
the accuracies of less fiery and
headstrong spirits: for he has genius—
misguided and wayward, at times;
but unmistakable and authentic, and,
at its best, magnificent.

By OLIN DOWNES.
From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.
The Boston Symphony.

Serge Koussevitzky made his first ap-
pearance in New York as conductor of
the Boston Symphony Orchestra last
night in Carnegie Hall. The reputation
of the musician had preceded him. The
hall was filled to capacity with an ex-
pectant audience. The orchestra, ac-
cording to the new rule established by
this conductor, tuned off-stage and filed
in a few minutes before him. When he
appeared Mr. Koussevitzky, who carries
himself with uncommon dignity, took
a thorough survey of the house before
he turned about to begin the concert.

His command of the orchestra, though
evidently modified last night by ner-
vousness, has advanced since the writer
heard his first concert of the season in
Boston. The orchestra, then a splendidly
developed organization, has gained ma-
terially in sensitivity and elasticity,
in edge and snap, in the capacity to
respond instantaneously to the wishes
of the leader. The leader himself is a
commanding figure, immediately felt on
the stage. Perhaps his methods sur-
prised some who had leaped to the con-
clusion that as a virtuoso conductor Mr.
Koussevitzky would rant and rave and
gesticulate wildly. On the contrary he
was polite and self-restrained personified.
He made few, but expressive, at times
dramatic gestures. He secured effects

which had a fineness of quality that few
orchestras under any leader achieve to-
day—and this with a minimum of visible
effort. He carries himself effectively.
He has a good back. That is important
for a successful conductor—a good back.

The program consisted of the Vivaldi
concerto in D minor for orchestra and
organ, as edited by Alexander Siloti;
Weber's overture to "Oberon"; two of
the Debussy nocturnes, "Nuages" and
"Fetes"; Honegger's orchestral move-
ment, "Pacific 231," and Scriabin's
"Poeme de l'Extase." The music per-
mitted of a very wide range of expres-
sion and style. Mr. Koussevitzky utilized
to the full his opportunities. Reading of
the Vivaldi concerto was classicism it-
self. It was clear, unforced, unexagger-
ated. The strings in the slow move-
ment played "piano" and "pianissimo,"
not with a tone suggestive of blot-
ting paper, but with vibrancy and
sing—with true quality. There was al-
ways the sense of proportion and re-
serve power, which proved one of the
outstanding qualities of a concert with
a conductor who—rather strangely, as
the event proved—had for years been
reported as one fond, even at heavy cost,
of climaxes. The Vivaldi concerto, as an
opening number, is a test for any or-
chestra, for any conductor. It was
passed triumphantly.

A first concert is never one which
gives a final estimate of a conductor's
powers. He naturally chooses composi-
tions for which he believes he has a
particular flare, and which are likely
to impress an audience. He is particu-
larly on his metal, and the tension of
the occasion, if it is not to his marked
disadvantage, is likely to help him with
his men and his public. Therefore, con-
clusive estimates of Mr. Koussevitzky
are to be avoided. At the same time the
evidence of his first concert in this city
is extremely promising. He turned from
the classicism of Vivaldi to give a very
individual and romantic reading of the
Weber overture, one which in its poetry
and romanticism would, we believe,
have delighted the composer. Not only
the strings, but the horn of the open-
ing, sounded magic from far away.
There was an unprecedented delicacy and
diaphanous tone quality. The circus
character that most conductors give to
the fast movement was avoided, so that
even the more theatrical measures of
Weber had a beauty that was not of the
world and the garish day. And how re-
freshing it was that this movement did
not rush helter-skelter to its conclusion,
that the lyrical theme was sung by the
strings, and not turned off hand-organ
fashion.

The concert was really in two halves
not precisely indicated by the intermis-
sion. The climaxes of speed and sonority
came with the music of Honegger
and Scriabin, but before he reached
Honegger Mr. Koussevitzky was to
demonstrate a finer scale of values, a
more subtle and elusive beauty than he
had yet attempted, in the Debussy No-
cturnes. To play Debussy's orchestra
music is not only to be a skilled, but a
highly intuitive musician. There are
certain colors, certain balances, that
cannot be precisely indicated, even by
the most careful indications in the
score. A hundred times we have heard
those extraordinary opening progressions
of the wind instruments in the "Nuages,"
—certainly a very quintessence of the
rare and incomparable genius of De-
bussy. Never before had they the precise
surface, the clearness, but softness of
timber that Mr. Koussevitzky, with the
masterly aid of the wind players of the
orchestra attained. There was a similar
fineness of feeling in the English horn
solo: it usually stands out, like a black
charcoal stroke against a delicately shaded
background. Last night this exquisite
timber was sketched against the gray of
the other instruments as only a deeper
intensity that sometimes emerged from
and sometimes mingled with them. And
this, too, was fortunate: the movement
was not dragged, and it was never
heavy. This piece, "Clouds," has no
weight, no substance at all, and yet
there is inherent in the score the miracu-
lous precision of the greatest musical
genius that modern France has pro-
duced. The whole orchestral color and
sonority in these Debussy pieces, a
beauty that makes the throat tighten
with its polynesian and wonder, was en-
tirely different than in any other per-
formance of the evening. It had almost
a watery essence; if it had been one
shade less substantial it would have
vanished from hearing. Perhaps this,
almost too subtle an achievement for the
spaces of Carnegie Hall, was the true
artistic climax of the evening.

Honegger's piece is now well known
in New York, but it has not been so
well interpreted. It had much more
musical quality and cumulative develop-
ment than at previous hearings, and all
the notes were played. The beginning
was much quieter—a mere whiff of
breath from the monster locomotive in
repose; it was also more gradual; the
climax was reserved until the proper
moment, and the broad, massive
conclusion gave greatly added dignity
and significance to the composition.
Scriabin's tone poem, on similar prin-
ciples, was given a noble, line, and a
wilder arch than is ordinarily its wont,
and the music, with Mr. Krasser, be-
came a veritable rhapsody. It is gorge-
ous, sensual, and sensational too, in
its nature; it is nevertheless an emo-
tional expression—with the trumpet
theme that mounts intrepidly on wave
after wave of orchestral tone—and a per-
fectly magnificent splash of color. Mr.
Koussevitzky took his tempi more slowly
than most and built his climaxes more
carefully. Perhaps his tempi were here
a little slow for the somewhat dull
acoustics of Carnegie Hall, but they
gave the music unusual solidity, and
made the final moments the more im-
pressive.

Further concerts will show in more
detail the musical individuality of this
gifted leader. They may materially
modify early impressions of his musi-
cianship. But certainly the Boston
Symphony Orchestra, in its technical
quality and its expressional capacities,
has reached a height it had not held for
years following the outbreak of the
war, and certainly it faces an excep-
tionally interesting season.

"Parsifal" at Metropolitan.

PARSIFAL, a "consecrational festival play"
in three acts, after legends of the Holy
Grail. Book in German and music by
Richard Wagner. At the Metropolitan
Opera House.

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| Amfortas | Clarence Whitehill |
| Flur | Paul Ananias |
| Gurnemanz | Paul Bender |
| Parsifal | Rudolf Laubenthal |
| Klingsor | Gustav Schuetzenhoff |
| Kundry | Margarete Matzenauer |
| A Voice | Marion Telva |
| First Knight of the Grail | Angelo Bada |
| Second Knight of the Grail | Carl Schlegel |
| Third Esquire | Ellen Dalossy |
| Fourth Esquire | Louise Hunter |
| Solo Flower Maidens | George Meadell |
| Grace Anthony, Raymond Delaunoy, Laura
Robertson, Charlotte Ryan and Marion
Telva. | |

Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.
Listening to "Parsifal" one is re-
minded of the reply Richard Strauss
made to certain inquirers who asked if
he thought that the question of copy-
rights of this opera should be decided
by a jury. Strauss answered, "Yes;
when you find me in all Germany one
juror with the brain of a Richard
Wagner!"
And so, when it is a question of the
value and artistic importance of Wagne-

ner's last work it is easy to dissertate
upon its inequalities, the mélange of
that which is theatrical, sophisticated
and genuinely dramatic, the jumble of
philosophic and religious ideas which
would have driven another composer to
madness instead of the composition of a
festival play. For all that, the work is
by Wagner, and it is Wagner of a spe-
cial period and phase of development. A
complex personality is revealed in vari-
ous aspects; some strong, others weak;
some true, others, perhaps, false. But
as a whole the opera casts its spell, and
its greatest pages have beauty, a wis-
dom and pity not found in other of
Wagner's scores.

That it is imperfect need not be con-
sidered. There are not many commen-
tators or opera-goers, any more than
there are jurors, with the brains of a
Richard Wagner, and there is enough
greatness in the music to more than
recompense for shortcomings.

The performance yesterday was of
familiar and generally excellent qual-
ities. The stage settings, with one ex-
ception, were admirably evocative of
the conceptions of the composer. The
exception was that of the garden of
the flower-maidens, which is old-fash-
ioned and ineffective. But the scene of
Klingsor's summoning of Kundry, the
temple scene, and the scene in the last
act were imaginative works of art.

Mr. Bodanzky accomplished much with
the score. The cast was largely that of
last season. Mr. Laubenthal's Parsifal
is perhaps his best rôle. It is "guile-
less" in the early scenes without lack-
ing emotion, and the moment of suffer-
ing and realization of the kiss and the
cry of "Amfortas, die wunde," was a
focal point of the drama. Mr. White-
hill's Amfortas has been often described
and given the high praise which is its
due. Mme. Matzenauer's Kundry had
commendable restraint and dignity in
the scene with Parsifal in Klingsor's
garden; it even survived the swan-boat
effect of her entrance; in places, how-
ever, it lacked vocal quality.

Mr. Bender's Gurnemanz is intelligent
and well sung, and this may be said,
with some reservations on the vocal
side, of Mr. Schuetzenhoff's Klingsor.
The small parts were thoughtfully ad-
justed, saving the presence of the
flower-maidens, who, for some reason,
seldom visualize the picture conceived
by the composer. The audience derived
obvious edification from the perform-
ance.

Dinner to Koussevitzky

After the Boston Symphony Orchestra's
concert Thanksgiving night, its new con-
ductor, Serge Koussevitzky, was given a
dinner by sixty of his Russian colleagues
with whom he had played the double
bass at one time or another. They came
from orchestras all over the city and in
speech and attitude, the greatest conduc-
tors and the smallest fiddlers all paid
their tribute to the great artist and they
all called him by his given name as a sign
of love and respect.

29 1924
SINGS FOR FISK'S GLORY.

Roland Hayes's Concert Nets \$5,000
for University.

Roland Hayes sang in Carnegie Hall
last night to the gain and glory of Fisk
University at Nashville, Tenn., where
the now world-famous negro tenor had
spent the earlier formative years of his
musical education. The benefit netted
over \$5,000 for that institution's endow-
ment out of the evening's total receipts
of some \$6,200 from a sold-out house and
crowded stage.
It was the singer's second appearance
this season, and his high voice rang
clear and bell-like through the great as-
sembly in classics of three languages,
—and an air of Bach and

The program in composition, including many holiday guests in New York, enjoyed the brilliant orchestration and the grandiose Viennese complexity performance. Misses Jeritza, Easton and Mario, Messrs. Errolle and Bender reappeared and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

"Der Rosenkavalier" Sung Again.

Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening, when a crowded house, including many holiday guests in New York, enjoyed the brilliant orchestration and the grandiose Viennese complexity performance. Misses Jeritza, Easton and Mario, Messrs. Errolle and Bender reappeared and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Whiteman Repeats Old Successes.

Paul Whiteman's orchestra, in its return to Aeolian Hall yesterday, reverted to its original successes in a "popular composers' day" of jazz dances, all recognized by the matinee's many listeners. There were solos for Perella and Phinatore and one for the tenor voice of Morton Downey in Boutelle's "first Irish Fantasy" for the modern American orchestra.

PUCCINI NOURISHED THROUGH NASAL TUBE

Composer's Recovery From Malignant Growths in Throat Is Slow, but Is Considered Sure.

MILAN, Italy, Nov. 28 (By Associated Press).—The family of Giacomo Puccini, the composer, who is suffering from malignant growths in the throat and is under treatment in Brussels, are daily receiving comforting news concerning the progress of his illness. His recovery, although slow, is considered sure, according to the last report, and within a few days he will leave the sanitarium where he has been undergoing radium treatment and return to his hotel.

Signora Puccini, wife of the composer, who has been detained here by a bronchial affection, expects to be able shortly to leave for Brussels to join her husband, who is being nursed by their son and daughter, Antonio and Tosca.

A dispatch to the Tribuna from Brussels says Puccini's physicians are most reserved in their statements concerning the progress of the patient, but they hope for a favorable outcome of his illness. The maestro is being nourished by means of a nasal tube. He is very weak, but his heart is in good condition and he seems not to be depressed.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium daily telephones to the hospital for news concerning the condition of Signor Puccini, while important personages in Brussels frequently call at the hospital for information. Among the latter are the Papal Nuncio, the Italian Ambassador and several of the members of the diplomatic corps.

Julia Glass
Nov. 30, 1924

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was additional testimony to the present excellent technical status of the band and to the temperament and individuality of the conductor. Mr. Koussevitzky had a better grip of the situation than on Thursday night; he worked his will more completely in interpretation. The performances, barring an occasional attack which gave evidence, more than anything else, of an almost excessive desire on the part of the men to carry out the wishes of the conductor, were of a very brilliant nature, and the reception of the orchestra and its director by the public was unmistakable endorsement.

The program, with the exception of Brahms's Fourth symphony, consisted of Russian music, most of it of inferior quality. There were four compositions by Mr. Koussevitzky's countrymen. The first was Glinka's overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla," an overture with conventional measures, but always delightful by reason of its zest and sparkle and the joyous lilt of the second theme. This overture could hardly have been played with more kindling spirit and virtuosity by the men.

The overture was followed by the prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," the scherzo "Flight of the Bumblebee," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Tsar Saltan," and Prokofiev's "Scythian" suite, performed for the first time here. The prelude to "Khovantchina" is poor and impotent music. Its best measures suggest what is done in "Boris Godunoff" twice as well. The instrumentation is thin, but the musical thought is there. Mr. Koussevitzky made all that could be made of the work, and the concluding measures furnished a pianissimo such

as the patrons of Boston Symphony concerts have not heard since the days of Wilhelm Furtwängler.

Much had been said in advance of the "Scythian" suite of Prokofiev. The suite is in four movements. "The Adoration of Veles and Ala," "The Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits," "Night," "The Glorious Departure of Lolly and the Procession of the Sun." The music is inspired by a conception of a primitive people, their passions, superstitions, ceremonies. Thus the opening movement is an invocation to the Sun-God and a sacrifice to his daughter, the idol Ala; in the second movement the Evil-God summons seven monsters from their realms, and they dance; in the third number the Evil-God comes to Ala in the darkness, and "great harm befalls her." In the final movement Lolly, the hero, pursues the Evil-God to save Ala. He is near to defeat when the Sun-God rises and smites the black spirit.

The finest moment in this suite, as it seems at a first hearing, is the last fifty measures, more or less—the depiction of sunrise. This passage has a certain harshness of outline and a shrill vividness that are not soon forgotten. Sustained tones of there revolve high-clashing sonorities, make the effect. Tone is refracted from one group of instruments to the other. This sun is a barbarian's sun. It rises grimly; it hurls sheaves of light like spears that shatter. The composer in this place hit upon a genuine idea, which he develops masterfully with bold and inexorable logic.

In the section "Night," there are curious colors, momentary softness of shadow, but withal something, again, that is harsh and even macabre. But these are effects rather than ideas, and could embody quite different conceptions. The best elements of this music are elements of color. As a whole it seems to us poor stuff, at best an invention and not an inspiration. This

"Scythian" suite was composed in 1914. It followed all of the earlier Stravinsky. It followed "Sacre du printemps" by two years. Twenty years ago it would have been astounding. Today it is principally imitative, and it does not escape the suspicion of sensationalism. Twenty measures of "Sacre du printemps" are more primitive and terrible. Did the thought that primitiveness was fashionable cross the mind of the young and fertile Mr. Prokofiev? He uses an enormous orchestra, he is polytonal when he feels like it, which is much of the time, but he very seldom rings deep and true. There is a certain vigor and bounce in the writing, a youthful impetuosity, but the work is more manufactured than imagined, and we do not believe it ever could have appeared had it not been for Stravinsky.

A more toothsome morsel for the majority seemed the scherzo of the Bumblebee. Not only is this one of the cheapest and most ordinary compositions of Rimsky-Korsakoff's that we know, but it is not music worthy of performance on a symphony program. A man wrote a piece for violin, "L'Abelille," much like this one in figuration and, on the whole, only a little worse. Yet Mr. Koussevitzky put on this catch-trap for applause, and, what is more, repeated it. Neither the applause after the first performance nor the character of the music itself warranted any such procedure, to say nothing of the fact that encores are wholly out of place in a symphonic concert. An episode of this kind should be relegated to "pop" concerts in the Summer time.

The performance of the Brahms symphony was the musical capstone of the concert. Certain details of the tempo in the chorale passage of the passacaglia, invite discussion at this moment detail us. The essential thing is that in breadth, in virility and also beauty of color this was a reading that did admirable justice to the spirit, the form, the classic workmanship of the symphony. It was not a purist's interpretation, but it was a living one, which revealed the beauties of the work and did them no fundamental violence.

The audience remained to the very end of the concert, overcrowding the hall, exhibiting enthusiasm which Mr. Koussevitzky did not permit to expand between the movements of the symphony.

entirely unknown here. The Scythian suite shows no variation of style. The ancient barbarians were described by Herodotus and seem to have resembled savage peoples of various other parts of the world. Prokofiev wasted no effort in searching for spiritual subtleties among such persons. A confessed realist, he set out to make an orchestral noise like barbarians celebrating their religious rites.

He needed many instruments, including the now essential stopped trumpet, the celesta, xylophone, piano and harps to paint his picture. Still more did he need the aid of the polytonal system which enabled his four trumpets to screech in several keys at once while other parts of the orchestra were engaged in disseminating entirely independent discords. It was a great disturbance and there was no question that the Scythians were a race of savages who did dire things around their altars. And when the composition had been completed nothing had been published that was new and nothing that was worth while.

Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the Brahms symphony—or rather that portion of it which we heard—disclosed no attempt at sacrifice of the composer to the conductor. It was straightforward and honest, clear and intelligent. Possibly the Russian director is less enthusiastic about Brahms than he is about some other masters, but he presented the symphony with respect and with musical insight.

TWO RUSSIANS.

The Boston Symphony's first matinee concert on Saturday afternoon offered a second interesting program and threw increased light on the artistic personality of Serge Koussevitzky, its new conductor. The first half of his list was all Russian, comprising the overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla," the prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," "The Flight of the Bee," from Rimsky's "Tsar Sultan," and a new "Scythian Suite" by Serge Prokofiev. The last named, in form and intent not unlike Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" suite, received a marvelously detailed and brilliant performance; but the more eloquently Mr. Koussevitzky argued the weaker seemed his client's case. The "Scythian" suite contains some diabolically clever instrumentation, some that is not so clever, and hardly a vestige of vitality or individuality. It is Stravinsky sans ideas. For the second half of his program Mr. Koussevitzky chose Brahms's fourth symphony, a work in which he appeared to less advantage than in anything else he played. The passacaglia movement he handled brilliantly and sonorously, but he played the symphony in general as if it bored him just the least little bit, giving it a

scrupulously just, academic performance that was surprisingly uninteresting.

Boston Symphony Second Concert

AT SATURDAY'S CONCERT of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky again seemed to be bent on proving that his sympathies embraced the most widely different styles. He gave us a performance of Brahms's fourth symphony that was vital throughout—broad, massive and lucid, with some exquisite playing in the andante, and, in the curious, sardonic scherzo, a jocosity that was rough but never clumsy. Some minor Russian things—the overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla," the prelude to "Khovantchina," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's dainty little "Flight of the Bumble Bee"—served principally to reveal the extraordinary variety of nuance that Mr. Koussevitzky can draw from his orchestra.

The performance—a vivid and stirring one—of Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" was apparently the first in New York. The work shows that singular young man at something like his best. There is a lack of fundamental brain power in Prokofiev that sometimes takes the form of downright silliness, as in some of his piano pieces and in the ballet "Chout," and

sometimes of a childlikeness that is quite charming, as in some of his piano concertos. But he is not to be summed up in a phrase. He has humor, and every now and then he will write a page or two that is genuinely big.

But always we come back to the lack of subsoil, so to speak, in his thinking. When we take away from the "Scythian Suite" the skill of the scoring and the occasional energy of the rhythm, we are left with a mind of the type with which Russian music of a certain kind has made us rather too familiar. The mentality is a narrow one, from the Western point of view. We feel, as we sometimes do with Stravinsky, that here is a barbarian using the latest technique of the modern orchestra to express the most rudimentary concepts. Prokofiev, as is the way with minds of this kind, relies overmuch on mere repetition of phrases, figures, or even single tones. Stravinsky, in the "Sacre du Printemps," has shown us what nervous excitement can be generated by this method. But the effects are too purely physical to last with us.

Prokofiev is not an imitator of Stravinsky. He has a genuine individuality; but the racial method is much the same in both men's music. This new and almost savage energy cannot be forced into the veins of our over-intellectualized European music without rejuvenating it; but the older organism will instinctively reject what is of no use to it in it. The Western ideal is continuous organic thought. It has taken centuries to develop something of this kind in our music, and we may depend upon it that we are not going back now to the helpless reiteration of fragments that is the sure sign of all primitive music. But the "Scythian Suite" is profoundly interesting, as the "Sacre" is, not so much for what it achieves as for what it stands for and strives after.

Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Koussevitzky put on his Saturday program, among other pieces, a work composed in 1914 and a work composed in 1884-'85. Most of the younger work had aged incredibly, but the older, which predated it by a generation, seemed lustier and more virile than ever—a thing superbly contemptuous of the passing of the years. This phenomenon, of course—this divine agelessness of the greatest art—is a familiar thing, and its profound mysteriousness and inexplicable wonder come upon us with renewed conviction only when they are set off against the pathetic mortality of those lesser works which, contemporaneous in quality as they may seem at their emergence, begin to die as soon as they are born.

The music of our own time to which we listened at Saturday's concert, and to which we owe these apparently melancholy but really heartening observations, was Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite." This work by the Russian ultra-modernist was composed in the first year of the war, and was produced in 1916 at Petrograd.

It is a pity that we have had to wait so long before knowing it; for, except for a few remarkable pages of the suite to which we shall refer later, this music has faded deplorably. We ourselves heard Mr. Koussevitzky play it in Paris in the spring of 1923, and it then sounded fresh, audacious, exhilaratingly original. We are now a year and a half older than we were then; but the "Scythian Suite" sounded to us on Saturday at least twenty years older than it did on that May evening. Koussevitzky's concert in the Paris Opera House—pages that at first hearing had seemed daringly imaginative, splendidly wild and barbaric, as befitting a musical transcript of the life and times of that ancient race of savages who dwelt along the north shore of the Black Sea, sounded yesterday tame and conventional.

We have said above that there is a most important qualification to be made in discussing the "Scythian Suite." It should really be viewed as two separate compositions. Three quarters of it (the first, second and third movements) are the work of an exceedingly clever young man of talent whose audacities have now become the amenities of contemporary musical intercourse. But one quarter of it—the fourth and last movement—the work of a younger, or at least a more daring, composer of astonishing power. This final of the "Scythian Suite," in which Prokofiev essays

We turned from the tissue of faded though once vivid modernisms that constitute the bulk of Prokofieff's suite—all but the gorgeous finale—to that great work which followed it on Mr. Roussevitzky's program, but anticipated it in musical history by so many years, the E minor symphony of Brahms. It is forty years old (or will be next summer, to be exact), yet never before has it seemed to us so full of sap and energy, so overbrimming with strong and passionate beauty, so splendidly alive. Yet this is the music that was once called sour and ascetic and grim, which was so long in reaching the heart of the Viennese. It has been said by Brahms's biographers that this symphony "pictures the tragedy of human life;" that Brahms, reading the tragedies of Sophocles while he composed it, transferred their somberness to his music.

If this is so, then Sophocles underwent a sea change in the process. The E Minor Symphony has, to be sure, something of the occasional gravity, the soberly compassionate melancholy that is inseparable from the meditations of all mature minds who are aware of the essentially tragic quality of human existence. But dejection is scarcely its characteristic note.

It had been rumored that Mr. Koussevitzky was disposed to "Russinize" his symphony, and many a devoted Brahmsian breast was agitated in advance over the prospective Scriabinization of the cherished work. But Mr. Koussevitzky did nothing of the sort. He gave the symphony a reading which can fairly be called a "sane" one. That adjective is occasionally a synonym for "dull." It was not so in this case. Mr. Koussevitzky's performance was not only conservative, it was warmly emotional, and in the great Finale it was eloquent and full-throated, as well as imposingly architectural. We were disappointed in his first movement. We missed here the essential Brahmsian robustness, the sweep and energy and vitality. But the dark loveliness of the Andante, the enchanting sportiveness of the Scherzo, and, above all, the cumulative grandeur of the Finale, were reflected in the performance.

It was by no means a transcendent performance. There was overflowing of the brass in the earlier part of the first movement, in the statement of the theme at the beginning of the finale the inner voices of the harmony protruded like sore thumbs, and some of the tempi were heavy-footed. But in general the reading was matured and sensitive and communicative.

In the Russian music that he played—Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite," Moussorgsky's prelude to "Khovantchina," Glinka's overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla," and a one-minute excerpt from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Tsar Saltan," called "The Flight of the Bumble Bee"—Mr. Koussevitzky was at his best. He repeated the pretty scherzo from Rimsky's opera, as he had done in Boston a few weeks before. He might better have repeated his superb performance of the last movement of Prokofiev's suite, which would have served a useful purpose. For if any works on a symphony program are to be repeated, surely they should be those that are novel in content—provided they are not too long.

There was an audience that packed the house, and Mr. Koussevitzky was rapturously applauded.

Rosa Ponsello in "Andrea Chenier"

As the heroine of Giordano's melodramatic opera, "Andrea Chenier," which received its second performance of the season at the Metropolitan on Saturday afternoon, Rosa Ponselle acted as well as she sang. Her duets with Gigli, who had the role, brought storms of applause, culminating, in an ovation at the end of the third act which the singers insisted upon. Working with the conductor, Tullio Serafin, she threw herself into the part with emotion and a vocal expression which kept pace with the increasingly tragic

character of the action. The repulsion she felt for the advances of the evil-minded Gerard was impressively displayed by physical shrinking which was far more impressive than any violent gesture. In the prison scene she portrayed the ecstasy of self-sacrifice and of devotion to her doomed lover in notes that thrilled her audience. Her duets with Gigli were somewhat marred by the enthusiasm of the conductor, who inspired the brasses to excessive exertions. At the end the audience remained to shower its final plaudits upon the singer, manifesting plainly that the tribute was intended for her alone.

"La Bohème"

In a darkened auditorium, with everybody standing, the "Funeral March," by Chopin, was played after the third act of "La Bohème" at the Metropolitan, Saturday evening. This was a tribute of reverence and affection for Puccini, the composer of the opera, who had the same day died in Brussels. A black bordered "In memoriam" slip had been inserted in every program.

The cast for the opera was the best the company afforded. Martinelli, Eori as Mimi, Scotti as Marcello, Rothler as Colline and Pizzo as Schaunard were the principals, the lesser roles being sung by Martinelli and Malatesta; with Louise Hunter as Musetta. Bamboschek conducted.

The performance was the third "Boheme" of the season, the earlier presentations having distinctly inferior casts.

Princeton Musical Clubs

Appearing in a skillfully varied program, Princeton's musical clubs entertained a large audience Saturday evening in the auditorium of the Society for Ethical Culture. The concert was given for the benefit of the Hudson Guild Library. While the Banjo Club and the Glee Club, well-balanced organizations capably led by their youthful conductors, supplied the bulk of the performance, special enthusiasm was aroused by a specialty jazz orchestra which illustrated the humorous aspects of music. There was also a "triolette," which rendered some negro "spirited," with appropriate unction. R. N. Plum, leader of the Glee Club, sang three ballads, very pleasingly. The program ended with a spirited rendering of "Old Nassau."

Harold Bauer Gives Recital.

Harold Bauer gave his first piano recital of the season in Aeolian Hall Saturday afternoon. Mr. Bauer's interesting program included Mendelssohn's E minor prelude and fugue, Schumann's "Waldscenen," a prelude, aria and finale by Cesar Franck, two compositions by Griffes, three poems of the sea by Ernest Bloch, and as a closing number Bach's concerto in D minor played with the assistance of the Lenox Quartet.

Schumann's Forest Scenes, although excessively long, aroused much interest, and the naive charm of these innocent strolls through the woods were charmingly revealed by Mr. Bauer. His intelligent command of an admirable technique subordinated at all times to the poetic demands of his offerings again disclosed the high artistic standards which this gifted artist always maintains. The ensemble in the Bach concerto was an impressive one, and Mr. Bauer's purity of tone, his expressive and authoritative touch insured a musical product of excellence.

Philharmonic Concert.

Henry Hadley, conducting at the Philharmonic's concert for the first time this season last Saturday evening in Carnegie Hall, devoted the closing portion of his program to a work by and played in memory of the American composer, cellist and conductor, Viotor Herbert, born in Dublin, February 8, 1859; died in New York, May 26, 1921. Mr. Hadley's memorial tribute to this distinguished musician, who, incidentally, was a grandson of the famous Irish novelist, Samuel Lover, had some special significance from the fact that in the seasons 1903-04 and 1905-06, the composer served the Philharmonic in several concerts as guest conductor.

The work of Herbert's, which Mr. Hadley gave, was the "Irish Rhapsody" and dedicated to the Gaelic Society of New York. This brilliant and pastoral setting of national Irish melodies, with elegiac sections and beautiful cello parts, was a most fitting selection for the occasion. The rhapsody was splendidly performed by Mr. Hadley and his orchestra and made a marked impression upon the large audience.

Just before the Herber/ composition, Leo Schulz as soloist played with fine tone and taste the Schumann cello concerto, a work seldom heard here unless this virtuoso gives it, and of larger interest because of its poetic and lovely *andante*. The program opened with Brahms's C minor symphony, which received a serious and dignified performance from Mr. Hadley and his men.

The League of Composers' Concert

At the Klaw Theatre, on Sunday night, the League of Composers gave us a concert of modern works that turned out to be a very mixed grill. Some of it was chamber music; the rest was lethal chamber music. Head and shoulders above everything else in the program stood Stravinsky's concertino for string quartet. He has succeeded no better here than in some others of his later works in getting a perfect fusion of all the elements of his style. When he abandons himself to that desire for convulsive rhythmical effects that is a general obsession with him, his writing becomes angular and disintegrated, and his harmony, in particular, acquires an arthritic stiffness. When he is not so self-conscious, he writes with admirable ease, fluency and roundness.

The sonata for violin and piano of the younger Tcherepnine is rather an infantile piece of work for that very clever young man; he has done much better things. Few of the other works amounted to very much: one can only record that there

were a couple of "Assyrian Prayers" for tenor (Mr. Judson House) and chamber orchestra by Mr. Frederick Jacobi, a couple of Stravinsky songs, three songs by Castelnuovo-Tedesco (Mme. Delaunois), and a new work by one Fritz Klein, "Die Maschine" (for chamber orchestra), that was described as a satire on polytonality and dynamism. It proved to be as dull-witted an attempt at humor as Germany has ever sent us. It was not merely that one could not laugh with Herr Klein; one could not even laugh at him. There are at least a million students at the conservatoires who could do better than this.

Two "Fragments for Chamber Orchestra" by Honegger were interesting. The first, "L'Ombre," an expressive piece of writing, shows us the Honegger who is at heart a classic. The other piece added to the usual string and wind instruments four wine bottles, upon which a gentleman with a couple of little drumsticks did some fascinating things. It was the first time, for instance, that I have heard a bottle glissando. In the later stages of the composition, the player kept up a loud continuous tinnabulation on his bottles. No explanation was given us of the title of the piece, "L'Homme et la Mer"; but it seemed to me the musical description of a scene in a restaurant. The band was playing quite nicely; but at one of the tables was a bibulous gentleman who, after emptying his four bottles, was still thirsty. The waitress,—probably her name was Lemare,—was a long time answering his call; but he was determined to get another drink even if he had to keep on ringing that damn bell all night.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

There were three songs from Caster-
nuovo Tedesco's "Coglas" group. De-
bussy in "La Bella Venezia," written
when she was 17 years old and having
all the spirit of jaded youth in them,
and two by Stravinsky-Debussy a la
Russe. Mme. Dehauois of the Met-
ropolitan sang them very well. Arthur

Honegger, locomotive engine was represented by two fragments for chamber orchestra, "L'Enfer" and "L'Homme et la Mer." Brave Howard Barlow conducted them. Four bottles, beaten with sticks, were used in the second piece, but neither bottles nor music held anything but water, and it was not even salt water.

There was also a sonata for violin and piano by Alexander Tcherepnin, young son of his famous Russian father, performed by Mme. Helen Tschacher-Tas and Miss Katherine Bacon. Mr. Tcherepnin is a moderate modernist in whom there is no more than the necessary guile. He already enjoys the very moderate favor of the inner brotherhood. Igor Stravinsky, without whose burly ad league and guild concerts are not all they should be, was on the list with his concertino for string quartet. It was given here some years ago and was repeated last night by the industrious Levox Quartet. Mme. Delaunois added to the Stravinsky delights by singing two of his songs, "Myositis d'Amour Florette" and "Le Pigeon."

There was also "Die Maschine," by Fritz Glein, a new German discovery. Egon Wellesz of Vienna, one of the elect, found this gem and sent it to the league. Members of the Lenox Quartet, New York Symphony and National orchestras, assisted by Miss Constance Piper and Robert O'Connor, performed the work and Howard B. Low conducted. Miss Jean de Mare delivered a brief explanatory lecture on this budding masterpiece, which is a satire on the new music.

Frederic Jacobi contributed to the list a group of songs called "Assyrian Prayers" set to texts translated from ancient inscriptions and sung by Judson House, tenor. Mr. Jacobi's songs had character and declamatory value. As for "Die Maschine" it burlesqued the latest fashion in instrumental composition. There seemed to be little purpose in the piece, although the clarinet part aroused suspicion that the composer had been in radio communication with Ross Gorman. The audience laughed at parts of the work, which was the highest honor that could be conferred on the creator of it. This species of new music may also make the gods laugh on high Olympus.

NEW MUSIC BY THE LEAGUE

Concert by the League of Composers
at the Klaw Theater.

PROGRAM

Violoncello T. H. H.
Horn Tenor K. H.
Trombone M.
Saxophone C.
Piano H.
Conductor E.
Organ J.
Choir S.
Soloist L.
Dance B.
Piano L.
Soloist R.
Dance F.
Piano G.
Soloist P.
Dance D.

We have an unbounded respect and admiration for the League of Composers, and we regard their evenings of new music as among the four most interesting series of concerts that are given in New York. But we wish they took a less metaphysical view of time. Their concert last night was announced to begin at 8:30, but it did not begin until 8:45. The intervals between the numbers were sometimes ten minutes long; and the intermission was long enough to have given Mr. Darius Milhaud ample time for the composition of a complete symphony. This "articular S'nday, to be sure, was a slack day for New York concerto-goers and reviewers—there were only nine musical events on the calendar; but if it had been a really crowded day we could have found it in our heart to wish that the League might have seen its way to begin its concert at, say, 8:15, and carry it forward expeditiously, for then we should have been able to hear more of it.

We were happily able, however, to hear several of the items on the program. Tcherepnine's sonata for violin and piano came first, so that was easy. This is the younger Tcherepnine, son of Alexander. He appears to be a sunny soul, and his violin sonata, played last night with surprising insouciance by Mme. Tas and Miss Bacon, is a genial and lucid piece of writing; but it has, also, not much to say.

We heard also Honegger's two "fragments" for chamber orchestra, "L'Ombré" and "L'Homme et la Mer." Nei-

...title "Honey" if they were actual "first performance," as the program said, and not merely first times in New York, they suggest that Honegger is not guileless of the gentle art of potboiling.

The "Assyrian Prayers" of Mr. Jacob, the only American composer represented on the program, scarcely show this excellent New York music maker at his best. Mr. Jacob gave us here the impression that he is changing his style, and that he is at present neither completely off with his old love (a charming lady, of French extraction) or off with the new (whose first name is Polly, and whose parents are said to have been Russian).

Stravinsk's Concertino for string quartet, which was played here four years ago by the Flonzaley, we were unable to hear again. Nor can we report further, alas, concerning last night's doings in the Klaw Theater.

Weston Gales Conducts

The new associate conductor of the State Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Weston Gales (born at Elizabeth, N. J., in 1877, a graduate of Yale and a student there of Professor Parker in the Music School), made his New York concert debut yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House concert of Mr. Stravinsky's orchestra. Mr. Gales has conducted orchestral concerts in Germany and France; he founded the Detroit Orchestra in 1914, and conducted it prior to the appointment of Ossip Gabrilowitsch as its leader.

Mr. Gales conducted a single number yesterday afternoon—César Franck's Symphony. His skill and his technical competence were manifest. He gave a musicianly and unaffected reading of the Symphony, which was especially memorable for its poetic delivery of the slow movement and the breadth and fervor of the finale. The first movement had moments of breathlessness, and would have benefited by a less nervous articulation. Mr. Gales was applauded with great cordiality by his hearers, who afterward rejoiced no less in a peculiarly limpid, exhilarating and brilliantly effective performance of Grieg's piano concerto by Mme. Gulomar Novaes, the admirable Brazilian virtuosa.

Mr. Stravinsky conducted the orchestra in Grieg's Two Elegiac Melodies for strings and in three excerpts from Wagner, to the manifest delight of the large audience.

By OLIN DOWNEY.

From a review of yesterday's TIMES.

The League of Composers.

Much new music was presented by the League of Composers at its opening concert last night in the Klaw Theatre. The work, of which most had been said in advance, was a composition, "Die Maschine" for chamber music and piano, four hands, by Herr Fritz Klein. Miss Jeanne de Mare, in a brief address to the audience, explained the nature of the piece. It is presumed to be a parody on dynamism, polytonality and the other isms of the modern and Austrian composers of recent years. Strauss, Schönberg and others are parodied. Miss de Mare told the audience that it had laughed at times when it was not supposed to laugh; and now it was supposed to laugh, and, if it did laugh, the composer had achieved his purpose. There were instances when the audience did laugh.

Some laughed, perhaps from mixed motives. Sometimes a joke is so poor and flat that its mere presumptuousness makes one laugh. Perhaps this piece is so funny because it had not the slightest idea that it is so deadly, dully serious. A modern German joke!

Alexander Tcherepnine, son of Nicolai Tcherepnine, who wrote some charmingly fanciful and exotic music, has composed a sonata which is melodious but quite conventional in a first movement, and thereafter inconsequential. This sonata was brilliantly played by Mme. Helen Tschner Tas, violinist, and Miss Katherine Bacon, pianist. Of more interest were two pieces by Arthur Honegger, "two fragments," as they were called, for chamber music orchestra. The composer had entitled them "L'Ombre" and "L'Homme et la mer." "L'Ombre"—whatever its conception may be—gives an interesting effect of growing light and there is a fine part for a solo trumpet. In "L'Homme et la mer" the composer uses not only drums, but, in place of a xylophone or some such pulsatile instrument, a "battery" of bottles! There they were, four of them, on a small table, played by a music-maker with sticks in his hands. Was Mr. Honegger, far from the land of prohibition, inspired by the rumors of the rum fleet? But the bottles were empty; their resonance would in no way have reassured a thirsty man. For the rest, the sea raged and sang a sonorous song.

Frederick Jacobi's "Assyrian Prayers," for chamber orchestra and tenor voice, are based upon translation of cuneiform texts of very ancient origin. But the setting is not, after all, so very unconventional. There is much ado about comparatively little, in spite of sonorous orchestral effects. The music was sung by Judson House, with Mme. Jacobi assisting at a piano and Mr. Jacobi con-

ducting.

Three of Cast-Innovo-Tedesco's songs, given by Mme. Raymonde Delaunoy, have freshness and idiomatic quality to commend them, and they are effectively, properly sung. After all, the master of the evening remained Stravinsky, with the firm hand and the sure technique and the sardonic quality which distinguishes him in a certain vein. Mme. Delaunoy sang his "Myodotis" and "Le Pigeon," and his "Concertino" was played by the Lenox Quartet. There was a large audience and the cordiality and informality which mark these entertaining occasions.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's Recital.

It is testimony to the power of the man, as it is testimony to the responsiveness of the public, that such a composer-pianist as Sergei Rachmaninoff should have the following that he has in this city, and, indeed, in most of the musical centers of this country. For Mr. Rachmaninoff is not a showy person. In appearance and in performance he is singularly unadorned. His personality is one that suggests thought and much reserve power, but it is not

romantic or picturesque. None of the tricks of the virtuoso or the press agent have been his. When he plays, he plays almost in grim earnestness. There is no leaning at the heavens, no smirking and ogling after applause. There is no pose of any kind; simply a very tall gentleman in regulation attire, who sits at the keyboard, absorbed in his task to the exclusion of every other consideration.

Inner force, commanding intelligence, and a feeling felt the more because it is not worn on the sleeve, characterized the remarkable performances by Mr. Rachmaninoff of two chief works at the outset of yesterday's matinee. The introduction of the Bach-Liszt organ prelude and fugue in A minor was nothing short of superb, profoundly moving the audience assembled in Carnegie Hall. There was Bach's own simple D minor prelude from the "Well-Tempered Clavier," between the sonorous transcribed composition and Liszt's most ambitious independent work, the B minor sonata. Mr. Rachmaninoff put into Liszt's music a laconic mastery by which it seemed, at moments, transfigured; as if, indeed, the living artist endowed it with a beauty a sincerity not shown outwardly, but subtly conveyed by the spirit of the playing.

An audience entranced followed the later Chopin pieces and a group by Rachmaninoff himself, including the G major and G flat major preludes—with a finale, the Strauss-Godowsky "Artist's Life" waltz, which was the signal for vociferous and prolonged recalls.

Rachmaninoff Plays

Sergei Rachmaninoff played at Carnegie Hall yesterday a program neither distinctive nor novel, but one of interest because of the artist's sheer brilliancy.

His program included two Bach preludes, the Liszt Sonata in B Minor, Godowsky's transcription of Strauss's "Kunstlerlegen," a Chopin group and three of his own compositions.

The artist reached brilliant heights in the Liszt Sonata, the intolerable length of which, at the hands of another, might have proved wearisome. Rachmaninoff gave an inspired interpretation lifting whatever dull moments this composition seems to possess to interesting heights.

He is always virile and his Chopin yesterday was a vigorous Chopin, but none the less pleasing. In his composition, the Etude Tableau, it appeared to us that he is being influenced by the musical age in which he is living. It is unlike most of his other work, but none the less interesting.

Renee Chemet in Opera Concert.

Renee Chemet, the French violinist, appeared as guest at the Metropolitan's concert last evening, playing with the opera orchestra the Saint Saens concerto in B minor. It was a congenial choice to the player, as she proved in the lovely "Andantino" middle part, and there were later some favorite Kreisler arrangements, accompanied by Arthur Loesser. Ina Bourska sang an air from "Jeanne d'Arc," Tibbett one from "Tannhauser," Mardones from "Carmen" and Mario and Tokatyuan a duet from "Lucia." The orchestra under Bambochek also gave Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Schcherazade."

Ignace Dygas, Tenor, Makes Debut.

Ignace Dygas, introduced as a Polish opera tenor of Warsaw and Moscow, drew an audience of compatriots when he sang for the first time at the Manhattan last night, assisted at the piano by Wilfred Pelletier of the Metropolitan. In airs from "Pagliacci" and "Werther," and one from Paderewski's "Manru," an opera not unknown to New York, the newcomer displayed a voice of excellent quality and power, despite some effort in this last point. Flowers and encores punctuated his shorter lyrics of Moniusko, Karłowicz, Rachmaninoff and Russian folksongs.

WESTON GALES CONDUCTS.

Assistant Director Leads the State Symphony—Novaes Soloist.

Weston Gales was welcomed by a large audience at the State Symphony Orchestra's second matinee in the Met-

ropolitan Opera House yesterday, when the former New York organist made his bow as Mr. Stravinsky's newly appointed assistant conductor, leading the symphony of Cesar Franck. His stage presence was pleasing, his gestures subdued to the music's contemplative mood, with still some excess, perhaps, in over-anxious moments of sonorous climaxes.

A native of Elizabeth, N. J., Mr. Gales sang as a boy in All Angels' choir here under J. M. Helfenstein, and after graduating in 1898 at Yale as a student with Parker and Sanford he was organist at both St. Barnabas and Christ Church, New York. He has since led concerts of the Hamburg Philharmonic and of the Paris Lamoureux Orchestra and assisted in organizing the Detroit Symphony, now under Gabrilowitsch.

ADELA VERNE REAPPEARS.

Planist, Playing With New York Symphony, Wins Immediate Success

Adele Verne, the English pianist, made her reappearance in New York, after an absence of fifteen years, yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall with the New York Symphony Orchestra, directed by Walter Damrosch. Miss Verne, whose fame has ripened in the interval, was cordially greeted by the audience. She had chosen to make her bow before a New York audience in Mr. Paderewski's brilliant concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra, a piece which occupies a special niche of its own in the esteem of artists and public alike in America.

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Mr. Damrosch's program began with the Berlioz symphony, "Harold in Italy," and ended with three members from Debussy's "Children's Corner." The two Frenchmen made a decided contrast to the concerto and offered a good field for the observation of the students of orchestral style.

Plays Paderewski Music.

The New York Symphony Orchestra's program in Aeolian Hall yesterday was headed by Berlioz's seldom heard "Harold in Italy" symphony, a work which all the beauty of Rene Pollain's viola playing in the solo parts and the brilliant skill of Mr. Damrosch's orchestra could not raise above the general impression bound to be made by a fairly dull score.

For the second number came Paderewski's piano concerto, and as soloist the English Adele Verne, now reappearing after a fifteen years' absence. With an excellent orchestral accompaniment Miss Verne—who when a child was advised by Paderewski to become a pianist—attacked the difficult work which the Polish master himself had played here with the society last season, with bold, dashing assurance, technical brilliancy and incisive virile style, and thereby with less of any tender or poetic touch, was able to give a performance which aroused enthusiasm.

Three pieces, always exquisitely played by the orchestra, from Debussy's "Children's Corner" brought the list to a close. "Jumbo's Lullaby," "The Snow Is Dancing" and "Golliwogg's Cake Walk" were the pieces, and the audience loved them.

Little Symphony Plays.

George Barrere and the Little Symphony Orchestra gave the fourth of their six concerts last night in Henry Miller's Theater. Mr. Barrere is wont to star as a novelty at each of these concerts some composition found far from the beaten tracks of program making. Last night it was a symphony in E flat by F. Neubauer.

Mr. Barrere said in his remarks that this composer was a real Bohemian, not only by birth (he was born in Horzin) but by character, as he led a wandering life from the time he learned to play the violin from the village schoolmaster, through the various positions he held in Vienna and elsewhere until he died, at the age of 35, in 1795. He wrote an opera and many symphonies and other chamber works.

He was a friend of Haydn and Mozart, and this fact would be noted in his symphony. The work was played

from what was probably the first printing of the score and proved of much interest.

The other numbers were Hue's "Causerie" and "Serenade," Mozart's D minor piano concerto, Jerome Rappaport, soloist; Albert Stoessel's "Suite Antique," played by himself, and Messrs. Johnson, concert master, at the solo violins, and Rappaport, and in closing Beethoven's "Ritter-ballet."

Miss Elena Gerhardt Sings.

Miss Elena Gerhardt gave the second of her two song recitals in New York this season last evening in Aeolian Hall. The distinguished soprano deviated from her accustomed path among German lieder to place a group in her program of modern American and English songs. The composers thus honored, with their respective songs, were H. T. Burleigh and his "The Sallor's Wife," Carpenter and his "The Lawd Is Smilin'," Walter Golde—who was also the evening's accompanist—with his "To an Invalid," Besly and "Three Little Fairy Songs," Bantock, with his "Will o' the Wisp" and "Serenade," and Bridge and his "Adoration."

The singer preceded this group with seven of Brahms's lieder, including the "Am Juegensten Tag," and followed it with five of Hugo Wolf's, of which his "Storchenbotschaft" closed the list. Miss Gerhardt, as is her wont, held

the profound interest of her hearers in all she did. She was admirable in her clear diction and understanding of mood in the English songs. They were all beautiful lyrics, and the audience wished the Golde one repeated and the song by Besly was. The singer gave two encores after the Brahms group, with one "Der Schmied."

Polish Tenor Pleases.

Spring bloomed in the Manhattan Opera House last evening, when Ignacy Dygas, a Polish tenor with strong tendencies toward the dramatic, gave a song recital and received so many flowers that Mr. Wilfred Pelletier at the piano was apparently esconced in a woodland bower, from whence poured forth some very able accompaniments.

Mr. Dygas, physically and vocally impressive, gave a program devoted for the most part to operatic arias. Selections from "Pagliacci," Paderewski's "Manru," Massenet's "Werther," Moniuszko's "Verbum Nobile" and songs by Rachmaninoff, Karłowicz and others made up the musical fare.

There was plenty of good material in Mr. Dygas's voice, although much of it was not used over-intelligently. Strength, volume, resonance and sonority were all his in abundance, and in songs of a broad and popular appeal his vocal performance merited praise. But subtleties of phrasing and nuance were not for this singer. His palette of tone color was a simple one, with few gradations in shading. His territory for dramatic interpretation proved rather limited, but the many commendable qualities in his voice insured an enjoyable recital. Indeed, with a little judicious restraint the quality of this tenor's voice might well reveal a considerable amount of latent beauty.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's performance was not always as searching in its analysis as it has been, but it was on such an admirable plane of achievement that a want of brilliant clarity in certain passages of the Liszt sonata was more than compensated for in the inimitable manner in which he played Chopin and his own compositions.

He gave a keen and thoughtful reading of Bach, rich in appreciation of detail and impressive in the well knit unity of each offering. His popular triumph was apparently scored with his own compositions, which he played with a richness of color and a command of technique which brought an apparently insatiable demand for encores.

Novaes Plays Grieg Concerto

THE return of Gulomar Novaes to American concert halls should be the occasion for rejoicing among all true music lovers. Her playing of the Grieg A minor concerto with the State Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon was sheer beauty; her

tones were jewel-like in their brilliance and thrillingly lovely from the opening notes to the fine climax. The orchestra gave its best, too, and there was prolonged applause for pianist, conductor and men when the end was reached.

There was more Grieg on the program. Mr. Stransky led his strings through the two elegiac melodies, entitled "Heart Wounds" and "In Spring," which evoked the right mood for the concerto that followed. Then for a finale there was a Wagner group, which included the "Meistersinger" prelude, "Dreams" and "Ride of the Valkyries," all familiar enough in Mr. Stransky's interpretation.

The symphony of the afternoon was Cesar Franck's in D minor, conducted by Mr. Stransky's associate, Weston Gales, whose reading was satisfactory. There were moments when the brasses sounded a bit harsh and strident, but the Metropolitan is notoriously unkind to the brass section and its acoustics may have been to blame. Mr. Gales was cordially received by the usual large Sunday afternoon audience, swelled by the appearance of South America's great woman pianist.

The concert given last Sunday night at the Longacre Theatre by Walter McNally, the young Irish baritone who recently made his American debut under Pat Casey, was evidently something of a surprise to the usual concert audience which is accustomed to acclaiming, in a perfunctory way, some newly-discovered singer. There was nothing perfunctory in the acclaim bestowed upon this new exponent of Celtic minstrelsy. As he finished his last program number, Moore's immortal "Minstrel Boy," the enthusiasm of his hearers was both spontaneous and intense, and we have no doubt that he would be taking encores on the stage of the Longacre yet, if the audience had its say.

Mr. McNally, though troubled by a light cold, rendered song and ballad, comic or spiritual, in a manner worthy of the only race whose emblem is a musical instrument. He possesses a rich, ardent, large in volume and tender in expression, that arouses a definite emotional response. Most good singers have the faculty of pleasing the critical and technical sense of their hearers; but McNally, in addition to being a master of technique, has also, like a splendid orator, the power to bend his audience to his mood.

Assisting McNally was Madeleine Macaigan, a charming violinist who supplemented the work of the headliner delightfully. Both artists were ably accompanied by Miss Olive Robertson.

Charlotte L. Linn
Op. 5 only
Dec 2 1924

A Note on Puccini

THE NEWS OF PUCCINI'S death would be received with especially melancholy interest in New York, where, no doubt, his new opera, "Turandot," would have been produced as soon as possible. There seems, however, to be a little uncertainty as to whether the opera is quite finished. It would be a great pity if it were not; for it would have been interesting to see whether the new promise of his last published work—the three one-act operas—was being fulfilled.

Puccini was evidently changing in the old; he was shedding a lot of his sentimental grossness and acquiring a freshness and quickness of touch. One is inclined to believe that he deliberately experimented in the one-act form to cure himself of his tendency to prolixity and emphasis. In the old days he would invariably have made full-length operas of "Il Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica," the big scene of each—in the one case revenge, in the other the revelation of death of the nun's child—drawn out to the same deliberateness, the same calculated piling of effect on effect, or on horror, as in the second and third acts of "Tosca." The one-act form only forced concision on him but gave intensity to his expression; and of late he had developed greatly as a musician in the last few years.

His method of harrowing us in the crucial scene of "Suor Angelica" is precisely the same as in the final scene of "Tosca"—the maddening reiteration of the one slow, heavy phrase. But in the later work the obsession motive, as we may call it, is at once simpler, more direct and more poignant; it had to be, indeed, to permit of our enduring its being repeated so very many more times than the corresponding phrase in "Tosca" is.

There were always two strains contending for mastery in him. There was the Puccini who dipped his thumb into the paint and drew with the thick of it, and the Puccini who was a masterly miniaturist. The two Puccinis are to be found side by side in all his works, but most of them show a decided predominance of the one or the other. "Tosca" is almost throughout gross, thick-fingered, thick-lipped, while "Madam Butterfly," apart from the rank sentimentality of the love music, is the Puccini of the lighter touch. There are beauties and poignances so exquisite in "Madam Butterfly" that we can hardly savor them properly in the theatre; they belong rather to chamber music. We have always to distinguish between Puccini the dramatist and Puccini the musician. His knowledge of stage effect has become a commonplace of criticism. But his musical art is generally at its grossest when he is planning these theatrical knock-down blows. The musician that musicians prefer to think of is the Puccini of the more delicate moments of "La Boheme" and "Madam Butterfly," and, above all, of "Gianni Schicchi."

It was this last work, more than anything else, that made us feel that a new

Puccini was beginning to realize himself. His Bohemians are all charmingly handled; but, to say nothing of the pathos of their darker moments, there is about them even in their gayer moments a wistfulness that is hardly consistent with comedy. But in "Gianni Schicchi" we get the genuine comic spirit both in the play and in the music. It has been said that Puccini derives from Massenet in his lighter moods and from the early Verdi in his moods of sentimentality and brutality. But he himself put this distinction out of court when he gave us "Gianni Schicchi." That delightful work comes from a truly Italian, not a French, tradition.

The finest flower of this tradition is Verdi's incomparable "Falstaff"; but "Gianni Schicchi" comes a good second to it. Here, as in "Falstaff," we get the authentic musical language of comedy, easy on the lips, polished of accent, and always suave to the ear. And that Puccini himself was conscious of a new orientation in him is shown by his treatment of the familiar idiom of Italian opera lyricism in the song about Florence and in the appeal of Gianni Schicchi's daughter to him. Puccini here plays all the accustomed Italian tricks on us, but without any desire to take us in; he is all the while smiling at them and us and himself. He had outgrown these little personal and racial nonsensicalities, but he still turns a kindly and tolerant eye on them, and caresses them even while he is ridiculing them. At sixty, seemingly, Puccini was not only changing but developing, as Verdi did at about the same age, winning his way into a clearer air. We must wait for "Turandot" to see what further changes went on in him as a musician between sixty and sixty-five.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Lawrence Gilman

"Die Meistersinger" Again at the Opera; Mr. Whitehill's Hans Sachs

Last night's "Meistersinger," the second of the season, was a less robust one than the memorable matinee performance of November 15. This was chiefly due to the fact that Mr. Clarence Whitehill replaced Mr. Bender as Hans Sachs.

Mr. Whitehill is a fine and scrupulous artist, and everything that he does is intelligent and worthy of respect. But is he not in danger of at-

enuating the rôle of Sachs by his growing tendency to refine and subdue it? Sachs was a tragic figure, to be sure, and a poet; but he was also a jovial, hearty soul, and a good cobbler. The scene in which he merrily torments the serenading Beckmesser was quite obviously intended by Wagner to be comic; and Mr. Bender at the first performance of the opera this season filled it full of the right spirit of rollicking humor and horseplay. After all, Hans Sachs is having the time of his life in getting even with Beckmesser here; but one would hardly suspect it from watching and listening to Mr. Whitehill's reading of the scene, which is kept to so low a key that it just misses falling flat.

It is possible to overemphasize the gentleness and sweetness of Sachs; and it looks as if Mr. Whitehill were headed in that direction. The texture of Sachs's soul was a mixture of silk and homespun. Mr. Whitehill makes it seem 100 per cent silk.

The other principals in the cast were as before—Miss Rehberg as Eva, Margit Telva as Magdalene, Mr. Laubenthal as Walther, Mr. Bender as Pogner, Mr. Schützendorf as Beckmesser, Mr. Meader as David. Miss Rehberg is a locally delectable Eva, and a perfect picture of a sixteenth century Nuremberg flapper. Mr. Laubenthal was, as before, a rather lymphatic Walther.

The rest were in their customary form. Mr. Bodanzky conducted. The house, as usual when Mr. Gatti puts on a masterpiece, was of moderate size.

We could not help remembering last night, as we listened to the often eloquent and communicative performance, what Wagner himself wrote about "Die Meistersinger" to Mathilde Wesendonck sixty-two years ago, long before he had completed the music. "It has become clear to me," he told her, "that this work will be my most consummate masterpiece." It was not the first time he had thought that about a score upon which he was engaged. Whether he was right about "Die Meistersinger" can scarcely be determined with that airy dogmatism which is the usual critical reaction to such a challenge. It has become rather the mode of late years to exalt "Die Meistersinger" above Wagner's other works, or to use it as a stick wherewith to beat the recreant lovers who sat too late into the night upon King Mark's park bench. Some have seen here an opportunity to oppose the "sweet and sane" against the "sensual and hectic."

It is hard to imagine a less profitable occupation. You may agree with Mr. Runciman that "as a piece of music, detachable from the opera, the Overture transcends every other work of Wagner's"; that "Die Meistersinger" as a whole is "as nearly perfect as ever opera is likely to be"; or you may cast lingering backward glances at the music of "Tristan," which certainly has its points, or at "Götterdämmerung," or at the much abused but still surviving "Parsifal." But you will perhaps return to "Die Meistersinger" with the realization that here, at all events, is something the like of which is not elsewhere to be found among the legacies of the human spirit;—this marvelous blend of gravity and sweetness, tenderness and humor, delicacy and strength; this music that is warm with humanity, yet drenched in poetry and magic, and of such enchanting beauty that you are inclined to suspect the advances of a Comic Spirit whose gestures are of so supreme a grace.

POUSHNOFF PLAYS AGAIN.

Pianist Gives Four of His Own Compositions in Aeolian Hall.

The second recital of Lef Poushnoff at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon confirmed the impression that the pianist has a special talent for the Russian school and can express himself most freely in its idiom, both as an executant and as a composer. In Bach he spoke an alien tongue, technically correct, but with a certain opacity and stiffness. It was in the Hazounov Sonata that he relapsed into vernacular, that the recovered his pianistic pliancy and the richness of his interpretive imagination.

Curiously enough, with a technique so warmly glowing, it was in the elegance of Chopin rather than his brilliance that Mr. Poushnoff found himself most in harmony. He had a disconcerting knack of ignoring some of the most deeply-rooted traditional readings, without, however, adding to the effect.

Four of the pianist's compositions figured on the program. Three of them were very charming but alarmingly

original, or crudely modern, but with just sufficient spicy harmonization to lure the ear, and melodious in the vein of Godowsky. When it is remarked that they were not put out of countenance by the proximity of lighter pieces, by Scriabine, Rachmaninoff and Ravel, there seems quite a present and a future for Mr. Poushnoff as pianist and composer.

By Deems Taylor

SECOND HEARING.

The program that Lef Poushnoff selected for his second Aeolian Hall recital yesterday afternoon was a more interesting one than the first. I was better grouped, and even, I think, more carefully selected than the first. He played an unassuming sonata by Glazunov, the Bach-Liszt organ prelude and fugue, a group of Chopin, and a one concluding group that included some of his own compositions, and a transcription of three Skriabin pieces and Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso."

The good impression Mr. Poushnoff made at his debut disappeared in a second hearing. He is an exceptionally gifted pianist, with a technique that is apparently equal to anything, has an unusually graceful and beautiful style, and an excellent sense of proportion. His longest offering was the Glazunoff sonata, which he played much better than he deserved. "Pretty" is about the most immodest adjective that comes to mind in describing this work. It is neatly constructed and gives the player a chance to perform prodigies of velocity and emphasis; but the best of it succeeds only in suggesting something of Chopin played by someone with a slightly defective memory.

To Mr. Poushnoff's credit it is said that he nearly succeeded in making parts of it sound important. He played the slow movement with delicately graded dynamics and poetic charm, and his feeling for the and

Charles Naegle, the young pianist whose earlier debut was so warmly received, played again in Aeolian Hall. From the Bach and Schumann of his first program he turned last night to Stravinsky, Ravel and Debussy, bridging the centuries between with the authority and imagination which his earlier performance indicated. Mr. Naegle has the unusual gift of individual interpretation which is still faithful to the spirit his music and his later program indicates that this music is spanned by many periods. His performances were scheduled as two only but it is to be hoped that his enthusiastic reception will bring him back for a longer series.

Recital by Alma Kitchell

If those who claim that there is nothing in a name had been present in Town Hall last night they would have heard Alma Kitchell live up to her home town—Superior, Wis. For the contralto's first New York recital showed her to be the possessor of a really pleasant voice, of smoothness and fine beauty and color, accompanied by a stage presence and an ability of interpretation that many a veteran might have envied. Her program was varied, and calculated to exhibit her voice at its best. There were an eighteenth century group, Swiss folksongs, a Schumann, two Hugo Wolfs, besides French, Russian and other numbers. The list also included a first performance of Roland Farley's "When We Two Parted," and "The Angel of the Twilight," by Dr. John Hyatt Brewer, dedicated to the singer. The audience was comfortably large.

Alma Kitchell, Contralto, Sings.

Alma Kitchell, a contralto already known in local choral performances, gave a recital of songs last evening at the Town Hall, assisted by Charles A. Baker at the piano. Miss Kitchell displayed a voice of ripe sympathetic quality and of much flexibility in airs of Bach and Handel in English and Marcella in Italian. She sang Swiss and Jewish folksongs, groups of modern French, German and Russian, with new American lyrics by Pearl Curran, Farley and Brewer.

Mr. Alvin Morris Bagby began a series of the seasons of musical morning yesterday in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. It was the 233d musical in the series which began about thirty years ago and have been held on the first Mondays in December and January. They have been features of New York's social season for years, and interest in them, no matter what the counter attractions, has never waned in that time.

Following yesterday's program many luncheons were given at the Waldorf Astoria and at other fashionable hotels and restaurants.

An excellent program was presented, the artists being Mme. Frances Alda and Beniamino Gigli, of the Metropolitan Opera, and Alexander Brailowsky, with Frank La Forge and Vito Caravali at the piano.

CLARA

CLEMENS, accompanied expertly on the piano by Walter Golde, continued her Town Hall series of song recitals with a long and varied programme devoted to modern Italian, English and American compositions. Here is an artist with sincerity and intelligence who places herself wholly as the service of the music she delivers. Mme. Clemens has a devoted following.

WREATHS OF KINGS ON PUCCINI'S COFFIN

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BRUSSELS, Dec. 1.—The funeral of Giacomo Puccini took place this morning. Before 9 o'clock the place, De la Courcende, where the nursing home at which the composer died is situated, was full of people. The coffin was covered with an Italian flag and surrounded with wreaths composed of orchids. One had been sent by King Victor Emmanuel and another was from the King and Queen of the Belgians. A wreath of white lilies was placed on the bier on behalf of Premier Mussolini. Near the coffin stood a group of Italian ex-combatants.

At 10:30 o'clock the coffin, borne by six ex-soldiers, was carried through a doorway and placed on a funeral carriage which was covered with flowers. A procession was then formed. At the rear marched delegations of Italian societies in Brussels, and the hearse was followed by Signor Orsini Barone, Italian Ambassador in Brussels; Puccini's son and authorities of Brussels, members of the Ministry of Science and Arts and a delegation from the Italian Senate.

The whole of the route to the Church of Ste. Marie was lined by crowds and the church was filled with people an hour before the service began. In the church were members of the Diplomatic Corps, including the British Ambassador. The funeral service was deeply impressive. Artists from the Theatre de la Monnaie sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," and "Pater Angelicus" by Cesar Franck and Niedermeyer's "Pater Noster."

After the service the procession was reformed and continued its journey to Gare du Nord, where the coffin was placed in the Chapelle Ardente, where it remained guarded by ex-soldiers until 6 P. M., when it was put on a train for transport to Italy.

ROME, Dec. 1.—An impressive ceremony was enacted at the Constanzi Theatre here last night when, at the beginning of the second act of "Madam Butterfly," the director asked the audience to observe a minute's silence in honor of the great composer, Giacomo Puccini, who died Saturday at Brussels.

VIAREGGIO, Italy, Dec. 1.—This sea-shore resort has been thrown into deep mourning over the death of Giacomo Puccini, the composer. Puccini maintained his residence here. Theatres are draped in deep mourning and performances suspended. The Mayor telegraphed the composer's son expressing the wish that the body should be brought here in order that the citizens might pay their last respects before the remains were taken to Puccini's native Lucca for burial in the family tomb.

Opera Stars to Honor Puccini.

Twenty Metropolitan stars will sing in a Puccini concert to take place at the opera house next Sunday night, in memory of the composer, whose death occurred last week. Among the singers named in ensembles from Puccini's operas are Peralta, Gordon, Telva, Chamone, O'Leary, Mader, Schuetzen-dorf, Tibbitt, Rothier and Didur.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

Karel Szymanowski's violin concerto was played for the first time in America at the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. The solo violinist, who himself composed the cadenza, and to whom the concerto is dedicated, was Paul Kochanski. The concerto was composed in 1917. It is in one movement, without key signatures; for the music is "atonal" and "poly-tonal," and what use, in connection with such tonal cross-purposes, would a signature be? The concerto is cunningly contrived. Its one movement combines the elements of the three movements of the classic composition for a solo instrument and orchestra. There is a taxing violin part, but it is not written primarily for purposes of display; it is symphonic in conception; the violin solo gives virtuoso opportunity, but remains a strand of the symphonic web, and by no means a solo part with orchestral accompaniment.

All this is very well: a violin concerto, symphonic in conception and development; in one movement; with recurring themes; and in the modern style as regards freedom of key relationship and independence of accepted ideas of the harmonic relations of the tones of the scale. The point is, does all this make music? We submit, with acknowledgment of brilliant and expressive pages in Mr. Szymanowski's concerto, that on the whole it does no such thing. It does not seem to us that Mr. Szymanowski has struck a manner of expression essentially his own. His composition is often arresting because of its novelty, but it seems consciously contrived, overelaborate and cluttered up with detail. Is the composer speaking with his own voice, or has he been influenced out of his natural path by modernism?

We have the suspicion, gained from a few wayward melodic passages in the concerto, that Mr. Szymanowski may be much more of a mere bourgeois melodist than he cares to imagine. This, of course, is only conjecture, based on purely personal reaction to a hitherto unknown piece of music. But we would fain find this composer in creative solitude, far from modernizing influences or the clichés of any musical sect, and see what would develop. What would develop might be quite different and less pretentious than the score we heard last night in Carnegie Hall. It is, however, due Mr. Szymanowski to add that the concerto found favor, and that Mr. Kochanski, whose performance made mock of more than half way, was repeatedly recalled. Mr. Kochanski's cadenza was well composed, in character with the rest of the work, and not too long for the composition and the occasion.

The remainder of the program was of accepted masterpieces, admirably performed. It is not often that the overture to "Der Freischütz" is distinguished by a thrilling interpretation, glowing by its fire, its romanticism and glowing by its color. And what a piece of music it is! There are orchestral scores that have a kind of deliberate, calculated effectiveness. There are other works in which the instrumentation does not seem contrived at all; when an inner life floods from the orchestra itself; when the instruments respond to the ocean responds to the breath of the storm. And such a work is the "Freischütz" overture!

This was followed by Haydn's G major symphony—the 13th, according to the Breitkopf and Härtel catalogue—and the orchestral arrangement of the final scenes between Wotan and Brünnhilde from "Die Walküre." More and more, as it seems, does Mr. Stokowski devote himself, with a fresh and kindling spirit, to classic masterpieces. He was rarely so fortunate in the tempo of the last movement of the symphony, which he dared to take at a reasonably rated pace instead of the headlong tempo indulged in by most conductors, who know that to play a fast movement fast is an easy and certain way to please.

There was a dramatic reading of the "Walküre" excerpt. It summoned all the vivid splendor of Wagner's orchestra, and this in the manner of opera, rather than concert room. The virtuosi of the orchestra sang the lines of Wotan and Brünnhilde like accomplished tragic interpreters with the accent and rhetoric of the theatre. The orchestra pointed out and emphasized the dialogue. Here and there the "Freischütz" overture composers who knew and loved the theatre were presented by a conductor with an exceptional sense of dramatic values. It was an evening in which the compositions of past great masters held undisputed sway.

Marguerite Gilman

The Philadelphia Orchestra
Plays a Szymanowski
Novelty

Mark Twain's mother, an exquisitely compassionate soul, used to warm the water in which she drowned superfluous kittens. That is not unlike the method pursued by the draconian conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra when he subjects his audiences to the disagreeable necessity of contact with ultra-modern music.

Last night at Carnegie Hall Mr. Stokowski offered his devoted subscribers one of those heedfully tempered programs which he is so adroit in devising. He is determined that his audiences shall hear the significant new music of our time, whether they like it or not; but he is merciful in his way of serving it to them. He warms the water, he strokes the apprehensive victim. Szymanowski awaits, lurking dreadfully in the middle of the program; but observe the technique of this merciful torturer. The torturer becomes a surgeon, drastic but tender. Szymanowski is tempered, ameliorated, sweetened. The "Freischütz" Overture and a Haydn Symphony cheer and soothe the patient; and afterward, as he comes out of the operating room, there is dear old Wagner, magnetic and inspiring as ever, to divert the sufferer with his incomparable discourse.

Last night it was Szymanowski's concerto for violin and orchestra (composed in 1918, but new to New York) that was to be administered. Now, Mr. Szymanowski is famous as one of the most "advanced" (as the quaint word is) of the Polish school of modernists. Known here chiefly as a composer for the piano and as the author of an impressive symphony; known also, perceptive as a modest, poetic and gifted musician, he is classed abroad with the atonal and polytonal brethren—the radicals of Russia, Italy, Austria; with Schönberg, Stravinsky, Malipiero and the rest. His concerto was said to be "atonal" in harmonic structure, to be written without key signatures. The orchestral part, reduced for piano, was declared to be unplayable. In Philadelphia, where the concerto was performed for the first time in America last Friday, the work was described as "speaking the language of incautious cacophony."

All this, of course, sounded ominous. One could visualize the subscribers of Mr. Stokowski's New York concerts muttering into their sables that Mr. Stokowski really should not ask them to hear this hideous modern music. But Mr. Stokowski did ask them to. He is as adamant in these matters as the gentleman in Dickens was in the matter of soup.

Yet all these chills and apprehensions were for nothing. Szymanowski's friends had misled the timorous. So had the ululant sufferers in Philadelphia. The concerto turned out to be a conventional, mellifluous and wholly

unterrifying piece of writing—conventional, that is to say, after the post-Strauss, post-Scriabinian, pre-Stravinskian manner. It was exactly the sort of thing that one might have looked for from a poetic, sensitive, deeply reflective Pole of thirty-five, who remembered "Tristan and Isolde" with affection, had almost recovered from Strauss, was still under the spell of Scriabin, and had become infected with an extremely mild case of Schönbergitis.

The Szymanowski of the violin concerto has obviously been nourished on the milk of the Wagnerian word—this chromatically yearning Tristan sighs and dreams and aspires in the slow movement; but he is a Tristan who has heard "Le Poème de l'Extase," has been slightly depressed by stimulation, and has turned for stimulation to the zoolak of the earlier Schönberg—the Schönberg of the "Kammersinfonie," who was himself still under the tyrannical thumb of the inescapable Richard. Szymanowski when he wrote this concerto may have heard such genuinely radical works as the "Sacred du Printemps" and "Le Ros-signal" and the "Tünf Orchesterstücke" and "Pierrot Lunaire"; but, if so, he had thus far kept astonishingly free of their influence.

The work has a curious kind of ecstasy, contemplative and grave, and at times genuinely moving. It is clearly the outpouring of a gentle, aloof and deeply sensitive spirit. There is not a measure in it that is written to entrap the Bœotians. It is almost embarrassingly sincere. As musical texture it is symmetrically designed and strongly woven; formally, it is both free and firm. A considerable work and a notable addition to the meager list of available concertos for the violin.

But who could play it save Mr. Kochanski, to whom it is dedicated and whose remarkable mastery of the horribly difficult solo part was plainly a labor of love? He performed it with exquisite sympathy and impressive musicianship, and was enthusiastically applauded at its conclusion.

The performance by Mr. Stokowski and his amazing orchestra of the charming Haydn Symphony (the one in G major that was composed in 1787 for the Paris society known as the "Concerts de la Loge Olympique"—No. 13 in Breitkopf and Härtel's list), was a thing not soon to be forgotten. If this symphony has ever been played with more ravishing euphony and more consummate skill by both conductor and band, we have unfortunately missed or forgotten the occasion. Mr. Stokowski was at his best—both here and in the "Freischütz" Overture: infinitely sensitive, flexible, adroit. And the marvelous orchestra was as the voice of an unimaginable singer. The audience was almost indecorously happy over it—but that, to be sure, is no news at a Philadelphia concert.

And at the end Mr. Stokowski sent them out into Fifty-seventh Street with the noblest farewell in all music echoing in their ears.

Dec 3

The Philadelphia Orchestra

THE "FREISCHÜTZ" overture and a Haydn symphony in G served last night to demonstrate the splendid tone and the extraordinary precision of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The symphony raised once more, for some of us, the old question of how to square matters between these old works and the big modern concert orchestra. In the first allegro one doubted the propriety of using so many cellos and basses; the base of the orchestra often seemed to be moving more slowly than the apex, because of the relative slowness of speech in the deeper instruments. But in the finely played largo there was no excess whatever in the cello tone, big as it was; while some of the violin passages acquired, by sheer volume of tone, an emotional power that would have astonished and delighted Haydn.

Magnificence of tone, again, was the dominant impression left with us by the curious arrangement of the final scene of the "Valkyrie." It was "Wotan's Farewell" without Wotan—or rather with too many Wotans, for he sang now with a bass voice, now with a tenor, again with a contralto, then with a mezzo-soprano, and anon with a soprano. For those in the audience who followed the music with Wotan's words in their minds the general tempo of what should have been the vocal portions was rather fast; Wotan, as a rule, takes his leave of Brynnhilde with a more long-drawn-out tenderness. The final orders to Loge to be up and doing were also a little more peremptory than usual; Wotan, indeed, seemed to be in a bit of a hurry, and not inclined to stand any nonsense. But what a gorgeous web of sound it was that Mr. Stokowski wove around him!

Szymanowski's violin concerto is one of those many modern works that somehow fall to be consistently good throughout. It has passages of great beauty, and others in which we feel that the composer is not quite master of his own ideas. As generally happens with works of this kind, the most distinctively novel things in it are the least successful; at all events, in my own case repeated study of the score has not convinced me that some of these passages have in them the vitality that endures. Where the music is most engaging is in the slower passages that are a sort of distillation from all that is best in the romantic music of the last hundred years; it is in moments like this that Szymanowski shows himself for the finely imaginative musician he is.

But whether one is admiring or dissenting from the music, qua music, at this moment or that, the orchestral texture is always a delight. The score is one of those that have no existence apart from the orchestra. What may look, to the eye of the theorist, like harmonic speculation or even harmonic anarchy becomes fully justified when the chord is seized by the ear without any interference from the eye—when it is heard less as a relation of intervals than as a combination of color-washes of different intensities and in different focuses. Szymanowski must have an aural color-sense of extraordinary delicacy and certainty.

The solo part of the concerto was played by Mr. Paul Kochanski, to whom it

dedicated, and who has supplied the *clienza* that is printed in the score. His performance was equally admirable for its clarity of tone, its perfect understanding of the composer's intentions, and its profound musicianship. The orchestral part the score put Mr. Stokowski and the players on their mettle. They came through the trying ordeal splendidly.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

When you see a Philadelphia Orchestra program that includes Weber, Haydn and Wagner, look into it a bit further and you probably will run into trouble. Whenever the Machiavellian Mr. Stokowski decides to introduce one of the musical Left Wing into society he soothes the sensibilities of the high tariff members of the audience by surrounding the upstart with a group of chaperons drawn from the most irreproachably respectable musical families.

Three years ago, when he unveiled Schoenberg's notorious "Five Orchestral Pieces" before our horrified gaze, he followed them hastily with the finale of the third act of "Die Walküre."

Last night that same finale was at the bottom of the Carnegie Hall program; so the initiated listener at once looked to see what preceded it. And sure enough, there the trouble maker was: "Szymanowski, Concerto for Violin and Orchestra."

Karol Szymanowski, the Polish composer, is one of the few ultra-modern musicians whose present devotion to atonality and polytonality and the other "titles" gives external evidence of proceeding from conviction rather than vanity. His earlier instrumental and vocal works, written in the usual idiom, are decidedly the product of genuine musical talent, while his second symphony, played here a few seasons ago by the Boston Orchestra under Pierre Monteux, is a lively work of almost Mozartian transparency and euphony.

So if he elects to write his violin concerto in an exceedingly dissonant and atonal idiom we must respect his artistic sincerity, at all events, assuming that he does so from choice and not from lack of ideas.

As a matter of fact, this apology for the work may sound a good deal more abject than I mean it to be, for I found much of the new concerto of great beauty and emotional power. No one who writes a violin concerto can escape having to write melody; and Szymanowski does write melody. By doing so he at once sets himself in a class apart from the Schoenbergs and Milhauds and Prokofieffs, whose melos, when decipherable, is generally short-winded and commonplace.

The harmonic scheme of the work is much less limited in scope than in most ultra-modern music. The first part (there are three movements, played as one) offers much writing in simultaneous keys, and throughout the whole structure the composer writes highly dissonant intervals with the utmost freedom and insouciance.

Yet the end of the color movement, and the climax just before the coda, is based on a harmonic color scheme that Wagner would have understood and Debussy would have smiled at. I don't mean that it is commonplace, for it is not; but it recognizes key-relationships to an extent unusual among the heterodox.

To me, at least, Szymanowski's lyric themes are much more interesting than his scherzandos and agitated. When Mr. Kochanski's violin was allowed to sing last night, it did so with really poetic beauty. The agitated opening section and the scherzo portion of the finale, however, seemed much scater in the quality of its material, depending for its effectiveness more upon odd scoring and involved rhythms than upon any particular melodic interest.

All of which is a somewhat elaborate and probably not very successful attempt to analyze a work of mixed merits, whose construction is at the worst logical and at the best striking, whose musical texture is occasionally incomprehensible, occasionally commonplace and arbitrary, and occasion-

ally eloquent and beautiful. Mr. Stokowski's orchestra provided a brilliant and subtly wrought accompaniment, and Mr. Kochanski mastered its stringent difficulties with superb confidence and style.

Mr. de Gogorza's Song Recital.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The not very numerous appearances in New York of Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, are notable occasions in the minds of those who admire the finest manifestations of vocal art, and it is a gratification to note that the number of these admirers is increased. Mr. de Gogorza's song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was heard by an audience that came near to capacity of the hall. Mr. de Gogorza's voice was untroubled. His vocal skill and artistic accomplishment

were such as have made so many of his recitals heretofore memorable occasions. It was less memorable than some that have preceded it, the reason was to be found in certain concessions that he made in his program to what we are fain to believe is an imagined lapse of taste on the part of his public. The poorest song on that program received the most applause; but poorest songs may sometimes be applauded even by those who know better if resources of humorous and variety of expression are lavished upon them, as they were by Mr. de Gogorza.

There is no need to renew in detail the singing of all Mr. de Gogorza's songs. It was as his singing has been before, the work of a great master, such as there are all too few of today in so many of the elements of consummate vocal art. He delivered the recitative and air "Diane Imployable," from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," as few can deliver it today, because few command the authentic "grand style," the authority, repose and diction that Mr. de Gogorza brings to it. Such singing is a lesson to those who can assimilate it. Two songs from the Basque provinces of Spain brought the singer into a very different region of art, in which he is also much at home, and they were given with deep and poignant expression. To two English songs with which he ended this group he added the well-beloved setting of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" with the beautiful and sustained legato that is peculiarly one of his possessions. Still more beautifully was this shown in his singing of Schumann's "Stille Thürnen," and most of all in his "Mondnacht," the performance of which was a masterpiece of sustained legato, of plastic and expressive phrasing and of a beautiful quality of the head voice maintained throughout. After Schumann's "Widmung" he added the same composer's "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh" with a poignant intensity of expression.

There were two of the less familiar songs of César Franck on the program; and the French list was extended with that infinitely patriotic little tragedy, the "Chanson de la Guir," by Chapuis, interpreted with a searching simplicity. In his English group John Carpenter's setting of Tagore's "When I Bring You Colored Toys" Mr. de Gogorza was obliged to repeat an extremely characteristic interpretation. To Geoffrey O'Hara's humorous "Le Capitaine de Marguerite," he prefixed a humorous explanation; but neither explanation nor song was wholly necessary, and some may have wished for a substitute for the somewhat pretentious and somewhat empty pathos of the same composer's celebration of "The Unknown Soldier."

Mr. de Gogorza closed, as he has so often done, with a Spanish group, which he sings as one to the manner born, and better. The best of these were de Falla's "Jota," a love song in a dance rhythm, and his "Polo," whose bitter and tragic spirit was raised to a higher power by Mr. de Gogorza's interpretation. There followed the favorite "Paloma" in Mr. de Gogorza's engaging and r-trilled view of it, and Bruno Huhn's setting of "I Am the Captain of My Soul." The listeners would have welcomed more.

Philharmonic Students' Concert

THE PROGRAM at the Philharmonic Society's Students' Concert consisted of two works only.—Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, and the Brahms in C minor. Of the first, Mr. Van Hoogstraten repeated his admirable performance of a few evenings ago; the reading was precisely the same, except that here and there, notably in the first subject of the first movement and the second subject of the finale—he was inclined to put what the billiard players call "drag" on the phrases.

There was something of the same tendency now and then in the Brahms also. As a rule, the fewer variations we allow ourselves from the basic tempo in Brahms the better; the necessary variety has been already got by Brahms himself in the music itself. There is surely no need, for example, to commence the main theme of the finale so slowly as Mr. Van Hoogstraten did, nor to lengthen out the chorale so much both in the preamble to the finale and in the movement proper. Brahms has amply provided for the effect of expansion

at the latter point by the mere build of the phrase; that is to say, it is of such a nature that, played in strict tempo, it conveys the sense of the long ascent being ended, of our now being on the summit of the hill, pausing for a moment and taking in a few deep breaths before resuming our walk along the level. To take the chorale as noticeably slower as Mr. Van Hoogstraten did is to substitute for this effect of expansion, of triumphant achievement, an effect of laboring effort.

After all, however, these occasional lapses, as one ventures to call them, hardly detracted from what was, in the main, a very fine performance of the symphony. From some cause or other (probably the temperature of the hall) about half way through the work the various sections of the orchestra got slightly out of tune with each other. It became most evident in the long and widely spaced phrases toward the end of the slow movement; in the later and faster movements it was hardly evident.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

"La Gioconda" Repeated

"LA GIOCONDA" is based on a plot of gloomy tortuosity true to the older forms of operatic tragedy, and the devotee painfully following the libretto must wonder why the "lion's mouth" was not stuffed with suggestions for action in lunatic inquiring rather than with accusations of a malignancy more suited to a "transit" situation than anything else.

Yet on such a foundation has been reared a work of riotous splendor of tonal form and color that gives an effect of haughty elegance. Frankly conforming to the traditions of bel canto and interspersed with movements of a sensuous melody, this opera defies the common fate of becoming "hackneyed" in any part, nor are its opportunities of bravura seized upon for attempts at altitude and endurance records by singers of even rudimentary intelligence.

The current presentation of Ponchiello's masterwork at the Metropolitan is in accord with this spirit of the score, and appreciation of the fact by the audience last night was evident.

There were spellbound instants, as when (in the "palace" setting) a dancing multitude "froze" in an attitude of prayer, its madrigal subsiding to a vesper chant, and when (in the fete scene) the gesture that exposed Laura's bier, also brought to our ears the distant strains of a rollicking barcarolle that performed the office of a dirge. Such vivid contrasts make up life and constitute moments of reality.

The audience's enthusiasm discharged itself upon the charming coryphees who executed the "Dance of the Hours," and the roguish hussies deserved it. But it was none the less a tribute to composer, management, orchestra, chorus, scenic effects and principals.



Jeanne Gordon

Florence Easton repeated her excellent performance of the name part; Beniamino Gigli sang Enzo; Jeanne Gordon the lovely Laura; Giuseppe Danise was the wicked Barnaba; Adamo Didur the melancholy Doge, and Merle Alcock the pathetic blind mother.

Mr. Serafin conducted with taste and authority.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Frederick Lamond Plays.

Frederick Lamond played the Beethoven Sonata in E minor, the Schumann "Etudes Symphoniques," Scriabine's Sonata-Pantasia in G sharp minor, Lamond's Capriccio, a Chopin group, and pieces by Liszt, Alkan and Rubinstein last night in Aeolian Hall. Ordinarily, a musician takes some minutes to warm to his work, to attain complete self-possession and emotional release, but perhaps the best offering of the evening was Mr. Lamond's reading of the charming Beethoven sonata. It is one of the simplest of the later sonatas, and, by the same token, one of the most difficult to play successfully. Mr. La-

mond achieved a true simplicity, a mood of tranquil beauty, an expression delightfully unforced and exquisitely proportioned. With sonatas that are more dramatic and have greater depth of feeling—if "depth" is the right word, for the beauty of this sonata is very deep, indeed—it is easier to stir an audience. Last night the pianist held the attention of his hearers throughout a performance that was masterly in its conception and its pianistic quality. Beauty of tone, a style that transformed the piano into a singing instrument, made the most of a delightful composition.

A certain delicate romanticism which colored this performance was not carried through to the "Etudes Symphoniques" which followed. Whereas the interpreter had revealed the romanticism inherent in Beethoven, the classic master, he made the Schumann of the romantic variations rather formal and even, at times, academic. There was careful shaping of phrases, the most logical arrangement, the objective observance of the tempo and expression works in the score. But the creative breath was not in the performance. The variations, furthermore, were played with the repeats. Not only does this proceeding make the composition too long but it detracts in some places from the effect of the music. All of the variations are not of sustained strength and distinction; to halt Schumann's fancy, now and again, and turn it back to its starting point, is like pulling back a racehorse just as he is getting into his stride. Mr. Lamond's answer to this would of course be that he was following the composer's indications. But more than one composer has left misleading or even injurious indications about the performance of his own music, and we believe that if Schumann had been present last night he would, in most cases at least, have given the command, "Forward," at the double bars.

The Sonata-Fantasia of Scriabine is much diluted with Chopin, though it has basses which establish a beneficial distance from the glittering Fantasia-Improvisation of that composer. Mr. Lamond gave the composition as much structure as possible, and the powerful basses recompensed in part for the watery character of much of the music. Mr. Lamond repeated his own "Capriccio," and repeated, a little later, the Chopin G flat major waltz. The Chopin interpretations were rather obviously planned, but they were musically in conception. If they did not exalt they did not detract from the greatness of the composer.

There was an audience of good size, and it was appreciative of a pianist of unquestioned seriousness and knowledge, who had sometimes, as in Beethoven's sonata, spoken not only with the voice but in the tone of the composer.

Edward Vichnin Plays.

Edward Vichnin, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His program included compositions by Debussy, Medtner, Glazounoff, Schumann, Fauré, Dillon, Gócsényi, Mussorgsky, Korngold and other composers. Mr. Vichnin played in a straightforward manner, with considerable technique and with a confidence that other performers of his age might envy. He should now cultivate beauty of tone, a finer legato, and more variety of color and dynamics. It was good to hear a young man in these effeminate days who did not maudlin, meow and abuse the damper pedal every time he had an opportunity to do so; these positive virtues, however, did not palliate the hard and rather insensitive manner in which the phrases were delivered and shadings passed over. Mr. Vichnin has now, with fingers fleet and strong, to gain individuality and poetic insight, and to learn that a part of the art of the pianist is to disguise the fact that he manipulates an instrument of wires and keys. The Schumann fantasy had big lines and logic of statement, but it gave the impression of a lesson well learned and not of personal and emotional outpouring. A more brilliant interpretation of music of much less worth was that of the Glazounoff theme and variations, in itself a virtuoso composition of little originality. The collective effect of these performances was that of a young man of real talent, whose technical progress and development as a virtuoso have outstripped the growth of his imagination and the refinement of his musical nature.

MISS MEYER IN RECITAL.

Gives an Entertaining Program at the Town Hall.

Marjorie Meyer, who gave a song recital at Town Hall last evening, had arranged an entertaining program. She has a lyric voice of sweet and unvarying timbre which proved to be suited to the lighter and less exacting numbers which she interpreted.

The first group was culled from English sources, old and modern, and afforded impressive evidence of the

musical quality and distinctive character of the fifteenth century Christmas carol, in spite of a somewhat elaborate arrangement by Arnold Bax, that survived by the infallible test of time. A group of Italian, Rumanian and other songs followed, which because of their flowing melodious type suited Miss Meyer's style particularly well. "O Rocco Dolorosa" by Sibella, of a delicate tenderness, was a special favorite.

At this point, Miss Meyer was the recipient of quantities of beautiful flowers. Then she essayed some songs by Hugo Wolf, Brahms, Mahler and Schönberg. There was occasion to admire the unerring loveliness of the workmanship of Brahms' "Rosenkranz." The encore which Miss Meyer sang, of a lighter texture found great favor. The closing group consisted of American compositions, two of them melodies of the Revolutionary times harmonized by Samuel Edcott, both quite tuneful. A song by Evelyn Merriman, still in manuscript, should be heard again. Offers by Deems Taylor and Rhea Silberta completed the program. A fairly large audience cordially applauded the singer during the evening. Frederic Persson was the accompanist.

Philharmonic Concert 5

SAMUEL BUTLER'S contempt for the classics would have found ample scope for expression at last night's Philharmonic concert. The "Tragic Overture" is the least inspired of all Brahms's orchestral works; it is interesting to speculate upon what would be said about such monumental dullness if it were signed, not "Johannes Brahms," but "Johannes Schmidt." Beethoven's violin concerto, too, is now recognized as scarcely worthy of him, in spite of its fine moments. It is much too long for the matter in it: Beethoven takes forty minutes to say what could have been said as effectively and less boringly in twenty.

The mystery is how a work so spun out, so full of empty repetitions, could ever have been regarded as a masterpiece; what would be said of any other composer who repeated, as Beethoven does in the finale of the concerto, the same theme no less than eighteen times, without modification, in the first few minutes?

Relief from this orgy of decorous dullness came with Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson"—also over-long for its material, but interestingly scored—and the "Tristan" Prelude and Liebestod, of which Mr. Van Hoogstraten gave a very impressive performance, and in which the orchestra surpassed itself. The cello playing was particularly fine. Mr. Scipione Guidi played the solo part of the concerto with a small but pure tone, but with a modesty that resulted in colorlessness.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Lawrence Gilman

Paul Verlaine married a girl with a long, pale face, a lisp, and a threat of embonpoint, who was capable, he said, of "incurable grudges." The spitefulness of this girl whose name was Mathilde Mauté, took quaint forms. She brot. Verlaine: what she said was "meat" while he lay in prison (it was in Paris, in 1870, and Verlaine had been juggled for drunkenness). He it; praised it; and then Mathilde observed that she had always understood that rats made excellent eating. A loving wife!

Verlaine divorced her. But while he was still enamoured, he sent to her as a wedding gift one of the most enchanting garlands of love poems in literature, "La Bonne Chanson." The loveliest of these poems is the fifth, the one which begins, "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles." It is an aubade, a morning serenade; and in it he sings exquisitely of the eagerness and the ecstasy of the bridegroom, who is both amorist and poet, awaiting the dawn among ripe wheat fields, while a thousand quails call in the thyme and the lark mounts into the blue.

Almost a quarter century ago Charles Martin Loeffler, of Alsace and Medfield, Mass., set this poem to music for an orchestra. But he did not then publish it. It was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1902, under Gericke. Then Mr. Loeffler, as is his fastidious custom, put the score away in his desk, uncontent with its instrumental form. Much later he revised the scoring (but not the texture of the music itself) and the Boston Orchestra played it again—this time under Monteux. Now the score is published, and last night the

Philharmonic added the work to its repertoire at its concert in Carnegie Hall under Mr. Van Hoogstraten's direction.

A good many things have happened since 1901—to Mr. Loeffler as well as to the rest of mankind. His "Poem for Orchestra," as he now entitles it (it was originally called "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," after the first line of Verlaine's poem), does not sound quite as it did when we first heard the gentlemen from Boston play it under Gericke; nor does it sound as it did under Monteux in 1918. Like Verlaine's "pale étoile du matin," it has faded. Much of it is still beautiful, with a shimmering, luminous exquisiteness that reflects the music of Verlaine's delicious lines (of which the program notes last night quoted a marvelously skillful translation by

Mr. Philip Hale). Mr. Loeffler can do necromantic things with orchestral colors—he is a magician of instrumental hues and timbres. But often in this music he is much more than that; he is a master of instrumental song. His orchestra sings at times with a golden, glimmering, dewy loveliness—as in the "Poco Adagio," with the slow, rapturous song of the violins rising above the horns and woodwind; or as in the F major passage of the "Andantino con moto," or as in the magical opening and closing passages that are individual, distinguished, memorable.

But this work is far from representing the authentic genius of the composer of the "Pagan Poem," which is not much younger than the paraphrase of Verlaine. Distinguished and personal though some of this music is, there are passages in it that Mr. Loeffler, one fancies, would discard or recast if he were to compose the work afresh. He would probably alter the melodic line of the first violins at the beginning of the "Andantino" passage in G flat so that it should sound less like a delicate, distant echo of Gounod's "Faust," and he would surely remove the suggestion of the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" that startles one at the "subito" mark shortly before the radiant climax of the work; and there are other things in the score that the maturer and more exigent Loeffler would not have written. Yet, for the fresh beauty and tenderness and lyric sweetness that much of the music has, one abides those moments of it in which one of the rare geniuses of our time has not completely registered his imaginative will.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten and his orchestra played the piece most delicately, with true poetic sensibility and the essential note of cumulative fervor.

The other orchestral numbers on the program were Brahms's "Tragic" Overture, and the Prelude and Finale from "Tristan"—now more than half a century old, as the years go, but with its terrible fires unquenched and unquenchable. The soloist of the evening was Scipione Guidi, the accomplished Concertmaster of the Philharmonic, who played Beethoven's violin concerto with his characteristic refinement of tone and style and feeling. He was especially happy in his singing of the Larghetto, and won hearty applause from the audience at the close of his performance. But this concerto grows longer and longer. When will some conductor or virtuoso have the courage to cut the plethoric and sometimes tediously repetitious score as ruthlessly as certain highly respected conductors cut much greater works?

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.

The Philharmonic Society.

The concert given by the Philharmonic Society last night in Carnegie Hall was, with a single exception, of an accustomed fabric. It opened with Brahms's "Tragic" overture. It continued with Beethoven's long-winded violin concerto admirably played by Scipione Guidi, concert master. It ended with the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde." The performances were of good technical quality and respectful to the composer. Some say that Brahms's overture is wrongly named, but the word "Tragic" does not appear misplaced when one realizes the Greek character of the music. Ancient tragedy did not howl and writhe and declaim its woes to the sky. There is in this music a restraint, proportion and nobility of expression that would be appropriate as the accompaniment of Eschylean tragedy. There is the thought of fate and cleansing atonement. This mood is weakened, perhaps, by overlengthy development, but it is one that few composers save Brahms have been successful in putting into music.

The exception to the beaten track of the program was Charles Martin Loeffler's "Poem for Orchestra," as it is now called, inspired by the exquisite aubade from "La Bonne Chanson," written by Verlaine for his bride. As Brahms, by one of those mysterious channels known to the man of genius, found himself in rapport with the spirit of ancient drama, so Mr. Loeffler reveals in his fantasy a spirit that is akin to the ecstatic lines of the poet. There is the thought of the vanishing star and the "pale morning sky," of the mounting lark, of the cool wind that stirs the wheat in the field, of the rapture of the lover, and the rising sun. The principal poetic and musical motive is soon stated. It returns now and again like a haunting refrain, in forms akin to that of earlier measures; it is also the subject for free variations which may be associated with the moods of the text. If there is a defect of proportion in the piece it springs from a too luxuriant fancy on the part of the composer.

If there is an idiom not wholly original it is because the Wagnerian manner of building to a climax was his instinctive resort in expressing emotion that flooded him. With and notwithstanding these reservations, the music has a beauty that is rare and fresh and secret. Other composers will not find this beauty. Mr. Loeffler knows nature, but remains the most fastidious of workmen. He selects for his composition materials which seem already to have been once refined. There are composers who build like carpenters; here is a composer who will have nothing to do save with the finest jewels. He does not, however, proceed in an unduly sophisticated or "precious" spirit. There is sweep to the music, an inner glory and vision. We know of no finer evocation of a morning mood. In certain later works of Mr. Loeffler the idiom is more individual, but there are few in which he writes with such youthfulness, such poetry and ardor. The audience responded to his tone poem with obvious pleasure in it. It provided a much needed element of contrast in the program.

The New York Symphony.

A Wagner-Moussorgsky program was given by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Wagner was represented by the scherzo from his youthful symphony in C major and by excerpts from "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal." Moussorgsky's representation was of a more novel character. It consisted in the satirical "Peep Show" for voice and orchestra, played in this form for the first time in America, and

the "Pictures from an Exposition," the latter being an orchestration of the pieces originally composed for piano by the Russian, L. Leonardi, and likewise heard for the first time in this country.

The humor of the "Peep-Show" is rather obvious and of topical import. Perhaps the funniest measures are those of the waltz which parodies Theophile Tolstoy—"Fiff," as he was known to the great "Five"—an admirer of Patti and of Italian opera. The singer is given florid embellishments, trills, &c., and simps "Pa-na-patti" to the foolish tune. The critical reactionaries, Zarembo and Famintzin, are also taken off, the former by a parody of a Handel melody, the latter, whom Moussorgsky likewise caricatured in the song "The Classicist," by a phrase from one of his own parlor ballads. And then there is the skit on Seroff and his opera Rogneda, with allusion in the text to his indignation on receiving a poor seat at the opera. The "Peep-Show," in the orchestral version of Sir Henry Wood, owed much of its success yesterday to the admirable diction and vocalism of Fraser Gange. It has passages of marked originality, but for the greater part it is farce.

This work would be almost as effective with piano as with the rather heavy orchestration heard yesterday. But the "Pictures from an Exposition," originally for piano, gain greatly by instrumentation. There are other orchestral versions of these pieces in existence than the one used by Mr. Damrosch, by Tikhmaiof, Sir Henry Wood and Maurice Ravel. The Leonardi version is dedicated to Igor Stravinsky. In the performance three of the "pictures" were omitted—"Il vecchio castello," "Bydlo" and "The Cottage on Hen's Feet." The music is often imaginative. It is true that as "absolute" music some of it would not stand; but, while Moussorgsky was not always able to find the complete musical embodiment of impressions made by the drawings of Hartmann, he made some very interesting discoveries while making the attempt. The "Promenade," with its swinging melody in Russian folk style is admirable, and makes a fine effect each time that it returns with changed orchestration. The conversation of Samuel Goldenberg and Schnuyle is a scene painted for the ears, without the use of color or cardboard. "Gnomus" is the same Moussorgsky who wrote the music for the idiot of "Boris Godunoff."

Most impressive of all, perhaps, is the tone-picture of the "Catacombs of Paris," which should only be heard with the orchestra. There are lighter touches, such as the Dance of the Little Chicks suggested by the drawing for a ballet in "Tribby." Here is music of imagination and prophetic individuality, written long before a Strauss had arrived to astonish the world by his orchestral realism and his singular power of giving vivid, definite meaning to his music. The orchestral version seemed an eloquent one, and truly sympathetic to the composer's purpose. Mr. Koussevitsky in Boston has performed Ravel's orchestration of these pieces, which it would be useful to hear.

The Wagner excerpts, in detail, were

the scherzo from the symphony, the Entrance of the Knights of the Grail and the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal"; Hans Sachs's "Wie duftet doch der Flieder," from "Meistersinger," and the thrice glorious prelude to the same work. This was performed by Mr. Damrosch with an enthusiasm and musical feeling that won merited applause.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

In 1832, when Wagner was nineteen years old, he wrote three overtures, the last being a prelude to Raupach's drama, "Koenig Enzo." His sister Rosalie, who was an actress, managed to get it performed at the theatre where the play was running, without the composer's name, however, appearing on the program. It went so well that the management finally did venture to print Wagner's name, much to the encouragement of the youthful genius.

"After this," writes Wagner in his autobiography, "I tried my hand at a big symphony (in C major). In this work I showed what I had learned by using the influence of my study of Beethoven and Mozart toward the achievement of a really pleasant and intelligible work."

The "big symphony" put in an appearance yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, where Walter Damrosch played the scherzo movement from it as the opening number of a Wagner-Moussorgsky program. "A really pleasant and intelligent work" is an excellent description. It is a little more pretentious than Mozart, a little lighter than Beethoven, is well constructed and neatly scored, and shows not a glimmer of originality.

How Wagner managed to traverse the distance between the C major symphony and opening of the temple scene in "Parsifal" (which followed it immediately on the program) in the space of one lifetime will remain one of the mysteries of the art of music. The mystery deepened, rather than cleared, as one heard successively the "Good Friday Spell" (with Mischa Mischakoff giving an excellent performance of the solo violin part devised by Wieniawski), Sachs's monologue from the second act of "Die Meistersinger," and the overture to that immortal comedy.

The Moussorgsky portion of the afternoon was devoted to performances of Sir Henry Wood's orchestral version of "The Peep Show," with Fraser Gange as soloist, and Leonidas Leonardi's orchestration of the former's piano suite, "Pictures From an Exposition."

Both were first American premieres, but neither seemed a valuable contribution to the limited repertory of Moussorgsky works for orchestra. "The Peep Show," originally written for voice and piano, to be performed before a gathering of Moussorgsky's friends at the home of the critic Stas-soff, is a series of musical burlesques of various music critics and composers of his day. It must have been amusing at the time, and would be still, in a small crowd, but it is thin fare for a symphony audience, and the elaborate scoring only emphasizes its essentially impromptu character.

Inflated scoring also harms "Pictures From an Exposition," which used to sound very charming when Harold Bauer played them on the piano. Mr. Leonardi's transcription calls for an orchestra that might do to interpret the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, but which is several sizes too large for Moussorgsky's innocent thumb-nail sketches.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Damrosch's orchestra played both pieces very well, and that the audience seemed hugely pleased. The program will be repeated to-night.

By THEODORE STEARNS.

Back to Loeffler's symphonic poem. Lawrence Gilman states in the Philharmonic program notes that the music was suggested to the composer after reading the fifth poem in Paul Verlaine's "La Bonne Chanson." My distinguished colleague, Philip Hale, has translated that poem into English. Some

months ago, when I went up to Sing Sing to review the orchestra there, I noticed how the boys—between the numbers that they played for me—looked longingly through the barred windows of the chapel to "that little patch of blue that prisoners call the sky."

Thinking of this last night, the last lines of Hale's translation seemed particularly pathetic:
"Turn your face, drowned by the dawn and its blue—O the joy among ripe wheat fields!"
"Make my thoughts shine yonder—far off, O so far!—the dew glistens on the hay—"
"In the sweet dream wherein my love, still sleeping, stirs—hasten, hasten: for, lo, the golden sun!"

INA BOURSKEY AS CARMEN.

Again an Animated and Colorful Heroine of Bizet's Opera.

Ina Bourskaya, gay in vivid greens and scarlets of Spain, was a dark but comely and colorful heroine of the Metropolitan's second crowded performance of "Carmen" last evening. The Russian artist returned to the rôle in which she had made her debut last year in New York and previously throughout the West. Queena Marlo, Martineau and Mardones reappeared in a familiar cast and Hasselmanns conducted. Miss Bourskaya, animated and vital, shared with the tenor and their companions in many curtain calls following the scenes of Bizet's favorite opera.

Eugene Frey in Baritone Songs.

A comparatively large audience filled Town Hall last evening and warmly applauded Eugene Frey throughout his song recital. Mr. Frey has a tuneful baritone, of no extraordinary extent and not always secure on its vocal foundations, but it had the effective quality of giving pleasure to its listeners, a something personal which appealed to their sympathies. Mr. Frey had chosen some old and well-tried favorites for an opening, and though they were far from being sung in the grand manner, they did not fall of their effect; Handel and Gluck never could. He followed this with Massenet and Messager, charming the ears of his patrons with the latter's air, "La Maison Irise" from "Fortunio," an air which had to be repeated. Mr. Frey's spell continued through his German group, consisting of gems by Brahms, Strauss and Franck. He ended with four songs in English, not the least appreciated portion of his program. A. Russ Patterson officiated at the piano.

Mischa Leon, Tenor, Sings Again.

Mischa Leon, singing in Aeolian Hall last evening at 8:45 to a still later arriving audience, gave his second recital here in some confusion of program, as he explained in a speech. His own book of translations, which he followed in part, showed a scholarship rare in tenors, as did his interpretations of modern French lyrics of Lili Boulanger, ravel and a half-dozen more heading the list. Vocally seeking expressive phrase often than pure tone, he was at home in English and Danish songs and a group from Hugo Wolf. The later-day composers put heavy demands not only on voice but on accompaniment admirably done by Walter Golde.

Operetta Presented at the Waldorf-Astoria

THE first performance of "Carmela," a Spanish operetta by Percy D. de Coster, was presented at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel last evening for the benefit of the Babies' Hospital and Saint Barnabas' Hospital and Clinic. Among the prominent matrons who entertained parties at the performance were Mrs. J. Morgan, Mrs. Townsend Morgan, Mrs. Oakleigh Tye, Philip A. S. Franklin, Mr. William Ross Proctor, Mrs. Harvard Donnick, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Jr. and the Duchess de Richelieu.



Among those who participated in the performance were the Misses Helen Jenine Bell, Franklin, Anna C. Ruxton, Corolla Livingston, Pauline Hudson

Zoe Kendall Ames, Doris Doe, Audrey Ullman, Gertrude Watts,

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Toti Dal Monte Makes Her Debut.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.

Toti Dal Monte, the soprano who has had conspicuous successes in leading Italian and South American opera houses and more recently as a member of the Chicago Opera Association, made her first appearance in New York in the title part of "Lucia di Lammermoor" last night in the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss dal Monte is noted as a coloratura soprano. The voice seemed last night to have a lyrical rather than a coloratura character. This is not to say that her technique was inadequate to the bravura passages of Donizetti; these were sung competently, often with brilliancy, but not with that freedom and electrical virtuosity which justifies the coloratura music and its interpreters. What Miss dal Monte did do was to give the utmost musical substance that could be given to the facile music of Donizetti and to make of the unfortunate Lucia as credibly dramatic a figure as possible.

She often gave lyrical passages a true pathos and she colored her tone effectively for emotional purposes. This was the more admirable an achievement, inasmuch as the voice is not a large one, and not capable of wide range of dramatic effects. But there were plausibly emotional moments in the mad scene, and in this scene the cadenzas were treated not only with technical adequacy but with musicianship. Passages of the cadenza often omitted by other singers were restored by Miss dal Monte, with results that gave a greater measure of significance than is usual to these passages. There was also the gift of the singer for the stage. Her figure is plump as the figures of many mezzosoprano—particularly those who die as Violetta—tend to be, but she has beautiful hands and arms, and expressive gestures. She is a sincere interpreter, a real musician, and a woman who has evidently worked out with care and thought her interpretive equipment. This was not a sensational appearance, but it was a successful one, and the success was of an uncommonly legitimate order for a singer of such a style and an opera of the nature of "Lucia." There was long and loud applause for Miss dal Monte at each moment sanctioned by the traditions of the opera. She had reason to be gratified with her reception.

Marlo Chamlee took the part of Edgardo, as had been announced, in spite of a cold, and gave a performance that was praiseworthy in its vocal quality and its interpretation. Mr. de Luca had to sing loudly to fill the house, as all singers do—a little too loudly for the best good of tone and style. For an artist less accomplished, his performance would have been admirable. Mr. Mardones sang with his accustomed sonority, though his pitch was now and again under the weather. Mr. Bada did what could be done with the colorless rôle of Arturo. The conductor, Mr. Papi, read the score vigorously, if not with the refinement and elegance which are inalienable qualities of even the more rapid inventions of Donizetti. The scenic settings of the opera are highly artistic—worthy, in fact, of greater things.

Alexander Brailowsky's Recital.

Not many young pianists who have made appearances in America in recent years play with the poetry, the individuality and the fire that characterized the performance of Alexander Brailowsky last night in Aeolian Hall. He is a born virtuoso in the highest sense of that word. He feels instinctively the resources of the piano, and makes of it an instrument that sings and throbs with color. Sometimes his temperament gets a little the better of him; sometimes he ignores or distorts a detail in a manner that might be called by a strict purist disrespectful of the composer. But this is seldom; when it occurs it is quickly forgotten, because the big line of the performance absorbs the detail that has been slightly askew, and the overwhelming temperament and sincerity of the artist compel respect and response in those who listen.

In Mr. Brailowsky's playing of a big Chopin group there was continual variety of color, dramatic contrast, poetic atmosphere. Passages that are customarily taken as a matter of course by performer and audience alike had fresh significance. There was no matter of course in these performances. The pianist interpreted with equal comprehension the exquisite song of the D flat nocturne and the splendid visions of the great F sharp minor polonaise. The audience felt the musical personality of the interpreter—a man born to perceive and to reveal beauty; not a schollast or an opportunist who by some accident had successfully followed a musical career.

Mr. Brailowsky was applauded without stint, and his program became much longer than announced through the number of encores he was obliged to add to the program.

"Marta" Delights at Metropolitan.

A special performance of "Marta" delighted a large audience at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon. They found a refreshing charm in its sparkling music and naïve plot, a reaction against the triple-distilled tragedies of present-day opera. There was a great deal of

fine singing from the four principal characters, taken by Frances Alda as Lady Harriet, Kathleen Howard as Naney, Adamo Didur as Plunkett and Gligli as Lionel.

The applause was prolonged for Gligli's air in the third act, and the many curtain calls singled him out for special notice. The conductor, Gennaro Papi, was also called before the curtain for the excellent work of the orchestra. The chorus was good and the mise en scène all that could be desired.

YESTERDAY'S morning musicale at the Biltmore attracted a fashionable audience of good size. Marguerite D'Alvarez, beautifully gowned in silver and sablé, sang in a golden voice songs by Deems Taylor Robinson and Velasquez, and arias from "Carmen" and "Samson et Dalila."

Geraldine Leo, a very young violinist with a great future looming near, played Leonard's "Sourvenir," with its glorified version of old Russia's anthem, and works by Mendelssohn, Fiorillo, Musin and others.



New York Symphony

Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Society, led his players through the same program last night in Carnegie Hall that they played the afternoon before in the same place, but there were few vacant seats despite the heavy rain and the repetition. The program was divided between Wagner and Moussorgsky, although the two pieces by the latter composer were orchestrated by other music writers.

Both the Russian's pieces were given their first hearing in this country at Thursday afternoon's concert. "The Peep-Show," arranged by Sir Henry J. Wood, is a caricature of Moussorgsky's contemporaries and was sung by Fraser Gange, who also sang Hans Sachs's Monologue from Wagner's "Meistersinger" in the first part of the program. The other Russian novelty was "Pictures from An Exposition," orchestrated by a young man born in the land of the Czar, but now living here—L. Leonardi, twenty-three years old—who is said to have several pieces of his own to his credit. The "Dance of the Little Chicks" and the "Great Portal of Kiev" were the best of the seven pictures. Like so much modern music, there was more noise than harmony.

The first half of the program, with the Entrance of the Knights of the Grail and the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal," with Wagner's Scherzo from Symphony in C, was of regulation concert standard and was meticulously handled by Mr. Damrosch. Mischa Mischakoff, "first violin," played the solo in the Good Friday Spell.

Dec 7 1924

By OLIN DOWNES.

From a Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.

Premiere of "Jenufa."

JENUFA, opera in three acts, after a Czechoslovak folk-play by Gabriele Preis. German translation by Max Grod from the Bohemian text as arranged by the composer. Music by Leos Janacek. At the Metropolitan Opera House. Grandmother Buryja.....Kathleen Howard Laca Klemen.....Martin Ohman Stewa Buryja.....Rudolf Laubenthal The Sexton's Widow.....Margarete Matzenauer Jenufa.....Maria Jeritza The Mill Foreman.....Gustav Schuetzenberg The Village Judge.....James Wolfe His Wife.....Laura Robertson Karolka.....Ellen Dalossy A Maid.....Grace Anthony An Aunt.....Charlotte Ryan Conductor, Arthur Bodanzky.

Leos Janacek's "Jenufa," an opera of singular originality, naïveté and unevenness of invention and effect, was given its first performance yesterday afternoon by the Metropolitan Opera Company. The libretto is taken bodily from the text of the drama "Jeni Pastorkyna" ("Her Step-Daughter") by the Czech playwright Gabriele Preis. It is a realistic tragedy of peasant life in a Moravian village. The original drama is longer and no doubt better proportioned than the pages of text that Janacek selected

for musical setting. The composer was forced to condense a good deal in arranging his libretto; then, after finishing his score, he found it necessary to cut fully one-sixth of its contents, in order that it should be of proper length for performance. This has caused elisions which are in places too great, in other places too small. Here action drags, there a climactic moment is passed over too quickly.

The result is a first act that is compact, spirited, raucy, and second and third acts which fall far short of the earlier promise of the opera.

It is fair to conclude these things, after only two hearings of the work at dress rehearsal and performance, for the production is one of the most brilliant the Metropolitan has given this season, from whatever point of view it is estimated, and the music itself is no recondite affair; it is as simple, as naïve and unaffected as the nature of the man who wrote it. It does not demand detailed analysis, although the theories of the composer, and his methods, too, are interesting; it strikes home, at his best, instantaneously. When it misses the mark, this, too, is quickly felt by the auditor. In such respects the score is like the play and its characters; it is most convincing where it is most direct, impulsive and of the soil; it falls short where playwright and composer have been puzzled and led from their path by dramatic unreality.

At first the drama moves rapidly. Its motives are quickly bared, and one development follows immediately on the heels of the other, as should be with a play of the veristic kind. Later, there is more talk, and less concise, dynamic treatment of situations. Jenufa, step-daughter of the widow Buryja, is loved by the half-brothers, Stewa and Laca, who work by the side of the girl in the mill. Stewa is a handsome ne'er-do-well, Laca, a stronger character, cherishes a passion which is deep and bitter. Jenufa yields to Stewa, and discovers, as he is called to the barracks, that she is with child. Stewa, lucky in everything, escapes the conscription. He returns home with the recruits, uproariously drunk. The widow, ignorant of the state of affairs, interrupts the rejoicing and forbids the marriage until Stewa has proved that he can keep sober for at least a year. Laca, consumed with jealousy, slashes Jenufa's cheek with his knife, that her beauty may cease to fascinate his brother and the match be broken off.

This is the end of the first act, which affords a picturesque background of peasant life. In the second act, Jenufa's child having been born, the widow summons Stewa, and begs him to marry her. Stewa refuses; it develops that he has become the betrothed of the judge's daughter, Karolka. Laca comes, to him the widow, in turn, tells the truth. Laca would marry Jenufa, but the thought of Stewa's child is unendurable to him. The widow, who has drugged Jenufa, says the child has died. While the mother lies unconscious she drowns the child in the river. Laca and Jenufa are about to marry when the infanticide is discovered. Jenufa is believed to have been the murderer, but Laca protects her from the villagers, and the widow confesses her crime.

Karolka, come with Stewa to the wedding, turns from him. Jenufa prepares to fly from the scene of her disgrace, but Laca consoles her. He, too, committed a crime against love, when he acted to turn his brother from her. Together they will go forth and expiate the past. The curtain descends to an apotheosis by strings, wood and brass choir.

This opera was composed when Janacek was nearly 50 years old, a man of exceptionally vigorous and emotional temperament, capable of highly dramatic expression, as certain of his choruses have shown, but with little experience of the theatre. He has striven to express his characters in music not compounded of folk melody, but derived from fundamentally much more subtle and expressive of character and impulse than folk-music in the popular speech. This melodic essence of speech he has endeavored to amplify and develop in his score.

He finds a music incorrigibly sincere, overwhelmingly human in the inflections, rhythms, accents of the national tongue. He has sought to discover and embody in his music these utterances: "How the human individual utters words of love; how, with what intensity, he expresses his hate; the melodic curve of energy—the melodic turn of the word, torn from life—real life is needed in opera; instead we get too often the melody of song and dance." As an opera composer he stands nearer to Moussorgsky than to any other musician, a realist, but not a mere imitator or photographer of life.

In places in "Jenufa" he imitates rather naïvely the effect of the arrested millwheel by means of wood struck with sticks. He has said that the cutting of the harvest, the prattle of conversation, the humming of telegraph wires, all carry a music of their own. But he listens above all "to the human soul revealing itself in speech."

These conceptions are more than abstract theories with the composer. Often, in the first act, they show themselves in declamation of much truthfulness and emotion. There are heard impulsive ex-

us, cries that come straight from the human heart. It is a pity, in a way, that it was necessary to present the opera in German translation, for this spontaneous and genuine expression would doubtless have been even more manifest if it had been at all intelligible in the original Czech. Notwithstanding this, the nuances of text and music were often striking. The Czech peasant repeats a word or a phrase very often, with different inflections and intensities of feeling, and this is admirably transcribed by the composer.

There are certain developments of what might be called "speech" motives, quite different from Wagnerian developments of symphonic motives and more native to pure drama. Thus the early entrance of Jenufa to the image of the Virgin, the melodic line rising with the repetition, is a typical instance. Then is heard the pain and jealousy of Laca, standing by, the pettish replies of Jenufa to his teasing, the talk of the old grandmother. All these things are fresh, spontaneous, peasant-like and truthful to a degree. In ensemble passages the composer excels, as for example, the joyous commotion when the news of Stewa's return is announced; the entrance of that reprobate and his companions; the songs and hilarious dances; the muttering of Laca and the Mill-hand, sharpening the knife. These things show the composer in his meter. In the following acts his invention flags, he experiments, toys with this figure and that in his orchestra, and signally fails to expand the big emotional crises in adequate music. He lapses into Italianisms, repeats orchestral figures after the manner of Puccini (Mascagni had been hinted in the first act). There are certain excuses for

his. The situations are repetitious. The widow and Jenufa are competing at the top of their voices about very much the same thing for nearly two acts. The entrances of Stewa and Laca furnish significant music. The only changes came with the appearance of the crowd in the last act and the wedding songs and dances. Certain naïve proceedings miss fire completely. Among them is the violin solo as Jenufa realizes that she has lost her child. When he has situations susceptible to treatment by a composer of his methods and temperament, and when, above all, he is dealing with types rather than with sharply cut personalities and sustained moods, Janacek is spontaneous and distinctive; but when long musical and emotional flights are called for and the situation demands musical development and psychology, the composer is at a loss.

Under no circumstances is it easy to transplant a folk opera from its original setting. For Jenufa the Metropolitan Opera House is, in the first place, too large; in the second place, it is a work which requires singers, language and audience that are native to it, for an entirely sympathetic presentation and hearing.

Nothing was lacking in yesterday's performances that could have been provided in a great American lyric theatre. The performers, almost without exception, excelled in dramatic interpretation. The ensemble was the finest we have seen this season; the most finished in its detail; the best coordinated in its collective character. Mme. Jeritzka, Jenufa is undoubtedly one of her finest accomplishments. True, she is too tall for the short skirts of the Moravian peasant girl—and her costume was gorgeous—to do justice to her shapeliness. But in the sometimes constrained, sometimes impetuous, "count-trifled" gestures, in the passionate and simple character that she drew, she made a remarkable impression, and more than once carried through scenes that would otherwise have wholly failed.

This lyric drama from Czechoslovakia, which had its American premiere on Saturday afternoon, is one of those naïve operas of peasant life, strongly realistic and nationalistic in flavor, that the Germans call "Volksoper." Its composer, Leos Janacek (if you are interested in such things, his name is pronounced in English Lay-awsh Yahn-AH-cheh), was born in a Moravian village and has spent most of his life in Czechoslovakia. He is an organist and professor of music as well as composer and is an authority on Czechoslovakian folk-song. He began his work on the opera in 1894 and finished it in 1903. He is now seventy years old.

The Story of the Opera.

The story, which was a successful play before Janacek chose it for an opera libretto, is of a realistic character that makes "Cavalleria Rusticana" look like a Christmas pantomime. Jenufa, the village belle, an orphan, has been brought up by the sexton's widow. Two brothers, Stewa and Laca (pronounced Steayva and Lahtsa), are in love with her. The former seduces her, and the latter, in a fit of jealous rage, slashes her face with a knife. The widow keeps Jenufa in hiding until her child is born and manages to conceal her shameful secret.

so dishonored a wife. He remains steadfast. However, and the two go out, hand in hand, to face what the movies would call "The Dawn of a Happier To-Morrow."

The play is rather creaky and old-fashioned in construction—all the exposition is got over by means of soliloquies and asides—bristles with improbabilities, and is so completely destitute of any humor that its very solemnity eventually becomes its own comic relief. Nevertheless, in spite of these shortcomings it makes a fairly good melodrama, and, performed in a moderately small theatre by good actors, would, I imagine, be interesting.

Janacek's Musical Theories.

Done as an opera, however, in an enormous house like the Metropolitan, it would need not only good acting and singing, but a musical score of tremendous emotional and dramatic power to make it effective. And unfortunately Leos Janacek, although a fine musician with excellent taste and a sensitive ear for word values, shows little evidence in "Jenufa" of being a composer of any particular distinction or dramatic power.

The book of "Jenufa" is written throughout in prose, and in setting the words to music Janacek has employed a method of his own by which he claims to capture what he calls "the melody of the spoken word," i. e., make his vocal line follow the natural cadences and inflection of accents of speech. It is difficult to see just how this "word-melody" differs essentially from the "tone-speech" of Wagner or the melodious parlance of Debussy. The effect on the ear, certainly, is virtually the same.

But Janacek neglects to do with his orchestra either of the things that Wagner and Debussy did with theirs. No matter how speech-like the dialogue in the Ring, for instance, the orchestra is always singing, for Wagner generally allows his instruments to supply the emotional stimulus of melody even when his singers are most conversational. Debussy, in "Pelleas et Melisande," eschews continuous melody, even in the orchestra, but underlines his musical dialogue with an iridescent web of complicated rhythms and shifting harmonies that have a tremendous emotional effect upon the auditor.

Janacek's orchestra, however, offers even less melodic interest than his vocal parts, and his harmonic and rhythmic scheme is usually of the simplest. After hearing a full rehearsal and a performance I was able to distinguish only three or four passages that might be called melodious, and at least two of those—the peasant chorus and dance in act 1 and the dance-song of the girls in act 2—were probably folk songs.

A score that possesses neither melodic nor harmonic interest cannot be expected to do much toward enhancing the effectiveness of any stage action, and the most the "Jenufa"

music ever accomplishes is to keep from interfering with the drama, virtually never helps it. If "Jenufa" is a success it will have to be so on the strength of the book and the acting.

An Exceptional Production.

The latter, by the way, deserves the most unqualified praise. Mr. von Wymetal has staged the opera completely in terms of the theatre and has made an extraordinarily fine job of it. Handling of the crowds superbly picturesque and realistic as he has moulded the principals into

Stewa refuses to marry the disgraced girl, and the faithful Laca, though still loving her, cannot endure the thought of being a father to his brother's child. The widow, therefore, drowns the baby, telling both Jenufa and Laca that it died a natural death. On the very day that the couple are to be married the child's corpse is found in the river. The heartbroken Jenufa, though cleared of suspicion by her foster mother's confession of guilt, prepares to say farewell to Laca, who she imagines will not want

The casting of the opera is, as good as the staging; there was not a member of Saturday's company that one would have changed.

Mme. Jeritzka, in the title role, a picture of fresh, rustic loveliness, acted and sang with never-failing variety and vitality, making her one emotional scene, in the second act, a moment of touching simplicity and pathos. Mme. Matzenauer, happily cast in a role that exactly suited her, both vocally and dramatically, gave a performance of moving sincerity.

First Performance of "Jenufa"

"WHAT A CREW!" said a well-known dramatic critic of the characters

in one of the Ibsen plays. "What a crew!" we may say also of the people in "Jenufa," that had its first American performance (in German) at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday. A more complete collection of undesirables and incredibles has never previously appeared in any one opera.

The scene is laid in Moravia, where the Brethren come from. If these people are normal specimens of the inhabitants of the country, I am not surprised at the Brethren leaving it. The central character of the story is a singularly repellent old female named Burya, who is the widow of the local sexton. What this poor gentleman died of is not stated; but I should think that the slightest acquaintance with his wife would have justified any coroner in holding an inquest. Burya's one passion in life is her step-daughter Jenufa. This young person is loved by Stewa and his step-brother Laca. Stewa is a good-looking young cad who seems to do what he likes with the more impressionable maidens of the village. To show his delight in escaping conscription he gets very drunk, and behaves badly in the presence of the whole village, including Jenufa; whereupon Burya tells him he cannot marry the girl till he has proved for a year that he can give up the drink. Left alone with Jenufa, the amiable Laca, in a fit of jealousy, slashes Jenufa across the face with his knife, his theory being that Stewa loves her only for her beauty.

Burya's plans, however, are frustrated by the fact that it is already almost time for Jenufa to call in the services of an accoucher. Obviously her reputation has to be saved somehow, for these Moravian villages are as censorious as villages are everywhere. In corresponding circumstances in England the girl would go on a visit to an aunt at the seaside. The Moravian synonym for this seems to be going to Vienna. So, as far as the village is concerned, Jenufa is in Vienna while her child is being born in Burya's back room.

When the second act opens, the interesting but superfluous infant is eight days old. The master-mind of Burya now rises to the situation. She puts Jenufa to sleep with poppy-tea, sends for Stewa, and implores him to marry the girl. But Stewa, in spite of his being so good-looking, is not totally devoid of sense. He states quite lucidly and impartially his reasons for being unable to oblige. The scar on Jenufa's cheek has put her out of the running for the local beauty stakes; Burya surely does not expect a connoisseur like him to take over a piece of damaged goods? Then, again, he is a bit scared by Jenufa's intellectual attainments. Does she not teach the village boys to read and write? Stewa is a devotee of female loveliness; he does not want to marry a high-brow. Further, he is frightened to death of Burya herself, he tells her; she strikes him as a bit of a witch.

At this point, I must confess, my sympathies went out to Stewa; the prospect of having Burya for a mother-in-law would be enough to scare any young man off matrimony. Finally, he is going to marry the judge's daughter, who, if not quite as good-looking as Jenufa used to be, has more money. But Burya lays the last straw on the poor camel's back when she tells him that Jenufa has had a child by him. After that, of course, it is quite impossible for him to marry the girl, even for the sake of old times.

Then Burya sees that there is nothing

else for it. She goes into the next room, comes out with one of those bundles of rags that on the stage are supposed to contain a baby, and rushes out of the house distractedly. In convivial countries they put champagne on ice. In Moravia, or at all events in the metropolitan province known as Moravia Operatica, they apparently put babies on ice. The river is handy, the window is opened by a thoughtful stage management to let us see what awful weather it is outside, and that is the end of little Stewa the second. Burya tells Jenufa that she (Jenufa) must have forgotten that she has been ill with fever for two days, during which the baby has died.

Jenufa no doubt wonders how a little thing like that could have escaped her, but she dutifully accepts Burya's statement for gospel. Indeed, being in an accepting mood, she also accepts Laca, who happens to come in just then. He too has been a little scared when, a little while before, he heard that Jenufa had had a baby, but it was a relief to learn that it is dead. The noble young fellow has quite forgiven Jenufa for having had her cheek slashed by him, and Jenufa, recognizing at last what a fine nature he has, promises to marry him. As she tells him, Stewa may have the looks, but he has the beautiful soul.

In the third act, we see the village gathered together for the wedding; even Stewa and his fiancée are there. All is going well till some busybodies rush in in great excitement. The baby's body has been discovered; apparently the distracted Burya had not properly tested the thickness of the ice. She nobly confesses in order to save Jenufa. I am sorry to say that this young lady does not seem fully to appreciate the sacrifice; for after Burya has been led away to justice, instead of taking immediate steps to get into touch with the best criminal lawyer in the village, she stays behind, after all the others have gone, to sing an operatic love-duet with Laca.

To this crude story Janacek has written music that is obviously the work of a man who, however many works he may have to his credit, is only a cut above the amateur. The best things in the score are the national songs and dances, which are charming. For the bigger moments he has mostly nothing but conventional operatic formulae. It is a little puzzling to the non-Czech listener, to find cheerful national dance rhythms running through some of the most tragic scenes of the play. Apparently in these Central European countries you do everything to one of these rhythms; you shave yourself to a Krakoviak, cut a man's throat to a Mazurka, and bury him to a Csardas.

The company labored hard to make these absurd stage figures credible to us; but Mr. Laubenthal, for all his intelligence, could not bring Stewa to life, and Mr. Oehman seemed none too happy as Laca. Mme. Matzenauer was duly convulsive as Burya, and admirably realistic, for naturally you could not expect a poor woman with so much on her mind to sing with perfect melodiousness. I did not see Jenufa anywhere, but her clothes were worn by Mme. Jeritzka, who, if she was more self-conscious than I imagine the real Jenufa would have been, sang infinitely better. The opera was charmingly staged, and the costumes were a delight to the eye.

The arrival of Julius Bledsoe toward the end of last season, caused a mild sensation in the rank of the rapidly thinning concert engagements. This Negro baritone, who had somehow achieved a creditable musical education while working also for a degree of doctor of medicine, was one of the agreeable surprises which sometimes spring out of a week which is otherwise uneventful.

Yesterday he sang again in Town Hall. His voice has gained, if anything, in richness and power; it is smooth and sonorous in its lower register and the slight uncertainty in intonation in his upper notes has disappeared. The program tested his range of interpretation—it swept from Bach, Brahms and Handel to the inevitable spirituals and bright, exotic

songs from Peru. For all the breadth and force of his style, Mr. Bledsoe showed remarkable subtlety in following these varying moods, which he invested with a simplicity and sincerity of his own. He made the spirituals more jovial and less plain—more than those of Roland Hayes and laid more emphasis on their racial quality. This obvious comparison with Mr. Hayes will arise, but really has no place here. The two voices had styles have nothing in common except that both are warmly sympathetic.

Katherine Bacon gave a song recital in the afternoon also, with a program which was grouped about Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata and which includes Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." In the evening, the Yale University Glee Club was scheduled for its second annual concert at Town Hall. "Aida" was announced as the opera at the Metropolitan.

Katherine Bacon's Piano Recital.
Katherine Bacon, the pianist, returned at Aeolian Hall yesterday in a matinee characterized, as her recitals have been in several seasons past, by a kindling energy, a gem-like fineness of execution in detail, no less than by her broader appreciation of classic masters. She was heard by a friendly audience in the "Appassionata" sonata of Beethoven, Schumann's "Symphonic Studies," some Chopin and Liszt. To lighter pieces by Ravel and Dohányi, she added, for the first time here, three agreeable studies by Aurelio Gionni, pianist of the Elshuco Trio of New York.

NEGRO BARITONE SINGS.

Julius Bledsoe. Again Gives a Matinee of Songs in Four Languages.

Julius Bledsoe, a negro baritone from Texas, now a medical student at Columbia, reappeared in a matinee of songs in four languages yesterday at the Town Hall. His audience recalled him after Russell's "Conjuror's Song" and it ended not only one of Brahms's "Liebeslieder," Duparc's "Invitation au Voyage," lyrics of La Forge and Emil Polak, a companionist, but also the "spirituals," "Go Down, Moses" and "Keep Inclin' Along," to which he added "They Have Laid Away My Lord." The singer's diction, least clear in English, still lags behind his dramatic intelligence and remarkable hushed tones of natural beauty rare on the professional stage.

International Composers' Guild

The most interesting thing at the concert of the International Composers' Guild last night was a new Fantasy for wind instruments by Mr. Eugene Goossens, who effected the first performance of it. One's impression of it can only be superlative, but it certainly gave a good deal of pleasure. It is melodious, fluent and beautiful; and all through it, in spite of one or two little Stravinskysms, we hear that genuine Goossens whom the few works, and especially the admirable Infonietta, show to be emerging from the imitative Goossens of a few years ago.

The "Labyrinth" of Mr. Frederick Lawrence was new to me. Mr. Lawrence is a young Englishman who has done some agreeable work on a modest scale. It is for granted that the "Labyrinth" correctly played last night. If so, I should like to hear it played the other way. It might sound better. Miss Ursula Greville, whose voice has grown in power and has become richer in quality since I heard it, sang a number of familiar songs in excellent style, though the "Aurora" of Egon Wellesz seemed no less imitable than usual. The latest work, the "Tzigane," which I heard in London a few months ago with a piano accompaniment, was last night with the new orchestral accompaniment the composer has written. This is so skilful a piece of work that he, in and by itself, a pure delight to the ear; but the violin part (played last night by Mr. Andre Polak) has little beyond that of containing practically every effect that can be produced by the instrument. The work as a whole shows the once-talented Ravel at one stage nearer still to becoming a complete utilitarian. The program also included an orchestral

work by Mr. Carl Ruggles, entitled "Men and Mountains." I trust I may be allowed to offer my congratulations to Mr. Ruggles. He must feel very much better now he has got that out of his system.
ERNEST NEWMAN.

New Works at the Season's First International Guild Concert

First concert of the season by the International Composers' Guild, conducted by Eugene Goossens, assisted by a chamber orchestra of players from the State Symphony. Soloists: Ursula Greville, soprano; Andre Polak, violinist. At Aeolian Hall.

- PROGRAM**
1. "Labyrinth".....Frederick Lawrence
For woodwind, horn, harp and strings
(First performance)
 2. "Men and Mountains".....Carl Ruggles
for chamber orchestra
(First performance)
 3. a. Merciless Beauty.....three Chaucer
Rondels.....R. Vaughan Williams
For voice and three string instruments
(First time in America)
b. "Whistle, whistle and wife".....F. G. Scott
For voice and piano
(First performance)
c. "I bended unto me a bough of May".....Felix White
For voice and piano
(First performance)
d. "There is no more to say".....Owen Mase
For voice and harp
(First time in America)
e. "Aurora".....Egon Wellesz
Vocalized for soprano and chamber orchestra
Ursula Greville, soprano; Marie Miller, harp; Carlos Salzedo, piano
 4. Fantasy.....Eugene Goossens
For wind instruments
(First performance)
 5. Tzigane.....Maurice Ravel
Rhapsody for violin and orchestra
(First time in America)
Andre Polak.

It is no longer possible to doubt that there is a public—large, alert, inquisitive—for the significant new music of our time. One of the proofs of this immensely cheering fact is that the International Composers' Guild, which was founded in 1921 for the purpose of giving hearings to new music, has so materially enlarged its public that it must needs give its concerts this season at Aeolian Hall instead of in the smaller auditoriums of the theaters where for the last three years its stimulating exhibitions have been held.

Last night at the Guild's first concert of the present season in Aeolian Hall the room was crowded—not, be it noted, to hear our old friend Demetrius Poundergood play the Liszt Sonata, a Chopin group and the C sharp minor Prelude of Rachmaninoff, but to hear a program bristling with the names of some of the most pernicky of those conspirators against the chord of the dominant ninth who are known to the upright as perpetrators of "that dreadful modern music," and who have somehow contrived to survive amazingly the ridicule and the disesteem of those who like them not. There was Mr. Carl Ruggles, for instance, whose seven generations of New England ancestors have not saved him from the clutches of the Polytonalists; and Mr. Egon Wellesz, pupil of Schonberg.

The program was a sort of cross-section of what is too innocently and trustingly called musical "modernism"—which is not one thing, but a dozen things, some of them not "modern" at all, in the special sense that is given to that word in current discussions. Vaughan Williams, for example, is classed among the British modernists. But there is little that is "modernistic" about his music, and the innocent hearer might listen to a great deal of it without ever suspecting that he was facing one of the bogey men of the New Age. Especially would he be unsuspecting in the presence of the lovely group of songs that Miss Ursula Greville sang so imaginatively and rightly at last night's concert—settings (composed in 1920) of three rondels by Chaucer, written with extraordinary skill for soprano voice, with accompaniment of two violins and cello. Vaughan Williams has captured exquisitely the archaic spirit and implications of the words, and has woven about the quaint and lovely verse a musical pattern of haunting charm. Miss Greville made a pronounced success with her singing of them and was persuaded to repeat the last.

For is there anything to make the of the arrested Brahmsian creep Eugene Goossens's new "Fantasy" for flute, oboe, clarinets, bassoons and trumpets, which he

composed especially for the Guild and revealed last night for the first time anywhere. This is a brilliant work, melodious after the old-fashioned manner, harmonized in the style of the Debussyan past (indeed, some of it takes us back to composers even more unequivocally classical than Debussy). It is delicately and ingeniously devised,

and Mr. Goossens makes skilful use of his little band of wind players, eliciting a remarkable variety and subtle richness of tone color from the nine instruments.

The "Labyrinth" of Mr. Frederick Lawrence (an English composer hitherto unknown here) begins somewhat more daringly, with a determined acidulation of the harmonic brew; but the composer soon lapses into unashamed Scriabinism, and we find ourselves back among the pink lights and perfumed cozy corners of "Le Poème de l'Extase," with the Faune piping outside the window and Tristan mooning in the back yard. Mr. Lawrence has given us here a one-movement fantasy for wind, harp and strings, and he has written it poetically, with glints and promises of a fugitive beauty. But the influences that molded it are a bit too evident for the listener's peace of mind.

The three songs by Messrs. Scott, White and Mase were not important, though the curiously individual harp accompaniment of Mr. Mase's setting of Blisa Carman's Sapphic lament, "There is no more to say," would bear examination. Wellesz's "Aurora," a vocalize in coloratura style for voice and chamber orchestra, which invites the soprano to perilous ascents above the staff (to D and E in alt), has a touch of rapture in the soaring melodic line, and Miss Greville soared intrepidly with the music. But the piece has no marked physiognomy.

By far the most original item on the program was Mr. Carl Ruggles's "Men and Mountains," which he calls a "Symphonic Ensemble." It is written for a chamber orchestra of woodwind, brass, seven strings, piano and cymbals, and consists of three short movements, entitled "Men"; "Lilacs"; "Marching Mountains." The score bears a quotation from William Blake: "Great things are done when men and mountains meet."

Mr. Ruggles is well fitted to set Blake to music. He is a natural mystic, a rhapsodist, a composer who sees visions and dreams fantastic dreams. The wild, gigantic, tortured symbols of Blake's imagination, his riotous and untrammelled excursions in the world behind the heavens, are all of a piece with Mr. Ruggles's thinking. There is a touch of the apocalyptic, the fabulous, about his fantasies. He is the first unicorn to enter American music. He is the master of a strange, torrential and perturbing discourse. We are not always sure that we understand what he is saying, but we suspect that this is our fault, not his. His music seems to us to be utterly original. He has forgotten the gods of yesterday (if he ever bowed to them). He is no polite snitcher of Debussyan, Scriabinian, Stravinskian formulae. Like Landor, he drinks out of his own glass.

Sometimes he is thrilling and puissant—as in that joyously dissonant "proclamation" that opens "Men and Mountains." And in his middle movement, for the strings, he has found a strange, new poignancy of harmonic and polyphonic speech, a translation into tones of that picture which evidently haunted this dweller among New England hills, and which Dorothy Canfield has fixed for the eye in her vivid prose: "Lilacs, wistful, frail, tenuously complicated, tells of the ebbing away of humanity from the scenes of

its old conquests, of sagging rooftrees and rotting farmhouses, of the soft-footed advance of the forest back over the land which man had wrested into his own hands, of dust on deserted hearthstones, of 'brush in the pastures,' that New England phrase which to any Yankee brings up the whole picture."

This New Englander with a touch of Blake—of Blake's rhapsodic fantasy, Blake's piercing and swift simplicity—may not write music that we should call "beautiful." Yet to-morrow, or the day after, we may call it that.

International Composers' Guild.

It is a good and fruitful thing for certain musical societies to specialize in the production of new and ultra-modern compositions. It is a good thing for reviewers to attend these concerts and give their opinions, for what they may be worth, of the compositions interpreted. The greater part of these compositions are likely to have a short and

unhappy existence, but this does not deprive such concerts of their value to composers and public.

The International Composers' Guild, Inc., gave the first concert of its fourth season last night in Aeolian Hall. New music was presented by Ursula Greville, soprano; Andre Polak, violinist; an orchestra composed of Marie Miller, harp; Rex Tillotson, cellist and piano; and Ist. Tiltotson, cellist and piano. The English orchestra, conducted by the English composer, Eugene Goossens, as

ductor in this city. The program included a work for chamber orchestra, "Labyrinth," by Frederick Lawrence; a work similarly scored, by Carl Ruggles, "Men and Mountains"; songs for voice and various instruments, by Vaughan Williams, F. G. Scott, Felix White, Owen Mase and Egon Wellesz, a fantasy for wind instruments by Mr. Goossens, and Ravel's "Tzigane," for solo violin and orchestra. These were all first performances or performances for the first time in America.

The best music came last. "Tzigane" was given its first performance in the present orchestral arrangement about a month ago under Mr. Mengelberg in Amsterdam. This is an ironic treatment of the style of the old violin concerto. The composer imagines a gypsy fiddling. There is the slow cadenza, rhapsodic prelude and at last launching into the fiery Czardas. We do not rate this amusing piece among Ravel's great compositions, but, as is usual with this master of his craft, it is superbly written. The old violin technique is mocked and then metamorphosed in new and ingenious ways that would have astonished a Vieuxtemps or de Beriot. The coloring accomplished with a few instruments is a fresh surprise to the ears, even in these days of color madness and virtuosity and even with that magician of the instruments, Maurice Ravel. This is a *jeu d'esprit* by a man with a supreme knowledge of his business, with whom technique itself is almost an art instead of a means, and who wastes not a pen stroke in gaining the exact effect that he desires. The sheer joy of his craftsmanship, the point, clearness and wit of his writing are very great.

Perhaps we are getting hopelessly old-fashioned or perhaps the methods of polytonalists and atonalists—the word has nothing to do with atonement—has palled on our ears. But truth compels the statement that most of the music last night seemed glibly dissonant, without true character or ideas, and therefore just as monotonous and a little uglier than the procedure of the old Italian opera writers who wrote vapid melodies to text which rhymed "amore" and "dolore." It is true that a certain vigor and dramatic quality were felt in Frederick Lawrence's "Labyrinth," which, nevertheless, impressed at a first hearing as being artificial in its style. Under that style, derived from principles of dissonance now familiar to most of us, is apparently a temperament and perhaps a creative nature, but it is not easy to think that the expression is natural with the composer.

Much more exciting was the music of Mr. Ruggles, who bobs up serenely each season with a new piece more discordant and more ingenious in its torture of the cortical centres than the last one. Mr. Ruggles, in his "Men and Mountains," leaps upon the listener with a yell. There is a wild shriek of the brass choir, and thereafter no rest for the wicked. It is as if the irate composer had seized a plump, disparaging critic by some soft and flabby part of his anatomy, and pinched him blue, crying, the while, "You will hear me, and you'll not go to sleep, either." No one slept, either during or after the concert, for there is a Ruggles contingency, and a determined one. They applauded in phalanxes, while others kept silent, or groaned. This was, indeed, one of the most entertaining moments of the evening.

Miss Greville sang Vaughan Williams's settings of three rondels of Chaucer, charmingly scored for voice, two violins and cello. Perhaps the archaism of these songs is a little tedious and a little overdone, although the last, "Since I escaped from love," is delightful. The accomplished diction of the singer was largely responsible for the success of the song in Scotch dialect. "Whistle, whistle"; but there is a lovely melodic line in Felix White's "Bough of May." Egon Wellesz's "Aurora" is written in very high registers for the voice and in a characteristically dissonant manner

for the orchestra, and it asks more of Miss Greville than she could give it.

Mr. Goossens conducted these compositions with as much earnestness as if they had been his own, with authority and musical resource. As a composer it is not so easy to praise him. There are facility and modernness of coloring in his Fantasy, but where does it arrive? The prettiness and fairy-tale quality of some thematic fragments are not enough to give it body; the piece has little substance or character. It seems one of many, many compositions being turned out rapidly by young men of today, and that is not enough; nor, probably, is it worthy of the best in the talent of Mr. Goossens.

Alessandro Bonci's Recital.

Alessandro Bonci gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Manhattan Opera House, scene of so many of his former appearances in this city. He was assisted by Charlotte Harvis, soprano, in a program that concerned itself principally with Italian music of the old and florid type, including a few solos and duets from operas. Mr. Bonci, particularly in music of Cimarosa and Bellini, gave admirable demonstrations of his mastery legato and finish and phrase and style. The music, of course, was seldom of a deeply emotional kind. Its charm lay in its beauty of line and its natural luxuriance of ornamentation. Many of the ornaments and embellishments become with Mr. Bonci things of a rare beauty. They are remembered because of their curve and their nuance, and the fine taperings of the phrases and the manner in which this tenor, whose physical equipment is not what it was in earlier years, employed fine gradations of tone, including a diminuendo that ended almost in a breath, yet carried to the corners of the theatre. In music of more robust or dramatic character or of too exacting range the tenor was less successful, but in those lyrical

passages with his art was sympathetic Mr. Bonci often furnished examples of the highly finished interpretation for which he has been famous in the past. In the operatic duets he was fully in his element, and the song of the drunken Nemorino was in it was a feat of dramatization and vocal dexterity. There was a large audience and much applause.

Alessandro Bonci sang "O, Paradiso" at the Manhattan yesterday against a background of shadowy apparitions. It was an echo from the days when this same stage was alive with the gallant and unquenchable spirit of Hammerstein and when a newcomer called Bonci was discussed as a formidable rival of that other promising tenor called Caruso. So that the strains from his old roles in "L'Africana" and "Sonnambula" and "L'Elixir d'Amore"—had their ghostly memories, though it must be added that Mr. Bonci himself was anything but wraith-like. Before a crowded house, which interrupted his phrases with applause, he sang again with the smooth and flourishing style and the dramatic zest which converts a concert number into a small opera of its own. He acted the scenes with irresistible enthusiasm, he came back with generous encores, he joined in duets with Charlotte Harris, a young soprano who assisted him; in short, he brought the best work of a true artist and a skillful showman to the devoted and clamorous worshippers of belcanto.

The afternoon had three orchestral programs, the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, with Ossip Gabrilowitsch as soloist in the Mozart D Minor concerto, the State Symphony at the Metropolitan, with Anna Case singing a Puccini aria and the New York Symphony at Aeolian in which Albert Spalding played the Bruch Scottish fantasy. There was also a song recital by Lila Ross at the Princess Theatre and a concert by Adela Verne, the English pianist, at Town Hall.

GREAT THRONG SURGE TO PUCCINI CONCERT

One of the greatest crowds in the history of the Metropolitan, sufficient to have sold out the great opera house on Broadway for half a week's performances, attempted to enter that theatre last evening for an extraordinary concert arranged as a tribute to international stars to the memory of Giacomo Puccini. In the opinion of old-time operagoers, the throng more than equaled in number that which had paid a similar popular tribute a few years ago to the late Enrico Caruso. It far surpassed any other such assembly in persistent and frantic efforts to get in.

Four thousand was the outside limit of seats and standing admissions permitted by the police. More than that had been turned from the box office in recent days after all the advance tickets were disposed of. Another 5,000 or more last night blocked sidewalks on all four streets around the house, forming not a single line or "queue," but a solid army, four and five abreast. At the solitary gallery door in Fortieth Street, guarded by four emergency police, the swarming applicants became so urgent that a second crowd of late-comers, hopeless of gaining entrance for themselves, lined the opposite curb to watch those storming the door.

Many ticket-holders, forewarned to arrive early, found no slight difficulty to reach the central Broadway doors and the carriage approaches on either side of the house. The stars, driving up to the office and stage entrances back near Seventh Avenue, were courteously greeted, some cheered by name, as their admirers willingly opened a path through the slow-moving crowd.

Only one among seventeen leading artists and conductors who had been announced failed to appear in excerpts from favorite Puccini roles. It was Miss Florence Easton, named by the program to sing the air from "Gianni Schicchi" and, with chamelle, a due from "Madame Butterfly," who was indisposed. Her place was taken by Miss Frances Peralta at the last moment, and a typed slip put in the house bills accordingly.

Serafin, Papi and Bambosheck shared in conducting orchestra and ensemble numbers from all of Puccini's stage works save his early "Edgar," his American opera, "Fanciulla del West," and the little "Tabarro" out of his last one-act pieces known as the "Triptych." Martinelli and Alda, Chamlee and De Tassé, Bori, Hunter, Fleta and Scotti

appeared in varied excerpts from the popular "Bohème." Jeritza and Gigli followed Fleta in a pair from "Tosca." Ponsolle, Telya, Martinelli and De Luca had an air and trio from "Butterfly." Alda gave two airs and Gigli one from "Manon Lescaut." Danke added a solo from the forgotten production of "Le Villi" in Gatti-Casazza's first American season. The orchestra also played interludes from "Le Villi," "Manon Lescaut" and "Suor Angelica." A line in the printed bills, "positively no encores," did not check eager hearers, though the behavior of the audience was noticeably modified by the nature of a memorial occasion.

General Manager Gatti-Casazza announced that, with the courteous permission of Chairman Otto H. Kahn of the Opera Board, the Metropolitan was sending to Italy out of last night's concert proceeds 137,000 lire, to be divided in three gifts; 100,000 lire to the Verdi Home for Aged Musicians, 25,000 lire to the Mayorality of Lucca, Puccini's native city, and 12,000 lire to be held for disposal by a committee yet to be organized for erecting of a suitable monument to the composer.

The Italian Consul, Emilio Axerio, and Vice Consul Paolo Rossi were among official representatives at the concert.

THREE ORCHESTRAS REGALE AT MATINEES

Philharmonic Has Gabrilowitsch; New York Symphony, Spalding; State, Anna Case.

New York's wealth of orchestral music was again illustrated yesterday, within three weeks of the Christmas holidays, by simultaneous matinees of three orchestras in as many halls and by the audiences that heard them.

The Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall had Ossip Gabrilowitsch as soloist in a concerto of Mozart, of the edition number K. 466, an artistic performance in which the pianist was much applauded. Mr. Van Hoogstraten conducted the "Freischuetz" overture and, after the solo, Sibelius' "Finlandia," Tchaikovsky's "Italian Caprice" and the "Wiener Blut" waltz of Johann Strauss.

Albert Spalding was again heard with the orchestra of the Symphony Society in its Sunday subscription at Aeolian Hall, repeating the "Scottish Fantasy" of Bruch. Walter Damrosch drew from his players in Vaughan Williams's fantasy on a Tallis theme, notably in its unadorned and solemn phrases, a noble tone of many strings subdued to the intimate hall.

The Symphony Orchestra also made its contribution to recent Dvorak revivals by opening the day with his rare Third Symphony, dating from before Dr. Dvorak's residence in America. The matinee ended with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice."

Anna Case, singing at the State Opera House, anticipated an opera memorial by deferring her Mozart aria and giving with Stranisky's players a tribute to Puccini. She sang the first act aria of Mimì from "La Bohème." The Mozart came later in a group of songs with piano, accompanied by Edouard Gendron.

Mr. Stranisky, like yesterday's other leaders, offered no new or problematical music. He conducted the familiar and popular Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," Liszt's lament of "Tasso" and, in conclusion, he also added a Strauss waltz, the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

George Barrere as Soloist.

At the Miller Theatre last evening George Barrere delighted his audience by coming before them not only as conductor but as soloist on his chosen instrument, the flute. His solo group included a first performance in New York of Cyril Scott's "Ecstatic Shepherd." Nidor's Scherzo with string accompaniment, followed by a Nocturne for flute, one of Mr. Barrere's own compositions, which was performed for the first time with orchestral accompaniment.

David Stanley Smith of Yale's specially written composition, "Flowers," was played for the first time. Alexander Siloti arranged the second part of the Bach Toccata for organ or oboe and strings. Bliss's "Conventions" ended the concert.

Burlesque in Music.

A real music burlesque at last! That's Ravel's enormously funny "Tzigane," a piece for violin and small orchestra, which the International Composers' Guild introduced last night at its concert at Aeolian Hall. In this "concerto" Ravel with a sly wink, has taken every form of Hungarian dance, combined it with every form of bravura solo work for the violin, and deftly has murdered both. Ravel's piece is both burlesque and satire, some of the violin passages being within the realm of "legitimate bravouring." All there is to say is that if Brahms and Liszt were still alive they would never compose another Hungarian dance or rhapsody. Andre Polak did a good job in the solo part.

General Manager Gatti-Casazza conducted the en-

Albert Spalding With New York Symphony

Two events marked the program of the New York Symphony's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon: the appearance of Albert Spalding as soloist and the playing of a Dvorak symphony seldom heard in this country, the No. 3 in F. Only recently another of the orchestras unearthed the No. 2, and thus is the great Czech composer further relieved of any suspicion that the "New World" was his only orchestral composition. The No. 3 is hardly so interesting as the other two mentioned, although it is often characteristically Bohemian in flavor. It is not likely to supplant the "New World" in popularity. Mr. Damrosch deserves credit for giving it as a novelty, however.

Albert Spalding assisted the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday at Carnegie Hall in the second of Walter Damrosch's Symphony Concerts for Young People, a series that in twenty-seven years has met the sincere flattery of imitation by orchestras here and abroad. The American violinist was heard in Bruch's "Scottish Fantasy," acquitting himself with distinction as he has before mature and critical hearers in the same hall.

Mr. Damrosch drew from the elder classics Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" and Haydn's "London" symphony in D, with the final tidbit of Tchaikovsky's gay "Nutcracker" dances.

At Town Hall Adela Verne, the English pianist who displayed such dashing brilliancy the other day with orchestra, tempered herself to recital requirements, and revealed a full and mellow tone, deep musical feeling, and a large variety of interpretative equipments.

Her technique sparkled, too, when she called for its full resources. Like several other pianists this season, she chose as her big pieces Schumann's C major fantasy and Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata. A Paderewski group—he was Miss Verne's teacher—closed the programme.



Adela Verne.

LISA ROMA, a young soprano with a darkly-colored, rich and well trained voice, gave a list of songs at the Princess Theatre, and put sincerity and intelligence into those selections through which I had the privilege of staying.

Lily Macdonald
54, debut
Dec 9 '924

Mme. Ely Ney's Recital.

The program played by Mme. Ely Ney yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall could be called formidable. It began with Brahms's lengthy F minor sonata. It continued with Beethoven's "sonata appassionata" in the same key. After these two works, which consumed more than an hour in performance, it continued with groups by other composers, notably Chopin. It would be difficult, even for a pianist of Mme. Ney's equipment, to sustain interest from the beginning to the end of such a list. Brahms's sonata was always of generous proportions. Today it is aging. Its romanticism is a little platitudinous, nor has it great variety of key color. The sonata which followed—far more impetuous of today—was in the same tunability. The ear, which is only human, longed for a change.

The pianist showed her well-known qualities, including an ample technical and physical strength, a fiery temperament in passages that warranted it. The andante of Brahms's sonata was given lovely tone quality. Mme. Ney can keep a whole movement of a sonata on one plain of color, yet establish mood and feeling, or she can gain from her instrument accents and inflections that make it a medium of drama. But these sonatas, in succession, became a weariness to the flesh. They illustrated one interesting point: the manner in which Brahms, a successor to Beethoven, falls behind him in the works heard yesterday, and the way in which Beethoven continues to hold a commanding position, even with a piano composition a hundred years old, and appears younger than Brahms.

The music of the romantics and moderns made it possible for the pianist to display a more extensive gamut of effects than she had employed in the works by classic masters. In these groups, as had been the case after the Brahms sonata, she was recalled and added to the program.

Maria Safonoff's Debut.

Maria Safonoff, daughter of the famous conductor, gave her first piano recital in New York last night in Aeolian Hall. The program was rather conventional in its nature. It would be unfair to speak conclusively of Miss Safonoff's playing on this occasion, because she was so evidently nervous. She recovered a measure of composure toward the end of the concert, and in moments played emotionally and with brilliancy. Elsewhere she was constrained and frequently inaccurate in her technique. Some think that nervousness affects the fingers but not the feelings. They are wrong. Nervousness may cause a performer to exaggerate expression or it may put the musician into an emotional straitjacket, so that spontaneous and communicative interpretation is impossible. More than one musician rated cold by the public has unquestionably belied himself in this manner.

Miss Safonoff showed her seriousness of purpose and her respect for the composers she represented, but she did not on this occasion reveal individuality or the aplomb required to meet the situation.

Carlos Sedano, the young Spanish violinist, who had shown unusual talent in his first American appearance in October, gave his second Carnegie Hall recital last night with the Clara Franck sonata and the Mendelssohn concerto as his major numbers. Shorter pieces by Glazounoff, Sarasate and Lotto and Paganini's "I Palpiti" completed the list, heard by an audience of very fair size.

At his earlier recital Mr. Sedano displayed a remarkable tone and technique of notable skill, and again seemed to have an effortless skill in his performance. In his tone there did not seem to be the crystalline purity shown before. There was a certain edge to some louder notes, though his playing always gave an impression of fluency and ease. The Franck sonata was not made particularly expressive, but the hot, soupy weather probably accounted for the slight clouding of some of Mr. Sedano's notes and made the sonata far from indicative of the extent of his power. Harry Kaufman was the accompanying pianist.

At Aeolian Hall Maria Safonoff, pianist, the daughter of a Russian conductor well known here more than sixteen years ago, the late Wassily Safonoff, who led the Philharmonic as guest, and from 1906 to 1909 as its regular conductor, made her American debut last night with Beethoven's D minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, Schumann's "Papillons," a Chopin and a miscellaneous group. Miss Safonoff seemed to be a pianist of considerable talent, technical and expressive; doing her best work late in the program, when a more temperamental manner replaced a certain reserve and deliberation in some of the earlier numbers. She did not seem, for instance, thoroughly sure of herself in the Chopin B minor etude, but there was no lack of spirit and savor in Scriabin's C sharp minor etude, Op. 42, plenty of life in a dance of Pick-Mangiagalli, and well brought out rhythmic nuances in Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody.

At Town Hall Ethel Parks, a former Metropolitan soprano, sang a well-chosen program of old airs by Bach, Gretry and Mozart, Bishop's "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark!" with flute obbligato by Frohman Foster, an unfamiliar German group, modern French and Italian numbers, and a final group in English. Miss Parks, who had made a favorable impression in recital last season, had a vivacious and expressive manner, with a voice of considerable volume and fluent tone, although there were some clouding and departures from smoothness in her tone. Frank Braun accompanied a recital warmly applauded by an audience of very good size.

By Deems Taylor

THE DAY.

Yesterday was the sort of musical feast that left one exhausted listener with very little in the way of definite response beyond a feeble desire to discuss last night's weather at great length.

The afternoon was not so bad. It didn't rain, and the single recital, Ely Ney's, at Aeolian Hall, was a good one. Mme. Ney's program was a little rich in proteids—it opened with the Brahms F minor sonata and continued with the Beethoven "AP-

passionata" — but was reasonably ghtened at the end by Mozart, Debussy, MacDowell, and much Chopin. Mme. Ney's one decided limitation is, uriously, on the distaff side. She lays music like the slow movement of the Brahms sonata a bit diffidently, s though she were a little ashamed of Johannes for being so sentimental. The result is to make her gentler moods almost anaemic, particularly a contrast with the exultant strength and confidence with which she carries off the more epic passages of her beloved classics.

The evening brought "The Tales of Hoffmann" at the Metropolitan, with a demonstrative house obviously enjoying the lavish production and the vocal achievements of a cast that included Bori, Morgana, Howard, Fleta, De Luca, Tibbett, D'Angelo and Bada. Mr. Hasselmans presided. The other offerings were hardly a sufficient consolation for the rain. There was Carlos Sedano at Carnegie Hall, playing the Franck violin sonata, the Mendelssohn concerto, and other war horses; Maria Safonoff at Aeolian, playing a piano program that included Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and that greatest of all masters, Miscellaneous; and Ethel Parks at Town Hall, singing a more or less customary tetralingual program.

ETHEL PARKS SINGS.

oloraturo Soprano Wins Favor in Songs of a Wide Range.

A large audience enjoyed the richly high Ethel Parks set before them at Town Hall last evening. She is a coloraturo soprano with a high, clear voice and good taste in the matter of songs. Here was a wide choice; Mozart, Bach, Setty to begin with, as a mawkish, on the florid side of "Lo! Hear the snle Lark" to show off the staccato, "Peggie runs, etc., with a flute accompaniment by Frohman Foster. There were charming German Lieder, id then a group of songs in French and Italian particularly well suited to e singer's voice. "La Lilebille" by Belius; "Le Moulin" by Pierné; a nce air by Respighi with embellishments and finally the "Clyma to the an" from "Le Cag d'Or." All these ere received with warm applause. rank Braun assisted at the piano.

"Tales of Hoffmann" Sung Again.

Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" was ang for the third time at the Metropolitan last evening in the new scenic ress of this season's revival. In the ist were Mmes. Bori, Morgana, Howd; Messrs. Fleta, De Luca and others, nd Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

Elly Ney Recital

Brahms and Beethoven fared far better e the hands of Mme. Elly Ney in her lano recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday an did Chopin, the third composer who raced the major part of her interesting rogram. It was the Brahms Sonata in F minor, Opus 5, that provided her opening umber. There was plenty of dramatic fire n the allegro maestro movement at the eginning, although the andante esressive scarcely proved as smoothly accomplished. In all of her finales there as literally a punch that never failed o inspire her hearers to spontaneous applause.

Of course, Mme. Ney carried out her usual temperamental idea of performing upon a darkened stage. She appears to believe in appealing to the sense of hearing rather than that of sight. This was especially happy in the Beethoven Sonata n F minor, the Appassionata, that closed er more lengthy contributions to her program. The latter part of her performance as devoted to Mozart, Debussy, a Polonaise by MacDowell, most brilliantly played, and the Chopin numbers. Chopin she appeared to slight, hurrying toward the end as if feeling that she had extended her efforts to undue length.

Maria Safonoff Plays

Maria Safonoff, daughter of the well-known conductor, gave her first piano re-

clital last night in Aeolian Hall. Toward the end of her playing she was effective, but she was so nervous most of the time that she could not do herself justice and critical comment would be unfair.

New Uses for Jazz

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following interesting letter from Mr. Mordkin:

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir—It has been announced that I am to do a jazz ballet. This is untrue. I cannot do a jazz ballet unless an American composer will create a jazz ballet for me. Is there in this country a music composer who is capable of doing this?

Since my arrival in New York I have become intensely interested in this new form of music—the American jazz. I am delighted to find that many of your great artists are also interested in it, and that your great patrons of art, such as Mr. Otto H. Kahn and others, are espousing the cause of jazz. The Oriental whine of the musette used by the whirling dervishes, the gay lilt of the gavotte, the strain of the Argentine tango, the minuet, polka, quadrille, bolero—all of these are at times syncopated and yet none of them are jazz. The great discovery I have made in America is that all of these forms of music can be made into jazz. It is merely a matter of rhythms.

I am extremely eager for a composer who will create a jazz ballet, not from any of the old forms of music nor the traditional dances of the Russian school, but a ballet that is charged with the fundamental rhythm of American jazz. I want a ballet that will achieve the emotional effect of an animal's cry—a primitive wail, a woman's scream—a ballet that can be interpreted by animal movements epitomizing perfection of litheness and graceful bodily action in faultless rhythm. I want a jazz ballet that may be interpreted by jazz movements—entirely new renditions, where the dancer indulges first in the imperceptible hesitation (so characteristic of the American "jazzing"), then throws himself into the mad beat of the dance.

MIKHAIL MORDKIN.

New York, November 29, 1924.

Here is a chance for an American composer.

Jazz seems new to Mr. Mordkin, and he to it. He seems to be getting interested in it just when most other people are getting tired of it, and beginning to doubt whether anything vital can come out of it. As a matter of fact, an attempt, and a very able one, has already been made to express jazz in terms of the ballet. A couple of years ago, Massine and Lopokova danced Stravinsky's "Ragtime" in London to some very clever choreography by Massine. But the result of adding visible contortions to the contortions of the music was to make the latter seem cruder than ever.

Mr. Otto Kahn has offered a prize, I think, for a jazz opera—a real American opera, dealing, as I believe Mr. Kahn put it, with such purely American types as the stenographer and the Broadway crooner. Perhaps the opera will be forthcoming; but if it is, I venture to prophesy that it will not have a very long life. It is a curious fact that no music ages so quickly as the music that consciously aims at being an expression of what is vaguely called the spirit of the day. In the mid-years of the nineteenth century, some critics were loud in praise of certain operas of Auber, Meyerbeer, Rossini and others, that voiced the aspirations of the time towards political liberty. It was largely because of this that operas like "Masaniello" and "William Tell" had such a vogue.

But with the passing of interest in the subject there passes also the interest in any musical work that is mainly dependent upon its subject. "Louise" is a case in point in our own day. For a time it was regarded as a sort of propagandist pamphlet in England on behalf of the women who were clamoring for their rights. As soon as that issue ceased to be of absorbing interest, a good deal of the enthusiasm for "Louise" died down. In the long run nothing keeps a musical work alive but the amount of good music there is in it. If the music is weak, the best libretto will not save it; if the music is good, it will even redeem such a book as that of the "Magic Flute."

And of all possible idioms for opera, the self-consciously "national" is the least en-

during, because it is of the least all-round musical serviceableness. Moussorgsky had to abandon the Russian national style when he came to write, in "Boris Godounov," the love-duet between Dmitri and Marina; he makes them sing in a generalized European idiom, with a large tincture of Italianism in it. Albeniz, in "Pepita Jimenez," tried to write an opera in the Spanish national style; but in his last and best opera, "Merlin," he had to revert to the normal European musical speech. I am afraid a jazz opera will ultimately share the fate of all works that deliberately set themselves the task of being national.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Cleveland Orchestra

THE PROGRAM OF THE Cleveland Orchestra's concert last night was rather on the heavy side until the finish, when one of Enesco's Rumanian Rhapsodies brought a little relief. Mr. Sokoloff gave us Brahms's C minor symphony—the fourth performance, I think, that we have had of this work during the last few weeks. Mr. Sokoloff's reading of it was inclined to be heavy, owing mainly to the slowness of his tempi in general. But what the symphony lost in fire under this treatment it gained in massiveness. It was somewhat curious that though there were only eight double basses in the orchestra the bass tone was thicker than it has been at any Carnegie Hall concert this season; and as some of the woodwind tone, especially that of the flutes, though pure was small, we often got the impression of there being very little between the violins at one end of the scale of tone and the double basses at the other.

Mr. Arthur Shepherd's "Overture to a Drama" is an excellent example of the music that does not rise into the first class, but, on its own plane, is competent, sincere, and well handled. At a first hearing I felt its chief weakness to be a certain failure to keep the blood circulating steadily throughout all its changes. Wagner once wrote to Frau Wesendonck that he had discovered the secret of composing to reside in the art of transition; and he cited his own "Tristan" to illustrate the doctrine, for in "Tristan," though the changes of mood, of tempo, and of everything else are infinite, we are hardly conscious of any of them at the moment of the change, so subtle is the art with which the transitions are made. In Mr. Shepherd's work, each of the sections was vital enough in itself, but in the second or two that would elapse between the real termination of the one and the effective commencement of the other the vitality of the music would droop.

Mr. Sokoloff gave us a vivid performance of the overture, and a very thoughtful one of the descriptive scene, "The Quest of God," from Vincent d'Indy's "Legend of St. Christopher." As with practically all d'Indy's music, one admires and respects it without being able to love it; it is like those people who have almost every good quality, but lack charm. It is not so much that d'Indy is austere, but that his peculiar brand of austerity is so very uncompanionable. This particular excerpt, too, is rather long. I had begun to feel that Auferus was a long time finding God when I happened to look at my programme, and I saw that he was seven years on his quest. It seemed longer than that, however.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The Cleveland Orchestra Pays Its Annual Visit To Our Town

Concert by the Cleveland Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor. At Carnegie Hall.

Symphony No. 1, in C minor, by Brahms
Overture to a Drama, by Arthur Shepherd
(First time in New York)
La Queste de Dieu, from "La Legende de St. Christophe," by d'Indy
Rumanian Rhapsody No. 1, Op. 11, in A major, by Enesco

"Mr. Brahms's symphony is sure to become a favorite," wrote an English annotator when the C minor was first

performed in England almost half a century ago, "when the natural and inevitable drawbacks attendant on every new work of original and difficult character have been removed by a few performances."

If that happily clairvoyant soul who wrote with such singular discernment in the dark backward and abyss of Victorian England had been present last night at the Cleveland Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall he might justifiably have concluded that those "natural and inevitable drawbacks" had been removed. For when Mr. Sokoloff had finished that jubilant final page in which Brahms, following the advice given in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "goes on to the end and then steps" (which is more than Beethoven did in his C minor Symphony), the large audience which had gathered to hear the Middle Westerners applauded as if there were no difficulties whatsoever in the way of a full comprehension of the mighty work. They recalled Mr. Sokoloff four times to the stage, and even got a rise out of the orchestra.

Mr. Sokoloff as a Brahms conductor tempts us to call out over his shoulder to the great Shade, paraphrasing the words of Priscilla, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Johannes?" Mr. Sokoloff lets Johannes do all the speaking for himself that he is capable of doing, which is, as one might say, considerable. That is, Mr. Sokoloff does not impose upon the score a "reading." He plays the music "straight." Now, we are well aware that there is really no such thing as letting the music speak for itself, in the strictest sense of the word. No music is really born, for the ears of one hearer or three thousand, except when some intermediary brings it to life. A score is as dead as Marley until the interpreter resurrects it. But there are all kinds of interpretative resurrections—in some cases the recrudescence one would not be recognized by his barber or his best friend.

Mr. Sokoloff is the kind of interpreter who makes the process of resurrection as simple and brief as possible, and while he is making passes over the immortal one with his wand he keeps as much in the background as the rules of the magic tribe permit. For example, he does not, like many conductors, play the slow movement of the C minor Symphony like an Adagio; he plays it as an "Andante Sostenuo"—perhaps because Brahms marked it that way. He does not let his oboe sentimentalize over the lovely tune that begins at the seventeenth bar just because Brahms marks it "espressivo." "Expressive" it is, but not languishing. In the somber, storm-wreathed, broodingly tragic Introduction to the Finale he does not turn the famous "stringendo" passages into a virtuoso stunt for himself and his men, but keeps them in their true plane on the great canvas, so that you almost forget that you are hearing one of the most celebrated "effects" in symphonic literature.

One may, of course, permit one's self the luxury of disagreeing with a conductor with whom one is so much more likely to agree. One wished last night, for instance, that Mr. Sokoloff, in the marvelous C major horn passage, had exhorted his first horn and his flute in the words of Wagner at rehearsal—"More passion, gentlemen! more passion!" The song is marked "passionato" in the score, and Mr. Apthorp used to say that it was suggested to Brahms by the antiphonal calls of the Alpine horns in the high passes of the Bernese Oberland; but Mr. Sokoloff's players seemed to feel the song more as good old Sir George Grove used to feel it, as "a voice from behind the tomb." But here, as always, the interpreter must be permitted a run for his money, so long as he keeps reasonably close to the track; and the Clevelanders' version of the passage was certainly an impressive and a beautiful one.

In taking the splendid chorale passage in the coda in strict tempo, as he did last night, Mr. Sokoloff was adhering

absolutely to the letter of the score. But this is a case in which, "reading" or no "reading," we think Brahms should be saved from himself: the passage is one of the few in symphonic literature which really deserve the heady epithet "sublime"; but it never sounds really sublime, as it can and should, unless the tempo is deliberately broadened and the orchestra becomes an unaffected orator, speaking gravely of tremendous things. Then, as Professor Spalding, of Harvard, has happily and not hyperbolically said, "the heavens really seem to open," and something amazingly like an apocalyptic glory shines down on us from the music. Mr. Sokoloff's reading is incontestably correct, but we wish, this time, it had been a little wrong.

The "Overture to a Drama," by Mr. Arthur Shepherd, assistant conductor of the Orchestra, was new to New York, though it was composed five years ago. The "drama," says Mr. Shepherd in his program notes (he rolls his own), is wholly subjective—which is less important than the fact that Mr. Shepherd has written here a piece of music which we, for one, should like to hear again. It is music of a curiously tonic quality, strong, astringent, a little austere. None of Scriabin's boudoir caterwauling is to be heard in this music; nor does Mr. Shepherd, like most young American composers ("young" in his case means forty-four), snitch lightly the ideas of Debussy or Strauss or MacDowell or Wagner. His mind seems intent chiefly upon the ideas of Shepherd; we could find little that was derivative in his score. He is a practised craftsman, and his music has a body as well as a heart and brain. Mr. Sokoloff played it eloquently, and Mr. Shepherd, after the curtain had fallen on his private drama, was induced to show himself to the applauding audience.

The noble and touching "Queste de Dieu" was played here four years ago by Mr. Damrosch. It wears well and might profitably be revived by our local orchestras.

Mr. Sokoloff ended his concert with a brilliant and infectious performance of Enesco's merry "Rumanian Rhapsody" in A major. The piece is by no means new to our hidebound community; but it might well be heard oftener—this and its soberer companion in D major. Enesco has based this one upon several of the jolliest of the Rumanian folksongs—especially upon that tune which serves the abandoned Rumanian peasants as a drinking song—the song which begins thus:

Am un leu si vran sa-l beu
Tra la la-la-la-la-la
Si nici ala nu-l al meu
Tra la la-la-la-la-la

Which, being interpreted, means that the improvident singer has a "leu" (a coin worth, we are told, about half a cent) and that he wishes to spend it for the purpose of alcoholic stimulation.

One hopes that the Rumanian peasant gets as much out of his half-cent as Mr. Enesco gets out of the tune that celebrates it, and as much as Mr. Sokoloff got out of it last night. It was a delightful end piece to a concert memorable for the fact that it was devoted apparently to the quaint purpose of making music rather than of making kudos.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

The third annual New York season of the Cleveland Orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff, opened at 8.15 last night in Carnegie Hall and closed shortly after 10. A season that lasts only one evening might seem to the casual observer hardly long enough to justify so ambitious a title; but the Clevelanders' annual visit is too important an event—if only as a fresh revelation of the fact that a medium-sized Midwestern city can develop an orchestra of the first water—to be dismissed as merely another symphony concert. One can recall many lengthier orchestral series in this city that were not one-half so enjoyable.

In his choice of a symphony Mr. Sokoloff was not so lucky as he was two seasons ago, when his performance of the Rachmaninoff E Minor came almost with the force of a complete novelty. Last night's selection was Brahms's first, which has already had one or two hearings this season, and will probably have several more. He justified his choice, however, by giving the familiar masterpiece a reading distinguished by deep sincerity and fine tonal quality and instrumental balance.

If anything, it was too reverent a reading. There were moments, particularly in the finals, when his tempo seemed careful rather than electric. Mr. Dufresne, the first horn, has a magnificent tone, and played the horn call with a perfection that one seldom hears, but he would have sounded to even better advantage if the passage had been taken a shade faster. As it was, one admired the soloist's artistry and sheer physical control in sustaining the notes, but almost lost sight of the melodic outline of the theme.

The program's second number was an "Overture to a Drama," by Arthur Shepherd, the assistant conductor and pianist of the orchestra. Mr. Shepherd composed it as long ago as 1919, but did not release it for public performance until the Cleveland Orchestra played it last March. The performance last night was the first in New York.

The new overture is dramatic only in its mood, for it bears no sub-title and has no specific basis. The composer, as he says in the program notes, "has found the title a convenient peg upon which to hang various musical ideas conceived in dramatic vein." It opens with a low wind passage against a high string tremolo, strongly evocative of the mood—though not the substance—of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, and develops two main themes; the first a vigorous, galloping allegro, the second an extended lyric passage almost ballad-like in conception and treatment.

While not strikingly personal in its contours, the work is effective, colorfully scored and written with exceptional skill. Mr. Sokoloff's performance of it was brilliant enough to have delighted any composer's heart. The audience received the piece with tumultuous cordiality, and the modest Mr. Shepherd was finally induced to emerge from his hiding place behind a distant piano, and bow his acknowledgments.

Two other numbers completed the program: an excerpt from Vincent d'Indy's so-called sacred drama, "The Legend of St. Christopher," and Enesco's perennial Rumanian Rhapsody No. 1. The latter hardly needs comment at this late date, and the former, while less familiar, has, I think, been heard here before. It is an imposing but hardly nutritious work, exhibiting the French composer's wonted technical command, rigorous earnestness of purpose and—to one hearer, at least—fundamental lack of genuinely viable musical ideas.

Both performances were excellent. The orchestra, which has been praised before, is, if anything, an even better playing ensemble than ever. All the wind choirs are good, both in concert and individual quality, particularly the horns and trombones, which were superb last night. The strings are equally fine. I have never heard a lovelier tone than that produced by the first violins in their lower middle register—where so many string choirs are weak. The orchestra as a whole deserves to rank among the best this country possesses.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

The Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor, gave its annual concert in this city last night in Carnegie Hall. The program comprised Brahms C-minor symphony, Arthur Shepherd's "Overture to a Drama," played for the first time here; "Le Queste de Dieu," from Vincent d'Indy's "Legende de St. Christophe," and Enesco's Rumanian Rhapsody in A major.

Mr. Shepherd's overture was written in 1919. The work has no "program." The title indicates a mood. The composer, following the outlines of the accepted overture form, endeavors to make music and to leave the hearer's imagination untroubled by explanation of its meaning. Commencing with motives rather bare and unpromising, the overture develops a good deal of color and mood. The classic form—or the essentials of it—is not merely a formula. There is genuinely structural conception, development that has emotional as well as organic character. Certain places remain in the memory, among them the plucked accompaniment of the cello, staking about under the chant of the wind instruments, and the final apotheosis of the second theme. It was good to hear this honest, straightforward music making, and Mr. Shepherd, who took his part in the orchestral performances of the evening, bowed his acknowledgments from the platform.

Mr. Sokoloff's interpretation of Brahms's symphony was too studied and solicitous of detail for the best good of the music. The symphony may easily be a pitfall for conductors addicted to such methods. Its immense lines are enriched by a wealth of episodic material, all of which is essential, but none of which may be unduly emphasized or stressed if the work is to have its inner spirit and its gigantic formal power. The sincerity of the conductor was evident and his intentions were worthy of the occasion. He treated this and that section with admirable comprehension, but the continuousness of the musical thought suffered. In places the music halted. Its parts were sewn rather than woven together.

The d'Indy of "Le Queste de Dieu" is

not the d'Indy of superb granitic pages of earlier compositions, pages nobly virile and free from all sensuousness, in which the composer evokes a beauty that glows with a white flame. There is, nevertheless, a heroic and legendary spirit in the music heard last night. It is d'Indy himself, and not Aufernis, who goes through the world chanting his creed, seeking the King of Heaven. Granting that some of the music is d'Indyan formula, much of it is strong and militant, savoring of the Middle Ages and the Christian warrior's faith, and employing most fortunately the material of the plain chant that d'Indy loves. Few indeed are the composers of this period who could conceive, and having conceived, compose such music.

The composition was given a sympathetic interpretation. The orchestral performances of the evening showed a marked increase of pliancy and homogeneity of tone over last season, and a generally high technical level. The audience was enthusiastic and recalled the conductor repeatedly after Brahms's Symphony.

The New York String Quartet

spanned three periods of musical chronicle last night in their first and only recital of the season. They played the Quartet in G minor, by Debussy; the Quartet in E flat major, by Mozart, and the third quartet by Paul Hindemith. The first two are thoroughly familiar to both generations, but the third was given last night for the first time in New York. It is the work of the young pupil of Schoenberg, who, through the echoes from Salzburg and the Berkshire Hills, has passed definitely from that nebulous limbo we call "promising."

This study has much in it to hold the interest and the imagination of its hearers. It survived the severest of program tests, the juxtaposition to the sheer perfection of the Debussy Quartet, without seeming either coarse-fibred or trivial. Mr. Hindemith understands structure, his work is the result of fine and thoughtful building, which is, of course, the reason why it arrives so simply as the casual unwinding of the composer's mind without effort or attitudes. The Quartet sustains its discourse through five movements, with the voices of the four instruments weaving clear through an unbroken line of utterances and answers. It is on the whole a plaintive discourse; there are movements when faint drums seem about to rise to frenzy, but the mounting crescendo dies and the pensive tale goes on.

There are also sudden, stabbing dissonances which are prepared by the theme and are not hurled at the defenseless listener with that conscientious determination of the modern school to be startling at all costs. Some of the later themes are sustained too far, and there are times when you wish that Mr. Hindemith had not found it necessary to be whimsical at such great length. But the work emerges on the whole as a finished and almost difficult realm of strings.

The four players interpreted the work with sympathy and sensitive appreciation. They also brought their usual balance and sonority of tone to the Mozart Quartet and the shimmering stands of Debussy. A. S.

NEW YORK STRING QUARTET

Give Hindemith's Composition for the First Time Here.

Four musicians, the Messrs. Cadek, Siskovsky, Schwab and Vaska, associated for some years as the New York String Quartet, gave their only local concert this season in Aeolian Hall last night before a well-filled house that included founders and patrons of their enterprise in several balcony boxes. Their program befitted a special occasion: it contained Debussy's G-minor quartet, Opus 10, already a classic beside the ensuing Hindemith's Opus 22, announced for the first time in public here, and, following these, the calm benediction of Mozart's E flat of the Koechel edition, No. 428.

Hindemith's quartet, his third work in this form, was heard with attention and applauded in three pauses of its five irregularly grouped episodes. It had, in general, a profile of plucked strings and searching for melody; "cross-word puzzle" music, clinical harmony, sharp-edged under a smoke screen of muted cellophanes. In performance it attained a delicacy of diphonous gossamer in the soft "Fugato" and "Energisch," the middle movement, "Flussend," and the more stirring "Maessli" and "Rondo." His players, if not Hindemith, in a first hearing fully deserved their applause.

STEFI GEYER PLAYS AGAIN.

Hungarian Violinist at Her Best in the More Serious Works.

Stefi Geyer, the Hungarian violinist, gave her second New York recital at Town Hall last evening. The size of the audience and its warmth showed that Mme. Geyer has already won a following in this city. The Spohr concertos with which she opened her program ran practically the whole gamut of technical knowledge, and she played it with a variety of intonation, and with an all-round facility which impressed her hearers very favorably.

The truthness of her tone, its fullness and tunefulness and her interesting continuity carried her victoriously through the Bach chaconne. The depth and breadth of her legato was properly appreciated in a fine aria by Reger and great applause rewarded her reading of the Tartini-Kreisler Fugue.

Mme. Geyer played other numbers, but she was at her best in the larger and more serious works.

New York String Quartet

Tactfully and with a rare display of intelligent accomplishment, two of the modern composers, Debussy and Paul Hindemith, were put forward for the major part of the programme of the New York String quartet recital at Aeolian Hall last night. The quartet's beautiful quartet in E flat major, V. 428, added the final touch, if it was needed, for a comparison.

The recital of the four musicians, Otto Cader, first violin; Jaroslav Siskovsky, second violin; Ludvik Schwab, viola, and Bedrich Vaska, cello, marked their only appearance here this season. The Debussy piece revealed the perfect blending of the four and the rare skill of Mr. Cader as a violinist in shading the finer passages. The second movement of this quartet, the "Assez vite et bien rythme," contained a delightful recurrent melody; and the third movement, played with muted strings, "Andantino doucement expressif," aroused great enthusiasm that kept the musicians bowing for several minutes.

Hindemith's third quartet, Opus 22, had its premiere in this city. The young German composer did not follow any set key. The work was actually a series of tonal pictures, with many finely conceived bits of flowing melody. The rondo at the end was graceful and again found favor with the discriminating audience.

There was a perfection of tone blending about the playing of the Mozart quartet that was most charming. The fourth movement, the menuetto allegro, was especially well played.

Winifred Byrd Gives Piano Benefit Recital

Audience Hears Program Rich in Color and Shading at Aeolian Hall

In a piano recital given for the benefit of the Stony Wold Sanatorium, Auxiliary 14, Winifred Byrd made her first appearance of the season yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall with a program beginning sedately with Mendelssohn and Schumann. These gave way to the Chopin Andante Spianato and the "Winter Wind" tude, a group mainly of Scriabin and Debussy, and two Liszt numbers.

An artist of intelligence and personality, Miss Byrd seemed happiest in the modern numbers. The four Scriabin pieces, including the F sharp minor sonata, Op. 30, were given a performance rich in color and shading, with the characteristic Scriabin flavor strongly brought out. Two Debussy numbers and Goossens's sprightly ragment, "The March of the Wooden Soldier," were vigorously and spiritedly played, while Ernest Hutcheson's arrangement of the "Ride of the Valkyries" was somewhat labored, but effectively sonorous. But in the "Winter Wind" etude the pianist seemed to be in alien territory, with some uncertainty and a wrong note or two. She was well received by a fair-sized gathering.

PIANIST BRINGS "BRAVO!"

anche Reycelle's Brilliance Arouses Enthusiasm in Aeolian Hall.

A young star of unusual magnitude and Blanche Reycelle appeared at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Her technical equipment was close to the

marvelous, stormy trio, sweeping rhythm, thunderous dynamics, scales at express speed, interspersed with passages of the most delicate nuances, were among the weapons in her armory. Paderewski's Sonata in E flat minor, an exceedingly difficult piece written by the experienced pianist expressly for the display of virtuosity, furnished Miss Reycelle every opportunity for the exhibition of her powers.

In some places the style was so exactly like Paderewski's that one guessed the hand of the master and imagined that part of his mantle had fallen on the shoulders of a young disciple. The audience could not repress its enthusiasm at the close of the piece and shouted "Bravo!" Miss Reycelle responded with an encore of additional brilliance.

Her Chopin group was interesting, but did not reach the springs of emotion. It would be unfair to expect everything from so young an artist, but what she gave was eminently good.

"Lohengrin" Sung Again.

Wagner's "Lohengrin" was repeated before a capacity audience at the Metropolitan last evening. Mme. Jeritza again headed the cast, with Mme. Matzenauer, Messrs. Laubenthal, Whitehill, Schuetzendorff and Bender, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Piano-playing of considerable energy and brilliance was dispensed yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall by Blanche Reycelle, a young American pianist and pupil of Sigismund Stojowski. A sonata by his teacher, Paderewski, held the center of the program.

Miss Reycelle began vigorously in an anonymous prelude and fugue on the name "Bach," of eighteenth century flavor, then played a Mozart Adagio in B minor—an adagio which seemed to challenge the pianistic record for length in a slow movement. Miss Reycelle played it with delicacy of touch and clearness of outline, but could not prevent it from becoming tedious. She dashed into Beethoven's Rondo, expressing his rage over his lost penny at full speed, bringing the composer to his full flush of fury sooner, it seemed, than is wonted.

The Paderewski sonata, Op. 21, in E flat minor, which rarely appears here on recital programs, had a brilliant, tempestuous performance. Miss Reycelle displayed a well developed technique, able to take full advantage of display passages and dash off runs with polished smoothness. Resonant fortissimos, bringing sometimes a certain hardness of tone, were effective, while her shading, between these and softer passages, seemed somewhat abrupt. Here, however, she was also thoroughly at home, and there was copious applause for a promising debut.

Charles Stratton's Recital

CHARLES STRATTON, who gave a recital at the Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, produces his voice with a rigidity that not only hardens the tone and limits the possibilities of change of color, but, by closing the nasal cavities too much, gives more than a suspicion of the nasal to the voice as a whole. Under these circumstances, lieder singing of the subtler kind becomes out of the question; the same color is given to each song, and all the songs sound very much as if they had been written by the one composer.

Mr. Stratton's program consisted mainly of some rather flimsy French songs, three of Schubert's, one by Richard Strauss, and an Italian group. Of the latter, two of the airs (Monteverdi and Cavalli) were ancient, but were sung to modern accompaniments of the most dubious kind. An old composer really should not be presented to an audience that has no antiquarian knowledge in a form that makes him appear to be indulging in accompaniment figures that never entered into his thinking or that of his epoch. Of the modern Italian songs by Santoliquido and Tarenghi one can only say that we respect them for their attempt to get away from the conventional Italian idiom, at the same time that we recognize the difficulty so many of these modern Italians have in finding a really convincing substitute for that old idiom.

Mr. Stratton sang one jolly negro spiritual in excellent style, and three pathetic ones in a style that was anything but excellent. As seems the fashion nowadays, he tried to put into them the mentality

and the technique of the Lied, and in consequence not only destroyed their simplicity but exaggerated their sentimentality. Negro spirituals have an expression of their own; they should not be made to sound as if they were Leoncavallo songs.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Charles Stratton sang the tenor part in the Stadium performance of the Ninth Symphony—that amazing occasion when 20,000 soulful music-lovers bit and kicked their way past the gates with a frenzy of delight and eagerness which belonged more to a prize fight than to a mere performance of Beethoven. Mr. Stratton was also the song leader of the Marine Corps at Paris Island and has sung at various concerts in Boston, but yesterday afternoon marked his New York debut in a solo recital at Aeolian Hall.

It was a thoroughly refreshing performance with a novel and stimulating program. Instead of the weary hackneyed groups of songs which the unfortunate concert sleuth could recite in his sleep, he strung together a most engaging row of French and Italian fragments, winding up abruptly with four Negro spirituals.

He sang of Hell—"a dark and dismal place," and of Jesus and the Promised Land with the tenderness and mystery which Roland Hayes brings to these same chants. The spirit is identical and leads to the suspicion that the racial quality is in the songs themselves and may be invoked by any singer provided he is artist enough to understand it.

Mr. Stratton understands these and other moods—the little fugitive studies of Monteverdi and Santoliquido were full of fire and color. His voice is rugged for this type of tenor, with curious rough edges which are oddly pleasant and with unusual depth and vigor. The marines are to be congratulated on their song leader. Incidentally at least one member of the corps was in the audience yesterday beaming at the entire performance with a general air of "What Price Brahms?"

In the evening Griffes's "Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan" was given its first hearing by the Philharmonic. The fact that it had not been played before and that the program bore the laconic label, "first time by the Philharmonic," is just another of those inscrutable mysteries in the art of program making. For the work could be repeated as a constant number and draw its sure response from orchestra and audience.

Griffes found his music made to his hand awaiting him in the Coleridge poem with its drowsy, enchanted cadences which have haunted the memory of more than one school child who stumbled on it in the dry process of "taking English literature." The composer has woven these strands into the symphonic poem, which was one of the truest notes in his tragically brief career.

It is situated in the dim atmosphere of Xanadu, and even the dances and revelry have a remote loveliness as if heavy with a breath of popples and the drugged spell from which these visions came. Mr. Van Hoogstraten interpreted them with fine and imaginative feeling, and if Alph. the sacred river, ran rather slower than need be, the "sunny spots of greenery" were eager and alive.

Beethoven's Second Symphony opened the concert, and Two Waltzes by Dvorak and the Rakoczy March of Berlioz were the final numbers.

The opera was "Mefistofele," with Didur replacing Chaliapin in the satanic title role. A. S.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Philharmonic Concert.

Charles Tomlinson Griffes tone poem, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan," after Coleridge, was played for the first time by the Philharmonic Orchestra at the concert given by that body, Willem van Hoogstraten conducting, last night in Carnegie all. The music has been heard before in this and other cities. It is probably the finest orchestral composition that Griffes, whose death was a tragic loss to American art, left behind him. What stirs the hearer is less its material than its feeling. There are

derivations, notably from Debussy and more particularly from modern Russians. But there is true fantasy, a gorgeous instrumental scheme and a poignant sensuous beauty that placed Griffes, when he was stricken down, aside from all other Americans of his generation. He would in all probability have found a musical speech truly his own if he had lived, and even in his immaturity the pen of Griffes carries enchantment. Mr. Hoogstraten deserves thanks for producing this finely wrought and exotically imaginative music.

The concert opened with the Beethoven Second Symphony, a work that keeps its half Mozartean grace, clarity and humor. It concluded with two waltzes for string orchestra, arranged by Dvorak from his set opus 54, originally composed for piano, and the Berlioz "Rakoczy March." The first of the Dvorak waltzes is particularly delightful. It was Debussy who said that there is only one music which may be present equally in a waltz or a symphony. In the simple and unpretentious dances of Dvorak is a touching melodiousness and naivete which more than justify a place even on a program of serious music. As for the March of Berlioz, it is sheer genius. The orchestral performances were conscientious and of good technical quality. They reflected the sincerity and musicianly ability of the conductor. When Mr. Hoogstraten, who conducted the last concert of his Thursday series, entered after the intermission the orchestra arose in his honor. Berlioz and later in the evening the audience applauded the conductor with special cordiality and enthusiasm.

CHOIR FILLS TOWN HALL.

A Warm Reception Is Given to St. George's Singers.

Every seat was sold for the concert given by St. George's choir last night at Town Hall for the benefit of the choir rooms. A long list of patrons filled the boxes and parterre. George W. Kemmer, organist and choirmaster, acted as accompanist and director, and the assisting artists were Miss Rebecca Pharo, Miss Mozelle Bennett, Miss Helen Child Curtis, Harry T. Burling and George Bagdasarlian.

The well-trained choir opened the concert with Schubert's "Great Is Jehovah the Lord" with fine effect. Miss Rebecca Pharo singing the solo part in a sweet, musical soprano. Harry T. Burling, composer of negro spirituals next sang a group of his own works to his own accompaniment and received a double encore. The full chorus sang unaccompanied two more compositions by Mr. Burling, which were much applauded. The first part closed with two violin solos by Miss Mozelle Bennett, in which she demonstrated the possession of a fine, tuneful legato and nice musical taste.

The second part consisted of the various wings of the choir, beginning with the junior boys and girls who won an extra round of applause for their clear and cheerful singing of Nevin's "Child's Song." The senior boys and girls who followed sang a group of William Webbe's songs for young people, and sang them very well. Then the full chorus gave "De Sheep Fol," another Webbe piece, and finally the men's club brought up the afterglow with "John Peel" and a Brahms's "Lullaby." The women's Glee Club contributed an Elgar three-part song for female voices with violin obligato and the full chorus closed the entertainment with Coleridge-Taylor's "Viking Song."

Victor Wittgenstein Plays.

Victor Wittgenstein, an accomplished pianist who came from Louisville as one of the last to study here with the late Edward MacDowell, gave that American composer's "Sonata Tragica" the place of honor in his recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. His authoritative performance pleased an audience undiminished by the approaching holidays now affecting concert halls. The player also presented more recent novelties of native flavor, "The Old Mission" and "Prairie Dog Town," by Goldmark; two studies by Miss Bauer and "Zouaves Drill," by Miss Zucca, as well as classics of Bach, Gluck, Chopin and Liszt.

HERBERT REQUIEM

Under the auspices of the National Opera Club of America, the Victor Herbert memorial concert was given yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria with a varied and interesting program, Mrs. C. D. Davis acting as chairman.

Prefaced with greetings by the organization's president, Baroness Evans von Klenner, the event started with a tenor solo by Arthur Kraft, with Alice Varden Williams at the piano. The piece of resistance, nature, was Victor Herbert's own orchestra, which gave the "Irish Rhapsody," "Yesterday," "Badinage" and the overture to "Mile Modiste." The first was conducted by Henry Hadley and the last three by Frederick Stahlberg, former assistant to the composer.

Two cello selections, "Second Movement From Second Concerto," and "Canzonette," by Vladimir Dubinsky, with

Frank Braun at the piano, were enthusiastically received. Additionally there was a soprano solo, "Naughty Marietta," by Edna Kellogg, and a baritone solo, from the opera "Natoma," by Frank Cuthbert, with Valdo Gorman accompanying.

Dr. Emanuel deMarnay Barnuch offered some personal reminiscences on the dead composer.

The Philharmonic Plays Griffes's "Kubla Khan"; Also Beethoven

It was a good night for the American composer. Charles T. Griffes's symphonic poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," was the feature of a program which included such shining names as Beethoven, Berlioz and Liszt. Yet Griffes got the warmest applause of the evening—so warm that Dr. van Hoogstraten made the orchestra stand up to acknowledge it. No doubt the audience would have persecuted Griffes, if it had been possible, to show himself on the stage, and he would have come out in that deprecating way of his and bowed awkwardly and hurried off. But it wasn't possible. For Griffes was dead.

It is more than four years since applause and lights and music and fine winter nights have interested Charles Griffes very much. He died in April, 1920, and he never had the satisfaction of hearing his most important symphonic work played by the great orchestra of his home town. The Philharmonic's performance of "Kubla Khan" last night was the first in its history, and its presentation is to be credited, with appreciation, to that uncommonly open-minded conductor, Willem van Hoogstraten.

It is eight years since Griffes composed his setting of Coleridge's poem, or rather of those lines in it which describe "the stately pleasure-dome," the "sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice," "the miracle of rare device." Griffes let his imagination dwell upon Coleridge's magical description of Xanadu's miraculous place of revelry beside the River Alp; and the thought of the sacred river running through its measureless, dim caverns, the gardens and fountains of the palace, its dazzling walls and towers soaring into the blue, moved him to the writing of truly imaginative music. The opening pages, with their mysterious instrumental color—the pianissimo vibration of the gong, the bass string tremolos, "staccato," the vague chords of the piano—are genuinely evocative; and so is the suggestion of the gleaming palace walls taking shape and substance through the mist. The dance tune for the flute, with its characteristic Oriental interval of the augmented second, inevitably suggests another and more famous spinner of orchestral fairy tales; but that is scarcely the fault of Griffes, augmented seconds being fairly public property; and he does use the tune in his own way. The apex of the piece, when the dancing and the revelry reach their wild climax, and especially the long, sweeping phrases of the strings that lead up to it, are touched with a truly sensuous beauty.

There are individual pages in the work—pages that one remembers for their color, their distinction of line, their harmonic structure, which, when Griffes wrote them (between 1912 and 1916), were less familiar in style than they sound to-day, when that particular idiom has become an established part of our musical thinking.

There is no reason why this symphonic poem of Griffes should not become part of the standard orchestral repertoire for it is better music than a dozen contemporary tone-poems by European composers more famous than Griffes which might well be displaced to give it room. (We shall be happy to specify upon application.)

Mr. van Hoogstraten began his program with Beethoven's Second Symphony, and ended it with two Dvorak waltzes and the Rakoczy March.

Beethoven's Symphony has delightful moments. The scherzo is truly Beethovenish. The thirty-two-year old Ludwig was not happy when he composed it; he was, on the contrary, in the depths of despair; for it was about that time that he wrote the tragically despairing letter to his brothers known as "Beethoven's will," in which he lamented with touching poignancy the affliction that had come upon him, and declared that only "his art" had kept him from putting an end to his life. But one would never suspect that any personal tragedy underlay this cheerful music, which even in its slow movement is no more than gently contemplative.

Not the least of Beethoven's troubles in those days was that he was miserably in love; but although Lenz discovered in the Larghetto a musical registration of "long discourses with a gentle and beautiful lady friend," we prefer to think that Beethoven kept to himself the particular love affair that then distressed him. If the tame and soporific Larghetto of the Second Symphony is the tonal projection of Beethoven's passion, we can easily imagine the Beautiful Lady Friend telling him, like the lady in "The Hunting of the Snark" whose adorer waited twenty years before he spoke to her of love, that since he'd waited thus patiently for twenty years he could wait for twenty more. But then, Beethoven never in his life learned to speak ecstatically of human things—the note of sensuous passion was not in his emotional gamut. One of the most amazing things in the history of art is that this man of terrible passions, in whom a fury of the soul beat again and again against the bars of his music, never wrote a single measure in which the love of man for woman burns or even smolders.

Mr. van Hoogstraten and his men performed the symphony, as they did the tone-poem of Griffes, with insight and felicity; and they were warmly applauded throughout the evening.

Didur in "Mefistofele."

Boito's "Mefistofele" was sung for the third time this season at the Metropolitan last evening, when Mr. Didur returned to the title rôle in which he was heard in former years at this house. Mr. Gigli, Mmes. Alda, Peralta and others reappeared and Mr. Serafin conducted.

STRAVINSKY COMING HERE.

His First American Appearances to Be With the Philharmonic.

Igor Stravinsky, the Russian composer, one of the leading spirits of the "Modernist" movement in Europe, as has already been announced, is coming to this country to conduct several concerts of his own works, with the Philharmonic Society. He will also appear with a number of the other American orchestras, and it is probable that he will also take part in one or two concerts of his chamber music works.

Mr. Stravinsky is expected to arrive in New York on Jan. 2. His first appearances in America will be at a "fair" of the Philharmonic Society's concerts, on Jan. 8 and 9, which he will conduct. For these the program will consist of his setting of the Volga boatmen's song, the "Scherzo Fantastique," the suites "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Pulcinella," and "Petrouchka." On Saturday evening, Jan. 10, there will be a special concert at which he will conduct his "Fireworks," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Chant du Rossignol," and "Sacre du Printemps."

At the regular concerts on Feb. 5 and 6 Mr. Stravinsky will play his piano concerto, which will then be heard for the first time in America, Mr. Mengelberg conducting.

Charles Stratton Greeted.

The audience which attended the New York debut of Charles Stratton at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was highly pleased with him; it recalled the singer after every group. Mr. Stratton was tenor soloist last season with the Boston, Philadelphia and Detroit Symphony Orchestras and with the Philharmonic in the Ninth Symphony at the Stadium last Summer. Although Mr. Stratton's production was not free from faults and his enunciation not always clear, he carried his hearers along with him because of his genuine feeling and power of expression. He began with an interesting Italian group, then contrasted the tranquillity of Schubert with the brilliance of Strauss and scored most deeply with some negro spirituals arranged especially (and effectively) for him by Mr. Mannery. Harry Oliver Hirt was at the piano.

Charles Stratton, who sang before large numbers last July as solo tenor in performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Lewisohn Stadium, made his recital debut yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. A program beginning with an Italian group by Monteverdi, Tarenghi, Santoliquido and Cavalli showed that Mr. Stratton has a voice of pleasing quality and ample size, which he uses with artistic style and expression.

Generally, Mr. Stratton sang with a smooth, fluent quality of tone of agreeable warmth, though some top notes produced a harder quality, slightly approaching the metallic. But this, which occurred seldom, did not seem to the effect of pushing a voice beyond its bounds, as the young tenor also showed a capacity for full, clear and resonant top-notes, showing power without strain. These proved effective in a group of negro spirituals specially arranged for Mr. Stratton by Mannery.

In the Italian group, French numbers by Paladilhe and Gaubert and German songs by Schubert and Strauss, Mr. Stratton showed artistry in his phrasing, and intelligence in his expression, bringing out varied emotions

effectively in his song without need of gesture. Dickinson, Hadley, Anson, Kurt Schindler, Vaughan Williams and Hugo Alfvén were represented in the closing group of a successful and promising recital, for which Harry Oliver Hirt was accompanist.

Harpichord and Piano

ONE OF THE MOST delightful concerts of the season was that given at the Carnegie Hall last night by Madame Wanda Landowska with Messrs. Kochanski, Pollain, and Belousoff. We had two Haydn trios with the harpichord, and a quartet of Mozart's (in G minor) with the piano. The belief is still not quite extinct that the piano is a more developed form of the harpichord—a belief as pathetic as that the big clock in the hall was once a wrist watch, or as the theory of the young man in one of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's stories that it was cruel to eat halfpenny buns, because if they were spared they might grow up into penny buns.

Harpichord and piano are really two quite different instruments, as was abundantly shown last night. In ousting the harpichord the piano has a great sin on its conscience; for the piano cannot take its place. Listeners unaccustomed to the harpichord were probably astonished not only at the perfection of its blend with the strings but with the variety of colors that Mme. Landowska evoked from it—a variety to which the piano can make no pretension. But Carnegie Hall is too large for ensemble playing so exquisite as that of last night to make its full effect. I was not far away from the stage, yet in the adagio of the second Haydn trio it was a full minute before I could pick up the low tones of the muted violin through the rich sonorities of the harpichord. Both Mr. Pollain and Mr. Belousoff again, but especially the latter, were often much too modest in their tone. In more intimate surroundings the performances would have been even more enjoyable.

In her playing of the piano in this old concerted music Mme. Landowska remembers both that the early piano was not the organ-toned instrument it is today, and that for a time, though composers wrote for the new instrument, they unconsciously thought, in large part, in terms of the old. Mme. Landowska falls into no false archaism; she makes no attempt to make the piano sound like a harpichord; but in rapid movements she uses a staccato that has still a good deal of the binding quality of the piano in it. The result is that while the piano part of the music goes as lightly on its feet as it ought to do, the texture is pierced, as it were, with tiny openings that not only allow the string tone to come through but actually enhance its brightness. If the harpichord has more colors in its palette, the piano is capable of more dynamics of touch. Mme. Landowska's tone in the Mozart quartet—and especially in the lovely andante that has so many premonitions of romanticism in it—had a score of degrees of depth.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Mme. Wanda Landowska, whose return in early November, following one previous season here, proved the public interest in her "renewal and revitalization" of the works of the elder masters for harpichord and piano, appeared at Carnegie Hall last night in a program of chamber music de luxe, arranged in the "artists' series" of benefits for the local Association of Music School Settlements.

Paul Kochanski, the violin virtuoso, and Ewssse Belousoff, cellist, assisted in trios of Haydn in A major and G major, both with harpichord, while Mozart's piano quartet in G minor further enlisted Rene Pollain, viola, of the New York Symphony. There was an audience of distinguished character and of numbers indicating substantial aid to the beneficiary music schools.

Mme. Landowska had prepared in French, for translation in a program note, her persuasive argument for hearing the older music in its prime estate.

Her skilled hands at the harpichord again illustrated "the clangorous majesty of its coupled keyboards," the glory of the "Rol Soloist" of instruments which beguiled the leisure of more spacious days for 300 years up to the end of the eighteenth century.

"Haydn and Mozart," her note added, "were thoroughly acquainted with and employed both instruments, whose separate accents by turns mingle and contend in their works for the keyboards—the language of the harpichord, lofty, aristocratic, sparkling with a thousand luminous facets; and that of the piano, blossoming, amorous, tenderly sentimental."

"The better to illustrate this multiplicity, one ought to perform the same work successively on the two. I prefer to alternate between harpichord and piano, leaving my hearers free to incline now toward the one, now the other. Our garden is large enough to leave room for a handful of delicate flowers beside the stout oaks."

The great hall did not preclude striking effect in the evening's intimate classics, which the players gave from the front of Carnegie's stage, its greater depth screened by heavy curtains behind them. There seemed, in Mozart's robust "rondo allegro," a blossoming, indeed, of piano tone, the more marked by reason of quaintly florid style.

Later, in the return to Haydn and the harpichord, it was a delight to hear violin and cello magnified by contrast with plucked "arpeggi dripping gold," in a rondo "all' Ongarese" of a century before Remenyi had played to Brahms, and Liszt to the wide world, the first Hungarian rhapsodies. There was applause not only after the separate works but also at each pause in the principal numbers.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"La Juive," opera in four acts, by Jacques Halévy. Sung in French, with Hasse's music, conducted by First performance at Metropolitan since 1920.

THE CAST.

Rachel	Florence Easton
Eleazar	Giovanni Martinelli
Cardinal Brogni	Leon Rothier
The Princess	Charlotte Ryan
Leopold	Ralph Errolle
Ruggiero	Arnold Gabor
A Herald	James Wolfe

It was in "La Juive" that Caruso's last role was sung. Perhaps this is one reason why the tragic, tormented face of Eleazar now emerges from the groups of his memorial pictures with more poignancy than the facile attitudes of Canio or any of his more familiar roles. Since this voice was muted in Italy, the Halévy Opera had not been heard at the Metropolitan until last night when it returned surrounded by that curious aura of sentimental reminiscence which always marks an opera revival.

This revival seems peculiarly fortunate; so much so that the reason for the banishment of "La Juive" is hard to understand. Certainly it was not because of its dependence on the great tenor voice which is gone, for this opera needs the support of one role less than most of its school. Its book is one of those rare, old-fashioned, blood-curdling narratives which Scribe understood so well and which marches from scene to scene in a mounting crescendo of grand and gory action. The music is hardly inspired; certainly it is not fired by a soul-stirring significance, but it is vocally pleasing and it makes some effort toward following the plot—which is no idle task when you consider the wild and lurid ends that this plot leads to.

It follows the woes of Rachael, alleged daughter of the Jew, Eleazar, who loves the Christian, Leopold, and who is thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, to the vast horror of the Cardinal when he learns too late that she is his own child. On this naive and simple scheme is crowded every variety of battle murder and sudden death know to the movie studio. Out of the blood and thunder one figure stands alone as true characterization. It is the spirit of the old Jew, tortured and vengeful as was that other lonely figure that once moved over the Rialto.

This is the Eleazar, once sung by Caruso, and dominating the action again in the person of Martinelli, who brought to it vocal smoothness and real pathos in his acting. Physically his make-up was not impressive, but he played for sympathy rather than power and won in a clamor of applause. Florence Easton sang what is ironically called the title role—"La Juive" may start the pace of the opera but she does not control it, and last night this luckless Rachael had less of stormy tragedy than her father the Jew—in spite of her regrettable and thoroughly disagreeable end.

There was also Rothier, Ryan and Errolle, assorted princes, priests and rabbis and a large and very active chorus. Josef Urban has mounted the story in a series of castle gardens and city squares which will have real glamour and atmosphere when their bright newness has faded. The piece is further enlivened by two very sprightly ballets and by the spirited conducting of Mr. Hasselmans. For all its wild tragedy of burning cauldrons and boiling maidens, the overtones seem irresistibly robust and lively. It is as if it were playing true to the old travelbook traditions that the French are, after all, a gay people, fond of light wines and dancing.

A. S.

Josef Urban
Elvira de Hidalgo
Marguerite D'Alvarez

LATIN charm and temperament predominated at yesterday mornings Artistic Musicale at the Plaza. Marguerite D'Alvarez, the glorious Peruvian contralto, and Elvira de Hidalgo, brilliant Spanish soprano set the pace for an interesting programme. Richard Hale, representing the American musical colony, sang several negro spirituals with the vim, vigor and voice that bespoke a thorough understanding of that sort of song literature.



Mme. D'Alvarez gave deep and velvety utterance to an air by Debussy; English songs by Taylor and Borodine Foster; and a Spanish ballad with a haunting

melody set to fascinating rhythms.

The light, flexible voice of Mme. de Hidalgo was illustrated in two florid arias from Lakme—in one of which Mme. D'Alvarez shared—and in simpler Italian and Spanish songs.

Dec 14 1924
By OLIN DOWNES.

Ernest Hutcheson's Recital.

The third of the excellent series of piano recitals which survey the literature of that instrument for the past three centuries was given by Ernest Hutcheson last night in Aeolian Hall. The composers represented were Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann. The "Wanderer" fantasia opened the program—one of Schubert's relatively few works in larger forms for the piano, and a composition that led the composer to profanity whenever he tried to play it. Mr. Hutcheson labored apparently under no such difficulties or inclinations. He gave the composition an interpretation more than technically adequate, for it called the romantic and impetuous spirit of the music which shows through in a little cumbersome, and a medium the piano—which Schubert treated more successfully in shorter compositions.

Nothing on the program was revolutionary, and Mr. Hutcheson did not attempt to have it appear so. He was well content to interpret Mendelssohn for what he was, to present his melodies in their natural grace and lyricism, to treat the fluent writing with the polish and, on occasion, fleetness that it deserved, and to read the B minor fugue to exemplary clearness and feeling. The Schumann group included "Des Abends" and that truly fantastic tone-picture, "In der Nacht," from the Phantasie, op. 12; the F sharp major sonata, the E major Nocturne, "Vogel im Käfig" from the "Waldscenen," and the "Symphonie Studies."

There was a very large audience, and Mr. Hutcheson could have played many more pieces.

Paul Kochanski.

Recital given by Paul Kochanski, last night, at Aeolian Hall, represented composers of the 19th century. The program was given by B. J. de Hidalgo, Marguerite D'Alvarez, and Elvira de Hidalgo, and moderns by de Hidalgo, B. J. de Hidalgo, and Elvira de Hidalgo.

program for a virtuoso piece to fish the

De Falla's "Suite Populaire Espagnole" was played for the first time here. It consists, apparently, of genuine Spanish popular airs—one or two of which have been set by other modern composers—in a form appropriate to the piano, and the accompanying instrument. This is an attractive suite, not pretentious, not strained or self-conscious in its manner. The composer is not usually uneasy lest his audience forget that he is a 100 per cent. Spaniard. He gives a simple, appropriate form to folk melodies, which are principally in slow or rapid dance rhythms. These melodies, fiery, caressing, capricious as the case may be, are idiomatic for the piano, and they were presented with skill and brilliancy by Mr. Kochanski.

He proceeded to a second novelty, which asks much more of the violinist—Ravel's parody on the old-style violin concerto, "Tzigane." This piece had been heard a few days before with accompaniment of chamber orchestra. It is the type of music, again, for which Mr. Kochanski's talent seems well suited.

Mr. Kochanski appeared less in sympathy and less well equipped for the music of Brahms and Mozart. In each case an inner repose was lacking. Brahms's music at times protested too much. A reserve quality, a feeling that does not have to be indicated by virtuoso methods is in the music. It befell that neither in the letter of performance, nor as regarded inner rapport with the composer did this interpretation fulfill its objects, while in Mozart there was need of a finer and more polished style, a fuller, rounder tone of the upper strings, and purity of intonation. Mr. Kochanski was heard to better advantage as a representative of modern schools.

"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

Vigorous performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were given yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. New and highly characteristic scenery by Joseph Novak added much to the interest of the presentations. The cast of "Cavalleria" included Rosa Ponselle as Santuzza, Marion Tetva as Lola, Armand Tokaty, Turiddu, Millo Pico, Alfio; Henriette Wakefield, Lucia, Miss Ponselle, prodigal of her beautiful voice, is well cast as the unfortunate and emotional victim of Turiddu. She has the qualities of Italian temperament and abandon which the rôle demands and was warmly welcomed by the audience. Tokaty was always intelligent and dramatic in the leading male part. The minor rôles were individually well taken and adjusted to the ensemble.

In "Pagliacci" Lucrezia Bori took a rôle she has made peculiarly her own, and one of the best Noddas that has appeared at the Metropolitan in recent seasons. Mr. Fleta naturally made much of Canio's sob song, and other climactic moments, and he, too, was wildly applauded. Mr. Tibbet followed his custom of giving to every rôle he undertakes intensive and intelligent study, which makes much of each detail of it. Mr. Danise's Toio is vocally praiseworthy and in place, and Mr. Altglass was estimable in the part of Beppe. Another factor always enters into performances of these twin operas at the Metropolitan, and it was, fortunately, conspicuous as usual yesterday afternoon—the excellent singing of the chorus. The operas made their customary success and gave pleasure to the big matinee audience.

In spite of the distractions of the impending holidays a remarkably large crowd filled the Metropolitan yesterday for the usual Saturday matinee of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The cast was a familiar one, but the performance had a novel aspect as the result of the new stage sets designed by Joseph Novak.

While they represented no disturbing excursion into expressionistic art and closely followed the stage traditions of both operas, they nevertheless offered several refreshing departures from the stereotyped idea of background used for so many years to express the type of opera unhappily stamped as "grand." "A Square in Seville," through which the tragedy of "Cavalleria" runs, was particularly grateful in its simplicity, and the play within a play of "Pagliacci" was made doubly dramatic by the arrangement of the miniature stage.

The new background seemed to electrify the entire production and to give additional fire and accent to the music. Rosa Ponselle and Armand Tokaty headed the first, and Lucrezia Bori, Fleta and Danise the second, with Mr. Papi conducting both operas.

PLAY AIRS FOR CHILDREN.

Damrosch Leads New York Symphony in an Instructive Concert.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, gave one of its children's concerts at Carnegie Hall yesterday morning. Mr. Damrosch's introductions to the pieces on the program were more than usually interesting and lively; it was field for the wind instruments. A Yegudkin was called upon to play on the horn the air in the overture to "Mignon," and later on the trumpet V. Drucker, Mr. Wockenfuss on the trombone, and Mr. Mauser on the bass tuba all gave an exhibition of the range of their instruments before they joined with the orchestra in the triumphal march from "Aida."

The audience especially enjoyed the bright, ringing notes of the trumpet and the roar of the bass tuba. Mr. Damrosch's explanations of "The Dragon Fly," the polka mazurka by Josef Strauss, were very interesting, while he tuned the minds of his eager listeners to the pastoral character of the andante from Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony by asking them to think of green meadows. The orchestra took particular pains to keep in mind the special character of their performance; they played very clearly and with great precision.

CLARENCE WHITEHILL ILL.

Hastily Withdraws From "Tannhauser" and Schuetzendorf Sings.

Clarence Whitehill, owing to an attack of acute indigestion just as the early curtain was to rise on "Tannhauser" last evening at the Metropolitan, was hastily withdrawn from the cast and Gustav Schuetzendorf substituted as the singer of the "Evening Star" air. The German baritone acquitted himself as an experienced artist in the popular American place.

Mrs. Easton and Peralta, Messrs. Leubenthal and Bender reappeared and Mr. Bodanzky conducted. The Saturday night audience was a large and enthusiastic one.

Guimar Novaes' Recital

ATHER RECITAL at the Aeolian Hall on Saturday afternoon Mme. Novaes acquitted herself brilliantly enough as a pianist, while leaving us in doubt whether her qualities as an interpreter are on the same high level as her technique. She was most convincing where the meaning of the music lay on the surface of the notes, as in a rather conventional "Polichinelle" by Villa-Lobos, Blanchet's "Au Jardin du Vieux Serail" and Szanto's Etude Oriental. In music of a subtler order one felt the lack of an imagination of the first class. Debussy's "Soiree en Grande" was finely shaded from the purely pianistic point of view (for Mme. Novaes has many varieties of touch at her command), but did not evoke as languorous and scented-laden an atmosphere as one could have desired.

In both Chopin's B minor sonata and Schumann's "Kinderscenen" the lack of imagination was even more evident. Mme. Novaes was inclined to give too free play to her powerful left hand, and she showed a rather exasperating tendency to divide her melodies just where they should not be divided. This was still more noticeable in the familiar fantasy on a theme from Gluck's "Paris and Helen" that she played as an encore; to any one who followed the theme with the words in his mind it was a little trying to find a break made between the adjective and the noun in the words "O bella Venera." That was certainly not the idea in Gluck's mind when he wrote the graceful tune.

Mme. Novaes was most completely satisfactory, perhaps, in her playing of Rameau's "Tambourin" first of all in its original form, then in Godowsky's naughty but masterly arrangement. Godowsky makes such excellent new things of whatever old works he takes up—often, indeed, his versions are better than the original—that one wonders why some modern composers whom one might name do not ask him to write their music for them.

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Philharmonic Concert

Orchestras rarely sound at their best on a theatre stage, which may account for the wood-wind of the Philharmonic Orchestra, at its concert in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, not being up to its usual level. In some parts of the slow movement of the Mozart piano concerto the wood-wind tone was decidedly sour; and even in the Berceuse and the Dance of the Princesses from "L'Oiseau de Feu," where the loveliness of the music and the perfect aptness of the phrases for the instruments generally draw the best out of the players, the results yesterday fell a good deal short of the ideal. In the main, however, M. Van Hoogstraten secured a competent enough performance of the Suite, though one felt that the tempo in the Dance of the Princesses was decidedly slower than Stravinsky's own marking of it. The Suite played, by the way, was the second one. We are glad to have the ballet in this form, but it is hard to forgive Stravinsky for omitting from this second arrangement the exquisite "SupPLICATIONS of the Fire-Bird." Has he grown out of touch with this? Does he perhaps regard it now as too much in the vein of the Rimsky-Korsakov of "Le Coq d'Or"? It may be, but all the same it is the early Stravinsky at his best.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave us an exquisitely fine-pointed performance of the solo part in the Mozart concerto, and the orchestral playing here, apart from the occasional sourness of the wood-wind tone to which I have referred, was worthy of the solo playing, than which no higher praise could be given it. The only other work in the program was Dvorak's seldom-heard second symphony, into the spirit of which Mr. Van Hoogstraten and his men entered with great gusto.

These earlier and less-known works of Dvorak sound very refreshing nowadays. Dvorak troubles his head about no problems or theories or isms, but just settles down like a sensible man and a good

workman to write pleasant tunes and manipulate them charmingly. The result is a delightfully care-free half-hour.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Bronislaw Huberman's Recital.

Four important works, each typical of a certain school and period and asking of the performer many qualities of technic and interpretation, made the program of Bronislaw Huberman's violin recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. These were the Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata, the unaccompanied prelude and fugue in G minor of J. S. Bach, from the sonata in that key; the Mendelssohn concerto and the Wieniawski "Faust" fantasy. Mr. Huberman was assisted by Siegfried Schultze, pianist. The compositions were arranged not in chronological order, but with a view to contrast and effective succession. They were played with a sincerity, a fire and a ripe knowledge that made the concert more than an agreeable one.

In Beethoven's Sonata Mr. Huberman at times sacrificed sensuous beauty of tone to dramatic accent. The listener felt sympathetic when he did this—felt, in fact, that he that he would hardly have been a man and artist had he done otherwise. Could Beethoven have been fully satisfied with his medium in his composition? Must he not have felt restricted, once he had elected to employ a violin and piano, to find his thought assuming an unconquerable energy and passion which, in the first movement at least, would have required an orchestra to do it justice.

In the slow movement Mr. Huberman avoided the pitfall that often entraps less matured artists, in not attempting to make the theme and variations too emotional. When the variations tended toward triviality they were given dignity and substance by the musicianship of the performer. The incomparable music of Bach was discussed in an earnest and lofty spirit. For years the surpassing genius of his works for violin alone was misunderstood by those who preferred the more brilliant style of certain of Bach's Italian contemporaries, and who could only perceive what they called the undidomatic quality of Bach's compositions in this form. That day, however, is well past. The Bach compositions for unaccompanied violin, not only in the richness of the thought, but the manner of the writing, are a whole technic and a whole world of beauty in themselves. Mr. Huberman brought to his Bach the same conviction and enthusiasm that he had given to the impassioned utterances of Beethoven. Yet he never imposed himself upon the listener. He gave voice to the composer, and a large audience signified its pleasure.

The Friends of Music.

Later in the afternoon the Friends of Music were assisted by Olga Samaroff, pianist, and Paul Elsler, cembalist, at their fourth concert of the season in Town Hall. They revived the little-known symphony of Franz Schubert, No. 5, in B flat, and produced as a novelty, probably for the first time in America, the orchestral suite arranged by Vincenzo Tommasini from five of the piano sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti. This suite was written for Diaghileff's Russian ballet, under the title "Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur." Mme. Samaroff played Mozart's piano concerto in A major, and Brahms's "Nanie" was sung with the chorus of the society in memory of Mrs. Samuel Untermyer.

The Schubert symphony, the work of a youth of 19, is spontaneous in its manner, of course, if rather thin but clearly instrumented, and is entertaining and suitable for such a small and intimate auditorium as Town Hall. The score of Tommasini's suite made from Scarlatti was published in 1920. The classic orchestra is employed. The music is delightful. It is adorably melodious in the slower movements, and in the rapid movements has the peculiar sparkle and vivaciousness of Scarlatti as made familiar by many of his instrumental pieces.

The performance had the precision which is sometimes akin to fixedness with Mr. Bodanzky. It had little elasticity, lightness of spirit, or warmth of tone, certainly demanded by this gay, songful, Latin art. The pace was lively when this was asked, but the music did not glow; nor had the wind choirs the virtuosity of the strings.

Madame Samaroff gave a technically polished and emotionally plausible reading of the concerto. The beauty of the slow movement, in which the performer was at her best elicited prolonged applause. Since the performance of Brahms's elegiac composition was in the nature of a memorial, it does not call for critical discussion. It was heard without applause, and with personal memories on the part of many present of a generous and high minded patroness of the musical art. This brought the end of an uncommonly interesting program.

De Pachmann

At the Opera House concert last night Vladimir de Pachmann marred an otherwise exquisite pianistic performance of all Chopin numbers by grotesqueries, waving of hands, remarks to the audience before and while playing, shaking hands with himself, doing a dance step as he rose from the piano and other undignified and foolish imitations of players in a jazz orchestra. His famous pianissimo was exhibited and applauded with enthusiasm. But the audience tittered and laughed and pitted to see one of the world's greatest artists descending to graces and banalities during a revelation of a marvellous technic.

The orchestra was in fine form, Mr. Wilfred Pelletier and Mr. Bamboschek conducting, the former giving a delightful rendition of Massenet's suite, "Scenes Pittoresques," which was really played in a manner that made it the high orchestral mark of the concert. Mr. Leon Rothler, singing Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," made famous in this neighborhood by Pol Plancon, was the evening's outstanding vocalist.

Little Symphony Concerts Close

George Barrere's interweaving of "Auld Lang Syne" with the melodies of a Haydn serenade closed the sixth and last of the Little Symphony Orchestra concerts before a large audience at Henry Miller's Theatre last evening. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison assisted the players in an arrangement for two pianos of C. P. E. Bach's harpsichord concerto in E flat following another arrangement which Mr. Barrere had made for his men, at the composer's suggestion, from "The White Peacock," by the late Charles T. Griffes. There were classics also of Rameau and Lully, Lacombe and Pierne.

IGNACE HILSBURG PLAYS.

Violinist, a Stadium Winner, Displays a Fine, Strong Technic.

Ignace Hilsberg, the only pianist who won in the Stadium auditions and who played with great success at one of the open-air concerts last Summer, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Stadium Concerts, Inc. The qualities which had singled Mr. Hilsberg from his competitors stood out in relief again yesterday. He has a fine, strong technic, good control and a living understanding of his composers. It was this sense of listen-

ing to an alert mind and to a sensitive and wholesome personality that made the audience responsive.

He played a Beethoven Sonata, not as a stereotyped formula, a concession to the classics, but as something that had breadth, depth and color. He kept it in proportion, a splendidly sensible composition, nobly thought out; that was the impression Mr. Hilsberg gave to his hearers. Nor was he neglectful of the lighter forms of elegance.

He is quite as able to express himself in one shade as in another, so that his program did not sound dead, dull or doleful, but had plenty of variety, strength and attractiveness. He included a Liszt, Korngold, Albeniz and Marsick's "Au Crepuscule" (first time) in his performance.

Hilsberg, Stadium Pianist, Shows Skill at Recital

Playing Before Aeolian Hall Audience Shows Ample Energy and Fire

Ignace Hilsberg, pianist, whom the votes of the Stadium audience on August 13 had chosen as one of last summer's two audition winners, gave the recital presented by the Stadium Concerts Committee as a prize of that victory yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Bach's C minor Fantasy, Beethoven's sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, and Liszt's Fantasy-sonata, "Après une lecture de Dante," were the major numbers of his program.

Mr. Hilsberg had given an impression of skill and temperament at his recital debut here early last season, as well as in his Stadium performance, and this impression was repeated. He showed a competent technique, able to handle any difficulties presented by his program, and was brilliant in bravura passages, while his playing had ample energy and fire. This was notable in the Liszt number (not in itself very interesting, though filled with "sound and fury"), though the energy of his climaxes sometimes resulted in a certain hardness.

Mr. Hilsberg showed ability to handle lighter numbers in "Au Crepuscule" by Armand Marsick, a Belgian, while Godowsky arrangements of Rameau, Scambati, Korngold and Albeniz and a paraphrase by Pabst on Tchaikovsky's "Rococo" completed his program.

It is evident that part of every De Pachmann audience comes for his music and part for his vaudeville—with a sprinkling of easy going souls who are equally tolerant of both. Nevertheless, the majority would have a vague sense of a show incomplete if the famous Polish pianist gave an entire performance without his equally celebrated comedy. They were not disappointed last night at the Metropolitan concert. The show began with Mr. Bamboschek, who walked out to conduct the Chopin F minor concerto with an affable air of being prepared for almost anything. Enter de Pachmann, blowing kisses to the orchestra, struggling in mock fury with the piano bench, enlivening the audience in a dumb-show of adoration. His playing in the first movement of the Concerto seemed muted and strangely lifeless, but with the Larghetto and that glamorous, fleeting Allegro he that glamorous, fleeting Allegro he of his rippling dexterity.

These interpretations were slightly handicapped, however, by the fact that he insisted on conducting the orchestra with one hand and playing the piano with the other. Also, his idle moments were given up to a running fire of comment on the familiar theme that there is no god but Chopin and de Pachmann is his prophet. As with all three concerts, this one had its moments of stirring musical beauty. But, on the whole, the vaudeville won.

Also on the program were two arias from "Il Trovatore," sung by Mr. Picco and Miss Anthony, and the usual orchestral numbers.

The Little Symphony in its last concert of the season added Maier and Pattison to its program in an arrangement of Bach's E flat concerto from the harpsichord to two pianos. There was also the familiar "White Peacock" of Griffes, arranged for the Little Symphony by Mr. Barrere at the suggestion of the composer. Fragments of Rameau, Lully and Pierre completed the program, and with it this deft and ingratiating musical series which has progressed so happily through its seasons under the wise and witty guidance of its conductor.

Other evening concerts were the benefit performance by John McCor-

mack at the Manhattan, and the recital by Vera Amazar who covered at least six periods of song in as many costumes.

Bronislaw Huberman returned to Carnegie Hall in the afternoon with a program which lacked his usual originality but was played with his familiar tone of crystal clarity and the style which is always keenly intelligent and often truly poetic. It included the "Kreutzer Sonata" and Gounod's "Faust" fantasy. At the same hour in Aeolian, Ignace Hilsberg, a young pianist and one of the prizewinners at the Stadium audition, gave a program of Bach, Beethoven, Liszt and Korngold. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was the soloist in the Mozart D minor concerto at the Philharmonie. This program also included Stravinsky's "Firebird" and the Second Symphony of Dvorak, which is becoming almost as familiar as the ubiquitous "New World." A. S.

Mme. Clara Clemens Closes Song Development Series

Mme. Clara Clemens gave the seventh and last recital of her interesting series illustrating the development of song yesterday afternoon at Town Hall, with a program of modern French and German songs, beginning with four Debussy numbers, followed by Ravel and Chausson, with Koehlin's "Le The" as encore. The German numbers began with two by Reger, whose Wiegand was warmly received, with Schonberg and Pfitzner; four Hugo Wolf songs, two of Mahler, and three of Richard Strauss completing the list.

The characteristics of Mme. Clemens' singing were much the same as in her previous recitals of the season—earnestness and expressive capability, but, especially in French, rather obscure diction. Walter Golde, whose accompaniments have been a most important asset in the series, was the assisting pianist.

TITTA RUFFO APPEARS.

Baritone Applauded in "Andre Chénier"—Ina Bourskay Heroine.

Giordano's "André Chénier" was sung for the third time this season at the Metropolitan last evening, when the Italian composer's setting of French Revolutionary scenes interested a brilliant Monday audience including the Grand Duchess Cyril as guest of Mrs. George F. Baker Jr. in Box 10.

Titta Ruffo made his first appearance of the Winter in the baritone rôle of Gerard, a fact early noted by his applauding admirers in the pit. Rose Ponselle and Ina Bourskay as the heroine and her mother, the Countess, represented other changes since the first hearing, while Gigli as hero and a large supporting cast reappeared and Serafin conducted.

Jazz Operas

MR. OTTO KAHN writes me that I am wrong in saying that he had offered a prize for a jazz opera. I am glad to have this disclaimer from Mr. Kahn. Why any one should offer a prize for a jazz opera I cannot imagine; and I am glad to find that Mr. Kahn is not guilty. I ought to have known better. My only excuse is that, as a newspaper man, I naturally assumed that whatever I saw in the newspapers must be true. I shall be more careful in future.

Mr. Kahn is kind enough to send me a report of his speech at the meeting of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce on behalf of the establishment of the Brooklyn Little Theatre, on November 11. To my sorrow, as a newspaper man, I have to admit that the reports of the speech that I saw in the papers are not a bit like the speech itself. Mr. Kahn apparently said nothing about the Stenographer and the Broadway Flapper, or, as far as I can discover, about a jazz opera. He simply argued, quite convincingly, that jazz, whatever its origins may be, is something distinctively American, and that it will be a good thing for it when musicians of talent come to take it seriously.

"It will have to purge itself of crudities," he said, "it will have to frown upon vulgarity, it will have to eliminate, not humor, but clowning, it will have to aim, as some of its leaders do, at evolution from its present stage. We should try to help and hasten that process." With that I am in cordial agreement, as also with Mr. Kahn's argument that more can be expected from a genuine American expression of American life in music than from "a savorless grand opera composed with painstaking erudition and technical impeccability after the model of Wagner, Debussy or Strauss."

Mr. Kahn is generous enough to believe that my error was due merely to my placing too childlike a trust in newspaper reports of speeches. But another correspondent, Mr. Kenneth Ralph, tears the mask from my trembling face with a ruthless hand, and exposes me for what I am in the following letter to the Editor:—

"Dear Sir—As one who witnessed the first performance of Janacek's 'Jenufa' at the Metropolitan, I was anxious to know what your musical correspondent would have to say about this opera, its performance, music, etc. To my great regret I did not find in Mr. Newman's review any criticism worthy of the name. Instead I found some rather silly jokes about the cast of the opera. Readers of musical criticism do not care whether Moravians leave their country or not, or whether Mr. Newman would like Buryja for a mother-in-law, they want to know something about the opera itself. Mr. Newman did not even take the trouble to get acquainted with the story of the opera, he mixes the sexton's widow with the grandmother Buryja, tells us many things quite irrelevant to either the story or the performance or to music, and nothing at all worth while about the opera itself. His review appears clever perhaps, but in fact it betrays only a deplorable lack of criticism and intelligence. Yours truly,

"KENNETH RALPH."

As the American Indians said (in the schoolboy's essay) when Columbus discovered America: "It's all up; we're discovered at last." I have long lamented in secret my own lack of intelligence. Now Mr. Ralph has discovered it. But why does Mr. Ralph go to the trouble of drawing up the indictment point by point? Surely the mere fact of my thinking differently from Mr. Ralph on the subject of "Jenufa" is sufficiently damaging evidence of my deplorable lack of intelligence?

But may I, with all diffidence, presume to set Mr. Ralph right on one point? He says I did not even take the trouble to get acquainted with the story of the opera. On the contrary, I beg to assure him that I knew "Jenufa" very well before I heard the Metropolitan performance of it the other day. Mr. Ralph bases this indictment of me on the fact that I "mix the sexton's widow with the grandmother Buryja." Apparently Mr. Ralph's knowledge of the names is derived from the program where the first four characters of the opera are described thus:

Grandmother Buryja:
Ina Bourskay (Her grandchildren,
Stewa Buryja:
The Sexton's Widow.

But if Mr. Ralph will deign to refer to the score of the opera he will discover that the characters are thus described both in the Czech and the German: (translate, of course):—

The old Buryja:
Ina Bourskay (Step-brothers: grandchildren,
Stewa Buryja:
The Sexton's Widow: Daughter-in-law
the old Buryja.

The Sexton's Widow was thus Mr. Buryja, Jr., and I was therefore quite correct in saying, in my account of the opera that "the central character of the story is a singularly repellent old female named Buryja, who is the widow of the local sexton." The other Buryja, "die alte Buryja" is nowhere mentioned in my account, she is not an essential character of the opera, whatever she may be in the original drama of Gabriele Preis. There is no confusion whatever on my part between the two women. The confusion is all Mr. Ralph's part, and comes from his trustfully taking the Metropolitan program as a correct copy of the drama.

personas as given in the score. At none of the few points where the grandmother has anything to say is she described in the score as "Buryja"; she is always "die Alte" (or, in the Czech, "Starenka"). I may have had some unkind things to say about the Sexton's Widow, but nothing so unkind as Mr. Ralph's denial that she was once legally married—for that is what his refusal to recognize that she was Mrs. Buryja amounts to.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

"Andrea Chenier"

Even the commonplace "Andrea Chenier" can have many golden moments under the Midas touch of the Metropolitan. And last night it was mainly due to Gigli, Rosa Ponselle and the conductor, Tullio Serafin, who accentuated the intermittent beauties of the score and many times gave meaning to meaningless parts.

The story, of course, is interesting and boasts more action and more of a plot than the average opera. It tells of the plotting and counterplotting during the time of the French Revolution, which permits colorful staging and several dramatic duets. The cast surrounding Gigli and Miss Ponselle was excellently chosen: Didur and Bada were in excellent voice, and Titta Ruffo, making his first bow of the season, sang Gerard to the delight of the audience.

Although the presence of the Grand Duchess Cyril could not have affected the choice of the opera, it is possible that "Andrea Chenier" may have seemed subtly complimentary in the depiction of a fickle, brutal, revolutionary mob. Be that as it may, the Grand Duchess was one of the few people in the lower part of the house who stayed seated until—and, in fact, after—the finish of the opera. Would that all would imitate such a visitor!

Andiron Club Musicals

Praise be for artists who make up their programs with an eye—or rather ear—to the pleasure of their audiences rather than for the sake of showing their knowledge of obscure compositions or displaying their technical skill. When the artists are such sterling performers as Arthur Loesser and Albert Stoessel, the pleasure is unalloyed.

There was one novelty on the program which those two young men gave last night at the Town Hall for the Andiron Club. It was the fugue from the Bach-Godowsky violin sonata in G minor. Mr. Loesser played it with the care appropriate to its first rendition in this city, but, appealing as it is in parts, it is no rival to the other pieces on his part of the program. These included Schubert's impromptu, op. 142, No. 3, Chopin's scherzo in B flat minor and the Gluck-Brahms gavotte. Loesser interpreted his selections with characteristic spirit and delicacy of touch.

Stoessel's violin solos included Beethoven's romance in G, Schubert-Spalding's "Mark! Mark! the Lark!" and Paganini's

"La Campanella." His unspectacular but beautiful playing was a delight. The two performers gave only one piece together—Beethoven's sonata in C minor for violin and piano. Like the rest of the program, it was warmly received. Both men responded to encores after their separate groups of selections.

Clara Clemens' Recital

It was the German rather than the French songs with which Mme. Clara Clemens closed her series of seven historical recitals at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon that stood forth as the most pleasing. She began with four Debussy numbers that were scarcely as skillfully one as the others.

The modern songs, all of French and German composers, held a wide range of expression. Following the opening Debussy songs there was a group that included two by Ravel and two by Chausson. The latter the productive musician of melancholy lyricism. The last song of the composer, "Les Papillons," was so nicely done that an encore was demanded. It drew the response of Koehlin's "La Vie."

Mme. Clemens was in richer, fuller voice and tone with the German songs. This part of her program included two by Reger, the "Wiegenlied" or the Mary's Lullaby to the Jesus Child, being beautifully and sympathetically sung. She closed with songs by Wolf, Mahler and Strauss.

EXIGENCIES of space prevented mention yesterday of Maxim Karolik's Monday evening song recital at Aeolian Hall. He is a tenor with a sympathetic, well-trained voice, and what I heard was done with intelligence and feeling.

By OLIN DOWNES.

A Solist's Concert.

The concert of the State Symphony Orchestra, Josef Stransky conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was a soloist's occasion. The concert opened with Brahms's "Academic" overture, a glorious work, in which Mr. Stransky inexcusably sentimentalized and dragged his tempo. It closed with Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony; but the substance of the program was the appearance of Paul Stassevitch as the performer of both violin and piano concerto with the orchestra.

Mr. Stassevitch stood up and played Brahms's violin concerto, then sat down and played the Tchaikovsky piano concerto in B flat minor. Only those intimately acquainted with orchestral literature realize all that this means—provided that the feat is carried to a successful conclusion. The Brahms concerto is not only one of great technical difficulty, but is a very substantial and symphonic composition. Once the performer has mastered its special physical problems he has still to interpret with as broad a vision, as authoritative a conception, as the conductor. In short, there is hardly in virtuoso literature a severe test of the virtuoso and the musician. Tchaikovsky's concerto is also a fairly substantial morsel, requiring a big technique and an exceptionally virile and coherent treatment. As the events proved, Mr. Stassevitch had bitten off more than he could properly chew. His interpretation of Brahms's mountainous composition was intelligent, but cautious and at times inadequate in performance. Even if the tone, for the greater part of the time, had not been tight and dry, even if intonation had been infallibly accurate, and ungrateful passages for the solo instrument been delivered with wistery and elan—which was not the case—the interpretation could have been of an unauthoritative and mediocre character.

As a pianist Mr. Stassevitch made a better impression. Some would have preferred a broader, more stately tempo for the announcement of the lordly theme immediately given the strings, and technically the playing in the first movement inclined to be rough and of a metallic brilliancy rather than sensuous richness and depth of tone. But in this performance there was dash and a measure of conviction which had not been present in the concerto of Brahms.

It is a remarkable thing for a performer to be able to play these two works on instruments as different as the violin and piano at all. It is a remarkable thing to turn somersaults in the same piece at once, and coming out together at the end, is no doubt wonderful in its way, and a rare spectacle to boot. But an interpretation which is a work of art is rarer and more difficult. Most artists, even very distinguished ones, have found that a lifetime devoted to one instrument and relatively few masterpieces of composition, is not too much for their needs as interpreters. "Stunts" are best reserved for informal occasions. Mr. Stassevitch proved that he was an instructed musician, but not a man to take the world by storm in playing violin and piano concertos.

A CARNEGIE HALL audience witnessed, and listened to, an unusual musical proceeding yesterday afternoon at the State Orchestra concert when Paul Stassevitch played the Brahms concerto on the violin, and followed it with a rendering of the Tchaikovsky concerto in B flat minor on the piano.

When the feat was unusual, it is by no means a novelty in this city, although previous performers on two instruments have not



Leonard Liebling.

essayed such ambitious numbers as those given by Mr. Stassevitch.

In orchestras it is a frequent happening for a player to be able to "double," as it is called, and in Paul Whiteman's Band a young man plays eight instruments—or is it eleven?—in the course of one composition.

Mr. Stassevitch masters the violin fairly well and the piano

somewhat better, but he ranks far from the best exponents

of either instrument. His violin tone is wanting in warmth and his technique lacks finish. He does not always play in tune. On the piano also, his execution is faulty, but his tone has roundness and color. Both interpretations were achieved in a somewhat matter-of-fact manner, but with faithful observance of most of their traditional nuances. It all was acceptably musical.

There was nothing remarkable about Stassevitch's doings. It would have been remarkable, however, had he played that Tchaikovsky piano concerto on the violin and the Brahms violin concerto on the piano.



Paul Stassevitch.

American Orchestral Society.

The first concert of the American Orchestral Society's new series, arranged under the auspices of the Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia University, was held last night in the McMillan Academic Theatre on Morningside Heights. Under the direction of Chalmers Clifton, the orchestra played Brahms's second symphony, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," in which Herman Rosen was the violin soloist, and Elgar's "Enigma" variations. Mr. Mullenix, a Columbia student, without rehearsal, substituted as first oboe throughout the concert when one of Mrs. Harriman's players was unable to appear.

Gita Glaze, Soprano. Reappears.

Gita Glaze, a soprano formerly heard in light florid airs, gave an entire evening of songs for dramatic soprano on her reappearance at Aeolian Hall last night, assisted by Emil Polak at the piano. Despite vocally slight material there was evident study in a Schubert group, including "The Trout," "Gretchen Spinning" and the Latin "Ave Maria." She sang pieces in Russian by Tchaikovsky, Tcherépkin and Rachmaninoff, an air from Glinka's "Russian and Ludmilla" and American lyrics by Polak, Weiner and Deems Taylor.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

There is never any telling what that singularly gifted and uneven conductor, Mr. Leopold Stokowski, leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra, will do. It seemed at the concert given last night in Carnegie Hall that he was bent on virtuoso effect, at whatever cost to correctness of proportion or respect for the wishes of the composers he interpreted. Cesar Franck's symphony could be said to have been given an extremely original reading. It was original—in fact, it was like no other reading of the work we ever heard. It was a performance of magnificent sonority and theatrical effect.

What Franck's opinion of it would have been is, however, another question. Perhaps it is not a question to be answered too confidently by either conductor or reviewer, but certainly this performance, in its tempi, its instrumental balances and coloring, and certain exaggerated nuances, was far from the directions in the printed score. It had character, a wonderful singing quality and a genuine logic of its own.

It had magnificent sonorities, towering climaxes and certain eloquent touches that went to the heart of the music. What it lacked, however, was of a fundamental importance. It lacked a certain repose of line, and the Gothic quality inherent in much of the music. In spite of its short-breathed phrases and its tender lyricism, it lacked the modest candor of Franck, the simplicity that speaks for itself without the need of a conductor re-interpreting it. It brought Franck a little down from his heaven. It gave him telling but theatrical gestures, making him a little of an actor, though one with lofty aims. Technically and tonally, the performance was superb; emotionally, it protested too much. This, at least, was the reaction of one listener.

As a whole this was not one of Mr. Stokowski's best concerts. The performance of Berlioz music was coarse and brassy. There is a diablero in the Minuet of the "Will o' the Wisp," a fine point to the mockery of the satelites of Mephistopheles, that was lost. The Dance of the Sylphs was not less but more common than inherently it is. The Hungarian March, one of the wildest of all tunes in existence, a battle-cry that Berlioz set in a way possible to no other composer, lost effect through premature excitement and too rapid a building of climaxes. Nor did we care for Mr. Stokowski's playing of the Debussy pieces. It was not fluid, it was not of a gossamer fancy, or of the breathless mystery that beauty holds for the great artist. This was a Debussy of the earth earthy, and the march of the "Filles," which is like the thunder-march of the sun crossing the skies, had the sound of a brass band. And this is the same conductor who recently gave in this city his unforgettable performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.

The occasion was enlivened by the performance of Edgar Varèse's "Hyperprism," for a small orchestra of wood, brass and many percussion instruments. This is one of the compositions exhibited to the public by the International Composers' Guild on March 4, 1923. The Guild was no doubt complacent, and disciples of the fearsome Varèse were in evidence. Mr. Stokowski put as much thought and effort into the interpretation of this novelty by a well-eyed modern as if it had been a composition by the greatest master. Apparently the supporters of Varèse had no doubt at all that his piece was an epoch-making masterwork. They applauded long and loudly, while the rest of the audience laughed. The music did make funny noises, no question about it. The meaning?

Mr. Varèse told us in the program that "Hyperprism" is not program music, so that there is no story to present with it. I should prefer to say only that the title has a geometrical connotation and implies a fourth-dimensional significance. It is an explanation as good as any other. Personally the music reminded us of election night, a manager or two and a catastrophe in a boiler factory. The human propensity to err is believed to be particularly strong in music critics. But we do not believe the day will ever come when this kind of thing will be taken seriously. There are various ways of making noise. Mr. Varèse's talent is, we believe, somewhat wasted in the concert hall.

Lawrence Gilman

Hall	PROGRAM	
1	Symphony in D minor.	Franck
2	Excerpts from "La Damnation de Faust."	Berlioz
3	(a) Menuet des Féllets	
4	(b) Danse des Sylphes	
5	(c) Marche Hongrois	
6	Hyperprism	Varèse
7	Nocturnes	Debussy
8	Nuages	
9	Il Fittes	

It is possible that Mr. Stokowski, like Byron, may recently have been murmuring to himself: "I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions." And thereby hangs a tale.

Rumors have percolated to these outlying districts of Philadelphia that Mr. Stokowski a while ago threatened (or promised) his audiences in that capital of music that he would never again—or hardly ever—inflame any ultra modern music upon them. He was reported to have "come out," as the political commentators say, for "modesty"; to have repented of his cruelty in compelling the Philadelphians to swallow his doses of musical modernism whether they approved of them or not. He was said to have determined to lighten and sweeten their diet. And great was the rejoicing thereat, so one read—for all these things we got out of the papers (the Philadelphia papers) and know not if they were the sober, literal truth.

It seemed not unlikely; for Mr. Stokowski is a sort of Apollonian (Czar is Philadelphia, and does with his subjects as he wills. If he chooses to put a Gem by Vice-President-Elect Dawes on one of his programs, he does so; if he chooses to scold his audiences in meeting, he does so. And the more he chastises them the better they like it. New Yorkers little suspect what easy bosses they have in Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, and Mr. Meigelberg.

Well, Mr. Stokowski, like Byron (as we began by saying), is evidently haunted by those verbal ghosts of his, and is eager to make amends. The Ultra Modernists may indeed hail him as a 100 per cent penitent. He might have put them off with halfway measures—with Stravinsky, or Bartok, or Schönberg, or some other of the more lyric and enlivened modernists. But no, he went all the way to Canossa, and brought back—Varèse.

Now, the music of Edgar Varèse, high priest of the International Composers' Guild, is the pure milk of the word of Modernism. Mr. Varèse makes no such disgraceful compromise with

as do his more conventional brethren. Hear! even Schönberg's notorious "Five Pieces" for orchestra—which a Philadelphia Orchestra audience hissed in Carnegie Hall a few years ago—you will remember Wagner once lived; hearing Casella's "Alta Noche," you will remember that Schönberg still lives. Hearing Varèse's "Hyperprism" you remember only Varèse.

That is something. It is, in fact, a good deal. To have freed one's self so completely from Euterpe's leading strings is a bit of an achievement. Mr. Varèse recognizes in music no Supreme Ruler. He does not even go as far as Joe Mitchell said Macaulay went—and that wasn't very far—in his discussions of religion, "adopting a tone of polite though distant recognition of Divinity, as one of the Great Powers."

With civilization gives him assurance of friendly relations." There is nothing of even this haughty and sovereign salutation in the music of Varèse. It is lonely, incomparable and unique.

For our part, and being painfully, un-
doubtedly honest, we cannot say that we understand it. And there is no doubt a reason; for it has been said that one cannot understand what one does not love; and we have not yet learned to love Mr. Varèse's "Hyperprism," though we have now heard it twice and have spent hours in silent communings with the printed score.

Mr. Varèse confided to the diligent annotator of the Philadelphia program the information that the title of his work "has a geometrical connotation, and implies a fourth-dimensional significance." Without that clue we confess that we should have been wholly at a loss; "Hyperprism" is fourth-dimensional or it is nothing.

Some may say in their haste that such music affronts the sanctities of musical art and offends against reason.

We are not of these. For us there is nothing exotic in Mr. Varèse's score. It is joyous, healthy, invigorating music—a riotous and zestful playing with timbres, rhythms, sonorities. We said that it owes nothing to any one—that it is self-sprung and individual. But we were thinking of the more solemn pew-holders in the Temple. We had forgotten that Mr. Varèse does, after all, acknowledge a God: he is, one suspects, a Jew. There are moments in "Hyperprism" that recall the former divisions of Mr. Paul Whiteman's gay warriors; but there are quite a few tricks, on the other hand, that the Whiteman could pick up from Mr. Varèse.

Those who fancied that Mr. Stokowski's audience last night would bow rigidly to "Hyperprism" and send it elsewhere, with polite applause for the Apollonian Czar who can do no wrong, and those more sanguine ones who hoped for a little hissing, were sorely disappointed. The audience tittered a bit during the performance (which Mr. Stokowski conducted, incredibly enough, without a score), but after it was over they burst into the heartiest, most spontaneous applause that we have ever heard given to an ultra-modern work. But whether this was for "Hyperprism" or Mr. Stokowski or the dauntless percussion players of the orchestra, or whether it was merely a cheer for the Fourth Dimension, we know not.

We have left ourselves neither space nor time to speak of the other music on the Philadelphia program. Nor is there opportunity to discuss the virtues of the performance—"mornamillion of them," one might almost say, in Tom Sawyer's generous phrase.

By Deems Taylor

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

There is a practice known among musicians as restudying. The experienced orchestral conductor knows that after he and his men have been playing a work for several seasons there is a strong possibility that its performances, through long familiarity, will begin to become perfunctory. Particularly is this danger present in the case of symphonies, the roast beef and potatoes of orchestral fare. So every few years he collects the parts, with the players' individual markings, bundles them up neatly with his own privately marked copy of the score, throws the lot in the waste basket and begins rehearsing and conducting from a brand new score and parts.

So many of Mr. Stokowski's performances of familiar works give this impression of careful restudy. Last night, for instance, he elected to open his Carnegie Hall program with Cesar Franck's D minor symphony. Outside of the Beethoven "Eroica" and the Chykovsky "Pathétique," there is probably no more well-thumbed score; yet the performance of yesterday evening was as if given from pages fresh from the engraver, so eager and interesting it was, so glowing and untired.

The first two movements, especially, had a dramatic quality, an intensity of emotionalism, that one had almost forgotten was there, so plausibly have conductors in recent years set about preserving the justly celebrated mysticism and serenity of the Belgian master. Franck was a mystic, true enough, but hardly a gloomy one. His feet were upon earth, and sometimes they danced. Last night's performance came as a welcome reminder of that fact.

The playing of the orchestra

throughout the evening was of a quality to call for superlatives, and found the audience rapturously responsive. The players had to stand, not only after the symphony but after its playing of three excerpts from Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust." The Rakoczy March, the last of the three, aroused its hearers to a pitch of enthusiasm almost comparable to the outburst on the historic night that Berlioz first conducted it at Pesti.

A beautiful performance of Debussy's "Nocturnes" closed the program, although the processional in "Fetes" suffered, curiously enough, from brass playing that was too delicate. Debussy, obviously counting on mortal trumpeters, gives the theme in turn to muted trumpets, wood-wind, horns and open trumpets. Mr. Stokowski's muted trumpets, however, were so miraculously soft that the wood choir, when it followed them, could not play softly enough, and so threw the piece out of balance.

Between Berlioz and Debussy, Mr. Stokowski did his duty toward modern music by playing Edgar Varèse's "Hyperprism," for wind and percussion. This is the work that caused a near riot at the Klaw Theatre two seasons ago at a concert by the International Composers' Guild. Last night's audience did not riot. Some laughed, many applauded, and a few hissed. The conductor looked cheerful. The accepted thing to say, after hearing ultra-modern works of the more acute school is, "It sounds like nonsense to me, but of course I don't understand it." One cannot be too positive, of course, but I think I understand "Hyperprism."

OTHER MUSIC.

Yesterday the young soloist of the State Symphony Orchestra more than doubled in brass. Mr. Paul Stassevitch finished the Brahms D major concerto for the violin and for the next number calmly walked to the piano and began Chykovsky's concerto in B-flat minor—to the bewilderment of those in the audience who had not read the program. Such versatility may be common to many earnest young musicians but it is not often displayed on one program. This, however, was Mr. Stassevitch's excessively generous debut.

He brought to the Brahms concerto smooth and dextrous technique and true intonation, but his tone was

often pinched and meagre when it needed greatest breadth and mellowness. This most exacting of concertos demands tremendous sweep and philosophy—it is above all a test of maturity rather than young virtuosity, and it was as a young virtuoso that Mr. Stassevitch's unusual program was planned. Neither through the soloist nor the orchestra did the piece sing with its genuine spirit, for the performance was further complicated by the fact that Mr. Stransky's accompaniment was utterly at cross-purposes in accent and design.

With the Chykovsky concerto both soloist and orchestra were far happier. Mr. Stassevitch as a pianist has the mellow and ample tone which he lacked (for this number at least)

as a violinist. He gave the surging chords of Russian melancholy their full value to the delight of the audience, which recalled him several times. He departed, however, without playing another instrument.

The Academic Festival Overture and the "Marche Slav" completed this Brahms-Chykovsky program.

In the evening, an oratorio society from the Christian Science Institute brought a program of religious music to the Metropolitan. The chorus of 200 voices sang hymns of the church, based for the most part on the poems of Mary Baker Eddy. Among the soloists were Kitty Cheatham, Vida Milholland, J. Steel Jamison and Fraser Gange. There was a large and obviously devout audience which, because of the religious nature of the occasion, refrained from expressing its appreciation by applause.

Also in the evening, Gita Glaze returned to Aeolian Hall with a characteristic program made up for the most part of Schubert, Strauss and Wolf. There was also a group by Welner, Polak and Deems Taylor and four Russian songs by Glinka, Tscherepnin, Rachmaninoff, Glinka and Chykovsky.

The Philadelphia Orchestra

MR. STOKOWSKI seemed to be in a rather reckless theatrical mood last night, and as a consequence, while I was never more dazzled by the virtuosity of the Philadelphia Orchestra, I have never enjoyed the performances less. No doubt the temptation to play upon so superb an instrument for sheer playing's sake, regardless of the protests of the spirit of the composer, is quite irresistible; but all the same it ought to be resisted.

In an early article in the *Evening Post* I quoted the lady whom I heard say, on a London bus, that they ought to run the busses slowly down Regent street so that the ladies might see the shop windows. That was very much what Mr. Stokowski did in the second movement of the Cesar Franck symphony; it very early lost its allegretto character, slowed down into andante, and toward the end became pure adagio. The orchestral playing was exquisite; but that did not compensate us for being deprived of the company of Cesar Franck. In the finale the tempo was so pulled about, and the general pace was again so slow, that Franck became not only sentimentalized beyond expression but, for the first time in my experience of the symphony, rather dull.

There was the same theatrical exaggeration in the Debussy "Fetes." The power, the color and the precision of the playing were wholly admirable; but the tone in general was too near noise to be poetic. What makes the "Fetes" so remarkable an expression of Debussy's genius is that here he combines strength and suavity of line as he has done nowhere else. Mr. Stokowski insisted on the strength at the expense of the suavity. And with so strenuous a mass-tone as the foundation of the work it was surely an error of judgment to refine the trumpet tone in the cortege to such an extent. As a tour de force it was superlative; but it threw the cortege out of focus with the foreground of the work. It was as if we had suddenly had our opera glasses wrenched out of our hands and reversed for us; we got an effect of perspective marvelous in itself, but fatal to the unity of the picture.

Of the Berlioz Hungarian March Mr. Stokowski gave us a brilliantly colored performance; it was the one work in the program that harmonized with the mood he was in last night,—this and the more devilish moments of the Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps. The one thing this magnificent orchestra too rarely gives us is a real pianissimo. We missed it sorely in the Ballet of the Sylphs and in Debussy's "Nuages"; but that the orchestra has it at its command when it is called upon for it was shown by the perfect attenuation of the tone at the end of the "Fetes."

Mr. Varèse's "Hyperprism" is the cleverest and most amusing collection of noises ever got from an orchestra. Mr. Varèse has not told us what was at the back of his mind when writing the work. Per-

haps, indeed, I ought to apologize for such a term as the back of the mind in connection with Mr. Varèse. For, as he very candidly admits, his music is fourth-dimensional (I should say myself that his modesty leads him to understate the figure), and in the fourth dimension there is probably neither back nor front.

But if the crude expression be permissible, I should say that what was at the back of Mr. Varèse's mind was an alarm of fire at the Zoo, with the beasts and birds all making appropriate noises,—the lion roaring, the hyena howling, the monkeys chattering, the parrots squealing, and so on—with the curses of the distracted attendants cutting through them all. The work has, of course, not the slightest connection with music as that term is

generally understood; but it is excellent fun. If Mr. Varèse cannot touch our heart, there is no one like him for pulling our leg.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Christian Science Oratorio Society

Among the original features of last night's concert of the Oratorio Society of the New York City Christian Science Institute at the Metropolitan Opera House was the "Harvest Song," written by Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, set to music by Kitty Cheatham and arranged for a chorus with violin and harp obbligatos by Percy Grainger. It received an impressive first performance. The solo part was taken by Vida Milholland.

Other compositions which were given for the first time were "Rejoice, for God Is Love," by Franklin Ford; "The Vision," by Edna Edgerton Gordon; "God Is Spirit," by John Warren Erb, conductor of the society, and an oratorio, entitled "The Second Coming of Christ," the text being taken from the Bible and set to music by Franklin Ford. The assisting artist was Fraser Gange, baritone. A large audience testified its appreciation.

Scarlatti, Purcell and Others at Mr. Stransky's State Symphony Concert

Alessandro Scarlatti, the great Italian contemporary of Bach, Purcell and Handel, was a bit of a joker; for when he had finished his opera "Lucio Manlio" he sent it to the prince who was his patron (Ferdinand III, son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany), with a letter in which he referred deprecatingly to his "most feeble pen." The joke consists in the fact that Scarlatti had already at that time composed eighty-eight operas within a period of twenty-three years.

Scarlatti had indeed an ungovernable passion for operamaking. It was in 1705 that he deplored the feebleness of his pen. He was to live twenty years longer and compose twenty-seven more operas. Yet Scarlatti died in his golden youth—he was only sixty-six. He was a remarkable composer; and the "Gazzetta di Napoli," recording his death almost two centuries ago (October 24, 1756), averred that music was greatly in his debt. And before you decide that Scarlatti is to be remembered only by "the be-wigged and powdered tunes of his Neapolitan operas" (as Mr. E. J. Dent describes them), bear in mind that Scarlatti wrote to his prince concerning one of those operas: "At some passages, while I was composing the music for them, I wept"—which is almost word for word what Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky wrote a good many years later to his brother about his "Pathetic" Symphony. So you cannot always tell.

It was a happy thought of Miss Ursula Greville's to choose as her solo numbers for her appearance last night at Mr. Stransky's State Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall a song from an opera by Scarlatti and a song from an opera by his wonderful contemporary, Purcell. For Purcell, though he was much the bigger man of the two, learned a good deal from his Italian contemporaries, and it was interesting to have the two men set side by side in this way—even though this particular conjunction was scarcely calculated to demonstrate the Englishman's Italian derivations.

Miss Greville's Italian song was the aria, "Son gelosa e sono amante," from Scarlatti's hundred and sixth work for

the stage, "Il Tigrane, ovvero L'Equal Impegno d'Amore," produced at Naples in 1715. The opera was never published. Scarlatti's manuscript is now in the National Library at Florence, and the music used last night was transcribed from the MS. score by Mr. E. J. Dent, the distinguished English critic and indefatigable Scarlattian fan who has done so much to expound and promote the music of the founder of the Neapolitan school of opera.

The music is a typical example of the coloratura writing of its time, with a vigorous orchestral accompaniment which sounds almost as if Bach himself might have conceived it for one of the livelier arias among his cantatas, reminding us of the degree to which the music of Johann Sebastian was blown upon by Mediterranean airs. The Scarlatti aria transcribed by Mr. Dent

is for string orchestra—we had no chance here to study Scarlatti's use of the horns, which were a new element of the orchestra when he introduced them into the score of "Tigrane."

Miss Greville sang the difficult music with a true insight into its style, with intelligence and sensibility, and she was heartily applauded.

She was no less sensitively appreciative of mood and style in her singing of the air by Purcell that she had chosen as her other number—the exquisite Lament of Dido from "Dido and Aeneas." When this music was composed, Bach was a child of four and Debussy was still wandering, disconcerted and unattached, among the "windy meadows" of these otherworldly dawns that are his spiritual home. Yet this marvelous music of Purcell—so expressive in ways that are close and vivid to our senses, so deeply and freshly beautiful—touches hands with Bach and with Debussy.

For the ground bass upon which it is written is almost a parallel to that used by Bach in the "Crucifixus" of the B minor Mass; while the chord of the strings that supports the second syllable of Dido's "remember," at its repetition, is identical with a suspension that Debussy used in his "Pelléas" more than two centuries after Purcell died, and which then seemed one of the signaling traits of his modernity.

Mr. Stransky's orchestra accompanied Miss Greville with an amplified version of Purcell's original chamber group of two violins, viola, bass (and, of course, as given at Mr. Joshua Priest's boarding school in Chelsea in 1680, or thereabouts, with an accompanying harpsichord also). But we wish he had let us hear those lovely nine bars of the postlude for the orchestra—the Lament is short enough as it is.

There was a symphony on last night's program—the Fourth (need we say by whom?), conducted by Mr. Weston Gales, Mr. Stransky's associate. We could not feel that Mr. Gales sees very deeply into this symphony, even though its vistas are somewhat less than endless; nor could we feel that he has completely settled to his own satisfaction some of the technical problems that are posed therein for the conductor.

The lavish Mr. Stransky, not content with offering his patrons two conductors, offered them two soloists as well; but since he placed Mme. Novaes, who was down on the program to play the Grieg concerto, at the end of the program, we were unable, greatly to our regret, to hear her.

Mr. Stransky himself played the three symphonic poems of Saint-Saëns with a fine touch to edify his clients.

It is not time these trivial and bread-and-butter diversissements were ruled out of symphonic programs that are aimed to interest adult intelligences?

Mr. Stransky is looking for French music, why does he not play occasionally, we wonder, the superb "La Mer" of Debussy? He would have

no one else, apparently, plays "La Mer" nowadays except the faithful Bostonians. Mr. Stransky might reply that his audience would like it less well than "Dance Macabre." Perhaps. But it is not his duty, as old Bergmann thought it was his, to "make dem hear till dey do?" Even a symphony audience is susceptible of education.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE STATE SYMPHONY.

Ernest Greville, who varies the end of editing "The State," one of the world's few musical periodicals, by spreading the gospel of the unbacked through Europe and America, sang two old and very beautiful airs at the State Symphony

concert last night. The first, the lament from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," has been heard here, even if all too seldom. The second, however, an air by Scarlatti, "Son Gelosa," has but recently been transcribed from an unpublished opera of his.

It is an impressive reminder of the debt Bach owes to his great Italian predecessor. The style of the music, the structure both of the vocal part and the florid contrapuntal accompaniment, are amazingly like the composer of the Brandenburg concertos. Miss Greville sang both airs with distinction and impressive command of mood. One wonders, however, why some one—singer or conductor—elected to omit the lovely orchestral coda that is one of the glories of the "Lament."

The evening was unusually opulent in personalities. Guionar Novaes also appeared on the program, playing Grieg piano concerto; and there were two conductors. Mr. Stransky took the second half of the concert, conducting the accompaniments for the soloists and the three Saint-Saëns best-sellers—"Phaeton, Le Rouet d'Omphale," and "Dance Macabre." Weston Gales, who is now associate conductor of the orchestra, opened the evening's events with a somewhat sketchy performance of Chykovsky's Fourth Symphony.

OTHER MUSIC.

There is this austere tradition about song recitals; that the musical reporter must keep his mind sternly on the technical qualities of the singer and that the trivial matter of personal charm is to be heroically disregarded. This stage of perfect detachment is, however, achieved by only a few rare spirits; certainly the average audience and the majority of its observers are not so rigidly determined to distinguish between the singer and the song. And it has always seemed particularly futile to record the success of a recital without admitting the detail that the singer was recognized as a personality before a note of song was uttered.

Dona Ortensia is such a personality; in her recital yesterday at Town Hall, she contrived to create the mood of her songs even when struggling against obvious technical handicaps. It was an uneven voice with touches of natural beauty marred in sudden, unexpected intervals by faulty tone production. But above all this, is an ability to extract the spirit and essence from her music which could transcend even more serious technical flaws. She sang the "Feldensamkeit" of Brahms and Wolf's "Über Nacht" and fugitive snatches from the Neapolitan folk-songs to the obvious delight of a large audience.

In the evening the second performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" brought Toti dal Monte again into the role of Donizetti's distressed heroine. The obvious nervousness of her debut on the first performance had vanished and she sang the role with far greater freedom and dramatic facility. M. de Lucca replaced M. Danise as Lord Enrico Ashton; otherwise the cast was as before.

A. S.

Donna Ortensia Gives Second Song Recital Here

Donna Ortensia, non-professionally the Duchessa di Mignano, who made recital debut here last January, gave her second recital yesterday afternoon in a program which avoided the too familiar in German, French, Italian and Rumanian numbers.

With a voice of good size and considerable range, the singer gave a performance distinguished by a tone of a warm though not always smooth quality and marked interpretative ability. Songs by Brahms and Wolf and three by V. Wolkoff marked "first time," were commendably sung, but Ortensia seemed more at home in a well-chosen group in French—Gretchanoff, Duparc, Fontenailles and Valette—and most so in the ensuing numbers, three Respighi songs, two Neapolitan folk-songs and five Rumanian songs. For these, sung in that language, the singer had a distinctive costume. Well able to bring out the differing moods of her songs she deserved much credit for an interesting

recital of quality well above the average, in which Erno Balogh proved an excellent accompanist.

Alice Louise Williams, of Georgia, a specialist in Southern song and story, made her first local appearance of the season yesterday afternoon in a Christmas costume recital at the Hotel Plaza, with a program of negro tales, songs and sketches, spoken and sung, and a group of old ballads read to the harp accompaniment of Marion Marsh Bannerman. Miss Bannerman also gave solo numbers.

Music of the Past

I SHALL REVIEW later Mme. Landowska's fascinating book, "Music of the Past," that has just been published by Mr. Knopf. Meanwhile a word may not be out of place on one of the side issues raised by her.

Mme. Landowska rightly protests against the modern theory that noise of itself means power in music; some mighty things, in music as in literature and in life, have been said in the quietest tones. It is a modern mistake to suppose that the seventeenth and eighteenth century composers could not have made more noise if they had wanted to. But they mostly did not want to; as Mme. Landowska says, "if we rarely encounter [in the old music] those sonorous avalanches to which our ears have since become accustomed, the cause is not, as we are asked to believe, the rudimentary state or the impotence of the [composers], but the refinement of taste which rejected all violence, all emphatic disturbance." But I am not sure that I am wholly with Mme. Landowska when she says scornfully that "the praters of progress are profoundly convinced that Haydn and Mozart and all the old masters would be infinitely flatterers to hear their works enhanced with tempestuous sonorities, fruit of our incommensurable evolution."

Few people would deny that the ordinary Haydn or Mozart symphony is ruined when it is played on a large orchestra. At one of the English provincial festivals, some fifteen years ago, there was a superb orchestra of about 120 of the finest players in England. Hans Richter, who conducted the festival, used the whole of these forces for a Mozart symphony; and I never want to hear anything of the kind again. But surely there are many works of the past that are improved by being given with numbers of which the composers never dreamed? Bach's church choir at Leipzig was probably never more than about thirty strong at its best, and the material was not first-rate throughout. I do not know whether he ever tried out the B minor Mass with this choir, but he certainly gave the Matthew Passion with it. Can any one doubt that he would be the first to admire the performances of these works by our big modern choirs, could he but hear them? The B minor Mass in particular is a case of a work being from the first on a scale beyond the powers of its period. Sublimity does not reside in mere numbers; but numbers are certainly necessary to get the effect of sublimity. It is a sheer impossibility to realize all there is in the Sanctus of the Mass with a tiny choir. The Elizabethans, again, wrote their madrigals for four or five or six solo voices,—and amateurs at that! If any one tells me that Wilbye or Weelkes would not jump out of his skin with delight at hearing one of his masterpieces performed by a superb modern madrigal choir of sixty voices, I shall take leave to disagree with him.

It is unsafe to lay down any general rules in these matters. Composers today, in the main, are revolting against the large orchestra. Yet it is certain that, with orchestras as with everything else, certain effects can be got only by size. Our biggest modern orchestra is really too small for certain things; but what these things are we can only discover by trying. I believe that in New York a concert has occasionally been given with massed orchestras. What the artistic results have been here I do not know. But in London we have had a union of two orchestras on more than one occasion, and once, I think, three orchestras were combined. The results were curious. Some works were ruined. Others had whatever commonplace there was in them shown up unmercifully. But some of the works gained enormously

in impressiveness. No one, I confidently assert, has really heard the Ride of the Valkyries who has not heard it on an orchestra of at least two hundred players; the primeval power of it in the London performance of which I am speaking, the sense it gave us of being taken right out of our modern world and being transported into the very world of the saga, a world in which everything was more than life-size, were something that no one who lived through that experience will ever forget.

No sensible musician believes that fifty violins, say, are necessarily and at all times better than twenty. But certainly there are occasions when doubled or trebled forces do not merely increase the physical tone but give a new spiritual quality to it. We can lay down no general principles. We cannot forecast what will happen in any particular case. But we do know from experience that in certain works, at certain points, a doubling of resonance makes us feel for the first time that we are hearing what the composer intended us to hear.

By the way, it is sometimes said that it is wrong to play the Siegfried Idyll on the full orchestra, as Wagner wrote it for sixteen or seventeen instruments only. This is a fallacy. It is true that the first performance was by an orchestra of these dimensions; but that was merely because there was not room for more players on the stairs of Wagner's house, and the composer was paying for the affair out of his own pocket. His later letters show that when larger forces were available he not only tolerated them but expressly asked for them.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

"Lucia di Lammermoor"

"Lucia di Lammermoor" is a Victorian period-piece, meeting the then existent standards of "Art," that required every available inch of surface, in architecture, furniture, music, literature or clothing, to be overlaid with singular curlicues of a pastry-cook's inspiration.

Triumphs of accomplishment lay in what was called "execution," and that, indeed, is what it was.

All the older operas build up what is termed their "traditions"; those of "Lucia" centering around the preposterous "mad scene," in which generation after generation of lovely, warm, pulsing, soprano voices have engaged in a pre-Atlantic City beauty contest against a flute, exchanging with that dreadful instrument tootle for tootle; gurgle for gurgle.

Surely the time has come for the Metropolitan to give over "Lucia" to its proper vehicles—the remainder hand-organs and talking-machines and the onrushing rale. The Italian genius has been and is productive of opera of a deathless quality; they themselves no longer hold in high esteem music of the "florid" type.

That "Lucia" is still able to "persist," as the biologists have it, is merely one more disheartening instance of the working of the human law of the survival of the unfittest. The thing was beautifully done to great applause last night, but the circumstance is of no consequence.

Mischa Mischakoff's Recital

Mischa Mischakoff appeared in a violin recital at the Town Hall last night. The young musician, who is engaged in his first season as concert master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, performed with as much ability as he displayed in the winning of the Stadium prize and approval a year ago.

His program was calculated to please all musical palates. The most ambitious numbers were the Handel Sonata in E major, the Etchings, upon a theme with improvisations by Albert Spalding, and the regulation concert war-horse, the Concerto in D major of Paganini. His playing of Handel and many of the Spalding Etchings far surpassed any of his other efforts. At times his passages failed in smoothness and also in depth of tone. Two of the Etchings stood forth above all else—the fifth, "Dreams Cinderella," and the ninth,

"Desert Twilight. The latter was practically played without accompaniment. Muschakoff completed his program with shorter pieces of Mendelssohn, Zimballat, Gledowsky and Sarasate. Harry Kaufman was at the piano.

New York Symphony

VLADIMIR GOLDSCHMANN appeared as guest conductor at yesterday's concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra. If his work then was truly representative of him, he would appear to be a conductor of no particular individuality. One could hardly see a "reading" of his own in anything he did; the notes were there, the tempi were right, and the dynamics for the most part, conscientiously observed; but the general effect was negative. This is not to imply that the music was made uninteresting; it means only that one could not precisely see what part Mr. Goldschmann had in it beyond that of guiding the orchestra.

But I have my doubts whether we saw the full Goldschmann yesterday. The orchestra seemed to have too slight an acquaintance with some of the works to be able to respond elastically to a "reading" had one been demanded of it. The Schumann Symphony (No. 1) suffered least in this respect; it is simple, straightforward stuff, mostly piano music scored for orchestra—and perhaps can say all it has to say if the notes are just correct. But Ravel's "La Valse" sounded like a rehearsal; the colors were hardly once properly blended, and there was no life in the rhythm. Of the "Figaro" overture we had an agreeable rather than a thrilling performance while Rimsky-Korsakov's Bumble Bee hummed so solidly and moved so heavily that it was evident the insect had put on flesh since we heard him in the same hall a couple of weeks or so ago. The best piece of playing of the afternoon was in Moussorgsky's "Night on the Bald Mountain." The concluding stages of this were so finely handled as to deepen the conviction that in some of the other works we were not getting the best of Mr. Goldschmann.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Golschmann Leads Symphony.

Vladimir Goldschmann reappeared yesterday afternoon as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Goldschmann's success under similar circumstances last season is remembered here. It created curiosity to hear him in further programs.

He conducted performances of Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Schumann's D minor symphony, Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble-Bee" and Ravel's "La Valse." Reviewing the concert backward, it is reasonable to say that Ravel's composition can seldom have received a more sympathetic interpretation in this city, in spite of the problems it presented the orchestra. The opening, in consonance with the direction of the "choreographic poem" printed in the score, was truly atmospheric, imaginative. "Edifying clouds reveal, through rifts, couples waltzing. The mists vanish, little by little. One perceives a vast hall peopled by a twirling throng." This expresses the feeling of the music, even if it does not embody the precise conception of the composer when he wrote it. Mr. Philip Hale has told us that the music was conceived first, the "program" supplied later. Alfredo Casella has said that this waltz is in three parts: (a) The Birth of the Waltz; (b) the Waltz; (c) the Apotheosis of the Waltz. To us the music appears as a rather deliberate and also long-drawn-out parody of the waltz. It is most pleasing in the opening measures, where the Straussian model is closely followed. Later the dance music is harmonically and rhythmically distorted. Assuredly it is clever. Ravel is always clever. Sometimes he is more than clever. This time he is only clever, and his machinery is rather obvious in spite of the sumptuous orchestration. But Mr. Goldschmann made much of the music by the manner in which he sustained the fundamental rhythm, without stiffness, with a true rubato, a true breathing of the musical phrases, and by his ability to extract the last tint of color from the orchestra.

Mr. Goldschmann was most successful in the modern music. His

when interpreting the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble-Bee," an inconsequential trifle for the immediate popularity of which Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra are responsible, caused history to repeat itself. That is, the audience kept applauding and demanding a repetition of the piece. It is eminently to the credit of Mr. Goldschmann that he did not yield to this ill-timed request, contenting himself by sharing the applause with the orchestra, when he had every excuse to lengthen and unduly distort his program. The performance of Moussorgsky's symphonic poem made much of rather cheap and sensational music. No doubt Rimsky-Korsakov did what he could in re-instrumenting this composition, but not all the instrumentation in the world saves it from the immaturity and inherent banality of the ideas.

In the performances of Mozart and Schumann Mr. Goldschmann was less fortunate. There were only a few real pianissimos where they were needed. The pace of Mozart's overture could have been still faster and the touch lighter than it was. Many places in the Schumann symphony were poetically conceived, such as the transition to the last movement; elsewhere there was a certain stiffness and a need of more varied coloring. The orchestration itself is to blame for a certain opacity of tone in passages of the first and last movements. These are problems, however, that a conductor can solve, given time and close acquaintance with his orchestra. Arrived in this country a few days ago, and conducting the New York Symphony for the second time in his and its history, Mr. Goldschmann gave proof of his musicianship, his admirable conductor's technique and the talent that was recognized by all when he appeared here last season.

Lawrence Gilman

Henry Hadley Conducts His Own and Other Music at a Philharmonic Concert

1916th concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall, Henry Hadley, conducting:

- PROGRAM
1. Rachmaninoff
Symphony in E minor, No. 2, Op. 27
2. Hadley: "Tone-Poem," "Salome," Op. 55
3. Rimsky-Korsakov
Capriccio Espagnol, Op. 34

Of the five conductors who are directing concerts of the Philharmonic Society this season, three are smiters of the blooming lyre on their own account; that is to say, they are what are more formally known as composers. Mr. Hadley is one of those three and so it was to be expected that he would place on the program of last night's concert one of his major compositions.

It was Mr. Hadley's first appearance this season before the Thursday night subscription audience (though he had been heard before in other Philharmonic series), and he naturally wished to smite his lyre in the most effectual and impressive way. Therefore, he chose his tone-poem, "Salome"—a work of imposing design and monumental bulk, composed at Munich, as he says, nineteen years ago, after he had witnessed a performance of Oscar Wilde's play that deeply impressed him. The year was 1905—the year in which Strauss's operatic setting of that same sweet idyll of the Syrian countryside was produced at Dresden.

Mr. Hadley tells us that he knew nothing of Strauss's music-drama when he composed his own symphonic poem, and it is the easiest thing in the world to believe him; not only because Strauss's "Salome" was produced only at the end of that year (December 9, 1905), but because it is quite evident from Mr. Hadley's music that he had other fish to fry than the twinkling soles of the dancing daughter of Herodias.

We wonder how Mr. Hadley can fail to realize, as he listens to this music of his, the extent to which he has remembered the works of Wagner? His score sounds almost like an orchestral arrangement of Wolzogen's thematic guides to "Tristan" and the "Ring," with recollections of "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" to fill out. It is not that his music quotes literally from Wagner (though there are some almost exact parallels, as the "Glance" theme from "Tristan"). The trouble is more serious; it is that Mr. Hadley is so saturated in the style and idiom of Wagner—or was twenty years ago—that his own musical personality has no chance to project itself.

We said above that we wondered how Mr. Hadley could fail to realize the measure of his devotion to his predecessor. But of course he doesn't realize it. No composer ever does—at least

no composer who is so obviously sincere and convinced a music-maker as Mr. Hadley. It would be absurd to suggest that Mr. Hadley has callously and knowingly lifted Wagner's stuff. He has done nothing of the sort. He has merely loved this great music so intensely, it has tinted his imagination so deeply, that when he utters his

own moods and emotions he unconsciously speaks the language that is to him the most eloquent of all tongues. We have not a doubt in the world that Mr. Hadley listens to his "Salome" with complete and genuine unawareness of its allegiances, and that he could never be convinced that there is any truth in what we have said above.

It is a pity. For Mr. Hadley is an able craftsman. He has feeling, dramatic power, a sense of climax. He knows the older secrets of orchestral eloquence—knows the approved Wagnerian clichés for lust and anguish, tragedy and terror. But he gives no personal slant to these things, no Hadleyan color and nuance. You wait and wait, eager to say, "Ah! that is Hadley—that turn of the phrase, or that modulation, or that use of the woodwind." But all you have is Mr. Hadley telling us, with great emphasis and persistence, how much he loves Wagner.

Perhaps in the music that he is writing to-day he has forgotten Wagner and is speaking pure Hadleyese. We do not know. For that reason we wish that last night's concert had yielded us a performance of some later score of Mr. Hadley's than "Salome." A lot can happen to a composer in nineteen years, and for all we know, Mr. Hadley may have in his desk an orchestral work that is as un-Wagnerian as West Eleventh Street. We wish he would give us a chance to find out if this is so.

Mr. Hadley conducted a full-blooded and eloquent performance of Rachmaninoff's E minor symphony. His authority before the orchestra, his precise and forcible indication of his wishes, his expert control of his medium, were a pleasure to observe. He was applauded with obviously genuine enthusiasm and was frequently recalled to the stage.

"Jenufa" at the Metropolitan

Jeritz and Matzenauer scored quite a success in "Jenufa" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Better acting seldom is seen at the opera. Matzenauer was prey to all the emotions of the mother who has thrust to its death beneath the ice the child of her daughter, Jenufa (Jeritz), and the swaggering, unfaithful Stewa Buryia (Rudolf Laubenthal). Jeritz overlooked no opportunity to present Jenufa faithfully.

Martin Oehman sang Laca and Kathleen Howard was fine as Grandmother Buryia. Arthur Bodanzky conducted.

"Jenufa" was beautifully produced. The scenery of Joseph Novak, from designs by Hans Puehringer, was to be admired.

*Cobina Wright singer
Jan Chlapusso piano*

Henry Hadley Conducts.

Henry Hadley, conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall, characterized his first Thursday night concert of the season with that body by an exceptionally eloquent performance of Rachmaninoff's second symphony. This performance was not only virtuosic conducting, it gave the work the fullest measure of the feeling and atmosphere that make its length seldom less than pleasurable and its mood felt by layman and professional alike.

Once Mr. Rachmaninoff remarked that the greatest thing in art is sincerity. His symphony emphasizes the truth of that statement. Not a note of this symphony—long overdeveloped in places as it is—fails to ring true. It has considerable sameness of mood, a brooding melancholy, felt even when the movement and the scoring are most brilliant, pervading even the driving energy of the scherzo and finale; it tends too much, perhaps, to the string color in instrumentation; and the voice of Tschalkovsky is heard in the land. Mr. Rachmaninoff has always avowed his profound admiration for that great composer. There are affinities of temperament and expression between him and his countryman and predecessor. These symphonies result in certain resemblances of musical speech, which should not be confused with mere imitation.

All in all, the E minor symphony is a work admirably developed and put together, uncommonly fertile in melody, and so simple, direct and personal in character that it commands respect and response whenever it is heard. Mr. Hadley, in his phrasing, in the emphasis, which was not overdone, of leading motives; in adroitness of coloring and maintenance of mood more than fulfilled his task. He seemed to have a special sympathy for the music and to be particularly fitted by nature to interpret it.

It would be a pleasure to say similarly appreciative things about Mr. Hadley's symphonic poem, "Salome," the performance of which followed. But that would not be so easy. This symphonic poem follows quite precisely the events

of Strauss's music drama. There is much of Strauss, and more of Wagner in the score. There is very little that can be called individual or significant at this time. The instrumentation sounds in the Straussian manner, but conventional sequences are overworked, and the invention is ordinary. Mr. Hadley was of course adept in his own music, and he was warmly applauded. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" came last on the program.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Vladimir Goldschmann, who first discovered America last year as conductor of the ill-fated Swedish Ballet, and who later conducted a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra with considerable success, came back yesterday afternoon to take over Mr. Damrosch's men in the first of three programs he is to present as a full-fledged guest-conductor.

His list, while it comprised nothing new, was somewhat out of the beaten track in offering Schumann's fourth symphony, which never seems to manage more than two or three hearings a season. He began with the "Figaro" overture, and also played Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain," "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," from Rimsky's "Tsar Sultan" (Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston band played that, a week or so ago), and Ravel's "La Valse."

It must be confessed that Mr. Goldschmann did not fulfill entirely the high hopes he inspired at his concert last year. It may have been that nervousness made him overcautious; whatever the cause, seemed to have considerable difficulty in persuading the orchestra to maintain a sufficiently spirited pace during the overture and the symphony. The former, which started with promising briskness and delicacy, lost energy to such an extent that it took nearly a minute longer to play than it usually does; and a minute, in such a brief work, is a long time.

The symphony, while it had poetic and beautiful moments, was rather rigid in tempo, and suffered from a merciless overemphasis of the brass that made the strings and woodwind sound weak and spiritless by contrast. Throughout the programme, in fact, Mr. Goldschmann's trumpets and trombones were allowed to blow with a vigor that shook the rafters. He evidently misjudged the acoustics of the hall more or less completely.

In the three works that made up the second half of the concert he was much more successful. The modern idiom and orchestration seemed to find in him a much readier response, and he conducted Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and Ravel with vigor, understanding, and effectiveness.

OTHER MUSIC.

Cobina Wright sang last night of Ravel's "flute enchantée" against a background of firs and old tapestries which transformed the sedate Aeolian Hall into a Maurice Hewlett forest. The mise-en-scene was charming, but the difficulty with all such settings at a recital is to cajole them into conformity with the program; Miss Wright's Pre-Raphaelite costume, for example, belonged perfectly with Debussy, but was hardly the period for Haendel or Gluck. Her voice, however, did better with the moods. It is a clear and flexible lyric soprano produced with the ease and security that gives her songs the casual sincerity of a direct and personal message. She sang Ravel and Debussy, Brahms and Strauss and a final group of Respighi and Sibella. Miss Wright has been identified with various choral organizations as soprano soloist, but this is her first solo recital in New York.

At the same hour, in Town Hall, Jan Chlapusso gave a program of piano music which began with Schubert's "Rondo in D major" and included a Chopin group and numbers by Ravel, Medtner and Liszt. Mr. Chlapusso is well known to New York but this is his first appearance since his transcontinental tour of this country through the past two seasons.

The opera was "Jenufa," a second performance of the new work from Czechoslovakia which brought Je-

ritza, Howard, Laubenthal and Ohman back to the principal roles. Ellen Dalossy, announced to sing Karolka, was indisposed and her role was filled by Charlotte Ryan. Nanette Guilford sang the role of Barena in the place of Miss Ryan, otherwise the cast was as before. A. S.

Max Pollikoff. In number and Saint Saens' Introduction and Capriccioso ended the programme.

OCHMAN A NEW SAMSON.

Swedish Tenor and Jeanne Gordon Appear in Saint Saens' Opera.

"Samson et Dalila" was sung at the opera last night, a new Samson being the Swedish tenor, Martin Ochman, who had once been heard in the opera's music at a Sunday night concert in mid-November. His singing, however light for the slayer of the Philistines, proved vocally fresh and youthful, a quality shared by the slenderest Delilah in some years, Jeanne Gordon. Indeed, Saint Saens' musical work was more a love story and less a sermon than it sometimes has been. Whitehill as the High Priest and Rother as an old Hebrew, with d'Angelo, Paltirner, Altglass and Reschiglian completed the cast, and Hasselmanns conducted.

Dec 20 1920

By ERNEST NEWMAN

SUPPLEMENTING what I had to say a short time ago here regarding my impressions of opera at the Metropolitan I submit a couple of open letters.

Dear Newman:

By this time you must be pretty well fed up on literary communications from persons more or less associated with musical activities in our little old New York. You must at least be impressed with the itch for writing that seems to be epidemic in our musical circles. I think, therefore, that you can understand my hesitancy in adding to the accumulating contents of your waste-basket.

Well, my dear boy, as we were both born under the Union Jack, though I am quite an old, while you are a new, importation into this land of liberty and free speech, perhaps you will indulge me as a former (may I say?) neighbor, as we started life with the Irish Sea between us.

You, perhaps, know that I am associated with an institution known as the Metropolitan Opera Company in a certain nondescript capacity. I don't know exactly what I am in the institution—publicity secretary seems the most dignified title—in vulgar parlance, press agent.

MY STATUS THUS BEING established, you may take me in a Pickwickian sense or otherwise, when I tell you frankly—but understand me not officially—that you have certainly spanked us good and hard since you arrived in America to record your impressions of operatic and other musical events in New York. I would be the last one to say that, from time to time, your "observations" on some of our performances have been unreasonable. But, my dear old man, there have been times when—let me say it frankly—I think you have been hardly fair to the opera management in its serious and honest endeavors to provide our very exigent public with the best that physical conditions and available human elements can in these days furnish.

It is a long time since I have seen any operatic performances in England, and I am not in position, personally, to compare operatic productions in the British capital with those of the Metropolitan. I cannot, personally, pass upon the dramatic effectiveness of the Italian operas given in Covent Garden in recent years. I do not know whether the caperings of the Bohemians when Puccini's opera is given there are more veristic than the play-acting of our artists; or whether your Andrea Cheniers sing to the audience instead of addressing the Revolutionary Tribunal. I do know, however, that the spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House certainly are larger than those of Covent Garden, and that in those Italian operas and others, if the singers do not to some extent diverge from the strict requirements of artistic stage management, the people in the gallery and in the back of the house would hear very little of the voices for which they paid their good money to hear.

HOWEVER, old man, all this is merely en passant, and I am sure you will take it in the spirit in which it is written. Even though you do not spank us and find fault with things that I am sure you would easily pass over if you knew all the difficulties latter days have brought (even in America) to the production of opera, to

meet the present demand in New York—to the organizing of a season of twenty-four weeks in which we are compelled to give seven, eight and nine performances a week—never repeating an opera on subscription nights (for unlike European opera houses, where subscribers are willing to hear the same opera half a dozen times, here our subscribers would raise a howl if they were compelled to hear any opera a second time) I am quite sure you would be less caustic in some of your comments on our evening entertainments if you could spare the time to drop into my office and see "how the wheels go round." I am certain that the last thing you would find would be "Anarchy." I have had the honor to be on Mr. Gatti-Casazza's staff for fourteen years. If he is an "Anarch" then "Anarchy is Heaven's first Law!"

Finally, in order to square myself, let me add that while I think you have occasionally given the Metropolitan Opera a bit of a tough deal, I am quite with you on the transitory quality of the jazz craze and the illusion as to the value of so-called "national" opera and music. After all there are only two kinds of music—good music and bad music. The one survives and the other doesn't. And there you are!

Fraternally yours,
WILLIAM J. GUARD.

My Dear Guard,

I suppose that, however clearly one may try to express oneself, somebody or other is sure to misunderstand one. Perhaps, therefore, I ought not to be surprised at your reading into my recent innocent remarks on the subject of opera in New York an invidious comparison between the Metropolitan Opera House and Covent Garden. A glance at my articles, however, will show you that no such comparison was made or intended. It would be impossible, for you cannot compare the existent with the non-existent. International opera—that is to say, opera of the kind that we now get at the Metropolitan and used to get at Covent Garden—is virtually extinct, for economic reasons, in the latter place. The last great season in London was in the months that preceded the war in 1914.

In that year we had a short season that was an attempt, under very difficult circumstances, to revive an old institution in a greatly changed world. The season, in spite of one or two striking performances, was not a success. We had no more international opera in London till the summer of this year, when a season was hastily patched up to meet a contingency that had suddenly arisen. We had a few pretty good performances of the "Ring" and "Salome" and "Ariadne in Naxos," some first-rate performances of the "Rosenkavalier," and a few mixed performances of the staler Italian operas. The "grand season" in London seems to be a dead institution. The London public in the past did not mind paying high prices to hear the stars; but it refuses now to pay star prices and not get the stars—who, indeed, do not appear to exist now.

YOU WILL SEE, then, that my criticism of the Metropolitan way of giving opera was not prompted in the least by any vainglorious feeling that we have a better way in London. As a matter of fact, public opinion in England is slowly but steadily moving away from foreign opera toward opera in English. The desire is becoming intense to have a genuinely national opera, on the lines of the big Continental cities—opera sung not by birds of passage, in all sorts of languages, that the people do not understand, and at prices that a heavily taxed people cannot pay, but by English or English-speaking singers. The British company that Sir Thomas Beecham ran during the war showed us in England what could be done in this way. Few of the singers had voices that would permit them to rank as stars in the big international theatres; but by dint of their constantly playing together under a man of genius who was competent to supervise every factor of opera, we got an ensemble not merely of singing but of action, of psychology, of scenery, of production, that made the per-

Music Ernest Newman's Daily Column

"Cosi fan tutti"

I IMAGINE that one's enjoyment of "Cosi fan tutte" on Saturday afternoon would vary with where one happened to be sitting. The Metropolitan management had done all it could to get Mozart's opera on the right scale: the stage was shortened and narrowed, the orchestra, under Mr. Bodanzky, played throughout with great delicacy, and the voices kept in focus with it. But the smaller the picture the nearer one needs to be to it; and from where I sat, the performance was often a strain on both eye and ear, the eye being conscious it was missing a good deal of the byplay of the comedy, and the ear, at times, being unable, do what it would, to catch more than a gentle, indefinite murmur from the orchestra.

In a smaller theatre, I fancy, the performance would have been very enjoyable. The singing was nowhere of the kind that thrills one in and by itself; but "Cosi fan tutte" can get along very well without star singing, as some recent performances in a tiny English provincial theatre have shown. What is always regarded as the defect of the opera—that it contains no strongly marked character—is really the salvation of it in most performances. The characters, running in pairs as they do, are types rather than personages; and so long as the several pairs run evenly in harness together we do not resent this one or that not being a thoroughbred. The singing on Saturday, with Mme. Easton as Fiordiligi, Mme. Feralta as Dorabella, Mr. Meader as Ferrando, Mr. de Luca as Guglielmo, Mr. Didur as Don Alfonso, and Mme. Bori as the sprightly chambermaid Despina, was always fluent and pleasant, though the wide range of Fiordiligi's part put Mme. Easton in an occasional embarrassment with her low notes. The comic effects throughout were got, as they should be, with the tips of the fingers.

One feature of the production might easily be improved upon at future performances. So egregiously long an intermission between the two acts is the surest way of letting the sparkle go out of a musical wine so delicate as this. I reject the theory that the half-hour or so that we spent kicking our heels outside the auditorium was designed to give some of the singers time to swot up, as the school-boys say, the words of the recitatives. With a prompter whose every cue could be heard through the house, the singers had surely no reason to feel nervous about their memories.

A New Samson

Jeanne Gordon was the Dalila of Saint-Saens' Old Testament opera Saturday night at the Metropolitan. Her rich, dark voice and her beauty of face and form were ravishing. The Swedish tenor, Martin Ochman, was heard for the first time as Samson. It took him a while to warm to his role, but in the last act he was most appealing both in his singing and in his acting. His voice throughout had a youthful, velvety quality which was highly pleasing.

Rother, always adorning whatever part he takes, made the chorus of the Hebrew fathers in the first act a delight. Clarence Whitehill as the high priest and father of Dalila gave his usual artistic performance, lending special charm to the scene in which he instructs his daughter regarding her duty to their tribe.

The opera is gorgeously set, but in the scene in Dalila's garden the gorgeousness is touched with the restraint characteristic of the highest art. What a lovely picture Miss Gordon made as the center of this never-to-be-forgotten scene, with all her beads and spangles swathed in a purple scarf!

ROSA PONSELLE'S NEW ROLE

Wins Great Applause in "La Gioconda" at Nursery Benefit Matinee.

Rosa Ponselle was new in "La Gioconda," a direct and vital singer of Venetian tragedy, fairly superb in a last famous "suicide air," at the Metropolitan's special matinee yesterday, arranged to aid the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital in West Sixty-first Street. With the soprano appeared the Misses Gordon and Alcock, Messrs. Gigli, Danise and Mardones, and Mr. Serafin conducted. Miss Ponselle, as her admirers had expected, found the melodrama's title role suited to her rich voice and to a temperament that is this young American star's Italian heritage. She was greatly applauded, bringing down the house when soprano and tenor before the curtains played a game of tag to see which should leave to the other the honor of taking a solo recall. Gigli gave her first place, but she cleverly gave him the last call.

Mmes. Alda and d'Arle, Messrs. Martinielli, Scotti, Rother and others, under Mr. Papi's direction, sang to another audience last evening in "La Boheme." As it happened, this was the first "Boheme" since the same opera's occurrence on the night following the composer's death. The familiar performance, with its gaiety in a measure restored, was welcomed in holiday mood.

DUCOLINA GIANNINI, American soprano; Wanda Landowska, Polish pianist and harpsichordist, and Louis Graevenre, Belgian baritone, were heard at yesterday's Biltmore Morning Musical. The programme was one in which refined style and polished technique were necessary attributes to a satisfactory interpretation. And each of the musicians was well equipped with those qualities.



Wanda Landowska.

Miss Gianni's lovely, bell-like voice was enjoyed in two songs by Meta Schumann (the composer playing the piano parts); Russian songs by Schindler and Gretchaninoff and numbers by Hageman, Gounod and others.

Mme. Landowska is a peerless pianist, whose fleet and graceful fingers did full justice to a beautiful allegretto by Mozart and Lanner's Valse Vienneoise (discussing the source of some of Chopin's loveliest ideas). Later she played seventeenth century music on a harpsichord of the same period.

Wagner's "Evening Star" aria evidently resented a morning display for, despite Mr. Graevenre's voice and diction, he sang with so pronounced a deliberation as to suggest reluctance. His later numbers were by Bohemian, German, English and French composers.

MAX POLLIKOFF, who wields the bow and the pen with equal dexterity, gave a violin recital in Aeolian Hall last night. He played a Notturmo of his own composing and revealed a creditable skill in musical invention and interpretation.

His programme contained no examples of the severely classic school. Brahms' A major Sonata was the open-



formances extraordinarily interesting and enjoyable. Opera became something that a man of intelligence could listen to with his whole intelligence, not merely with his ears. But unfortunately Sir Thomas Beecham could not continue his good work. His company was wrecked; and we are now trying to rebuild the ship and reman the crew.

I GO INTO ALL this because I should not like either you or my New York readers in general to think I had been guilty of the crude impertinence of coming here as a guest and arrogantly telling New York it is inferior to London. Quite the contrary. We have nothing in London just now as good as the Metropolitan. My argument was that, with its human material and its financial resources, the Metropolitan could easily be very much better than it is. If I say that I have been somewhat disappointed in the singing as a whole purely *qua* singing, that is hardly a disparagement of the Metropolitan. Several of the singers I knew already. Of those I had not already heard I had perhaps been led to expect too much from report. The plain truth is that as regards great-opera singers the whole world is rather in a backwater at present; but that is not the fault of the Metropolitan, though every one who knows anything of the singers of today could mention one or two who would be an improvement on some of those we are hearing this season in New York.

My criticism of the Metropolitan performances was in the main, this,—that they seem to indicate a lack either of the power or of the will, on the part of those in authority, to impose that authority upon the singers, to rid some of these people of the quaint notion that nothing matters in the opera of the evening but themselves and their voices, and to make them realize that they are only parts of a dramatic whole. I went into this question in some detail in my previous articles, and I will not inflict it upon my readers again. I would only say that not only do you not refute me, but you actually agree with me. You do not attempt to deny the truth of my criticisms; you only say, in effect, that things are as they are because of the difficulty of making them any different. May I remind you that *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*?

YOU DO NOT DENY, for example, that some of your singers commit that first and greatest sin against operatic art,—stepping out of their dramatic characters to face the house (in some cases even to approach the footlights and addressing the audience directly. Your excuse is that the Metropolitan is so large that only thus can they make themselves heard. You are surely not serious. If there were anything in what you say, we should find the whole company, in every opera, lining up to the footlights to sing. But many of the singers manage to make themselves heard perfectly without coming out of the dramatic picture; and if these can do so, why cannot the others? The plain truth is that they could, but will not. They care little for dramatic truth; they are vain of their voices and want applause; to get it they will stop at no inartistic trick; and instead of having their errors pointed out to them and being bidden to correct them by those in presumed authority over them, they are, if we may take your letter at its face value, actually encouraged in them. I have sat and wondered how some of the things I saw and heard were made possible. Now I know.

The only other feature of your letter that calls for a reply on my part is your appeal *ad misericordiam*. You ask us to take into account your internal difficulties and troubles. With all possible sympathy, we cannot. Neither the press nor the public has anything to do with the private difficulties of an artist or an artistic institution. The press and the public are concerned solely with results. You yourself would be the first to refuse to take a workman's difficulties into consideration when purchasing the product of

his work; if, for example, you were asked to buy a pair of shoes the soles of which were badly fitted to the uppers, you would reject them even though you were assured that the trouble came from the shoemaker having injured his hands at baseball. If you were viewing an exhibition of pictures, you would not regard it as any excuse for a piece of bad coloring that the artist's wife had left him. If, at a recital, a pianist pedaled badly, you would not, on being told that he suffered from ingrowing toe-nail, declare that his pedaling was ideal. So do not blame the community if it tells you, in all politeness, that it has no concern whatever with your internal difficulties and does not want to hear anything about them. It is your business to face the difficulties and overcome them. If you will not face them, or having faced them fail to overcome them, and the artistic results are bad, you must not blame the critics and the public for noticing that they are bad. It is not a matter of ill-will on their part; it is merely a matter of good eyesight.

There was once a Scotch parson who said in a sermon, "And now, my brethren, we come to a varry deeficult passage; and having looked it bowldly in the face, we will pass on." His talents were wasted in the Church. He should have gone in for operatic management.

Yours cordially,
ERNEST NEWMAN.

Dec 27, 1924
New York Symphony Orchestra

At his second concert, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Vladimir Golschmann seemed to be on better working terms with the orchestra than he was a few days ago, but it was still abundantly obvious that he and they do not fully understand each other as yet. He is perhaps over-verbose in gesture; a little more personal magnetism would go much further in getting the results he wants than all this insistence upon detail with the stick. His performances tend to become rather monotonous, mainly because of a curious lack of inner vitality in his rhythm. This comes in part from his over-insistence of beat, that must deprive the players of their own natural feeling for elasticity, and in part from his breathless way of running the end of one phrase into the beginning of another, like some one reading a poem without punctuation.

I still feel, however, that Mr. Golschmann would reveal himself as a better conductor with an orchestra that was more used to him. Yesterday he gave us performances of Beethoven's seventh symphony, the "Iphigenia in Aulis" overture, the usual three excerpts from Berlioz's "Faust," the Polovtsian dances from "Prince Igor," and Honegger's rather banal "Pastorale d'Ete," that had in them the promise of something more electric.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

By Deems Taylor

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

There are many other works in the orchestral repertoire besides the three B's, of course, and it is quite conceivable that a conductor might be totally out of sympathy with any one of them and still be a master of his art. But just as "Hamlet" is a searching test of an actor's capabilities, so a Beethoven symphony furnishes a dependable standard by which to test an orchestral conductor—and both do so for reasons not necessarily connected with the merits of the play or the music.

You may dislike "Hamlet" and you may have little use for Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, but you are hardly likely to be unfamiliar with either. You have heard what a great actor can do with "Hamlet" and what a

great conductor can extract from the Seventh; and hearing a performance of either, you can compare it with the ideal performance that long familiarity has created in your imagination. Nor are you likely to be misled into mistaking great material for a great performance, for you know the passages in both which no acting or conducting can spoil.

Vladimir Golschmann was, accordingly, courageous in placing the Beethoven Seventh upon the program of the New York Symphony Orchestra concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He preceded it with Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," and followed it with Honegger's "Pastorale d'Ete," the three familiar excerpts from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," and the Polovtsian dances from Borodine's "Prince Igor."

To this hearer the young guest conductor's performance of the symphony was not impressive. It was a careful, respectful reading, generally well balanced and quite "correct" as far as it went; but one that revealed neither an individual conception of the music nor an ability to encompass the breadth and epic quality of a first class performance in the traditional manner. In general Mr. Golschmann seemed to take the attitude that Beethoven knew best, and that if one played the notes correctly, in a cautious but not unduly slow tempo, the composer would take care of the rest.

As a matter of fact, this attitude when taken, say, toward Wagner works out beautifully, for the Bayreuth master is so vivid in orchestral color and so prodigal with phrasing and expression marks that the conductor who simply follows his directions to the letter is likely to produce what will pass for brilliant results.

But doing just what Beethoven tells you to do, and no more—which is what Mr. Golschmann appeared to be doing—is fatally likely to result in such a dead level of devotional dullness as marked his reading of the slow movement of the Seventh yesterday afternoon.

He achieved much better results in the Berlioz excerpts and the Borodine dances, partly, of course, because their effects are more obvious, but also, to be fair, because he seemed much less afraid of them. He handled the Honegger piece capably, though a little scrappily. It is a soothing bit, with considerable charm; music that suffers inevitably from the fact that Debussy, writing in somewhat the same idiom, said in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" about all that can be said upon the subject.

By OLIN DOWNES.

Honegger's "Pastorale d'Ete."

The program given by Vladimir Golschmann and the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall consisted of Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Honegger's "Pastorale d'Ete," the three familiar excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" and the "Polovtsian Dances" from Borodine's "Prince Igor."

The title piece of Honegger was virtually a novelty. It was played earlier this season in New York but was heard for the first time yesterday by a considerable audience. One listened to this extremely agreeable music with suspicion. It stepped between classic sonatas and modern blasphemies of tone, as prettily as the flowers that bloom in the Spring—tra, la. But had they really anything to do with the case? One questions it.

This sudden blooming is suspicious. It was not merely the icy weather outside that made one distrustful, incredulous of the flutes and roundelays, the soft stirrings and mellifluous pipings of Mr. Honegger's orchestra. It was the confoundingly suave, tongue-in-the-cheek manner of the business which caused the listener to squirm in his chair. But he would not nelt in the mouth of the man who composed the "Pastorale d'Ete," with one hand, and the roaring, iron-hearted symphonic movement in praise of the locomotive, "Pacific 231," with the other.

Wolves who so readily don sheep's clothing do not reform so quickly. We suspect this man of writing his Summer roundelays with tongue in his cheek and a watchful eye for the check that goes with the prize composition. It might have been Massenet writing about the shade of poplar trees in a French suburb for all that the music betrayed of the laughing, Rabelaisian soul of Arthur Honegger.

Mr. Golschmann probably remains in need of rehearsals to adequately impress his wishes on his orchestra. Certainly he could not have had many between the programs he presented last Thursday and Friday in Carnegie Hall and the program he gave yesterday. The performance of Gluck's music and that

of Beethoven showed that the interpreter felt the music deeply, and that, at least in the case of Beethoven, he was well aware of its traditions. But neither of these performances had the classic quality, the continence of expression, the musical current that they required—energetic and propulsive as Mr. Golschmann's beat proved to be. He concerned himself too much in places with detail and again there was in the classics a relatively insensitive scale of dynamics. On the other hand, there were fiery and telling performances of the music of Berlioz and, despite some technical slips, of Borodine's exultant music of the steppes.

The audience applauded the later performances of the program with unusual enthusiasm and recalled the conductor many times.

The Philharmonic Visits Greece With Mr. Ballantine of Harvard

It is the special function of Mr. Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the Philharmonic, to pursue and capture the handsomest specimens he can find of the American composer. These tonal Rhapsodies are elusive—at least the handsomest specimens are. You may fancy the anxious and vigilant Mr. Hadley, a symphonic Henri Fabre, soft-footing it with his net in pursuit of the celebrated, bright-winged creatures, occasionally catching what he believes to be a choice specimen, and transfixing it with his pin (which now turns out to be a bâton)—only to discover that it is not one of the Rhapsodies at all, but merely a heterocerous lepidopter: for this is one of the commonest and most pathetic accidents that befall the symphonic entomologist.

Mr. Hadley in past seasons has had varying luck with his native Lepidoptera; though none has been precisely a giant specimen. He is again offering us programs on which American compositions are, as the word is, "featured."

Yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Philharmonic concert he achieved the first New York performance of a suite, "From the Garden of Hellas," by Mr. Edward Ballantine.

Let us browse a while in Mr. Ballantine's Grecian garden.

Edward Ballantine, now in his thirty-ninth year, has been an instructor in the music department of Harvard since 1912. He was a pupil there twenty years ago of Spalding and Converse. Later, in Europe, he studied composition with Philippe Rüfer in Berlin and at the Schola Cantorum in Paris. He has composed four orchestral scores—preludes and tone-poems, still in MS. A dozen or so piano pieces, songs, choruses, etc., have been published, among them a set of delectable "Variations on 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' in the Styles of Ten Composers": Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, MacDowell, Debussy and others—one of them a Lisztian "Grande Etude de Concert pour les Deux Mains, les Bras, les Epaules, le Dos et la Chevelure" (which might well have been dedicated to Mr. Henry Cowell).

Thus it may be surmised that Mr. Ballantine is not irreconcilably averse to the Light Touch in music.

He seems also to be a lover of terseness and concentration. The suite introduced here by Mr. Hadley is a concatenation of five little tone-poems (only four were played yesterday), suggested by texts from the Greek Anthology as translated by Lilla Cal Perry in her volume entitled "From the Garden of Hellas." There is an "Invocation to Pan," a sonorous allegro in B major, after an epigram of Crinagoras of Mytilene; a "Nocturne," also after Crinagoras, in which the twilight moon laments, in a musing andante, the passing of Selene; a threnody, "The Tomb of Sophocles" (after Simeias of Thebes), in which the elegist broods upon "the wise and honeyed poet's grave," and, finally, a jubilant allegro, "Unloose Your Cables," after Marcus Argentarius, in which spring skies and blue waters tempt the restless mariner to fresh adventures.

Mr. Ballantine in these Hellenic transcripts of his is eminently tactful; it is the secret of their charm—for charm they have, charm and vividness. He has an ever-present sense of the inestimable virtue of the full stop. He says no more than his texts require him to say; he sets the scene, adjusts the lighting, evokes the mood; then his curtain drops, and he is 'ere.

The curve of his verse is the curve of the music; the two are adroitly dovetailed and synchronized. Mr. Ballantine does not make the mistake of easy one to make, if you have not tact of overflowing the edges of his poetic pattern. His eloquence is not a case, not swollen beyond the measure of the subject. The ivy creeps quietly over the tomb of Sophocles, in the music as in the spirit of the verse. So he is

turned in a purple too sovereign for
rank. The vernal tides of the
do not swamp the boat. I am is
with brevity and concision—
this is the least economical of
Mr. Ballantine's expenditures of tonal
energy; for the piece is scored beyond
all means.

In his musical style Mr. Ballantine
reminds us that not all of the younger
men are tied to the tail of Stravinsky's
cort; nor are they trailing along with
Mr. Anthelil, of Trenton and Paris, nor
hankering after the fleshpots of Vienna.
Mr. Ballantine, like so many Ameri-
can composers in their thirties, has
the Debussyan magic; but he
has not succumbed to it. He goes his
own way, and on his course he makes
music that is often fine-textured, rich
in orchestral color, distinguished in
its poetic mood.

Mr. Hadley chose well in picking this
life as an example of the present
days of the American composer. Yes-
terday's Metropolitan assemblage ap-
pealed to with sufficient emphasis to
compel the composer, unmasked by Mr.
Hadley's gesture, to bow from his par-
am box.

For the rest of the program there
was Tchaikovsky's F minor Symphony,
which Mr. Hadley succeeded in filling
with a dramatic life and the turbulent
energy that is native to it. That well
polished firm of virtuosi, Maier and
Pattison (may they never dissolve!),
played the piano parts in the C minor
concerto of Bach for clavier and
cello, in which they have been
successful before. This is not Johann Se-
bastian at his greatest, but the firm
of their best for it, and that is very
good indeed.

"The Bartered Bride," well soled by
Mr. Hadley, led the congregation out
of the temple into the iciest Sabbath
sk of the obsolescent year.

**Mr. Hadley Hastily Substitutes
"from the Garden of Hellas"
for Stock's 'Elegy.'**

Edward Ballantine's orchestral suite
"from the Garden of Hellas" was at the
moment substituted for an "Elegy"
by Fred Stock in a matinee program
of the Philharmonic under Henry Had-
ley's direction yesterday at the Metro-
politan. Mr. Stock's loss was not neces-
sary. Mr. Ballantine's gain, since the
suite's music, first given by Monteu-
x Boston two years ago, showed classic
style and restraint to excess in both
"Invocation to Pan" and a Marcus
illus sailors' chanty, "Unloose
the Cables." The mood of the suite
the polished pearl-like orchestra-
throughout fitted better a "Noc-
turne" episode and, best of all, one "At
Tomb of Sophocles."

By Maler and Lee Pattison at
pianos in J. S. Bach's double con-
certo in C minor gave zest and emphasis
to a robust classic spirit to the pro-
gram, which began with Tchaikovsky's
"The symphony, of the "Pizzicato"
erzo, and closed with Smetana's
sling overture to "The Bartered
Bride."

The house though scant in number was
real in manifesting its enjoyment,
and the orchestra's players also joined
in giving the two pianists an enthusi-
astic recall. It was both Bach's and
interpreters' good fortune that the
200-year-old concerto, done at
ling pace, seemed the "youngest"
piece of the matinee.

State Symphony Orchestra

Josef Stravsky led the players of the
State Symphony Orchestra through a
solid request program at Carnegie Hall
yesterday afternoon. Naturally, the two
pieces of the concert were given over to
known works. The Rimsky-Korsakoff
"Scherzade" was the opening number
and was sympathetically handled by Mr.
Stravsky, who accentuated all the rich
orchestral coloring which has made this
position so much liked by concert-
goers. The violin obbligato was played by
a Fidelman, the concert master.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 in B
minor, known as the "Pathétique," which
is said to be the composer's swan song,
opening its premiere in St. Petersburg less
than a week before his sudden death, in
this was the second number, and was
well by "Les Preludes," the most pop-
ular of the many symphonic poems com-
posed by Franz Liszt. There was a large
audience.

Symphonic Society Opens Second Concert Season

Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes
Praises Giving of Free
Recitals

The Sunday Symphonic Society, con-
ducted by Josiah Zure, opened its sec-
ond season of free early afternoon
concerts yesterday at the George M.
Cohan Theater, before a large and
distinctly appreciative audience. Mr.
Zure's orchestral program included
Charubini's overture to "Les Abencer-
ages," Schumann's Fourth Symphony
(its third hearing in four days) in a
very acceptable performance, and
Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish Caprice.
Frances Newsom, soprano, displayed a
voice of good size and clear tone as
soloist in "Rose Softly Blooming" from
Spohr's "Zenire and Azor" and Mo-
zart's "Alleluia."

In a short address, the Rev. John
Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Com-
munity Church, praised the work of
the society and expressed the belief
that the American people, having
passed through the period of education
in music and being now in the second
period, that of appreciation, were on
the verge of the third era, when they
will produce music themselves. The
next concert will be on Sunday, Janu-
ary 4, with Gdal Sakasski, cellist, as
soloist.

The Honegger "Pastorale," which
was played in October by the New
York Chamber Symphony under Max
Jacobs at the Earl Carroll Theater,
was composed in August, 1920, and
performed in one of Mr. Golschmann's
Paris concerts the following February.
As Mr. La Prada rightly remarks in his
program notes, it bears little resem-
blance to the famous "Pacific 231,"
but is graceful, melodious and con-
servative. Instead of a musical expres-
sion of the age of steel and machinery,
we have a mood faithful to the title
of the composition, rurally idyllic, with
a section suggesting a country dance
separating the dreamy, tuneful opening
and close. There were some measures
strongly reminiscent of Debussy; only
a dozen or less where the harmony
had the flavor of Honegger's more re-
cent works. Yesterday's performance
was excellent.

Handwritten notes:
Honegger, Pastorale
M. La Prada
Chorus, Ballad
200 23 1/2

"Thais" at the Metropolitan

HERE IS ONLY one worse opera in
the ordinary repertoire than "Thais."
—Camille Saint-Saëns, speaking of the
music to this latter is perhaps the silliest
that ever came into a man's head, to use a tech-
nical term, we must call a humor, brain;
but it has the box office advantage over
"Thais" in that it shows much more of
the female form. How "Thais" keeps the
stage is a mystery; it is not naughty
enough to be attractive to a moral man,
and not musical enough to appeal to a bad
one. Not a character in it has a mentality
above that of a French poodle. The fa-
mous "Religious Meditation" sums the
whole opera up both musically and psy-
chologically; it is the sort of emotional
outpouring one might expect from a rather
soulful Pekingese as it mused upon a
promised piece of chocolate. The only way
to treat such a story as "Thais" is in
Anatole France's way—ironically. Poor
Massenet had no irony in him—apparently
neither he nor his librettist could even see
that Anatole France was gently laughing
all the time at this absurd courtesan and
still more absurd monk; and so the libret-
list and the composer between them pro-
duced an opera that, like "Samson and
Delilah," is the delight of women and the
derision of men. Why women should be
eternally interested in that dullest of all
stage figures—the courtesan—is perhaps a
problem for the Freudian.

"Thais" is really quite impossible now-
adays, because our notions of the vamp
have been revolutionized by the films.
There the vamp has not to sing; she has
merely to vamp; and she can be chosen
by the director for no other reason than
that she is a success at vamping. In the
opera house our Thais and Delilah have,
in the first place, to sing; and the charm-
ing singer is not always or necessarily a
convincing actress. Mme. Jeritza sang de-
lightfully last night; but her Thais sug-
gested The Good Girl of the Family. She

registered, as the film people say, all the
traditional emotions of the part; but she
did not unify and vivify them into a per-
sonality. The other chief parts were no
more than passably done. Mr. Danise's
singing—and still more that of his brother
celloists—gave one the impression that
the desert is not favorable to voice pro-
duction or intonation of the best kind;
most of the celloists, indeed, positively
refused to touch the pitch, under the
mistaken notion, apparently, that it would
defile them. This is surely carrying virtue
to an excess. Mr. Tokatyran, as Nicolas,
sang agreeably, but was too much ad-
dicted to the same series of gestures in
phrase after phrase.

The best features of the performance
were the lighting and the ballet. The latter
brought us not only some pleasing group-
ings and charming colors but an addition
to our knowledge. The historians of the
dance have assured us that a certain
familiar type of toe-dancing did not come
into vogue until the eighteenth century.
We learned last night that it was quite the
usual thing in ancient Alexandria. But
though the dance may change in the
course of the ages, woman is eternally the
same; her first thought is always of her
dress. When Thais fled from Alexandria
with Athanael at the end of the second act
she was attired only (as far as externals
went) in a plain white gown that enveloped
her from neck to foot. That this was all
the wardrobe she was taking away with
her was proved by the fact that it was
all she had to lend to Mme. Jeritza when
the latter came before the curtain to take
the "call." But in the third act Thais wore
a dainty little cloak over the gown. She
had probably reflected that this would be
a patty little thing to cross the desert of
the Thebaid in, and had slipped back into
the burning house during the intermission
to get it. After all, when a woman is
going to die miserably in the desert she
must look her best.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Thais," opera in three acts and six
scenes, book by Louis Gallet, after the novel
by Anatole France, music by Jules Massenet.
Sung in French, Louis Hasselmann's conduct-
ing. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

Thais.....Mme. Jeritza
Athanael.....Armand Tokatyran
Nicolas.....Giuseppe Danise
Palemon.....Louis D'Angelo
Crobyle.....Grace Anthony
Myrtale.....Laura Robertson
Albine.....Henriette Wakefield
A Servant.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Historians, Comedians, Philosophers,
Friends of Nicolas, Populace,
White Sisters,
Ballet Divertissements by Rosina Galli,
Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Corps de Ballet.

It was probably not entirely the
fault of the cast that last night's
"Thais" seemed dull in spots. Some
of the blame must be placed upon the
shoulders of Massenet, who, to this
hearer at least, has managed to bur-
den several scenes with some of the
most excruciatingly dull music ever
written, music so essentially trivial
that one wonders how on earth its
composer ever managed to keep in-
terested in it long enough to orches-
trate it. The worst of it is that the
uninspired passages manage gen-
erally to accompany the scenes that
are least effective dramatically. The
prologue, for instance, is not only
synthetic religious music of the low-
est order, but is also, it seems to me,
very bad theatre, a scene that Wag-
ner himself could have made little
more than just endurable. As it is—
oh, well, let us not be morbid during
Christmas week.

But the cast must take part of the
blame. Mme. Jeritza deserves the
least. Thais is far from being her
best role—it is all against her, tem-
peramentally, and she is never com-
pletely happy in it—but she brought
to it, as she brings to everything,
her beauty, stage presence, and ar-
tistic integrity. She is much more
vocally at ease in the part than she
was, and did some eloquent and
beautiful singing last night. Her
characterization of the role, admitting
that it lacked the effortless seductiveness
of the great courtesan, had
nevertheless unfailing sincerity, grace,
and plastic loveliness. Her Thais of
the last act—a character much more
adapted to her talents and personal-
ity, was moving and beautiful.
The others were vocally satisfac-

tory, but not otherwise. Mr. Danise
sang well, but was unfortunate in his
make-up, which suggested alternately
Friar Tuck and Herod, and gave a
generally conventional and mean-
ingless impersonation of Athanael.
Mr. Tokatyran's Nicolas was likewise
in excellent voice, but was otherwise
almost completely static.

The others were rarely adequate.
The ballet, however, danced effective-
ly and to great applause, and Mr.
Urban's scenery, aside from some in-
excusable lighting in the prologue
tableau, was one of the brilliant fea-
tures of the evening. Mr. Hassel-
mann's orchestra seemed very loud and
engulfed the singers on many occa-
sions.

Mme. Jeritza's Thais would not
greatly have worried the Alexandrian
Committee of Fourteen. This Thais is
all sweetness and light from the star-
—virtuous loveliness shines from that
radiantly benignant countenance. And
so the "conversion" of this light-o'-love
becomes a wholly academic matter.
There is really nothing to convert.
Mme. Jeritza is an accomplished ac-
tress, a beautiful woman, an artist of
temperament and charm; but one sus-
pects that Heaven did not intend her
for the ideal Thais.

Yet Mme. Jeritza's Thais is a marvel
of verisimilitude beside the Athanael
of Mr. Danise, which is surely one
of the most colorless, unimaginative
and ineffective impersonations in the
repertoire of this excellent artist. The
passionate conflicts which rack the
soul of the tormented monk in
Athanael's crucial scenes were but
sketchily indicated last night by Mr.
Danise. This was a performance curi-
ously lacking in power and subtlety
and provoked the uncomfortable con-
viction that we were witnessing a par-
ticularly flagrant case of miscasting.

Mr. Tokatyran's Nicolas was the most
veracious portrait of the evening; the
others, all familiar, were well enough.
A large and refulgent audience ap-
plauded without stint.

There was an unusually large and
brilliant audience at Mr. Albert Morris
Bagby's musical morning at the Wal-
dorf-Astoria yesterday. The artists
were Miss Toti Del Monte, Mr. Louis
Graveure, Mr. Moriz Rosenthal, Mr.
Giuseppe Bamboschek, Mr. Arpad San-
dor and Mr. Edward Meyer, artist.

"To me Teritza looked beautiful as
the lady of fagan morals; she suggested
more the Greek heterac, the woman of
intellect who created the salons of the
classic period, than the woman of
pleasure who fears the thought of eter-
nity. Teritza, with all her loveliness
failed to find this deeper note, which
exists in Massenet's libretto, although
it seems almost hidden in his suave
instrumentation, but Teritza pleased the
pictorially eye and charmed the musical
ear, so that whatever dramatic defi-
ciencies might be noticeable would be
easily dismissed.

The Athanael of Giuseppe Danise was
a perfectly comprehensible and human
figure; under the ecstasy of the relig-
ious fanatic could be sensed the weak-
ness of the enthusiast. His singing of
the part was vocally of the best and his
conception of the young priest had a
sympathetic quality.

The Nicolas of Armand Tokatyran was
manly and duly worldly, while the Pa-
lemon of Louis D'Angelo completed an ef-
fective cast. The "Meditation" in the
second act did not fail to arouse the
warmest applause. The ballet in the
same scene, arranged by Rosina Galli,
was extremely picturesque. Louis Has-
selmann conducted with due regard to
the requirements of the singers.

ANNA PAVLOVA RETURNS.

She Displays Her Art in "Don
Quixote" and "The Swan."

The first performance of Anna Pav-
lova's return engagement at the Man-
hattan Opera House took place last
night. The extended ballet which she
has revived after many years, and
which was new to a majority of the New
York public when she brought it with
her first Fall—"Don Quixote"—opened
the program. The story of this ballet
and its nature were related earlier this
season. It is rather as a vehicle for
solo and ensemble dancing than as a cre-
ation of very great musical significance
or originality that it is given.
Taking it in the sense in which it
was intended, this is one of Mme. Pav-
lova's leading attractions of the present
season. It not only displays her in-
dividual art, but also that of the other
members of her company. In solo per-
formances and in a well-finished en-
semble. The color of scenery and cost-
umes adds much to the interest of the
spectacle. In expressive pantomime as
well as more formal dancing the mem-
bers of the company distinguished them-
selves.

The leading ballet was followed by a
series of "divertissements," each of
them short, original, and contrasted
with what had gone before. In them
Messrs. Volinine and Noykoff, and Mme.
Pavlova in "The Swan" and other per-
formances added notably to the interest
and distinction of the occasion.

Harry Farberman Heard Again.

Harry Farberman, a young violinist of whose who played earlier in the season, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, assisted at the piano by Arthur Loesser. The pair were heard in Viex-temp's "grand concerto," grievous to these days of modernisms, but agreeably followed by Chausson's "Poeme." Mr. Farberman has yet to win the prize that fuses minor details in a general picture; he still must consider the means of expression, but he proved again his winning way of attacking a program's problems. In his later list of short pieces were Albert Spalding's arrangement of Schubert's "Lark" and Alexander Bloch's of a posthumous Chopin waltz which the adapter dedicated to last evening's player.

Harry Farberman.

"Excellent playing" is the easiest way to describe the recital of Harry Farberman last night at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Farberman gave a program of ordinary enough nature, and managed to make it very interesting. Appearing a bit heavy-handed and studious in his longer numbers, concertos by Viex-temp and Chausson, he blossomed out into a player of beautiful tone and nicely placed phrasing in his short subjects, two Chopin numbers, Wieniawski's Valse Caprice, the Schubert-Spalding "Lark," Hark! The Lark! and Hubay's delicate "Zephyr."

Mr. Farberman is strictly an intimate artist; he pleases best when browsing and singing lyric violinists.—H. J. P.

Dec 24 1927

A Suggestion for a Scientist

A WELL-KNOWN German scientist once startled the world by saying that the human eye was so faulty that had anything so obviously imperfect been made for him to order he would have returned it to the manufacturer. I am not skilled enough in optics to know what he had in mind; but certain obvious limitations—I will not say imperfections—of the eye have been remedied for us by science. It is time now that some inventive genius turned his attention to the ear. We want an instrument that will do for the ear very much what the microscope and the telescope do for the eye; and nobody needs it more than we musicians.

In my recent article on the Metropolitan performance of "Cosi fan tutte" I referred to the difficulty of reducing the tone of a miniature like this to the true scale and yet making it audible in every part of a large theatre. Now if the details of a stage setting are too fine for my naked eye I can call in the opera glass to my help. Would it not be a boon to have a corresponding instrument for the ear,—something that would bring the tone nearer, as it were, or place it further back, at our will? It is not only in the opera house that such an instrument would be useful. Those of us who hear the same concert works on different orchestras and in different halls know that, in the first place, no two orchestras make quite the same sound, and in the second place, no two concert rooms have the same resonance; one section of the tone becomes exaggerated in one place, another in another. This even holds good of different parts of the same hall. It would be an excellent thing if, along with our opera glasses, we could carry about with us some instrument that would enable us to bring the mass of tone, or the various constituents of it, into the focus we desire. A mere turn of the screw, and a too blatant brass tone would be shorn of its blatancy; a turn in the other direction, and such delicate playing as that of the Metropolitan orchestra in "Cosi fan tutte" would be brought near enough for us to hear every detail of it without straining. Will some American scientist kindly come to our rescue?

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Indiv. Kuller T. 111

Dec 25 1927

"Die Meistersinger"

An audience of moderate size but responsive disposition spent its Christmas Eve in sixteenth century Nuremberg by way of the Metropolitan's performance last night of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

singer. The cast of principals was the excellent one of former representations—Elizabeth Rethberg as Eva, Kathleen Howard as Magdalene, Rudolf Luthenthal as Walther, Clarence Whitehill as Sachs, Gustav Schützendorff as Beckmesser, Paul Bender as Pogner, George Meader as David. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

The blended humor and beauty of the great comedy may have seemed, to some, remote from the spirit of a New York Christmas Eve in the year of grace 1924, with Broadway just outside the door. But if the audience felt any discrepancy, they concealed it most tactfully, and laughed at Mr. Schützendorff's artfully comic Beckmesser (an impersonation that has not, we think, been sufficiently praised for its skill and fidelity) as heartily as they applauded the beautiful singing of Miss Rethberg, the finely poetic Sachs of Mr. Whitehill, and the varying merits of the other principals.

Mr. Bodanzky's orchestra sounded at times as if their minds were wandering to the subject of the tree that must be dressed at midnight, and one of his trumpets imperiled the climax of the second act finale by dreaming that he was a Christmas stocking and had swallowed a crabapple or so at least it sounded. But otherwise the evening was unmarred by any untoward Yuletide intrusions.

Some Further Suggestions

A FEW DAYS ago I threw out a suggestion that some clever scientist might confer a great benefit on us by inventing an instrument that would be to the ear what the telescope and the microscope are to the eye. I follow this up with a hint to opera-goers of the curious enjoyment they can often get by turning their opera-glasses on the stage reversed.

The effect, of course, is to diminish everything and place it further away. But it does more than this at its best. Not every scene is suitable for viewing through the wrong end of the glasses. The best scenes of all are the architectural ones, especially those with a number of vertical lines,—a colonnade, for instance. Reversing the glasses gives us a wonderfully beautiful long perspective. The Grail scene in "Parsifal," the Temple scene in "Aida," the church scene in "Tosca," are excellent examples. The forest scene in "Boris Godounov" also comes out remarkably well. Occasionally non-architectural scenes also show up well, especially those with a single figure in them. In the third act of "Tannhauser," Elizabeth, seen in this way, becomes a strangely touching figure; she seems to be very far away and pathetically alone in a great forest. Given scenery with the right mystery in it, the second act of "Tristan" also becomes romantically beautiful in this way. In too many settings of this scene the trees are shown in too clear detail; that is not how a garden looks by night. In one setting that I remember, the masses of the trees were merely suggested; and through the reversed glasses the garden seemed an incredible distance away.

The odd thing is that very often the scene seems to be taken further away from us not only in space but in time; and when this happens, and the voices and the orchestra are all toned down, we get a curious sensation of witnessing a genuine historical event, especially if we are sitting in such a position in the theatre that nothing else but the scene itself is picked up by the glasses. (Too often we see the heads of the audience.) If everything is just right, the Temple scene in "Aida" becomes something not merely a mile or so away but three thousand years away. The Broken scene in "Mefistofele," in the splendid Metropolitan setting, also gives us the feeling that we have slipped back scores of centuries. Certain scenes of "Pelleas and Melisande" also become more poetically real when viewed in this way.

Once, indeed, you have learned the intelligent use of the opera-glasses reversed, you will seldom employ them in the normal way, which makes everything on the stage seem crude in comparison.

ERNEST NEWMAN

The non-day excitement probably had some effect on the performance of "Aida" at the Metropolitan, but the opera was also visibly electrified by Rosa Ponselle's appearance for the first time as "Aida." Miss Ponselle is peculiarly happy in these sullen cap-

five roles—her slave-girl of "L'Africaine" almost gives plausibility to that extraordinary plot—and her "Aida" is the same rich and generous outpouring of vocal expression. She set the audience in an uproar after every act and brought new life and vigor to the entire cast. It included D'Angelo, Bourskaya, Fleta and de Luca, and was again conducted by Mr. Serafin.

A special Christmas matinee was given by Anna Pavlova in the afternoon with a program of "Snowflakes" and other ballets grouped about the Christmas tree.

A. S.

Handel's "Messiah" was sung by the Oratorio Society for the 100th time last night. It is difficult to state wherein it differed from the identical performance on Christmas night a year ago or, in fact, from the other ninety-eight performances for which it has arrived with the inevitability of holly wreaths and chimes. There were the assured and competent soloists, the lavish chorus and the eager and reverent conductor, and there were also the incidental flaws which add the final human note and keep the group from seeming anything as disconcerting as an angel choir. In this case they took the form of a certain faltering among the sopranos, which had a tendency to send their chorus work fading into thin air. It was only occasional, however; the ensemble grew stronger as the work progressed and culminated in the final "Hallelujah" with splendid power and unity. Mabel Garrison, Nevada Van Der Veer, Allen McQuhae and Royal Dadmun were the soloists. And, as usual, Albert Stossel conducted the work which has become so devotedly identified with the Oratorio Society and the New York Symphony which accompanied it.

Rosa Ponselle sang Aida for the first time in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before a huge and enthusiastic audience. She looked the part and sang admirably in a rôle which was well suited to her; a fact which was quickly recognized by the public. Miss Ponselle is advancing as a dramatic singer and knows how to modulate her voice according to the sentiments required of her.

The Amneris of Ira Bourskaya was another striking vocal characterization; the duel of jealousy between the two women was sharply intensified as the opera proceeded. Miguel Fleta as Radames filled all the lyrical demands of the hero. The excellent cast was completed by Louis d'Angelo, Leon Rothier, Giuseppe de Luca and Giordano Patrino and Phradie Wells. Tulio Serafin conducted.

"Aida," as it was done last evening, satisfied the thirst for the gorgeous and barbaric latent in all human beings. It was spectacular. The incidental dances by Florence Rudolph and the corps de ballet were arranged by Rosina Galli.

In the afternoon "Tosca" was sung to another large audience, with the familiar cast of Jeritza, Chamlee and Scotti, with Tulio Serafin conducting.

Damrosch Considers Use of Signal System for 19 Pianists in Benefit Recital.

Walter Damrosch, who will conduct the recital of nineteen famous pianists next Friday night in the Metropolitan Opera House, is considering the use of a signal system of green, red and yellow lights similar to that used for directing traffic, instead of the usual baton.

Mr. Damrosch directed the playing of fourteen pianists in 1921 in Carnegie Hall and experienced considerable difficulty in making his baton visible to the musicians, both because they were partly hidden behind their instruments and because their work required close attention to the keys.

Mr. Damrosch believes that by means of the colored lighting system the direction of next Friday's concert may be simplified and made more effective.

The recital is for the benefit of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, with the exception of part of the proceeds which the contributing musicians asked to be devoted to an annuity for their confrere, Maurice Moskowski, who is ill and without adequate means in Poland.

Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, Chairman of the Piano Festival Committee, said Mr. Damrosch's problem is only one of numerous difficulties encountered

in arranging so large a piano concert. The stage already has been tested to ascertain if it will support the weight and vibration of the nineteen pianos.

The artists have drawn lots for position on the stage. The audience will have charts showing the location of each musician. The pianists who will appear are Bauer, Brailowsky, Friedberg, Gabrilowitsch, Hees, Hutcheson, Lhevinne, Levitski, Leginska, Maler, Mero, Ney, Novas Pattison, Samaro, Schelling, Schnitzer, Stojowski and Siloti.

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"OHENGRIN," ever welcome, was yesterday evening's bill at the Metropolitan, with Florence Easton, the many-sided, as Elsa. She looked vestal enough in her white robes, but she made her music sound rich and warm.

Rudolf Leubenthal was the title hero, and gave his usual serious and scholarly version of that aloof and exclusive personage. Clarence Whitehill and Margarete Matzenauer, the schemers, revealed their now well-established Wagnerian art. Paul Bender was a benign basso as King Henry. Artur Bodanzky conducted commandingly.

Fourth Plaza Musicale Draws Big Audience

THE fourth "Artistic Morning" of the series of six concerts being given in the Plaza ballroom by Andre de Seguro and Samuel E. Piza, was well attended yesterday.

The singers were Toti Dal Monte, coloratura soprano of the Chicago Opera Company; John Charles Thomas and two young pianists of seventeen, the Misses Vera Brodsky and Hanna Lefkowitz, pupils of Alexander Lambert.

Those who had guests were Ernest Newman's Music Daily Column.

Music Daily Column

"L'Africana" Revived

IT SPEAKS VOLUMES for the intelligence of Mme. Rosa Ponselle's acting (one takes, of course, her excellent singing for granted) that she could keep us interested in such a character as Selka in "L'Africana." There is nothing in the music to help her—the whole thing, indeed, is as dead as the crinoline and the bustle and the other absurd fashions of our mid-nineteenth century ancestors. Mme. Ponselle's triumph was simply that of mind over matter; and what matter?

Some day, perhaps, some one will give us a real study of Meyerbeer. It will be a task for a psychologist rather than a musician, for all that needs to be said technically about Meyerbeer as a composer in these days could probably be said in a couple of pages. He was, in truth, hardly a composer at all; he was only a banker who wrote operas. How are we to account for the enormous vogue in his own day of this mediocrity whose essential musical gifts could not compare for a moment with those of the average conservatoire student of today, yet who was regarded during his lifetime, in many quarters, as the greatest operatic genius of the century? Today no musician can listen to him without his gorge rising.

Meyerbeer's was surely the vulgar spirit that ever expressed itself in music. Vulgarly is frequent enough in opera.

Mascagni and Leoncavallo, for instance are generally the very essence of it. But theirs is a vulgarity that amuses rather than revolts us; it is simply the result of their having energy in excess of their taste; the man bawls and gesticulates because he is not sure enough of the value of what he has to say to be able to trust himself to say it quietly. But Meyerbeer's vulgarity is a matter not so much of manner as of nature. The artistic soul of the man must have been rotten through and through; in all his music there is not one page that deserves to be called noble, pathetic or dignified. He affects us in a peculiar way; to musical people of any refinement he is spiritually malodorous. He is, in truth, the musical equivalent of those people one sometimes meets who are externally well-groomed and well-barbered, but carry about with them a faint physical odor that is unpleasant. You feel rather soiled and stifled after an hour or two in Meyerbeer's company; you want to open the windows of your soul and give it a bath.

How then, once more, are we to account for his former vogue? The explanation, apart from the superficial one that he thoroughly understood certain kinds of stage effect, is probably that the very corruption of his spirit had a strange fascination. No one can deny him a personality; is species of vulgarity is so wholly his own that nothing with anything like the same flavor is to be found in any other music before or since. Even today, though he despises him, one cannot help listening to him; his attraction for us is probably the physical attraction that certain colors and sights and sounds, in themselves unpleasant, have for us. We are on our guard against them; we know they are bad for us, and that it is a morbid weakness in us to remain where they are; yet we remain. There is something so disgusting about Meyerbeer's mind that in spite of ourselves we cannot help being interested in seeing how it works. There is no spiritual contact between him and us; but he interests the psychologist and the pathologist in us.

And so we found ourselves sitting out "L'Africana" on Saturday afternoon with diminished attention to the end. The performance, on the whole, was a very public one. Mr. Gigli sang the music of the piece very agreeably, though his voice showed signs of strain in fortissimo passages. It is a pity that he should sometimes abuse it as he does for the sake of applause, for there is a manifest danger in his damaging, perhaps irreparably, its naturally beautiful quality. His mezza-voce is excellent when he gets it under control; but sometimes the control of it is beyond him. The aria "O Paradiso" could hardly have been finished in better style or begun in worse. The other parts were safe enough in the hands of Mme. Urlio, Mr. Didur, Mr. Ananlan, Mr. Bada, Mr. Danise; the last-named's Nelusko is an excellent study. The ballet was quaint and effective.

Braves for Gigli and Ponselle.

"L'Africana," opera in four acts and five scenes, sung in Italian as adapted from the French of Eugene Scribe. Music by Giacomo Meyerbeer. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Adamo Didur, Paolo Ananlan, Queena Mario, Beniamino Gigli, Angelo Bada, Giuseppe Danise, Rosa Ponselle, Victor and Grand Brahmin Leon Rothler, Marion Telva, Vincenzo Reschiglian, Max Altglass, Conductor, Tullio Serafin.

"L'Africana"—in this instance it was "L'Africana"—was performed yesterday afternoon by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the first time this season. It is needless to say that the opera was sumptuously staged. It is needless, perhaps, to add that the atmosphere in certain precincts of the hall, especially parts of the balcony and behind the brass rail on the left, was charged with excitement. In four or five minutes and braves for Mr. Gigli or Mr. Ponselle such a situation and sustained the performance, which preceded the arrival of the first act of aria or duet as usual and that, at a time when there were those present who had heard the opera and who were not at all interested in it, and who wanted nothing more

to make the occasion a delight and a memory.

One would fain feel with them, but as a matter of fact, what is more absurd, and artistically more worthless, in the repertoire, than this farcical show? "L'Africana" has today one possible artistic justification for its existence. This is when the cast seems with great singularity. No one will pretend that a phenomenal cast was assembled yesterday, or that all the singers fulfilled great traditions of vocal style, as did Mr. Gigli. He reminded the older generation in the audience of fabulous Metropolitan casts of other days, in spite of the fact that the part is a little too robust for his voice, and he caused young and old to lament the fact that if "L'Africana" must be heard it could not be heard with more such artists before the audience.

Even in symphonies musical styles change, and if this is so in a much higher and purer form than opera, how much more is it true of works conceived for the lyric theatre! It seemed incredible, yesterday, that there could have been the time when whole audiences took this opera as seriously as Mr. Gigli was taking it as an interpreter, when people were thrilled by Meyerbeer's clap-trap, or that such an opera could have held the boards for seasons and even have been rated by some as a work for the cognoscenti rather than the great public. But that was the case. The Meyerbeerian opera not only dominated for a time the European and particularly the French public, but it influenced profoundly generations of opera composers. The earlier operas of Bizet and Massenet were modeled closely upon it. Verdi was profoundly influenced by the form that he vitalized by his incomparable genius in "Aida"—an opera which owes far more to Meyerbeer than to Wagner, as some have claimed. Wagner's reaction against Meyerbeer, in fact, impresses us as not merely personal, but as proceeding from an inner fixation, an instinctive resentment against the musician who had dominated him as a composer in his early days, in spite of himself. One recalled these strange things yesterday, listened to rattling of old bones, looked upon the ruins of a cardboard tradition and pondered and marveled.

There would be no need, even if Mr. Gatti-Casazza had freshly exhumed this mummy of an opera for the audience of the present season, to speak in detail of its absurd libretto and its labored, dry and insincere music. It will probably rank, so long as they are remembered at all, as the worst of the considerable of Meyerbeer's operas. There are pages in "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophete" which have real dramatic blood, alternating with the hard and glittering and emotionally shallow manner that this composer made so popular. But in "L'Africana" the mountain labors and pants, and scarce a mouse. There are experiments with novel orchestral timbres, but there was never a better illustration of how futile a new orchestral effect is if it does not clothe a living musical idea.

There is the expert writing for the solo voices and the building of ensembles for which Meyerbeer is justly famous. But the listener is famished for a situation or a mood that rings true or provokes inspiration sustained for any but the smallest number of measures. A work that was revised and re-revised, even more than other operas of Meyerbeer, this one can exist only if its presentation is distinguished by the acme of virtuosity and style.

We have said that one singer, Mr. Gigli, preserved in a vital, plausible, even beautiful manner the traditions of the opera. Miss Ponselle also won applause, the first place because of the superb quality of her voice, secondly because, although her artistry does not match her natural vocal endowment, she has improved as a singer in late seasons and has, at moments, hints and flashes of the grand manner. Miss Mario sang with intelligence, but the role requires a greater voice.

Three capable male singers beside Mr. Gigli, Messrs. Didur, Ananlan and Rothler, had musically, acted conscientiously, and in the case of Mr. Rothler proved their authority and routine, but had not the requisite vocal material for their parts, and in a number of instances deviated from pitch. Mr. Danise gave a creditable performance of Nelusko's music, and injected more feeling than the lines deserved into the scene when Nelusko discovers that he has lost irrevocably the love of Selika.

The principal distinctions of the performance were the singing of Mr. Gigli, the singing of the chorus and the stage settings. The mise en scene was very well contrived for the greater part of the time. A moment of astonishing realism was the slaughter of Don Pedro's crew. Seldom, we believe, has any opera company achieved a more delightfully realistic effect in this place—the black sky, the thunder of the tempest, the popping of the guns, the red fire and the squeals of the victims.

It reminded us of the good old Indian massacres in the books of childhood, with woodcuts of which one dreamt after Christmas dinner. Nor was the ballet of the Indians less flamboyant and picturesque—the Indians with clubs, rattles, anklets and head-dresses. A brave show and a funny one, too. At the end of the performance there was applause for Mr. Serafin and the orchestra as well as the singers. But large sections of the audience, for some strange reason, seemed cold to the music of Meyerbeer.

By a curious coincidence, there was present at this performance Count Vasco da Gama from Portugal, descended in the sixteenth generation from the historic character who inspired the opera. After the performance the descendant of the explorer went back stage to greet "Vasco" Gigli.

"Faust"

"Faust" was repeated Saturday night at the Metropolitan, with Armand Tokaty as Faust, replacing Mr. Martinelli, who is still unable to sing, although convalescent. Frances Alda again sang Marguerite in her usual sympathetic and most satisfactory manner, and Mardones was a sufficiently devilish and musical Mephistopheles.

PLAYS WORKS OF CHOPIN.

Ernest Hutcheson Enthusiastically Applauded in Aeolian Hall.

Serious music had its innings in holiday week at yesterday's matinee of Ernest Hutcheson, the pianist. As before, Aeolian Hall was well filled for the fourth event among seven programs in which a sterling artist had planned his survey of the literature of the piano from the sixteenth century to the present day. It was the only instance in the series of a one-composer program—the unique genius, Chopin—music which in none but the rarest cases hints a pictorial, personal, literary or realistic source, and which disdains all descriptive titles in favor of unassuming names, prelude, étude, valse, that carry no key to their emotional content.

Mr. Hutcheson played favorites, enjoyed by player and audience at ease, without that necessity of preparing fugitive pieces from composers little known. Into the sonata in B minor, Op. 58, he put a musician's deeply felt interpretation, while a C-minor prelude just after was given with long, lingering, haunting emphasis on each chord, as if leisurely counting a measure between notes. There were six of the preludes, five études, the A-flat waltz, a ballade, mazurka, scherzo and nocturne, all to enthusiastic applause.

In the evening the performance of Handel's "Messiah" was repeated at Carnegie Hall. There was also a violin recital by Andre Polah scheduled for Aeolian. The opera was "Faust," with Alda, Martinelli and De Luca in the principal roles.

MUSICIANS HONOR WALTER DAMROSCH

New York musicians of The Bohemian Club, with world-famous stars here for the holidays and a hundred members of the New York Symphony Orchestra and their wives, were among 700 persons who

sat down in harmony at the club's dinner in the lofty ballroom on the nineteenth and twentieth floors of the Hotel Biltmore last evening. They rose repeatedly during the dinner to greet Walter Damrosch, their special guest, in honor of his fortieth season as a conductor. A souvenir bill bore engraved pictures of the Symphony Orchestra, founded 1885, and of Mr. Damrosch both as the youth of that early day and as he appears at the present time.

Among round-tables set with Christmas greens and red candles, and later glowing with turkey and chestnuts, "hazelnut" potatoes and the like, a striking feature of the banquet hall was the raised stage, with seventy-five chairs and music racks for those who contributed the later part of the evening's fare, followed by dancing. A program "in manuscript" announced the "first performance in this country" of amusing trifles, some doubly out-dating even Damrosch's long career.

The chief's President, Franz Kniesel, headed the list as conductor of a "Roméo and Juliet" parody by Moritz Kassmeyer, a Viennese dance writer of 1831-34. George Meader, tenor of the Metropolitan, with Benjamin Kohon, bassoon, and Karl Riedel, piano, gave Karl Konradkin's "Der Tote Fagott" of like date. Georges Barrere, the flute player and general ring-leader of fun, led his own "Symphony Digest" for orchestra, while the formal program ended with Arthur Felki's paraphrased waltz on "The Nibelung's Ring," under the direction of "a famous guest conductor" generally identified as the honor guest of the night.

Among club officers and others who joined in paying tribute to Mr. Damrosch were Sigmund Herzog, Rubin Goldmark, Abraham W. Lilienthal, Hugo Grunwald, Walter Bogert, Albert von Doenhoff, August Fraemke, Paolo Gallico, Ernest Hutcheson, Gardner Lamson, Oscar Saenger, Louis Sveen-ski, Herbert Witherspoon, Louis Bostelman, Ernest T. Carter, Herbert Dittler, Edouard Dethier, Louis Edlin, Mark Fonaroff, Cornelius Rybner, Gustav Saenger, Berthold Neuer and William Thomer.

"The Messiah" Repeated

The second of the Christmas week performances of the "Messiah" by the Oratorio Society took place on Saturday evening in Carnegie Hall before a crowded house—contrasting in this respect with the Christmas night performance, which was sparsely attended. Again the chorus acquitted itself well under Mr. Stoessel. There was one change in the soloists at the final performance, Alma Kitchell singing the contralto role and showing herself the possessor of a voice excellently suited to the task set her. She sang with sympathy and charm. Miss Mabel Garrison, who at the outset asked the indulgence of her hearers because of a cold, betrayed no evidence of indisposition, but, as usual, sang delightfully.

The Philharmonic Concert

At the Philharmonic concert on Sunday afternoon Mr. Hadley gave us careful and sound performances of Rachmaninov's Second Symphony and the "Carnaval Romain" overture. In the Glazounov violin concerto the playing was dry and labored on the part both of the orchestra and the soloist, Miss Ruth Breton. Mr. Ballantine's suite "From the Gardens of Hellas" showed him to have an agreeable lyrical gift and some skill in setting out his ideas in the orchestra. But what he gives us here is hardly an orchestral work in the full sense of the term. Even without the information in the program note we might almost have guessed that two of the movements were arrangements of songs, and that the others had taken short poems as their points of departure. All through the work we felt that the medium and the forces employed were rather out of scale with the ideas.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

New York Symphony Society

Basile Kibalichich, director of the Russian Symphonie Choir, and Vladimir Golschmann, guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, divided honors at the concert for young people in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. First came the orchestra in the overture to Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" and four numbers from Rameau's opera, "Castor and Pollux," both of which were well received by an enthusiastic audience. Then Kibalichich took the baton and directed his chorus in a number of selections, including the "Lord Have Mercy," with its remarkably done crescendo and diminuendo, which brought forth the usual acclaim, and had to be repeated, as was a Bohemian boat song. The chorus and orchestra were most pleasing in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Christmas Eve" suite, based on his opera

of the same name, except that the orchestra sometimes got out of hand and took possession of things, seeming to think that it had to do all the work, even the vocal part. The other orchestral numbers were better than the first, being excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and three numbers from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suites.

Italian Concert in Town Hall.

An instrumental and vocal concert arranged by Frank Salerno took place yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. The program and the audience were alike Italian. Those who took part were Asoltio Martini, Anna Lodato, Frank Cirillo, Josephine Gusiano, Pasquale Ferrara, Aina de Gregorio, and V. de Crescenzo.

With Richard Singer, Hungarian pianist, Mr. Polah gave a joint recital Saturday evening in Aeolian Hall and the program offered by these two artists was extremely interesting. Sylvio Lazzari's sonata for violin and piano, as well as Chabon's Poem, Opus 25, was done with wonderful sweep. I would say that Mr. Polah is one of the few fine violinists of the present day.

Mr. Singer played Schumann's "Symphonic Etudes in the Form of Variations" Saturday night with a fiery ease and yet with pulsing force that harnessed restraint to abandon in a manner seldom heard nowadays.

... and vulgarity that frequent d'Amore Massenet, but it is the dramatic power and emotional conviction that would alone for lack of Massenet's sense of vocal effectiveness. The score is good, sometimes brilliant, and the music bears the stamp of sincerity in every bar; but it somehow does not "get there." It does not leave one with the conviction that anything of tremendous importance has happened.

Of the blame for its lack of effectiveness must be laid at the door of the two principal soloists. Mr. Chamlee and Miss Giannini sang sweetly and mellifluously, but neither showed sufficient resourcefulness and variety to keep their rather ordinary roles interesting.

The soloists as a whole were the least successful feature of the evening. A glance at the table of contents above is enough to show that Mr. Schindler had managed to collect some exceptionally fine voices. But the owners of those voices displayed a most amazing inability to cope with the demands of operatic singing—ever on the concert platform.

The most completely satisfactory performance was that of Mr. Thomas who has never appeared in grand opera. His diction was perfect and though he showed a tendency to disregard the subtler shades of expression, his singing had fine authority and carrying power of projection.

Diction was the weak point of most of the others. Mr. Chamlee's was fairly "Sadko" and bad in "Briseis." Miss Giannini and Mme. D'Alvarez were unintelligible in both. Mr. Roberts, however, had fine diction and style. The orchestra, so far as style was concerned, was correctly and with fine vocal quality, but did little else except to follow the music in conventional orchestral fashion. They were thoroughly and ably, by the way.

The choruses did superbly, for the most part, and the best work that it has done in several seasons, singing with resonance, enthusiasm and accurate intonation. Some of Mr. Schindler's tempi in "Sadko" seemed somewhat capricious, but he conducted otherwise with excellent authority and effect. The house was completely sold out, with many standees.

DEEMS TAYLOR

A Rimsky-Korsakoff Novelty
by the Schola Cantorum;
Also Chabrier's "Briseis"

Conducted by the Schola Cantorum of New York, under the direction of Kurt Schindler, conductor. Soloists: Mr. Chamlee, Marguerite d'Alvarez, Miss Giannini, John Charles Thomas and Mrs. Roberts. Instrumental solos by Teresa B. Röhre, soprano, and the Messrs. Harold Rosen and Carlton Boxall, tenors; Hubert G. Harrison, and Salvador Solte.

PROGRAM
I. "The Novgorod Fair" from "Sadko" by Rimsky-Korsakoff (First performance in America)
Act of "Briseis" by Chabrier

It was a beneficent and imaginative notion on the part of Mr. Kurt Schindler, and Marco Polo of program makers, to import from Russia a sample of an opera by Rimsky-Korsakoff unknown in New York. Rimsky composed fifteen operas, two of which are familiar here through their inclusion in the repertoire of the Metropolitan. Perhaps none of the other thirteen would survive in our markedly un-Slavonic atmosphere—certainly the experience of the Metropolitan with "The Snow Maiden" was not encouraging. Yet there is a delightful music scattered up and down the fantastic stairway of Rimsky's operatic art from "The Maid of Pskov" to "Le Coq d'Or," and Mr. Schindler laid his hand on some of the best of it when he reached across the seas and brought back to us the brilliant trophy that he exhibited at his first subscription concert of the Schola Cantorum last night in Carnegie Hall.

We set forth in detail the history of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" in The Herald Tribune of Sunday, December 2, so perhaps we need not now do more than recall the facts that Rimsky completed the opera (his sixth) in 1897, and, according to Mr. Schindler, has never been heard outside of Russia (save for the Submarine Ballet given here and in London and Paris by Diaghileff); and that the score is a development of Rimsky's early symphonic poem of the same title, dating from his amateurish youth as a composer. The symphonic work was written in 1867, when Rimsky was twenty-three; but the opera which was an outgrowth of the tone-poem belongs to his fifth-second year.

It is astonishing that Rimsky should have attempted to graft the musical ideas of his maturity upon a product of his uncommonly inept and bungling apprenticeship. "Sadko," the symphonic poem of his youth, and "Sadko," the opera of his late maturity, were separated by a generation of intellectual and artistic growth. How can he have supposed that the Rimsky of 1867 and the Rimsky of 1896 could ever be completely integrated? Even Wagner would have been unsuccessful, one guesses, in attempting to utilize for "Siegfried" the material of his "Columbus" Overture, which he wrote when he was the same age as Rimsky at the time that he composed his symphonic "Sadko."

Rimsky himself does not seem to have been aware of any heterogeneity in the musical substance of his completed opera; on the contrary, he speaks of it with much complacency; yet to us it has a startlingly patchwork character, an unevenness of musical quality

that often chills and disappoints. We find side by side things like the cheap and trivial barcarolle sung by the merchant from Venice, and the stunning choruses of the Finale. And how could the Rimsky of the splendid opening choruses have tolerated the banal "Conte et Variations" sung by Niejata and the commonplace songs of Sadko himself?

Some of this music—both the banal and the distinguished—is derived from the folksong material that Rimsky puts to such ingenious and often stirring use in his score; but that need not frighten the music-lover who wishes to listen with discrimination to this engaging work. There is nothing sacrosanct about folksongs—a truth which one is sometimes in danger of forgetting. There are commonplace folksongs, just as there are commonplace art-songs. Music does not acquire plenary inspiration merely through being anonymous and impersonal. And some of the Russian folk-tunes used by Rimsky in "Sadko" and elsewhere, are merely dull and undistinguished music.

As usual, Rimsky is at his best in "Sadko" when he is dealing with the marvelous and the fantastic. No one has quite his gift as a spinner of orchestral fairy tales, as a wizard of the incredible. Like Macerlinck's Tytyl, he has only to turn the jewel in his magic cap and we are transported to the world at the back of the heavens, where wonders and enchantments are as daily bread and only the commonplace is strange. This is the Rimsky of such music as the scene on Mount Triglav in "Mlada," the haunted woods in "The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitezh," the revels of the stars and comets in "Christmas Eve." In "Sadko" we find this side of Rimsky displayed in the scene in which the magic fish are turned to gold before the eyes of the startled and marveling crowd. Here Rimsky is truly gorgeous, in his own incomparable way. His instrumental web glitters and dazzles like the nets full of Sadko's miraculous catch. His orchestra flashes like a gigantic, many-faceted jewel, and the golden thunders of the chorus as it voices the wonderment of the crowd seem like that magnificence made vocal and overwhelming.

When Rimsky is handling his instruments, or painting with his choral masses, he is time and again superb. But when he writes for the solo voice, lyrically or in recitative, he is often hard to bear with. Then he becomes dry or sentimental or conventional. And he seems to have little sense of expressive declamation. If you would see him at his worst in this respect, look up his treatment of the passage which Mr. Schindler translates thus: "Shield and shelter my wife whom I leave at home, my young lovely wife, the poor orphan child!" Not even Massenet could have given us anything more thin and feeble.

Perhaps it is because of these things that Rimsky's operas have not usually prospered outside of Russia—though it might be a fair retort that we tolerate worse. We do. But with mitigating circumstances.

Mr. Schindler's audience greeted "Sadko" with every evidence of delighted approval, especially the thrice-familiar Song of the Hindu Merchant,

who, on this occasion, wore skirts and sang with the lovely soprano voice of Miss Dusolina Giannini, and the Venetian barcarolle as sung by Mr. Thomas. After the intermission the concert went forward with the Act from Chabrier's "Briseis." Mr. Schindler had produced this fragment with the MacDowell Chorus in the season of 1910-11, but to many in last night's audience it was doubtless new

This fragment, as it stands, forms a coherent dramatic whole; it might

well be presented as a complete action. We should be left, it is true, scarcely satisfied concerning the future behavior of Briseis's discarded lover. Yet it is said that the act as it stands is viable on the stage—it has, in fact, been so performed at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, under Richard Strauss, January 14, 1899; and at the Paris Opera on May 8 of the same year. Certainly it has engrossing moments in the concert room. Chabrier has dealt with the text in music that is memorable for its variety of dramatic accent, its richness of harmonic and melodic texture, and its superb orchestral color.

A disciple of Wagner he obviously was, and in parts of "Briseis" he helps himself with a free hand from the Wagnerian treasury, but he was much more than a characterless Gallic reflection of the colossal Richard. His music is by no means lacking in profile, and it has both delicacy and vigor. One should remember that this score is thirty years old; that it dates from a time contemporaneous with the early Debussy, the Debussy of the string quartet, and with the Strauss of the early tone-poems. It is remarkable for the splendor of its instrumentation—no other Frenchman of the '90s used so sumptuous an orchestral palette as Chabrier.

Chabrier's defects in this score are a seeming inability to reject commonplace, to avoid the sentimentality that is so tempting to the French musical mind. The theme attributed to Briseis herself (for the score is equipped, à la Wagner, with numerous leading motives) is both common and sentimental—it might have been written by Massenet himself. Briseis describes to her lover how, if she should die, she would come from the tomb to welcome him on his return; but the music is quite lacking in the unearthly passion and the strange beauty that it should possess. As for Chabrier's liftings from the Wagnerian horde, the setting of Briseis's words—

Mais—je crains plus que la tempête
Les mauvais îles en fête,
Ou l'amour étranger trouble les cœurs
épris!

is a curious instance, with its frank blend of "Tristan" and "Parsifal"; it is undeniably appropriate, but one would have preferred to hear Chabrier's own utterance.

The choral writing is often admirable; when he writes for many voices

Chabrier in this score makes music that has power and beauty, as in the opening chorus of sailors and the magnificent hymn to Apollo. In the music given to the orchestra there are affecting pages. Chabrier can, and does, invent themes that are salient, plastic and distinguished—as, for example, that which is called the "love" theme. If one would savor Chabrier's true harmonic gift let him consider the music which accompanies Hylas's entrance or that which is heard during Briseis's words:

"Peux-tu partir, m'ayant revue"
and the reply of Hylas:
"O chère tete!"
and for an extraordinary effect of poignant solemnity, observe the deeply impressive setting of Stratos's reiterated words:
"L'an est mort!"
and his following line:
"Elle a dit vrai et
A cause de l'enfant qu'une etable a vu
naître."

This fragment is far from being music of sustained excellence—there are more than a few lapses into a style that is trite and common; but in the main it is a remarkable piece of writing, impassioned and sincere, and with flares of genius.

Mr. Schindler's forces, kindled by his own devotion and enthusiasm, gave a performance of both works, the Russian and the French, that was remarkable for its zeal and its vitality. There was nothing perfunctory in the singing of either chorus or soloists, or in the playing of the orchestra—indeed, there were moments when one wished that some of the soloists (one might name Mr. Thomas and Mr. Chamlee) had displayed a livelier sense of the virtue of reticence.

But what price reticence in music? No one wants it, so let us forget it.

There was an audience of cheering size and fervor, and one hopes that Mr. Schindler felt duly rewarded for the preparatory labors of an uncommonly interesting concert.

At a late hour the programme was entering its final stages, with every prospect that the pianistic battle royal would be declared a draw.

Nineteen Pianists Same Time in

By LEONAR

ON a certain occasion during the most flourishing period of romanticisms in Paris, the admirers of Liszt and Thal-

berg, then rival pianists, tried to arrange a public keyboard contest between the two great artists. The battle did not come off, but at least its possibility occasioned much heated anticipation and some bitter controversy.



Leonard Lieblich.

The Liszt cohorts always have claimed, by the way, that Thal-

berg dodged the duel, but recently discovered evidence, in the form of a letter written by Liszt on the very eve of the engagement who showed the white feather, and withdrew his name from the lists.

Last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, nineteen pianists appeared simultaneously on the stage, but not for the purpose of determining any supremacy or championships.

They were assembled for a far worthier purpose, to raise money for the benefit of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and to donate part of the proceeds toward a fund for helping Moritz Moskowsky, once among the most popular of piano composers, and now ill and impoverished in Paris.

It was a great evening of piano doings, a great evening for the players and the audience, a merry evening also, and a most successful one financially.

The programme began with Salut Saens variations on a theme by Beethoven, played by Harold Bauer. Carl Friedberg, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Hutcheson, Myra Hess, Ethel Levinska, Mischa Levitzki, Josef Lhevinne, Guy Maier, Yolanda Mero, Elly Ney, Guiomar Novaes, Jee Pattison, Olga Samaroff, Ernest Schelling, Germaine Schlitzer, Alexander Siloti, and Sigismond Stojowski.

Followed the "Dame Blanche" overture, with three players at one piano, Mmes. Hess, Leginska and Mero.

Then Chabrier's "España," at two pianos, by Messrs. Maier and Pattison.

Schumann's "Carnival" was divided among eighteen players, and that delectable air, "Chopsticks," with variations, engaged fifteen of the fraternity.

There was an address by Dwight W. Morrow, of the A. I. C. P., Walter Damrosch conducted several of the numbers, and an Ample piano, donated by the Knabe Company was auctioned off by Joseph P. Day and Richard W. Lawrence.



Elly Ney.

Concert on Nineteen Pianos

What promises to be a remarkable musical event takes place December 30 in the Metropolitan Opera House when nineteen pianists will play on the same number of pianos in ensemble for the benefit of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. They will also be heard singly, in pairs and trios. The players will be under the direction of Ernest Schelling and will be Bauer, Brailowsky, Friedburg, Gabrilowitsch, Hess, Hutcheson, Lhevinne, Levitzky, Leginska, Maier, Mero, Ney, Novaes, Pattison, Samaroff, Schnitzer, Siloti and Stojowski. The program will be:

- (1) Saint-Saens—Variations on a theme of Beethoven for eighteen pianos; everybody.
- (2) Boieldieu—Overture to "La Dame Blanche" for six hands on one piano; Mmes. Hess, Leginska and Mero.
- (3) Chabrier, "Espana"; Messrs. Maier and Pattison.
- (4) Schumann, "Carnaval"; everybody in rotation (each pianist playing one piece).
- (5) Paraphrase on "Chopsticks" by Lisadow, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cui and Borodin; Hutcheson, Levitzky, Novaes, Friedberg, Ney, Lhevinne, Brailowsky, Siloti, Schnitzer and Stojowski.
- (6) Rossini—Overture, "La Gazza Ladra," for six hands on one piano; Messrs. Bauer, Gabrilowitsch and Schelling.
- (7) a) Moszkowski, Spanish dances; b) Schubert, Marche Militaire; everybody.

